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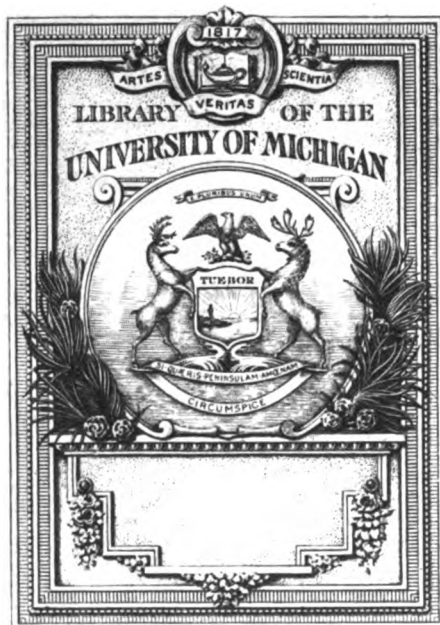
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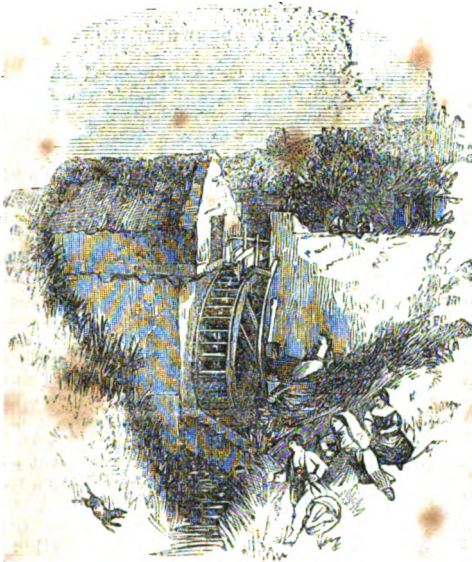
# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 31.

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.



OLD MILL AT LISSOY.

### IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

There is perhaps no country of the old world less popularly known to the inhabitants of the new than Ireland, notwithstanding the deep interest of its story, abounding with glorious, as with tragic and pathetic incidents, notwithstanding its antiquities, and the many striking peculiarities which its inhabitants present to the curious student of human nature. One of the most fertile islands of Europe, it is diversified by scenery that enchants the artist, presenting within its compass the most emphatic contrasts, and often exhibiting the wild and the romantic, and the soft and pastoral, in close juxtaposition. It is not our present purpose to attempt a sketch of its history, but simply to ask the reader to ramble with us through the Emerald Isle, pausing at those points of interest we have selected for illus-

tration. We shall take for our guide, Mrs. S. C. Hall, the popular author, whose descriptive work on Ireland is standard authority, and let her explain the various objects we shall meet with in the course of our tarry-at-home tour. Our first halting-place, and our first picture, is the Old Mill at Lissoy, the village immortalized in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The village of Lissoy, generally considered the place of the poet's birth, but certainly the

"Seat of his youth, when every sport could please,"

is in the county of Westmeath, a short distance from the borders of Longford, on the high road from Edgeworthstown to Athlone, from which it is distant about six miles. The Rev. Charles Goldsmith appears to have removed to this place soon after the birth of Oliver, about the year 1730, when he was appointed to the rectory of Kilkenny-West. Here the childish and boyish days of the poet were passed, and here his brother—the Rev. Henry Goldsmith—continued to reside after his father's death, and was residing when the poet dedicated to him his poem of "The Traveller." The village of Lissoy, now and for nearly a century known as Auburn, and so "marked on the maps," stands on the summit of a hill. At its base is "the busy mill," the wheel of which is still turned by the water of a small rivulet, converted now and then by rains into a sufficient stream. It is a mere country cottage, used in grinding the corn of the neighboring peasantry, and retains many tokens of age. Parts of the machinery are no doubt above a century old, and probably are the very same that left their impress on the poet's memory. The next engraving represents a spot dear to every lover of literature, the residence of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, at Edgeworthstown, in the inland county of Longford, in the province of Leinster. It is a neat and commodious house, and the cleanliness and neatness of the town is a noble testimony to the practical benevolence of the Edgeworth family, the true benefactors of their countrymen. Edgeworthstown, however, may almost be regarded as public



property. From this mansion has issued so much practical good to Ireland, and not alone to Ireland, but the civilized world; it has been long the residence of high intellect, industry, jam-directed genius and virtue, and possesses larger moral interest than any other in the kingdom. The Abbé Edgeworth was uncle to Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth. Mr. Edgeworth's residence abroad had enlarged a mind of far more than ordinary capacity. He had passed much time in England, and did not feel disposed to suffer things to "go on in the wrong" in Ireland be-



RESIDENCE OF MISS EDGEWORTH, AT EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

cause they had been "always so," once settled upon his estate at Longford, he labored with zeal, tempered by patience and forbearance, among a tenantry dreading change, and too frequently considering "improvements" as "insults" to their ancestors and injustice to themselves. Those who desire to ascertain the value and intelligence of this enterprising gentleman, who, in all good respects, was far beyond the age in which he lived, will be amply rewarded by the perusal of his "Life," commenced by himself, and finished by his daughter. It is curious to note how many persons, unknown to themselves, have been working out ideas concerning education, and other matters which he originated, and which, in many instances, were, at the time he promulgated them, rejected as visionary, or at least impracticable. The time was not come; but he foresaw it. He knew the future by his knowledge of the present and the past. His capacious mind was not content with a mere speculative opinion; but when he had established a theory, he put it in practice. Thus, at an advanced age, which is supposed to require especial repose, he undertook the drainage of bogs, and was as anxiously engaged in absolute labor as if he had been only five-and-twenty. In early life he devoted considerable time to mechanics, and his inventions have been acknowledged with due honor—and yet not with all the honor they deserved. It will excite no surprise, that a man so much in advance of the age should have been occasionally misunderstood by his own class; yet he outlived prejudice, and his children have seen his memory respected alike by rich and poor, and his name classed among the benefactors to mankind. One proof of the power and success of his mechanical genius is pointed out with much exultation by the peasantry to the stranger—the spire of the church, where so many of the Edgeworth family are interred, is of metal, and was drawn up and fixed in its elevated position in the space of a few minutes. Maria Edgeworth was not born in Ireland—she entered the world she has helped to regenerate during her

parents' residence in Oxfordshire—and did not go to Ireland until she was twelve years old. Mrs. Hall gives us a very pleasing picture of this distinguished lady as she appeared at home. "She is down stairs before seven, and a table heaped with roses upon which the dew is still moist, and a pair of gloves too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist; then, after the flower-glasses were replenished, and a choice rose placed by each cup on the breakfast-table in the next room, and such of the servants as were Protestants had joined in family worship, and heard a portion of Scripture read, hallowing the commencement of the day; then when breakfast was ended, the circle met together again in that pleasant room, and daily plans were formed for rides and drives; the progress of education or the loan fund was discussed, the various interests of their tenants, or the poor, were talked over, so that relief was granted as soon as want was known. It is perhaps selfish to regret that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind has been, and is, given to local matters; but the pleasure it gives her to counsel and advise, and the pure happiness she evidently derives from the improvement of every living thing, is delightful indeed to witness. But of all hours those of the evening in the library at Edgeworthstown, were the most delightful; each member of the family contributes, without an effort, to the instruction and amusement of the whole. If we were certain that those of whom we write would never look upon this page—if we felt it no outrage on domestic life—no breach of kindly confidence—to picture each individual of a family so highly gifted, we could fill our number with little else than praise; but we might give pain, and believe should give pain, to this estimable household; and although Miss Edgeworth is public property, belonging to the world at large, we are forced every now and then to think how the friend we so respect, esteem and love would look if we said what—let us say as little as we will—she would deem, in her ingenuous and unaffected modesty, too much; yet we owe it to the honor and glory of Ireland not to

say too little. It was indeed a rare treat to sit evening after evening by her side, turning over portions of the correspondence kept up with her, year after year, by those "mighty ones," who are now passed away, but whose names will survive with *hers*, who, God be thanked, is still with us; to see her enthusiasm unquenched; to note the playfulness of a wit that is never ill-natured; to observe how perfectly justice and generosity are blended together in her finely-balanced mind; to see her kindle into warm defence of whatever is oppressed, and to mark her indignation against all that is unjust or untrue. We have heard Miss Edgeworth called "cold." We can imagine how those who know her must smile at this; those who have so called her, have never seen the tears gush from her eyes at a tale or an incident of sorrow, or heard the warm genuine laugh that bursts from a heart, the type of a genuine Irish one, touched quickly by sorrow or by joy. Never, never shall we forget the evenings spent in that now far away room, stored with the written works and speaking memories of the past, and rendered more valuable by the unrestrained conversation of a highly educated and self-thinking family. Miss Edgeworth is a living proof of her own admirable system; she is all she has endeavored to make others; she is true, fearing no colors, yet tempering her mental bravery by womanly gentleness, delighting in feminine amusements, in the plying of her needle, in the cultivation of her flowers; active, endearing, of a most liberal heart; understanding the peasantry of her country perfectly, and while ministering to their wants, careful to inculcate whatever lesson they most need; of a most cheerful nature—keeping actively about from half-past six in the morning until eleven at night—first and last in all those offices of kindness that win the affections of high and low; her conversational powers unimpaired, and enlivening all by a racy anecdote or a quickness at repartee, which always comes when it is unexpected. It is extraordinary that a person who has deserved and is treated with so much deference by her own family, should assume positively no position. Of course, it is impossible to converse with her without feeling her superiority; but this is *your* feeling, not *her* demand. She has a clearness in conversation that is exceedingly rare; and children prefer it at once—they invariably understand her. One advantage this distinguished woman has enjoyed above all her contemporaries—two indeed—for we cannot call to mind any one who has had a father so capable of instructing and directing; but Miss Edgeworth has enjoyed another blessing. She never wrote for bread! She was never *obliged* to furnish a bookseller with so many pages at so much per sheet. She never received an order for "a quire of Irish pathos," or a "ream of Irish wit." She was never forced to produce humor when racked by pain, nor urged into the description of misery, by thinking over what she had herself endured; this has been a great blessing. She has not written herself out, which every author, who has not an independence, must do, sooner or later. It is to their high honor that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically but morally. For a number of years, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel,

or on the stage. Abroad, to be met with in every country, and in the first society in Europe, were numberless Irishmen, whose conduct and character vindicated their country, and who did credit to human nature; but in England, more particularly, such were considered as exceptions to the general rule, and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the "meer Irish;" the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was considered as nothing beyond a "born thrall;" and, despite the eloquence of their Grattans and Sheridans, the high standing taken by their noblemen and gentlemen in the pages of history, when an Irish gentleman in every-day life was found what he ought to be, his superiority was too frequently referred to with the addition of an insulting comment, "though he is an Irishman." When this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, rose to the rescue of their country—Miss Owenson by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury!—spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and portraying, as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity and devotion of Irish nature—it was a glorious effort, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high ground, and defended it boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views."

The curious structure, accurately delineated in the engraving below, is the Round Tower of Killeen, which stands a short distance north-east of Jerpont, not far from Kilkenny. Time has deprived it of its conical cap; but its height is little less than one hundred feet, and at four feet above the ground its circumference is fifty feet and a half. Close to it is a very curious stone cross, formed of a single block of freestone, about eight feet high, and ornamented with orbicular figures



THE ROUND TOWER OF KILLEEN.

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.



THE OUTSIDE JAUNTING CAR.

or rings. Tradition states it to have been erected in memory of Neill Callan, monarch of Ireland, who is said to have been drowned in the river, since called Awnree (the King's River), whilst vainly endeavoring to rescue one of his followers, with whom he perished in the stream. In the immediate vicinity of the round tower is, of course, a church, said to have been formerly an abbey, dedicated to St. Gobban. The theory that the Irish round towers are sepulchral monuments has very recently received some additional proof. We learn that, "some time since, Mr. O'Dell, the proprietor of Ardmore (in the county of Waterford), intended to erect floors in the tower there, and explored the interior of the tower down to the foundation. With considerable difficulty he caused to be removed a vast accumulation of small stones, under which were layers of large masses of rock, and, having reached as low down as within a few inches of the external foundation, it was deemed useless and dangerous to proceed any further, and in this opinion some members of the society, who had witnessed what had been done, coincided. In this state of the proceedings, a letter from Sir William Betham was forwarded to Mr. O'Dell, intimating that further exploration would be desirable, upon which the latter gentleman, at great peril, commenced the task again. He now found another series of large rocks so closely wedged together, that it was difficult to introduce any implement between them; after considerable labor these were also removed, and at length a perfectly smooth floor of mortar was reached, which he feared must be regarded as a *ne plus ultra*. But, still persevering, he removed the mortar, underneath which he found a bed of mould, and under this, some feet below the foundation, was discovered, lying prostrate from east to west, a human skeleton." Mr. Petrie, the eminent Irish antiquary, is known to defend the argument, that the round towers are Christian structures, and, we believe, that they were used as belfries.

The "Outside Jaunting Car" is delineated in the engraving above. It is exceedingly light, presses very little upon the horse, and is safe as well convenient; so easy is it to get on and off, that both are frequently done while the machine is in motion. It is always driven with a single horse; the driver occupies a small seat in front, and the travellers sit back to back, the space between them being occupied by "the well"—a

sort of boot for luggage. But when there is only one passenger, the driver usually places himself on the opposite seat. "to balance the car," the motion of which would be awkward if one side was much heavier than the other. The foot-board is generally of iron, and is made to move on hinges, so that it may be turned up to protect the cushions during rain. This foot-board projects considerably beyond the wheels, and would seem to be dangerous; but in cases of collision with other vehicles, a matter of no very rare occurrence, the feet are raised, and injury is sustained only by the machine. The private cars of this description are, of course, neatly and carefully made, and have a character of much elegance; but those which are hired are, in general, badly built, dirty and uncomfortable. Yet, in nine places out of ten, the traveller has no chance of obtaining a vehicle of any other description, and will often find, even in a populous town, that if "the car" be out, he must wait until its return. He will never have any difficulty in procuring a horse, and as to drivers, any "boy" will answer for the nonce; but cars are seldom more numerous than "head inns," that is to say, one generally suffices for a town. The Covered Car, depicted below, is a comparatively recent introduction, its sole recommendation being that it is weather-proof, for it effectually prevents a view of the country, except through the two little peep-hole windows in front, or by tying back the oil-skin curtains behind.

The Dominican Friary, of which we next give a view, is situate at the north-east side of Limerick. It is subdivided into a church and convent. The former is again separated into a choir, nave and transept, a tall steeple standing at their intersection; the west wall of which, as well as the south wall of the steeple, has fallen down. A distinguished English antiquary, the late Sir Richard Hoare, observes of this friary, "it surpasses in decoration and good sculpture any I have yet seen in Ireland; but does not," he adds, "seem older than the reign of King Edward the Third." The east window is "in a chaste and elegant style;" and there are many parts of the building that merit notice, and furnish good subjects for the pencil in a variety of points of view. A great part of the cloisters still remains; but it was never of an ornamental character, the ambulatory having been formed only of timber. In



COVERED CAR.

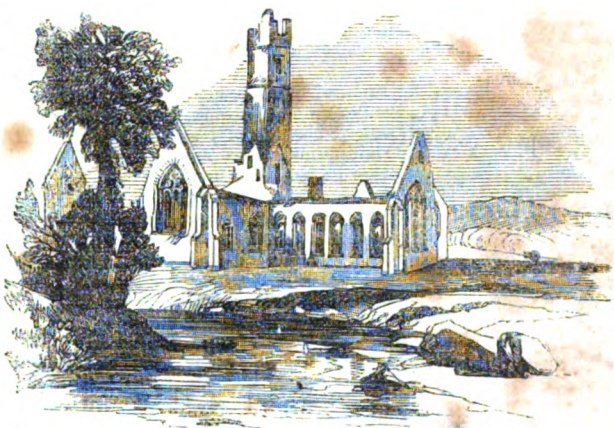


the choir is a handsome canopied niche. A fragment of the tomb of the White Knights also lies on the ground; a small hollow in the middle of which is said by the peasantry to be never without water. This they call the "Braon shinsher," i. e., the drop of the old stock.

The beautiful and striking landscape next depicted, in which nature and art are happily combined, delineates the fine road and the Tunnel cut through the solid rock on the approach to the beautiful and celebrated lakes of Killarney. The new road to Killarney is one of the best roads of the kingdom, and the surveyor who laid it down should receive a passing benediction from the lips of every traveller; the old road which lay between Mungerton and Torc is now completely deserted. The present course leads for some miles along a range of hills which overlook the Upper Lake. For a considerable space the eye and heart are cheered and invigorated by a striking contrast to the wildness of the barren hills and rushy valleys—the grandeur and beauty of the scene gradually expand, the foliage becomes thicker and more varied, as he advances; and, at length, when he has passed "the Tunnel" cut through a huge rock, the whole glory of the lake bursts upon him. It is the foretaste of a banquet, abundant, healthful and delicious. The lakes of Killarney are three in number—the Upper Lake, the Torc (or Middle) Lake, and the Lower Lake. The ruined Church of Faithlegg, which we next approach, is in the neighborhood of the city of Waterford, and is a favorite subject for the artist's pencil. The roof has fallen in long ago, and the crumbling walls are overgrown with moss and parasitical plants. It is embowered in foliage. The name (Faithlegg) is a corruption of Faith-league.—The next engraving is a representation of an ancient Druidical Temple near Limerick. The Druidical Temple consisted of a circle of large upright stones. The area was of various dimensions. Circularity in their stone monuments was a favorite form with the pagan Irish. It is observed not only in their temples, such as these circles and fire-towers, but even in their dwellings, their cathairs, their forts, etc. The circular forms of the ancient Irish edifices appears to have its origin in sun-worship; and their being generally open, arose in all probability from an opinion similar to that of the ancient Germans, that it was unworthy of the author of all space to circumscribe his presence by walls and human architecture.—Vide Tacitus. It may probably be traced up to the ancient Zaban religion, which spread from India over Canaan, Greece, Etruria, and Scandinavia, under various modifications. The circle served at once as a place of worship, a court of justice, and as a rude sort of astronomical observatory, wherein they marked the rising and setting of the sun, moon and stars, the seasons, and periods of the day, etc. It is curious

that in the Scottish Highlands they still express going to church as going to the *clachan*, or stones. Circles are sometimes concentric. At Rath-michael, county Dublin, we have three of them, one within the other. Stone circles are common in America; they are also found in Persia, in the province of Coimbatoor in India, and all over Northern Europe, as well as in several of the islands of the Mediterranean.

The two great religious systems of pagan antiquity were *Sabæism*, or star-worship, and *Fetichism*, or the worship of animals. The first, the more ancient of the two, at one time pervaded the whole ancient world. The heathenism of the Irish was an admixture of both systems. Its mythology consisted of a plurality of deities, in which *Crom*, or *Turan*, or *Ti-mor*, held the supremacy. From him we have places named Macroom, Baltimore, Galtimore, etc. The planets and the elements, under personifications, formed a principal portion of the objects of this creed; and then there were a host of subsidiary genii under the name of *sidhe*, answering to the



DOMINICAN FRIARY AT LIMERICK.

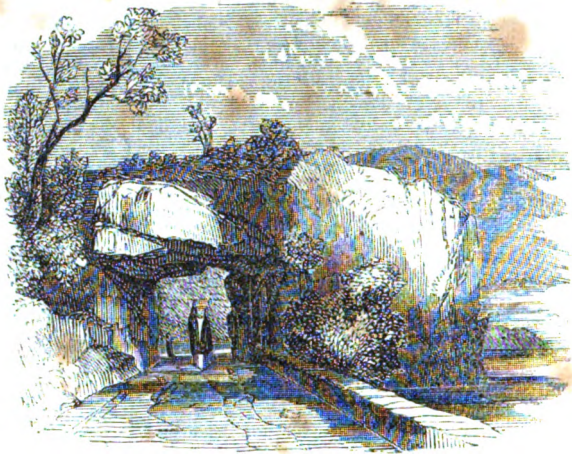
minor deities of Greece and Rome, and the elves and fairies of the Teutonic nations. The belief in the *sidhe*, or good people—Eumenides—still survives in popular superstition, and in well-worship, originally referable to the genii of fountains.

*Ana*, or *Mine*, as the *mater deorum*, was one of their deities of the first class—Anaites was the Persian Venus. *Toth* they worshipped in common with the Britons and Egyptians. He was the Irish *Deus locorum*. *Gaeth*, the wind, was another principal object of their adoration. In all this mythology we see traced a connection with the religious systems of early Greece, Hetruria, Phrygia, Phœnicia, Egypt and India. The Samothracian *Cabiri* were the *succouring gods* of Ireland. Their mysteries were known in Gaul and Britain. Diodorus, v. 56; Strabo, iv. But of all their deities, the sun, or *Baal*, appears to have been accounted in highest popular esteem. And of all heathen superstitions, surely, to adopt the language of Milman, sun-worship was the most beautiful and natural. It is said they recognized this planet under *forty* different

appellations; but he was best known under those of *Grian* and *Baal*, or *Belus*—from which the classical *Apollo* was derived by corruption. Fire was consecrated to *Baal* as his emanation. Like the ancient Persians, they originally worshipped fire without temples. Zoroaster reformed the Persian ritual; who introduced his reformation amongst the Irish is not known, but undoubtedly such a change was effected when the *Round Tower*, which has its prototype only in Syria, Persia and India, was introduced as a *fire temple*. Down to the period of the fall of paganism, fire was differently lighted up in Ireland, by two apparently opposing sections of the old religion; by one on the mountain summit, by the other beneath the cover of their *Tur-aghan*, or fire-tower. A further sectarian difference prevailed between the ignicolist and the worshipper of water; the latter holding fire as the genius of evil—"et ignem habebat ut infestum."—(Colgan).

Four grand festivals in honor of fire were held within the year, viz., in the beginning of spring, in May, at midsummer, and on the first of November. The May and midsummer fires are still kept up, the former under its old denomination of *Beal tinne*, or *Beal's fire*; and the universality of ignicolism is evidenced by the observance of that day as a festival still by many nations. The Beltain of Scotland is but the *Calendi maggio* of modern Italy. In 1644, the May-pole was denounced by act of parliament in England. The Slavonians and Bohemians still light up a midsummer fire. In Ireland, candles, a kind of the feast of the lanterns, have been substituted for the November fire—who is ignorant of the mysteries and superstitions of "All-hallow Eve!" They possessed many places of sacrifice, such as *Magh adhair* (the field of adoration), in Thomond; *Bealach magh-adhair*, near Cork, still marked by the remains of a cromlech; several pillar stones inscribed with *Ogham*; and caves of various forms and sizes. Their principal periodical offering of victims was at Moy Sleacht, or the plain of slaughter, in the county of Leitrim. They believed in a temporary future state, and held the Pythagorean doctrine of the Metempsychosis, which taught a return again to a terrene existence after a certain lapse of years. A remnant of this belief still lingers in the superstition of the peasantry, who regard moths and butterflies as embodiments of the souls of their departed relations. Their Elysium was *Innis na n'oge*, or *Tir na n'oge*, or the Island of Youth. It was also called *Flath-inis*, or the noble island, and *Hy Brasil*. This belief was the origin of all those fabled islands that have been luring dreamers, from the days of Saint Brendan down to the discovery of Brazil, aided probably by some of those optical delusions, called *Fata Morgana* by the Italians.

It may be regarded as a distinguishing feature in the Celtic mythology, that its views of the spiritual world are not so gloomy and terrific as



THE TUNNEL NEAR KILLARNEY.

those of the *Gothic*; and we do not find any idea of a future state, or place of punishment, among its cheerful dogmas, as in the Edda and other Scandinavian monuments. Hence there is no indigenous word in the Irish language to express *hell*; whereas the word for heaven is strictly indigenous, and literally signifies "the isle of the noble," *Flath-inis*, as we have already said; to which there is the following allusion in the song of an ancient bard, preserved in the Highlands of Scotland:

"Come thou mildly o'er the deep,  
O, friendly gale, that movest slow,  
And bear my shade upon thy wings,  
With speed unto thie nobles' isle."

This island was said to be situate off the western coast of Ireland, and generally invisible, except to some gifted individuals, who occasionally described it through the gray mists of the distant ocean. It was said to be a region of perennial spring and endless pleasure. And they even appear to have considered the very scene of their sepulture as affecting their state after death, from their anxiety to be buried in places remarkable for their beauty. Thus, in the poems of Osian (we mean the Irish Osian), and other ancient bards, we read of "the gray stone rising amidst beauteous verdure," the warrior sleeping "beneath the green sunny hill," "the pleasant airy hill," "on the margin of the blue-rolling lake," with "the warm beam of the sun above him," "by the course of the blue-binding stream of the verdant field," etc. A similar custom seems to have prevailed in the East, in the remotest ages; as, for instance, Abraham bought for his sepulture, from Ephron the Hittite, a field bordered with trees, and the ancient Arabians loved to be buried in a verdant valley by a running stream—which is supposed to be alluded to in Job xxi. 22, 23.

Their priesthood consisted of the celebrated Druidic hierarchy. The propriety of the name has been disputed by some modern Irish antiquaries, who would substitute for the term *Druid* that of *Magus*; but the latter word is never found in ancient Irish writings, whilst *Draoi* is invariably used. It is a curious coincidence that the

name of the Parsee priest is also Daroos. The order embraced numerous subdivisions, as bards, etc. Religion with them was essentially connected with medicine. To the use of medicinal herbs, administered with much mummary, were added amulets, charms, spells. The herbs were collected with great ceremony. The mistletoe, vervain, black hellebore, etc., were deemed specific, and gathered at appointed seasons.

Our next view is of the Village Church at Kilgahie—we believe the smallest church in the kingdom. In its construction it is very simple; and is obviously, with the exception of its tower, of remote antiquity. Wild flowers, of various hues, grow from the walls and adorn its roof of stone. The curious cave, delineated in the next engraving, is in the vicinity of Kenbaan, and is a remarkable place; it is said to be a miniature representation of the famous caves of Staffa. The columnar pillars are very distinct, and appear to have been laid as regularly as if art had been called in to the aid of nature.

The moonlight ruin next presented is that of Tintern Abbey, a strikingly picturesque structure, a few miles north of the ancient town of Fethard, which is situated at the entrance to the Bay of Bannow, in the county of Wexford. It was originally founded by William, Earl Marshal of England, and Earl of Pembroke, who wedded the Lady Isabella de Clare, daughter of Earl Strongbow by his second wife, the Princess Eva Mac Morogh, in whose right he claimed the lordship of Leinster. The earl, when in great danger at sea, made a vow that, in case he escaped, he would found an abbey on the spot where he landed in safety. His bark was sheltered in Bannow Bay, and he scrupulously performed his vow by founding this abbey, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and filled with Cistercian monks, whom he brought from Tintern, in Monmouthshire, a monastery that owed its foundation to the house of De Clare. After the dissolution, the buildings and appurtenances were granted by Queen Elizabeth, to Sir Anthony Colclough, captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners, to hold, *in capite*, at the annual rent of twenty-six shillings and fourpence, Irish money. In this family it still remains, part of the ancient structure having been converted into a modern dwelling-house. The Colcloughs are one of the families that are under "the curse of fire and water," said to be common to a few, in England as well as in Ireland, who hold estates once owned by the church. The neighboring peasantry have a legend ascribing an evil influence of this sort, partly to this cause, and partly to a tradition that Sir Anthony murdered all the friars he found in the house on taking possession; but chiefly to the fact of an ancient rath, one of those said to have been frequented by the fairies, having been levelled by Sir Cæsar Colclough. Of this latter gentleman they narrate the following tale:—He was engaged to the lovely heiress of Redmond, of the Tower of Hook, and going

over to England on a mission that shall be described, the lady promised to burn a light in her chamber to guide him on his return home. Having boasted much of the exploits of the Wexford hurlers to King William, with whom he was intimate, that monarch challenged him to bring over twenty-one men of the county to play a match with the famous hurlers of Cornwall. Sir Cæsar held a grand game at Tintern Abbey, and selecting the best players, took them over to the English court; the king and queen, and a large assemblage of the nobility, witnessed the match. Out of compliment to William, the Irish were provided with yellow sashes, or handkerchiefs, for their waists, from which circumstance Wexford men are still often called "yellow bellies." The Irish were, of course, victors. Colclough, returning in triumph, steered for the Tower of Hook. Here the outraged fairies interposed. They lulled the lady to sleep with their music, and extinguished her constant lamp; her lover was wrecked, and his dead body cast on shore. The disconsolate young heiress, to save the lives of future mariners, converted her father's tower into a lighthouse, which it remains to the present day. There is another tradition, more reasonable though equally romantic; that the first Colclough was secretary to a nobleman, who obtained the grant. This secretary he sent to the court of Elizabeth, to have the grant ratified; his appearance and address so won upon the virgin queen, that when he returned to Ireland, he found that the deeds conferred the estates upon himself.

The strong fortress depicted in the next engraving, is the Castle of Athlone, famous very soon after the inflow of the Anglo-Saxon invaders, for when the third Henry granted the dominion of Ireland to his son, he expressly reserved for himself this stronghold; and subsequently, when Connaught was assigned to Richard de Burgo, the monarch retained for his own especial use "five cantreds of land contiguous to the fortress." It stands on the direct road from Dublin to Galway, and protects the passage of the Shannon, at the only place where it can be forded in a distance of twenty or thirty miles. It is now used as a barrack, and still exhibits proofs of prodigious strength. The bridge that conducts to it from the Leinster side is remarkably narrow, and



ANCIENT CHURCH OF FAITHLEGG.

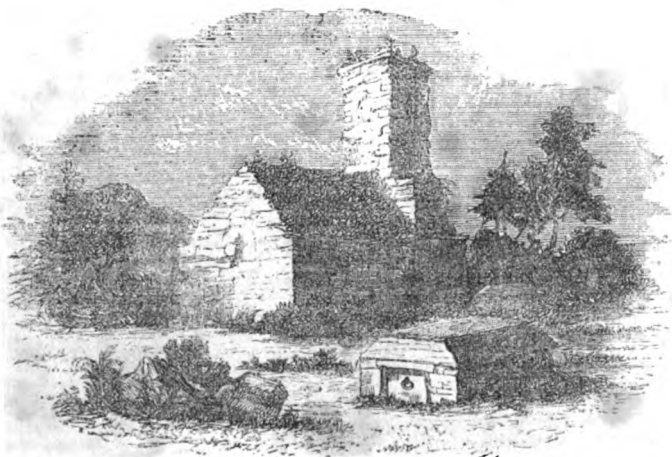




ANCIENT DRUIDICAL TEMPLE.

certainly as ancient as the castle. In the beautiful landscape view next presented, we have a glimpse of the Lower Lake of Killarney, with its bold background of hills. The strong tower visible in the distance is all that remains of Ross Castle, quite a celebrated place. The Lower Lake of Killarney is much larger than either Tork Lake, or the Upper Lake, and tourists generally prefer it to either of its sister rivals. It is more cheerful, and in parts more beautiful. There are islands, small and large, in the Lower Lake, to the number of about five-and-thirty, including those of all sizes and proportions, that are not merely bare rocks; and nearly the whole of them are luxuriantly clothed in the richest verdure and foliage. The principal in extent, and the most distinguished for beauty, are Ross, Innisfallen and Rabbit Island. Ross is more properly a peninsula than an island, being separated from the main land only by a narrow cut through a morass, which it is more than probable was a work of art, with a view to strengthen the fortifications of the castle. The island, for so it must now be termed, is the largest of the lakes, containing about eighty plantation acres. It is richly and luxuriantly cultivated. A portion of it is converted into a graceful and carefully kept flower-garden, where seats are placed so as to command the more striking and picturesque views; and in every part, nature has been so judiciously trained and guided, that the whole scene is one of great beauty. The castle is a fine relic. It is a tall, square, embattled building, based upon a limestone rock, sustained at the land side by a plain massive buttress; from the north-east and north-west angles, project two machicolated defences. It contains a spiral staircase of cut stone. It was erected by one of the earlier chieftains of the Donoghues. Of course the several legends connected with the name of the O'Donoghue have their source in this, his Castle of

of Ross. The peasantry will point out the window from which he leaped into the lake when he exchanged his sovereignty on earth for that of the waters under it. He was endowed, they say, with the gift of transforming himself into any shape, and his wife requested him to exhibit some of his transformations before her. He warned her, that if he did so, and she displayed any symptoms of fear, they would be separated forever. She still persisted, in the spirit of female curiosity, and in perfect confidence that she could look on unmoved. On his assuming, however, some very terrible shape, she shrieked with terror. He immediately sprang from the window into the lake below, and remains there an enchanted spirit; his enchantment to continue, until, by his brief annual ride, the silver shoes are worn out by the attrition of the surface of the water. Lady Chatterton observes that "the tale respecting O'Donoghue's subaqueous immortality, was first printed in a French romance, entitled '*Hypolite, Comte de Douglass*,' which is known to have been the production of the Comtesse d'Annoy, who died in 1705." And from the curious chain of argument which Lady Chatterton skillfully forges—we use the word metaphorically—it would appear that the immortal chieftain can be no other person than the identical O'Donoghue, who surrendered Ross Castle to the Parliamentary General Ludlow. During the war, the out-buildings were used as a barrack. The castle is famous in Irish history, as being the last in Munster to hold out against the parliamentary army; in 1652, Ludlow, the successor of Ireton, assisted by Sir Hardress Waller, laid siege to it. It was defended by Lord Muskerry, with a sufficiency of troops, and an ample supply of provisions; yet the castle, so well prepared for defence, surrendered upon articles, without striking a vigorous blow. The circumstance is attributable to the terror that seized upon the garrison, when they beheld warships floating on the lake, in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, which foretold that the castle could be taken only when an event occurred—



CHURCH OF KILLAGHY.



GRACE STAPLIN'S CAVE.

almost as improbable as that "Birnam Forest" should come "to Dunsinane." The Cottage and Round Tower depicted in the next engraving are on Ram's Island, on Lough Neagh. The cottage was built by Lord O'Neil, a few years since, and occasionally occupied by him. Standing among trees of every possible variety, are the ruins of one of the mysterious round towers—calling forcibly to mind the ancient but departed glories of the family; for this morsel of their vast possessions, and the small estate upon the mainland, is now nearly all that remains to them of the province of which they were kings in old times. Lough Neagh is the largest lake in Great Britain, and is exceeded in size by few in Europe. It is formed by the confluence of the Blackwater, the Upper Bann, and five other rivers. The only outlet is the Lower Bann. It is about twenty miles in length, from north-east to south-west; about twelve miles in breadth, from east to west; eighty miles in circumference, and comprises about 154 square miles; its greatest depth in the middle is forty-five feet. According to the Ordnance Survey, it is forty-eight feet above the level of the sea at low water; and contains 98,255 1-2 statute acres, of which 50,025 are in Antrim, 27,355 1-2 in Tyrone; 15,556 1-2 in Armagh, 5160 in Londonderry, and 138 in Down. From its height above the level of the sea, and other circumstances, serious plans have been proposed for draining the lake—or rather a considerable portion of it; hitherto, however, without effect. It has often been a matter of surprise to visitors, that so fine a sheet of water has so little of the picturesque about it; but this is accounted for by the total absence of mountains. The Slievegallion chain in Tyrone, and the Belfast mountains in Antrim, are both at a considerable distance from its shores; and it contains only two or three small islands, which are

merely the extremities of elevated ridges. It has not the slightest appearance of having ever been the crater of a volcano, as some have supposed. The Lough Neagh pebbles are well known, and are still numerous, though gathered in large quantities. Most of them are calcedony, cornelian, opal, or quartz.

The striking scene we next come to, is a portion of Lough Bray, a lake situated in a lonely part of the county of Wicklow, and completely hemmed in by precipitous rocks. The waters of Lough Bray are colored very deeply by the peat which covers the surrounding hills, through which the water permeates, and the deep and gloomy tint is increased by the shadow into which the lake is thrown by the overhanging mountain to the south and west. There is one object connected with Lough Bray that looks like the work of enchantment—the Swiss cottage and grounds belonging to Sir P. Crampton, Bart. (the surgeon-general), appears suddenly in the wild bog, and seems as if "rising at the stroke of a magician's wand." The wall that surrounds these grounds is not, in some places, as high as the bank of peat within a few feet of it, and the contrast between the neglect, desolation and barrenness that reign without, and the order, cultivation and beauty within, is very striking, exhibiting the mastery which science and civilization hold over nature, even in her sternest and most rugged domains. The cottage and grounds are here, in this lofty and unreclaimed region, "like Tadmor in the wilderness, or an oasis in the desert." This Sir Philip Crampton is the father of the late British minister to the United States, whose dismissal by our government caused so great an excitement in both countries. The Light house at Dunmore, a watering-place not far from Waterford, is accurately sketched in our next engraving. The pier, at the end of which it stands, is six hundred feet in length, and admirably built. Dunmore is a favorite resort in the summer season. Our next picture exhibits the famous Rock of Cashel, in Tipperary, with its summit crowned with those venerable ecclesiastical ruins which have excited the wonder and admiration of ages, and will continue to do so for ages to come. "Here," exclaimed the Right Hon. Richard La-



TINTERN ABBEY.

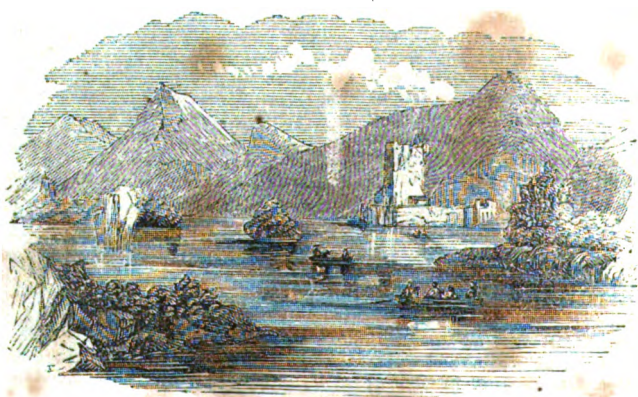


CASTLE OF ATHLONE.

or Shiel, in one of his addresses to the electors of Tipperary, "here my first cradle was rocked; and the first object that, in my childhood, I learned to admire, was that noble ruin, an emblem as well as a memorial of Ireland, which ascends before us—at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality; where councils were held, where princes assembled, the scene of courts and of synods; and on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections." Keating says that Cashel was first founded in the reign of Core, son of Loo-ee. "The name of the place, which is now called the Rock of Cashel, was Sheedrum; it was also called Drum-feeva, from the extensive woods about in the time of Core. There came," he adds, "about that time, two swineherds to feed their pigs in the woods about this hill, viz., Killarn, herdsman to the king of Ely, and Door-dry, the herdsman of the king of Muskerry, or Ormond; and when they had continued on the hill about a quarter of a year, there appeared to them a figure as brilliant as the sun, whose voice was more melodious than any music they had ever heard, and it was consecrating the hill, and prophesying the coming of Saint Patrick. The swineherds having returned to their homes, related what they had seen to their masters; and the story soon reached Core, who repaired without delay to Sheedrum, and built a palace there, which is called Lis-na-Lachree, or the fort of heroes; and being king of Munster, his royal tribute was received on this rock, now called Carrick Patrick; wherefore the rock was named

Cashel, i. e., Cios ail, or the Rock of Tribute." Cashel is important chiefly as having been for centuries the seat of an archbishop. The ecclesiastical province comprises the dioceses of Cashel, Emly, Limerick, Ardferit and Aghadoc, Waterford, Lismore, Cork, Ross, Killaloe, Cloyne and Kilfenora; a district very nearly co-extensive with the civil province of Munster. But long before it attained ecclesiastical rank, it was the favorite residence of the kings of Munster; and, it is said, a synod was held there about the middle of the fifth century, by St. Patrick, St. Ailbe, and St. Declan, in the reign of Ængus, who is supposed to have commemorated his conversion to Christianity by the erection of a church upon the rock; thus probably originating the assemblage of sacred edifices for which, in after times, it became conspicuous; and there appears to be satisfactory authority for the belief that it had been, for ages

previously, the selected site of Pagan worship. The controversy concerning the round towers is, therefore, not affected by the fact, that all the other buildings upon the rock are undoubtedly of the Christian era. The erection of "Cormac's Chapel" is attributed to Cormac Mac Culinan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who fell in battle on the plain of Moyabbe, near Leighlin, A. D., 908; but, upon safer evidence, to Cormac Mac Carthy, also king and bishop, in the twelfth century. The chapel, however, was certainly erected previously to the Anglo-Norman invasion, and affords a convincing proof that the Irish had attained to considerable excellence in the erection of stone buildings prior to that event. The cathedral was undoubtedly the work of Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, about 1169. The other structures on the rock are a hall for the vicars choral, built by Archbishop O'Hedian, in 1421; the old Episcopal Palace, originally a strong castle, at the west end of the cathedral; the remains of the abbey founded by David Mc

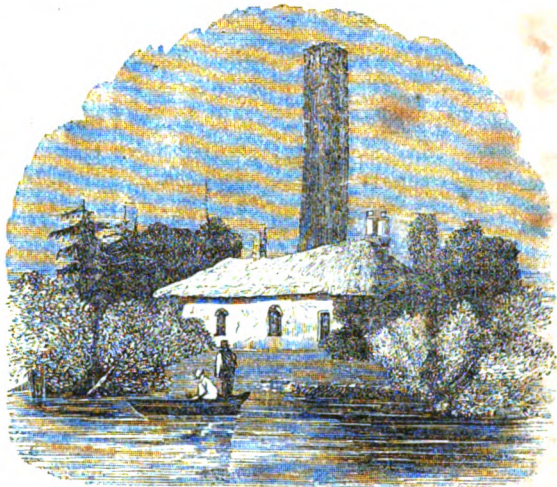


ROSS CASTLE, LOWER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.



Carrill, about 1260, and the mysterious Round Tower; and there are remains of the ancient wall by which the whole assemblage was anciently surrounded. Our next engraving represents Charles Fort, at the entrance of the harbor of Kinsale, the block-house and covered way, with a sloop-of-war beating in, and a pilot-boat under a foresail. The harbor of Kinsale, though inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep and well sheltered. The fort was named in honor of Charles II., and was erected by the Duke of Ormond, in 1681. One of the outer forts of Charles Fort is called the "Devil's Battery." The legend attached to it is that the arch-enemy was wont to take his rounds upon the ramparts, carrying in his hand a cannon-ball, and terrifying the sentinels night after night. The cause of this appearance is said to have originated in a tragic event that once occurred there. The only son of the governor prevailed upon the sentinel on duty to convey a message from him into the town—taking his firelock and place during his absence. The young man fell asleep on his post, and the governor, visiting the stations, and finding as he supposed the sentinel betraying his trust, shot him dead, and to his horror, found he had slain his child. So great was his despair, that he leaped from the rampart into the sea and perished. From that fatal night his satanic majesty was a constant visitor at the fort; and a cannon is shown there to this day on which he left the mark of his thumb. Several other "frightful" stories of demons, ghosts and hobgoblins are told of the neighborhood. Mrs. Hall relates many interesting anecdotes of the lower orders in Ireland. It is a very general feeling in many parts of Ireland, that if "restitution" be made for an injury, the injured party ought never to allude to the injury again. "I know I bate him within an inch of his life, your honor," said a peasant to a magistrate, before whom he was brought for an assault; "but didn't I offer him 'restitution'?"—"What restitution?" inquired the gentleman. "Just then to let him give me the same sort of a bating in return; and after that, it's very mane of him to say a word about it." Amid the multitude of mendicants that abounded in Ireland in our childish days, it was no uncommon thing for one more witty, more daring, more troublesome, more educated, or, if possible, more unfortunate than others of his class, to establish himself in a sort of intimacy at the houses of the gentry; become privileged to enter the avenue, without being questioned at the lodge, and pretty certain of having his demands complied with, either from habit—that powerful leader of our actions—or from pity, or some undisputed claim, which the beggar *par excellence* held, and which he was in no way disposed to relinquish. We remember one of these, James Furlong, "the long beggar-man," with a degree of terror which, were we to meet him now, we do not think we should be quite able to overcome—so strong are the impressions of childhood. There was something

fierce, determined and mysterious about him; his bushy white eyebrows hung over his gray eyes so as to conceal them, except when suddenly he elevated his brow, and then they rolled and glared fearfully. His grizzled hair folded round his throat, and was topped by a little brown wig, that looked more like a forsaken crow's nest than anything else to which we can liken it; his great coat was secured at his throat by an old rusty dagger, and the sleeves hung loosely at either side; he was remarkably erect and powerful, and no one cared to refuse him what he demanded as a tribute rather than a charity. Beggars were generally well content with meal, potatoes, or food of any kind; their rags were seldom renewed—they hung together, as we have said, by a mystery, and the cottagers willingly supplied them shelter; but James Furlong would never go away without money. Food he did not ask for; but he tormented "his gentlemen and ladies" for money, and to obtain it, he would say anything



COTTAGE AND ROUND TOWER, BIRD ISLAND.

civil or uncivil that occurred to him. "May the heavens be yer bed! and be quick to mark yerself to grace this blessed morning, by giving the poor ould pilgrim a tinpenny bit!—only a tinpenny; and, praise above! It isn't a pound note I'm looking for!—no, nor so much as a smooth shilling—only a tinpenny! And it's I that have no rason to say a good word for them same tinpennies—chating the poor out of twopence; for where a gentleman used to give a shilling, it's a dirty tinpenny I am turned away with! Come, yer honor, make haste now! I'm losing my time waiting on you; and so much to do before my death—that's it. I wouldn't care what length of time I passed discoursing you, but for that. Just think of my time, and it's all I have to depind on!"—"Ah, James, you did not always think of your time."—"It's God's truth yer saying now, any way; and I wish it had returned me the compliment!—but it never did. First playing with me, as a goldfinch plays with the down of a thistle—sporting with, and after it, and then swallowing it up, and purtending all the time to





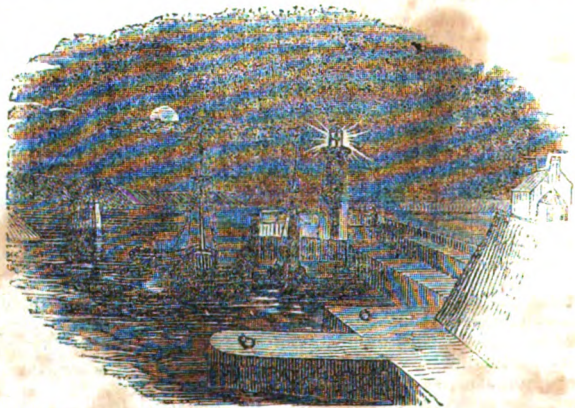
SIR PHILIP CRAMPTON'S COTTAGE, LOUGH BRAY.

such innocence; beguiling and smiling in yer face with not a wrinkle that you can see on its brow; lading one on to waste what isn't one's own to waste; and before long he is *urackt* and *ruinated* for spending, by the same thing that tempted him to spend; and then to see the villany of him! the worse the trouble comes, the harder he grows, for all the world like a middleman, or a bad landlord!" He would run on in this sort of strain sometimes for five minutes, proving that he thought and felt; and then suddenly abandon his philosophy, and rudely exclaim:—"But give me the tinnenny at onc't, and don't be increasing the loss on such a poor crayture as me; come, you'll never miss it, and every tinnenny you give me *will be paving the road for you into glory!*"—"But what do you want money for, James?"—"What for?" he would repeat in an angry tone—"I'd rayther not tell; but since I'm asked, I must—that's part of my pinnance. It's to make *restitution*—that's what it's to do;" and having thus confessed, he immediately fell upon his knees, and, after various crossing and many sighs, repeated an "Ave" with great rapidity; and if he had been importunate before this ceremony, he became positively insolent after it was over, and insisted upon his first demand as a right rather than a boon. Strange stories were told of James Furlong in "the '98," of his plundering rather for the sake of plunder, than from any desire to punish the "inimies" of his country; and not being over-scrupulous whether he took from friends or foes, rich or poor, as long as he obtained his desire. It was believed that he was doomed to a severe penance, which prevented his wearing either hat or shoes, sleeping on a bed, carrying a wallet, or appropriating the money he received to any purpose save that of "*restitution*," a sort of conscience-tribute to those whom he had despoiled, no one knew ex-

actly of what. The peasantry, who are ready to make and assist with their whole hearts every religious sacrifice that, according to their belief, will help them or their friends to happiness hereafter, endeavored, as "James Furlong had become a great penitent and pilgrim entirely," to regard him with the kindly feelings they bestowed upon ordinary beggars. They would say, when James came in sight of their dwellings, "Lord be between us and harm, but there's James Furlong! Well, who knows but he may die a great Christian; it's better to see a man 'draw near,' as he grows old, than fall away. And maybe, if our thoughts had opportunity at all times, we might be as great sinners as he was, by all accounts—get up and make way for him, he must go to the big houses for '*restitution*'

money;' but we can give him an air of the fire and a kindly welcome, though that last we'd rather keep for those our hearts warm to, which somehow they never do to him. The Lord above look down upon all sinners, abroad and at home." Such men as James Furlong, the victims of unbridled passions and strong superstitions, wandering as he wandering, are only to be found either in half-civilized and poverty-stricken countries, or under very peculiar phases of society. It is even now no uncommon thing to be solicited by aged people for money "to give them a dacent wake"—money "to help to bury them"—money "to lave the priest to pray their souls out of purgatory"—money for various things, but very seldom money for "*restitution*."

A curious story was told us, lately, of the way in which a desire to make "*restitution*" operated some years ago on a young woman in the west of Ireland, who became a widow two months before she was a mother, and was engaged as *fosterer*—that is, as nurse to a lady's infant, the mother being obliged to proceed with her husband to India. She was described as a gentle, affectionate, and, for her situation in life, well edu-



LIGHTHOUSE AT DUNMORE.



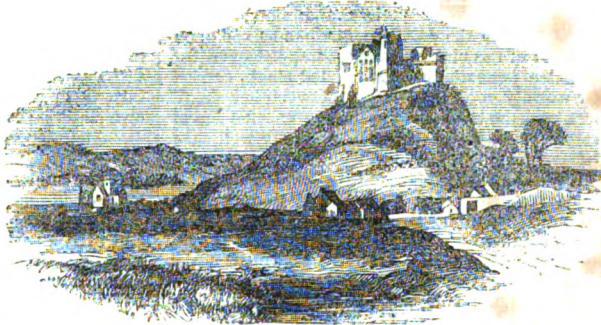
cated young woman. To gratify her employer, she removed with the lady's child and her own to the neighborhood of Dublin, but in a little time became so exceedingly attached to her nursing, that the idea of ever parting with it rendered her almost insane, nor could she endure the thought of giving up her own child instead. So she managed very cunningly to steal a child, and representing to her neighbor that she had obtained another little creature to attend to, silenced suspicion; and some time after, on the lady's return, presented her with the changeling, who was well satisfied at receiving a fine healthy little creature of two years old, instead of the delicate infant she had left in the nurse's care. Many months passed on—the lady's child fared with the nurse's own, and fared but indifferently, though she was by no means in absolute poverty. Yet she afterwards confessed that she never saw the changeling, in all its finery, without feeling bitterly for the "real" child she had deprived of its birthright. But even this seemed to affect her less than the injustice she had rendered the poor woman whose child she had stolen; and, leaving the children in the care of a friend, she set out on a sort of pilgrimage,

resolved to bestow on the woman she had robbed a sum of money left her by an uncle for her own use—this, she fancied, would be sufficient *restitution*. After much trouble and inquiry, she found the woman had gone to the neighborhood of Kilkenny, and there she followed, determined to leave the money where she would be certain to receive it; for, as she could not write, she did not like to trust the communication to another person. Strangely enough, while seeking the woman, the woman recognized her, and, charging her with having stolen her child some years previously, refused all compromise, and would accept nothing as restitution except her own child. The nurse was imprisoned, and after much skillful pleading confessed the truth; the beggar from whom she had stolen the child, proving its identity by sundry "marks." The woman, at the expiration of the period of her imprisonment, used to wander at night around the house where the girl, grown out of childhood, resided with its parents, singing snatches of wild songs, in the hope that the strains it had so often heard might keep alive the memory of the affection—which might be considered a species of insanity. At last, the worn and emaciated creature entreated permission to see the lady she had so deeply injured. She told her she felt that she could not have long to live, that she had a strong desire to make *restitution* for the injury she had inflicted upon her, and that she bequeathed her the only thing she had in the world to give—*her own child*!—so long the companion of the lady's darling! There was something both ludicrous and pathetic in the offering and the manner thereof; but to the credit of the lady's humanity, she accepted the gift. Within a few days the mother died. We have often thought how curi-

ous it would be to trace the career of these three children—the one claimed by the beggar would be considered as deserving the greatest sympathy; and yet the mortifications the lady's daughter must endure, coming as an intruder amongst sisters and brothers who knew her not, and who considered her vulgar and ignorant, must have occasioned her great pain, and rendered her situation anything but enviable.

The habit of doing wrong because there "maybe" some way of restitution hereafter that will make all right again, is one of the ramifications of that "wild justice," which it has been so much the fashion to talk about.

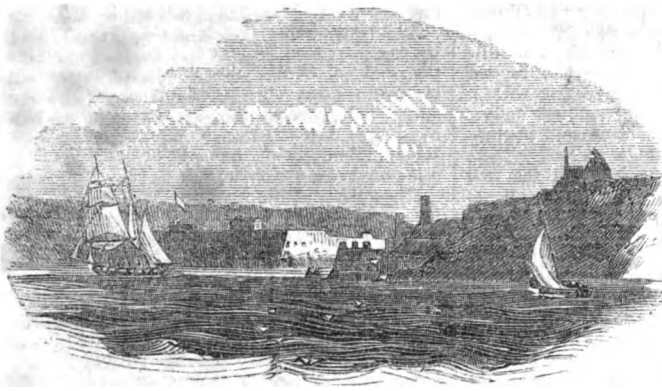
"I can't understand," said a "travelling" (i. e., beggar) woman, one day, to a respectable farmer's wife, who received her petition for a "handful of meal," a "lock of wool to help spin a petticoat," a "weight of potatoes," a "scrap of butter, or anything at all that's going," very coolly, "I can't understand what's come to ye, ma'am, or to one or two of the other houses I make my rounds at. I've not got the sign of a kindly welcome, nor the beam of a smile, in answer to my 'God save all here,' which I never



THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

forget—that's one thing; and don't wish to forget, that's another. You all turn from me as if I was *pisoned*; which I am not no more than yourselves. What's the reason, ma'am, if you please?—for it's not me, though poor, (God help me!) that likes to be turned upon, as if I hadn't Christian flesh on my poor old crushed bones. I'd thank ye for the reason, if it's plasing to you, whether it's plasing to me or not."

The querist was a stout, muscular woman, broad-chested, and powerful, both in appearance and manner; her voice was low and husky, her features stern, and rendered more unpleasing by the leering expression of her large gray eyes, whose lids were fringed with deep black lashes. When speaking, she see-sawed her body about, generally looking on the ground, except when she wanted to make what actors would call a "point," when she fixed them sideways upon the person she addressed, as in this instance, while she said, "Whether it's plasing to me or not." This woman was born to an inheritance of beggary; "all before and all belonging to her," according to her own statement, hid away the key in the thatch of their cabins while the potatoes were growing, and "took to the road, asking



CHARLES FORT, HARBOR OF KINSALE.

charity, and, the Lord be praised, finding a bit and a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on, until lately entirely." As this woman has been dead ten or twelve years, we refer exclusively to the past. The farmer's wife would much rather have got rid of her guest without explanation; but she stood firmly in the doorway, one hand fixed upon the knot of the blanket which, strapped over her shoulders beneath the blue-hooded cloak, carried her worldly goods as a hunch between her shoulders, and the other resting on the knotted top of a stout stick, which she knew perfectly well how to use.

"Well," at last answered the good dame, "I don't want to say anything hard to you, poor woman; it wouldn't be becoming in a sinner like me to stand within my own door and do so. So I'd just rather you'd keep the road, and never mind calling, for, to tell the honest truth, I've no welcome for you; and where's there's no welcome, the potato has a black heart, and the water's poisoned. So go your ways; I don't wish or want to give you fresh trouble, when what you've got must be enough to bear, God knows, for one while."

"I neither want your salt nor your savor," she replied, growing stern and fierce, and her voice becoming more thick and indistinct. "I want a reason why every door is shut in my face; and you know that, as you have the land amongst you," she added, with a bitter laugh, "we have nowhere else to turn to for what we haven't got—that's all, and enough, too! So out with it—it can't put more knives in my heart than is in it already; and as to my eyes, there's no fear of my crying, ma'am—so tell us out of the face at once."

"It is between you and your Maker—the knowledge, I mean, of how you reared your son, Mary Mulchagee."

"Poor Mickey! that's it, is it?" she muttered; "fine times when they threw his cold corpse in my face."

"But the people do say that you incensed him into all kinds of sin, poor lost boy—not openly, but on the sly—and took a mean advantage of your knowledge of the houses where you had the kindly welcome, and the share of what was going; and let on to him and his comrades, so that they knew where to lay their hand, and did lay

their hand, on whatever they wanted, until it ended, as all the earth knows now."

"Well!" she answered, raising her eyes boldly and at once, and fixing them fiercely on the farmer's wife, who rejoiced that her husband and sons were in the house. "Well!" she repeated.

"It was ill, not well, Mary, poor woman, and will make you sup sorrow to the end of your days. He was a fine, handsome craythur when I saw him first, and heard you both singing 'The

night before Larry was stretched;'" and ye mind, I could ye then it was an ill song to teach a lisping baby."

"Whir-rr!" she exclaimed, as in sudden triumph; "he could rise and turn that or any other tune that ever was set, and *did* the last night, they could me, till the iron of his jail bars rang to his music."

"The more's the pity; and no wonder we'd turn from you, Mary Mulchagee, leading your own child to the gallows, and not ashamed of it."

"And why should I be ashamed of it, ma'am?" was the extraordinary reply. "Why, if he did take the ould man's life, didn't he hang for it?—and wasn't that restitution?"

The traveller, with a fondness for imaginative and witty anecdote, will be regaled with plenty of such narratives in Ireland. At Kerry the guide will tell him how St. Patrick never came into Kerry; but only looked into it, holding his hands out to it, and saying, "I bless all beyond the Reeks."—How Fin Mac Cool kept his tubs of gold in the lake under Mucross, and set his dog Bran to watch them; this was ages ago, long before the flood. An Englishman—a grate diver intirely—came over to try wouldn't he get the goold. And when he went down, the dog woke from his slumbers and seized him; and I'll go bail he never tried th' experiment agin.—How, when O'Donoghue leaped out of the windy of Ross Castle, his enchanted books flew after him; and there they are, O'Donoghue's library, to be seen this day, only turned into stone, and, like the Killarney guide-books, rather heavy.—How, right under the Crebough there was a huge carbuncle, that, of a dark night, lit up the rocks under the lake, and showed the palaces and towers of the ould ancient city that the waters covered.—How Darby got his "garden"—a group of barren rocks in the Lower Lake. He asked ould Lord Kinmare to let him cut wattles out of the trees of Innisfallen. "I will," says my lord, "as many as ye please, between an hour before and an hour after midnight." So Darby took him at his word, and went to work. But no sooner did he touch the bark of one of the blessed trees, than he was whisked away in a whirlwind, and flung with a skinful of broken bones upon the bit of bare rock, that we call "Darby's Garden" to this day.—How a holy hermit fell into

sin, and did a hard penance for seven long years, just where the trees under Mucross dip into the water. He walked straight into the lake, and stuck his holly-stick into the gravel at the bottom, and made a vow never to leave the spot until the kippen threw out branches and leaves. And for seven years he stood there without sleep or food, till at last the stick blossomed, and in one night became a great tree, and then the holy hermit knew he was pardoned; and 'twas he that did the wonderful cures from that day out, till all the county was running after the "hermit of the holly-tree."—How the first O'Donoghue was a tall slip of a boy; and he was sitting in his ould nurse's cottage, when she set up a screech that the O'Sullivan was staling the cattle. So up he gets, pulls an ould sword out of the thatch, and kills every mother's son of the thieving blaguards. When the fight was over, up comes his gilly, and "didn't we do that nately?" says he; and "were you helping me?" says O'Donoghue. "I was," says the gilly. So with that, O'Donoghue goes out and sticks one of the dead men agin the wall, with his eyes staring open, and his spear in his fist. And he calls out the gilly, "Kill me that big fellow," says he; and the gilly was frightened and tried to skulk off. "I knew ye were a coward," says O'Donoghue, and hanged him on the next tree.—How the Englishman inquired of a Kerry peasant, by what means Ireland happened to have so many mountains—to which the Kerry boy made answer thus, "Ye see, Ireland being the finest and the best country in the world, in coorse was the last country that nature made. And when Ireland was finished, nature had a dale o' stuff to spare; so she left it there, and that makes the mountains."—How Fin Mac Cool fought at Ventry Harbor, the battle that continued without interruption three hundred and sixty-six days. And Dalav Dura, the champion of the monarch of the world, slain six hundred of Fin's best troops in six days, all in single combat. So Fin successively killed Fion M'Caskeen Loumbunig, Finaughlaugh Trackluskeen, and the champion Dulav Dura, and fought so long and so lustily, that his limbs would have fallen asunder if they hadn't been kept together by his armor; till, in the end, Fin totally destroyed his enemies, and took possession of the field with trumpets sounding, drums bating, and colors flying, having been fighting for it one whole year and a day.—And how Macgillicuddy of the Reeks was a boy or gilly to the Mac Carthy Mor. And he went into Connaught to seek his fortune, and he fell in love with a young lady and she with him, and he boasted to her father that he had more ricks than the father's land could grow hay enough to cover with hay-bands; so the father sent a messenger into Kerry to know the truth of his riches, and whether the young stranger had the great fortune he spoke about. And, to be sure, the daughter gave the messenger a hint; so he thravelled to Kerry,

and saw young Macgillicuddy's father ating his dinner on his knees, with heaps of rats all about the cabin he lived in. So he goes back and tells the fair maid's father that the Macgillicuddy had more live cattle than he could count, and was ating off a table he wouldn't part with for half Connaught. So, in coorse, the boy got the girl. In another case, a murdered schoolmaster is said to have been found dead in the road, with his head full of *fractions*! "I'm thinking it's shoe aside," said Larry. "The horse's shoe, was it?"—"No, alanna," said Larry, "shoe aside is Latin for cutting your throat."—"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow. "Sure it's all one," said Larry, "whether he did it with a razhir on his throat, or a hammer on his head. It's shoe aside all the same."—"But there was no hammer found."—"No, but he might have hid the hammer after he did it, to throw off the disgrace of the shoe aside. But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?"—"Not a taste. The crowners sot on him, and he never said a word against it, and if he was alive he would."—"And didn't they find anything at all?"—"Nothing but the vardick."—"And was it that that kilt him?"—"No, my dear, 'twas the crack on the head; but the vardick was, 'twas done, and somebody done it, and they were blackguards, whoever they were, and unknown."

Our remaining engravings are devoted to sketches of the Irish peasantry. The young mother and her child were sketched from life. The warm welcome bestowed on the Blind Piper and his daughter characterize the overflowing hospitality of even the poorest people of "poor ould Ireland." In the last picture we have a peasant woman and her child bringing home



PEASANT WOMAN AND CHILD.





THE IRISH PIPER.

dred others, are surely as beautiful as any orientalisms, quoted as models of expression. Volumes have been written illustrative of the character of the people of Ireland, and the world is largely indebted to Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Hall for their vivid and brilliant delineations. The former has done for her country what Sir Walter Scott did for his; and it will be remembered that her pictures of Ireland first induced the Scottish novelist to take up his magic pen. The annals of Ireland are filled with instances of heroic bravery and intrepidity in war; and in the political and social relations of her society, some of the finest examples of devotion and patriotism that have ever appeared on record make her history one to shine upon the world with no common effulgence; and their recital has often drawn the hot tears of sympathy and indignation from the observer of her wrongs. But as an appendage to the British crown, her glory has departed. Yet, with a fertile island, with a people endowed with genius, gallantry, generosity and many other excellent traits of character, let us hope that better days are in store for Ireland; that her resources will be developed, her children rendered happy, and her future be worthy of what has been fondly termed by her poets, "The first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

fuel, with the aid of the faithful donkey that plays so important part in the economy of the poor. Mrs. Hall speaks, among other traits, of the eloquence and poetical taste of the humblest of her people. In the mountains of Galway, she asked a barefoot maiden for a drink of water. The girl advanced, dropped a curtsy, while she presented a pitcher, and said, "Wishing it was wine." These courteous and poetical wishes are of every day hearing, and some of them are quite oriental. "God grant you to be as happy as the flowers in May;" "The Almighty shower down blessings on your head day and night;" "God grant you a long life, and a happy death;" "God's fresh blessing be about you;" "May your bed be made in heaven;" "The blessings of God be with you ever and always;" "May the light of Heaven shine on your grave;" "May the sun never be too hot, nor the wind too cold for you;" "May the smile of the Lord light you to glory." These, and a hun-



CARRYING TURF.

## OUR CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

BY LILIAN LYLE.

How oft as we close in a calm repose,  
Our eyes to the scenes of earth,  
Do our thoughts go back o'er memory's track,  
To the land that gave us birth.  
In the hush of night, 'neath the moon's pale light,  
The days of other years  
Return again, with their joy and pain,  
Their sunshine and their tears.

Again we roam in our early home,  
As a happy, careless child;  
On the air rings out our joyous shout,  
And our laughter sweet and wild;  
We pluck the flowers in woodland bowers,  
Or roam o'er the meadows green;  
Again we play on the fragrant hay,  
A merry band I ween.

How plain is seen on the village green,  
The school-house old and gray;  
Where each well-filled seat was a vision sweet,  
That greeted our eyes each day;  
And when school was out, what a gladsome shout  
Was echoed o'er hill and vale,  
As with lessons learned, we homeward turned,  
As sportive as the gale.

Again we drink from the mossy brink  
Of the spring in the vale so fair;  
Or search each nook by the rippling brook,  
For the berries hidden there;  
In glad pursuit of the golden fruit,  
Again we quickly go;  
Or swiftly glide down the steep hillside,  
O'er the smooth and sparkling snow.  
'Tis sweet, I ween, when thus fresh and green  
Are kept fond memory's flowers,  
To wander back, o'er the weary track,  
To our childhood's happy hours.

## THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

## A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

"THERE has been a great battle at Fleurus, and our armies were victorious," said Citizen Dupree, entering his house somewhat hastily.

These words were addressed to his wife and daughter. The latter was eighteen years of age, comely, and of an amiable disposition. Her name was Virginie.

"The allies are soundly beaten, and a portion of the French army is on its way here."

"On its march to Brussels!" exclaimed Virginie.

"Parbleu! one would think you a proscribed Aristocrat. What have we to fear from the Republicans? Do you not wear the tri-colored cockade? Am I not citizen Dupree, and very

well known? Child, the battle of Fleurus was a very great battle, between two armies of eighty thousand each. The scene of the fight was along the line of a crescent of ten leagues."

"Will this great victory, as you call it, strengthen Robespierre?"

"It will give new power to the Revolution, I suspect. I am sure it will make the Committee popular. There are factions among the republican leaders, which I cannot well understand; but I know, child, that there has been a victory; the citizens are rejoicing and I rejoice with them. It is safest to follow the example of the people; it keeps one's head upon one's shoulders."

"The times are terrible! Human life is no longer respected. Crime stalks abroad in his most loathsome aspect, and is unrebuked. I long for the days of the monarchy again!" said Virginie, earnestly.

"Hush! What have you said! Your rashness may ruin us. In these days wooden walls have ears—to hear treason."

"A sure sign that we have no liberty. There are no systems of espionage and no assassin-like informers in the land of liberty. We have exchanged one tyrant for many."

"For Heaven's sake, be quiet! You have said enough to compromise us all and send us to the scaffold!" exclaimed Citizen Dupree, in great alarm. Then raising his voice, as if anxious that some good citizen of the Republic should hear him, added, "The Revolution is a glorious thing! Robespierre is inspired!"

"Inspired! Yes, he is inspired by the prince of darkness! My heart revolts at his cruelties."

"Long live the Republic! Long live Robespierre, and St. Just, and Couthon, and Henriot! Hush!"

Citizen Dupree was pale with fear. He held up his finger warningly, went to the door, looked out into the streets, came back and threatened Virginie with his severest displeasure if she did not exercise more prudence, and then left the house to gain additional news respecting the battle of Fleurus.

An hour after his departure, Virginie was sitting in the door, listening uneasily to the sound of distant shouts and occasional reports of guns. Rendered nervous and timid by these ominous sounds, she was on the point of withdrawing into the house, when a young man rushed along the street and paused before her in great disorder. He panted for breath, and was ready to sink from exhaustion.

"You are a French refugee?" said Virginie.

"Yes, and if I go back, I am lost!" he answered, casting apprehensive looks behind him.

"If you go forward, you are also lost," said Virginie, filled with compassion for the young refugee.

"Some of my unfortunate comrades have already been torn in pieces by the soldiers, aided by the infuriated mob. Mademoiselle, I will go no further; I will die here at your feet."

"The saints forbid! And yet, monsieur, what can I do?" replied Virginie, much affected.

"Do, you can do nothing! I have only to await the coming of the mob and perish. I thank you, mademoiselle, for your pity. Sympathy is sweet to one outlawed and hunted by his fellow-beings."

"Do not despair. I will make an effort to save you. Come with me."

"Reflect one moment," said the refugee, struck with her generosity and beauty. "Discovery will cost you your life. I fear it would be cowardly in me to involve you in my peril. Weep for me, mademoiselle, and leave me."

"We lose time—moments are precious. This way—hesitate, and we are lost! I cannot extend to you the hospitalities of my father's house. He wears the national cockade; he is a revolutionist."

She conducted him to an outhouse.

"Here you must secrete yourself till night. Be quiet, and rest assured of my assistance."

She returned to the house, where she had been but a few moments, when Jean Leduc, who had long tried to secure her good will, came in. He was excited, and there was blood upon his hands and garments.

"What have you been doing, Jean? What spots are those upon your clothes and person?" she demanded.

"It is the blood of the enemies of liberty. Some refugees have been driven from their lurking-places on the frontier. We have slain some of them. One ran this way; have you seen him?"

"Have you sunk so low as to become a common assassin? Do Republics sanction murders and robberies. Go, Jean, and let me see you no more!" cried Virginie, indignantly.

"This to me, Mademoiselle Dupree! Do you take sides with the aristocrats? Have a care for your safety, my friend."

"Friend! I am not the friend of assassins. Go and denounce me, Jean Leduc. Come, you can consign me to death."

"Did I threaten you?" asked Juan, with a sneer.

"The thought was in your heart; I read it in your expression. How dare you come here, fresh from the work of slaughter?"

"Nay, be not so resentful, fair Virginie," returned Leduc in a more conciliatory tone. "I never have sought your life, mademoiselle, though I have been so presumptuous as to seek your hand."

"A presumption which you may not repeat. I would wed the guillotine in preference!"

"Mademoiselle, reflect, I am but a man; I may do something rash, and which I may regret when it is too late."

"Now, indeed, you threaten! Go, coward, and denounce me at once. I am tired of living amid continual horrors. Life surrounded by crime, injustice and suffering, has grown irksome. I cannot forget La Vendee, Nantes, Toulon, Marseilles, and Versailles."

"This is getting serious, mademoiselle. You endanger your whole family. Citizen Dupree may be compromised at any time, and sent before the Committee. And madame, too."

Virginie grew pale. Leduc had spoken the truth. One suspected person in a family consigned the rest to the same accusation.

"I had hoped that you were not so bad, Citizen Leduc; that one could speak to you freely and trust you. I was mistaken. Make out your list and place my name at the top."

"Mademoiselle, I had rather marry than denounce you. Come, now, which shall it be?"

Jean tried to put on an air of good humor and speak playfully. Citizen Dupree came in.

"Father, Citizen Leduc threatens to denounce me to the terrible Tribunal," said Virginie.

"I did but jest," said Jean, coloring.

Dupree glanced at the latter and his daughter. To conceal the alarm which he felt, he laughed loudly.

"A pretty joke, Jean! It was well thought of. Denounce your future—"

A look from his fair daughter checked him. He was much perturbed.

"Citizen Leduc, it has been a great day. The allies are beaten back. The French are triumphant," he said, to relieve his embarrassment.

"I know it," returned Leduc, sullenly. "It is no news to me."

With these words he arose and left abruptly, leaving Dupree full of misgivings.

At dark, hearing the clang of arms, Virginie looked out and saw some French soldiers entering the outhouse where the refugee was concealed, to pass the night. This spectacle excited the liveliest apprehensions in the mind of the generous young woman. Would he not think that she had betrayed him? That was very possible, and the thought was painful. She resolved to risk something more for the stranger. She fol-

lowed the soldiers, shielded by the darkness, and waited patiently for them to become quiet. The time seemed long, and she feared being missed from the house. At length, when she believed the soldiers were asleep, she softly approached the concealment of the unfortunate young man, and informed him of the new danger, of which he already had a tolerable conception. She was conducting him from the outhouse, when one of the soldiers sprang up and seized the refugee by the hand, demanding, "Who is here?"

"It is I—the daughter of Citizen Dupree," said Virginie, quickly interposing herself between the refugee and the soldier.

"Beg your pardon, mademoiselle. I had just fallen into a slumber, and was dreaming of those rascally refugees, when your light step disturbed me."

The soldier yawned, threw himself upon his hard couch again, and with an inward feeling of thankfulness, the maiden glided from the spot.

"My father," she said, when they were at a safe distance from the place, "is sexton of a church in this vicinity. I have the keys, and there will I conduct you. It is the securest asylum I can think of. I know not that you will be safe even there, but I can do nothing better."

"Mademoiselle, dispose of me as you think best, except to give me life at the price of your own. On that condition I would not accept it."

She unlocked and entered the church, then lighted a small lamp which shone dimly along the deserted aisles. She led the way to the altar, behind which was a trap-door, so ingeniously contrived that it was not easily distinguished from other portions of the floor. There was a vault beneath the church, and the door opened upon a narrow staircase leading to it. She directed him how to open it. A dark and gloomy passage was before him. The confined air escaping through the aperture had the odor of the charnel-house. He instinctively shuddered.

"Take courage, monsieur, and descend to the vault. The dead are there; they are harmless, but the living are not. The ashes of a distinguished family are deposited below."

Virginie placed the lamp in his hand and added:

"I will come to you as soon as I can without being observed. To-morrow Brussels will be full of soldiers. It will be difficult to move abroad; but monsieur, I will not desert you. I do not imagine they will look for more victims in such a place. Courage, and adieu."

"God preserve you, mademoiselle!" said the refugee, and groped his way down the monkly staircase. The trap closed after him. He was

alone in that dim and solemn repository. He paused to listen to the departing footsteps of the sexton's daughter; he heard them with strange interest. They resounded faintly along the dusty aisles. He hung upon the muffled echoes with breathless intensity. He might never again hear the sound of human footsteps; he sighed as the great door of the church closed. Holding the lamp before him, he commenced an examination of the crypt. He brushed the dust from the damp marble and read slowly the inscription. The name and armorial bearings of the de Montreuil—his ancestors! This discovery affected him deeply. Kneeling reverently by the tomb, he tenderly pronounced the names of the venerated dead. The remarkable train of events that had led him to that receptacle, appeared to him entirely providential. He thought he recognized the hand of God, and taking courage, was confident that he should escape the malice of his enemies.

This singular discovery furnished him with subject for reflection during the night and the following day. The long absence of Virginie then began to alarm him; but he combated with hunger, and thirst, and suspense, till the second day passed. The lamp had burned out the first night, and since, he had remained in total darkness. He was too noble and too much impressed in the young woman's favor to doubt her faithfulness. He suspected she was so closely watched as to prevent the fulfilment of her promise. Possibly she had been arrested and was in prison, or had already gone to the scaffold.

"Unhappy France! It has become a crime to do a deed of generosity!" he exclaimed. "Beauty and virtue are insufficient to protect their possessors. If my gentle benefactress has perished, it is my fate to die of hunger in the house of the dead."

The third day elapsed, though in that murky receptacle de Montreuil could not make the passage of days. No light crept in to admonish him that the sun had risen, and no deeper darkness fell to assure him that the sun had finished his dismal course and gone down; but burning thirst and imperious hunger told him infallibly that the time was long.

Overpowered with his sufferings, and the dread conviction that he was doomed to perish miserably, he became insensible. A sound in the chapel aroused him. At first he did not realize its meaning, experiencing a vague curiosity, only. There was a slight creaking and grating, and a pale ray of light flickered down into the vault.

The voice of Mademoiselle Dupree called upon

him ; she had come to bring him food ; she had not forgotten him. He raised his head from the ground and tried to answer, but his dry tongue refused its office.

"Alas ! he is dead !" exclaimed Virginie, and closed the door.

De Montreuil summoned the remnant of his strength.

"Stay, mademoiselle, stay ! I live ! I live !"

He staggered to the steps, but was too weak to mount them. The despairing cry of Montreuil, however, had reached the ears of Virginie. She opened the door and descended to the vault. She was shocked at the paleness of Montreuil.

"I have been suspected and watched," she hastened to say. "Citizen Leduc has lurked constantly about the premises. But I shall elude him in future ; I will visit you with food regularly. Had I come before, I should have secured your destruction. Soldiers are swarming the streets of Brussels ; they thirst for blood."

While she was speaking she set food and drink before him.

"Who is this Citizen Leduc ?" he asked, when he had quenched his thirst by a delicious draught of cool water.

"He—he is an acquaintance, who is much at our house," answered Mademoiselle Dupree.

"Perhaps the daughter of Citizen Dupree has something to do with his visits ?" observed de Montreuil, watching closely the features of his fair benefactress.

"It is so ; but he is disagreeable. Three days ago he had the presumption to come to me with his hands stained with the blood of his fellow-creatures, whose appeals for mercy he heard in vain. Jean Leduc is odious !"

"The leader of those assassins, perhaps, from whom I escaped. You shudder at his cruelty. Your nature revolts at perfidy and crime. It is such as you that will keep alive the memory of Cecile Renaud and Charlotte Corday."

"I will, at least, be true to my womanly instincts," said Virginie.

She was withdrawing, when the church doors were hastily opened. She heard the rattle of arms and the tread of soldiers, and her father's voice bidding them enter.

"Soldiers," he said, "you wrong an honest citizen when you suspect me of concealing an emigrant. But you are at liberty to search. I myself will lead you to every place where a person could be secreted. Come on, citizen soldiers and heroes of the revolution !"

The sexton's daughter quickly retreated to the vault, closing the door after her.

"What new danger menaces ?" he inquired.

"My father is suspected of concealing an emigrant in the church, and is vindicating his innocence by being foremost in the search. Our lives hang upon the merest thread ! If he descend into the vault, we perish. Ah ! he knows not whom he endangers ! He advances towards the altar—the soldiers follow, I hear the clangor of their arms, and the heavy shuffle of their feet. Blessed Mary ! my father pauses over the trap door !"

"Alas, my friend ! I have involved you in my destruction."

"Be silent—they listen !"

For a moment all was still above.

"They have discovered the door. They are opening it !" whispered Montreuil.

Virginie made no answer ; they heard the beating of each other's hearts. They heard Dupree say :

"Citizen soldiers, search thoroughly. My patriotism must not be doubted. Look in every corner ; leave no nook unexamined. If you find an emigrant, strike off my head !"

"How courageous !" said Montreuil, taking mademoiselle's hand, struck with admiration at her calmness.

A few minutes more they were kept in terrible suspense ; then the footsteps and voices sounded more faintly above, and finally ceased to be heard.

"The danger is passed," said Virginie. "I will leave you, my friend, but I will not cease to care for you."

"Heaven will reward your goodness. Beware of Jean Leduc."

For several days she baffled the Argus eyes of the mean-spirited Leduc, and brought de Montreuil food. One night she came to him at a later hour than usual.

"You must leave this place," she said. "You can remain here no longer in safety. If anything should happen to me, you would perish here of hunger—a worse fate than to fall by the weapons of assassins. Disguise yourself in these garments, and buckle on this short-sword, which is stained with blood. If you are seen, join the murderers boldly, and affect to be one of them. Cry 'Long live the Republic,' and boast of your exploits."

"It is well planned ; I will follow your directions," said Montreuil.

She placed the lamp beside him and left him to make the proposed change of garments. He soon joined her in the church. They stood near the altar. De Montreuil respectfully took Mademoiselle Dupree's hand.

"Mademoiselle, I cannot leave you without attempting to speak a portion of my gratitude.



I ardently hope that I may have the happiness of meeting you again. Whatever changes may convulse unhappy France, I will treasure with unalloyed satisfaction the memory of my benefactress. There is more that I would say; but I fear lost-perfect frankness in expressing my sentiments should give offence."

"Monsieur, I have my reward; it is here," she replied, placing her hand upon her heart.

"Mademoiselle, you have won my sincerest friendship. I will enshrine your remembered image in my soul." He pressed her hand to his lips, which token of affection she received with charming grace and modesty. They parted at the door of the church, Montrenil leaving his hiding place with a sigh of regret.

Reaching home, Virginie found the odious Leduc awaiting her coming.

"Mademoiselle Dupree, you go out at unreasonable hours. To secure your safety, you should condescend to accept of my companionship," he said, regarding her suspiciously.

"When I wish for your guardianship, I will not scruple to ask it," she replied.

"It is my duty to warn you that you are suspected," resumed Jean.

"Suspected?"

"You are no longer safe," he added.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Virginie, indignantly.

"Do you hold such language to the only one who can save you? Listen. My activity in the cause of liberty has not been overlooked. I am a member of the Revolutionary Committee. As my wife, you will be above suspicion. As the daughter of Citizen Dupree, my influence cannot keep your name from the fatal list, and not yours only, but those of your parents."

"You have betrayed us!" cried Virginie, wringing her hands.

"Birds of the air may have whispered the strange secrets of yonder church," returned Leduc, sullenly.

"I am indeed lost!" said mademoiselle.

"Your fate is in my hands! Madame Leduc will be safe—Virginie, the sexton's daughter will go to prison."

"Let it be the prison. God be praised for the choice! I am ready, call your accomplice."

"I have sent a detachment of soldiers to find whoever may be secreted in the church," answered Jean, coldly.

"And have you succeeded?"

"Doubtless. Nothing can escape the prying eyes of soldiers. You were observed coming from the church last night."

Virginie breathed more freely. She knew that the search of the soldiers had proved fruitless.

"Give me time to reflect on your proposal. Your abruptness has somewhat perplexed me, monsieur."

"What time do you require?"

"Three days."

"You shall have two."

"That is a short time, but the day after tomorrow you shall know my decision."

The sexton came in at that moment, and triumphantly related how he had cleared himself from the charge that had been made against him.

"They accused me, Citizen Leduc, of secreting an emigrant in the church. I denied the charge, and to prove its falsehood, led them through the church and called their attention to every place where an emigrant could possibly be concealed."

Leduc was confused and disappointed. To Virginie his chagrin was very evident.

"You have suffered injustice, but it shall be mine to see that your faithfulness to the Revolution is adequately rewarded."

With this assurance Leduc took leave, bestowing on Virginie as he departed a significant look.

Happily for the peace of the sexton's wife, she had retired to bed and heard no part of this conversation, and so remained ignorant of the danger that menaced her.

Early in the morning Leduc appeared with some papers.

"My friend, you are to go to Paris," he said, addressing Dupree, with every appearance of friendship. "The Committee have appointed you confidential agent to the Revolutionary Tribunal. The Committee desire farther instructions concerning suspected persons. Certain distinguished families have been thrown into prison, who are charged with being concerned in a wicked conspiracy to overthrow the leaders of the Republic. The Tribunal may wish to have them sent to Paris, in order to learn the extent of the plot, and to secure the conviction of others concerned in it. You will understand what the Committee expect of you by reading these papers. Here are the proper passports."

Dupree expressed himself greatly pleased with this mark of confidence, little suspecting the true designs of Leduc. His daughter, more discriminating, perceived that her persecutor wished to get him out of the way, to render her more helpless and dependent.

"You must set out this very day, and here is money to defray the expenses of your journey. During your absence I will not neglect to do what kind offices I can for Madame Dupree and your daughter."

"Father, this is a nefarious plot to ruin us!" said Virginie, when Jean had left the house. "This bad man has threatened to send us all to the scaffold. If you go to Paris, we must go with you."

She proceeded to unmask Leduc's purpose, relating the conversation of the previous night, to the great terror of her father.

"What objections have you to marrying Jean?" he asked.

"He's an assassin, and I prefer death to an assassin. My choice is irrevocable. You can assist me to baffle the wretch, or leave me to my fate. Let the voice of nature decide."

Virginie spoke with firmness. Her father strove in vain to shake her resolution. It was finally arranged that they should leave Brussels the ensuing night, taking all the money they possessed. Dupree was to pretend to start upon his journey during the day, but to wait at a certain place for his wife and daughter to join him. It was believed that the passports with which he had been provided, and the character in which he visited Paris, would enable him to take his family without suspicion or annoyance.

Late in the evening Madame Dupree and her heroic daughter left the house by the back door, and through circuitous and unfrequented ways, proceeded to the designated spot.

Citizen Dupree was waiting them there with a carriage and two horses. They entered the vehicle, and Brussels was soon left far behind. We will not follow them in their journey. By frequent changes of horses and rapid travelling, they accomplished the distance in less than the usual time. The passports and other papers secured them entire immunity from unnecessary detention and arrest.

Dupree had a female friend at Paris. Her name was Duval; she lived in the Rue Saint Florentine. Upon his arrival he proceeded to Madame Duval's, and found to his joy, that he could rely on her friendship. He did not present himself before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The conviction that his mission to Paris was a mere pretext to secure his absence from Brussels, grew, every day, stronger. His chief anxiety, now, was to remain concealed until the reign of terror had passed. The star of Robespierre was waning. The wise already saw its dimmed lustre, and predicted its disappearance from the political heavens. He had receded from his colleagues, and the leaders of the Revolution were divided into factions. A stormy time was evidently approaching. Robespierre made light of the recent victories of the French army, because its movements had been controlled by men whom he dis-

liked. The populace were growing weary of blood. No one felt safe. Dupree hoped better days were near, and flattered himself that he was secure in his quiet retreat on the Rue Saint Florentine.

"Misfortune still follow us," said Mademoiselle Dupree, one day. "I have seen the monster Leduc. He passed our retreat, and observed the house closely."

"Let us hope that he has failed to trace you to your hiding-place," replied Madame Duval.

"Generous friend!" exclaimed Virginie. "You shall not be compromised by sheltering us. My parents shall seek a refuge in the country, and I will deliver myself up to the Tribunal."

"That will but hasten my own destruction, for I will go with you," answered Madame Duval, heroically.

Madame Dupree was ready to faint with terror, and avowed her fixed determination to share the fate of her daughter, whatever it might be. Dupree, who was naturally of a timid disposition, now completely aroused by the emergency, showed a spirit of firmness not unworthy of his daughter. All this courage was needed; they were arrested and cast into a loathsome prison within the space of an hour. Spectacles of horror greeted them on every hand. Lamentations and groans saluted their ears. Tears and despair made the place of their incarceration doleful beyond description.

Jean Leduc had the hardihood to visit them; he had sufficient influence to have Virginie removed from her friends and confined in a separate cell. Full of horror at his perfidy, she turned her face from him and refused to notice him otherwise than by scornful silence.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you thought to escape me; but the arms of the Tribunal are long; they can reach the lurking places of royalists in any part of France."

Virginie did not speak.

"Mademoiselle, will you send your friends to the guillotine? Say but a single word, and they shall return to Brussels in safety."

Mademoiselle Dupree did not deign to answer.

"I am waiting for you to speak that word."

She made a gesture for him to go, without looking at him.

"Obdurate daughter! Will you, then, kill those who gave you life!" exclaimed Leduc.

This provoked her beyond endurance.

"Monster! you do well to talk of the ties of nature—you, whose heart never answered to the sweet voice of affection—you, who are dead to the finer feelings of humanity—you, who scoff at religion and the name of God—you, who are but

a common murderer. Go! your presence is worse than the guillotine."

The sordid wretch scowled and winced under this sharp rebuke. Brute as he was, he could not but admire her spirit and heroism.

"Then you cast away your life? You give the gray hairs of your parents to the fatal knife?" added Leduc, angrily.

"Yes; and the sacrifice opens to us the gates of Paradise. What is a moment of pain, to the daily sight of a moral monster, whose very presence brings misery. I thank you, Jean Leduc, for the choice of the knife."

Leduc left the prison, muttering threats and imprecations.

We left de Montreuil at the church in Brussels. We will return to him. He wandered about some time, and growing weary, at length, passed the remainder of the night in a house that had been deserted by its owners and plundered by the Revolutionists. He had scarcely laid down to court that repose which he so much needed, when two persons entered the dwelling. He crept into a closet, and listened to the conversation.

"I have work for you to do," said one, who was no other than Jean Leduc.

The person to whom he addressed himself, declared that he liked work when it was well paid for.

"You know Dupree?" Leduc continued.

"The sexton?"

"The same. He is in my way. Besides, at heart, he is a counter-revolutionist. You must post yourself to-morrow on the Paris road, not far from the ruins of the Count de B.'s chateau, there to remain until Dupree appears, which will be sometime in the forenoon. Despatch him. Meet me here to-morrow night, and I will reward you."

De Montreuil heard the name of Dupree with the deepest anxiety. Dupree was the name of his benefactress. Perhaps he should now have an opportunity to repay a portion of the debt of gratitude that he owed her. This man, he doubted not, was the same Leduc of whom Virginia had spoken in terms of abhorrence.

"Be faithful, and bring me some token that Dupree has ceased to live," added Jean; and after further admonitions of the same kind, he went his way.

"Comrade!" said Montreuil, gruffly, coming out of his hiding-place the moment Leduc's footsteps were no longer heard; "I cry halves. Such a job is better for two than one. This Dupree carries pistols and is watchful."

"Who are you?" cried the assassin, striving

to scan de Montreuil's features through the darkness.

"I am one of the people, citizen. Could you see my sword, comrade, you would know how I have been employed. I was at the battle of Fleurus. I helped to rout the allies, and afterwards I assisted to drive some refugees from their lurking-holes. Long live the Republic! Death to the nobility! The *sans culottes* forever!" cried de Montreuil, with affected zeal.

The ruffian was deceived.

"Well, citizen, I don't care if you share this job with me. It will, perhaps, be safest, on the whole. I am hungry; I will strike a light, and we will eat."

When he had kindled a fire and Montreuil could see his features and general aspect, he could scarcely restrain his horror and disgust. He boasted of his barbarities and gloried in his crimes. The refugee ate with this robber and highwayman, and endured his conversation till sleep quieted his tongue. Montreuil found it impossible to slumber peacefully in the company of such an enemy to humanity, and passed a troubled night. On the ensuing morning, he went with him to the spot where he was to await the coming of Dupree. It was a place well suited to such a deed. In sight of the melancholy ruins of the once elegant chateau of the Count de B——, they secreted themselves. Hours elapsed, and Dupree did not appear. They spent the entire day there. The object of Leduc's perfidy did not come. At dark, they returned to the place where they passed the previous night. Citizen Leduc did not meet the ruffian as he had agreed, which put him in the worst of temper.

Montreuil was rejoiced that this wicked design had failed, though still laboring under apprehensions for the safety of the sexton's daughter. Had Dupree appeared as expected, he would have slain the assassin and warned the deluded sexton of his danger. As it had happened, he had been spared the pain of killing a fellow-creature.

Jean Leduc came in the morning, very angry.

"Dupree has foiled me!" he exclaimed.

"He has started for Paris with his wife and daughter. The papers with which I supplied him will secure him an uninterrupted journey. This is the work of his handsome and quick-witted daughter. Ah, mademoiselle, you shall suffer for this!"

"Citizen," said De Montreuil, thoughtfully, "if the Duprees have gone to Paris, it will be easy to find them."

Leduc cast a sharp glance at the speaker.



"Furnish me with passports, citizen, and I'll forfeit my head if I do not ferret out the fugitives."

"I am going myself, but you shall have the passports, nevertheless."

De Montreuil's heart beat high with hope. The promised papers would not only protect him from the fury of the populace and the spies of the Committee and the Tribunal, but also enable him to serve the beautiful and amiable Mademoiselle Dupree, who had snatched him from the swords of the French soldiers. It was with difficulty that he could restrain his emotion; but notwithstanding the tumult within, he appeared outwardly calm. He deliberately drew his sword—the same with which Virginie had provided him—and exhibited the sanguinary stains upon it.

"I was at Fleurus, citizen, and I was at the death of a score of emigrants in the streets of Brussels," he said.

"Come with me, my friend, and you shall have passports," answered Leduc.

An hour later, de Montreuil was on his way to Paris; but Leduc was in advance, and reached there two days before him. When the refugee arrived, the terrible police of the Revolutionary Tribunal had been let loose upon the unfortunate Duprees. This filled him with the direst apprehensions. He walked the streets continually, making such inquiries as he dared, hardly giving himself time for needful sleep and refreshment. But the prying researches of malice proved more successful than those of friendship. Meeting Leduc unexpectedly in the street, de Montreuil received the stunning information that the Duprees were arrested and lodged in prison. The indignation and horror of the refugee were such, that he was strongly tempted to draw his sword and run the miscreant through the body. He stared at Leduc without speaking. He was trying to realize that such perfidy existed.

"Citizen, the news seems to surprise you?"

"I confess," stammered de Montreuil, "that I am surprised. I believed I should be the first to discover their retreat. Into what prison are they thrown?"

"The Conciergerie, adjoining the Palace of Justice."

It was difficult for de Montreuil to master his feelings. Those confined in the Conciergerie were destined for the Revolutionary Tribunal, and never had more than three or four days in which to prepare for death, and often less. It was always crowded with victims suffering all the miseries of a pestilential atmosphere, hunger, thirst, and brutal treatment.

Montreuil was ready to despair. Little short of a miracle could save the hapless family. He felt the entire helplessness of effort. To appeal to the Tribunal, was insanity. To plead with Jean Leduc, was to expect compassion of a savage, who had proved himself incapable of such a sentiment.

"I think you would marry Dupree's daughter?" he said, at length.

"She rejects my overtures. She avows—it is not flattering—a decided preference for the Tribunal and the guillotine," Leduc replied.

"Delay her trial as long as possible, citizen. The horrors of the Conciergerie may subdue her aversion. A few days there will induce her to exchange her place for any fate you may dictate. Believe me, confinement in the crowded and filthy prison will overcome her scruples," de Montreuil answered, anxious to gain time and defer the catastrophe as long as possible. Delay might afford opportunity for action; or there might occur one of those sudden changes in the government that often decide the destinies of political prisoners.

"Procure me admittance to her, citizen Leduc. I may be able to use arguments that will alter her determination."

Leduc hesitated. He was not quite sure that that would be expedient. Besides, Montreuil—whom he knew by the name of Frelet—was a stranger, and appeared in speech and deportment above his condition. A doubt of his sincerity had arisen in his mind.

"You do not answer? Very good. If you do not wish my services, reject them," added the refugee.

"You shall see her; but, citizen Frelet, be careful what you say. I will speak to the *corps de garde* and to the jailor."

Having procured him admission, Leduc waited the result of his visit outside the prison. The refugee approached the cell of Mademoiselle Dupree with emotions of the deepest sorrow and sympathy. So great was his sense of gratitude, and so fervent his admiration, that he would willingly have purchased her liberty at the sacrifice of his own. He could communicate with her through an iron lattice, only. He found her wonderfully serene. She did not recognize him, at first.

"Mademoiselle Dupree!"

She knew his voice and ran to the grating to proffer her hand through the iron interstices. It was a mournful pleasure to Montreuil to touch the tips of her fingers. She had grown so dear to him, that the thought of her fate agitated him excessively. He could scarcely command his

voice. There, in the terrible Conciergerie, he told his love and received the confession of hers. But a few moments were allowed them. Montreuil was hurried from the Conciergerie in a state of mind bordering on distraction, revolving numberless plans for the rescue of Virginie, none of which were practicable.

To the eager questions of Leduc, his constant answer was :

"She asks a little time for reflection."

"She goes before the Tribunal to-morrow!" exclaimed Leduc, with an oath.

"Miscreant!" cried de Montreuil, "draw and defend yourself!"

"Traitor! spy!" exclaimed Leduc. "Help!"

As it chanced, they had passed into an obscure street, and were quite alone. The villain drew and fought furiously, but soon fell, covered with wounds.

"Betrayed of beauty, virtue and innocence, receive the reward your crimes have merited!"

At that instant, de Montreuil heard a great outcry near the Palace of Justice. It sounded like an outburst of joy. Sheathing his sword, he ran there as fast as he was able. An immense crowd had gathered. The people shouted and made extravagant demonstrations of pleasure. They embraced each other—they made the air resound with shouts.

"What means this, citizen?" Montreuil asked of the first person he met.

"Robespierre is arrested—he has attempted suicide—the Reign of Terror has passed!"

"Down with the tyrants! Liberty forever! To the Conciergerie—to the Conciergerie!" shouted Montreuil.

"To the Conciergerie! Liberate the prisoners doomed to death!" responded the people.

Led by Montreuil, they beat down the *corps de garde*, and rushed into the prison. In a few minutes the Duprees were at liberty, and many others; but before the merciful work was completed, a strong detachment of soldiers arrived. The crowd was driven back and pacified with the assurance that those who had friends in prison should have them restored in a few days. As the multitude swayed to and fro, filling every street and avenue, they trampled the body of Jean Leduc beneath their feet.

It was the 9th of Thermidor; on the 10th, Robespierre went to the scaffold, followed by the execrations of the Parisians, and, we might add, of the civilized world.

De Montreuil found an amiable and heroic wife in Mademoiselle Dupree. His confiscated estates were restored, and France again offered him a peaceful home.

## THE RETURNED.

BY FANNY R. M.—.

Welcome, loved one of other days,  
Back to thy native shore;  
Thrice welcome to this trusting heart,  
We meet to part no more.

You've wandered long in distant climes,  
Beneath the scorching sun,—  
With arms outstretched we hail thee now,  
With us remain till life is done.

Come take my hand within thine own,  
And wander in the grove;  
Where we've spent gay, bright hours before,  
Talking of God and love.

The moon is up, the sky is clear;  
No gloom hangs o'er the earth;  
There's nought to check thy happiness,  
Or quell thy voice-deep mirth.

Three years have swiftly passed away,  
Since we have met as now;  
I feel thy warm breath on my cheek,  
Thy kiss upon my brow.

A few short months will give me all  
This earth holds dear for me:  
A fond and loving friend for life;  
And we will happy be.

## OUR GUNNER'S SHOT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified city in the extreme north-west point of Africa. The day had been exceedingly mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping in from the northward and westward, but towards the close of the afternoon the sea-breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breathings came up from the great sun-burnt Sahara. Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the cheering order for the boat-swain to "call all hands to go in a swimming," and in less than five minutes the ferms of our hardy tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the bowprit, and some of the more venturesome took their plunge from the arms of the lower yards.

One of the studding-sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard-arm and the swinging-boom, and into this most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most highly were two of the boys, Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding-sail on a race. There was a loud, ringing shout of

joy upon their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long, heavy swells that set in from the broad Atlantic.

The ship was moored with a long sweep upon both cables, and the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man. Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead: but when they were within about a dozen fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner had watched the progress of his little son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him dropping behind, he leaped upon the poop and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ears that made him start as though he had been struck by a cannon-ball.

"*A shark! a shark!*" came from the captain of the fore-castle; and at the sound of these terrible words, the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right abeam, at a distance of three or four cables' length, a sharp wake was seen in the water where the back fin of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys! For a moment the poor gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for his boy to turn. But the little fellow heard him not; stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit that hovered so near them! Their merry laugh still rang over the waters, and at length they both reached the buoy together.

O, what drops of agony started from the brow of our gunner! A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach his child in season, for the shark was too near its intended victims; and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight—then he knew that all hope would be gone! At this moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of scorching fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

That cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming-wire and pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a giant strength the old man swayed the breech of

the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that should bring the shark within range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a single moment would settle his hopes or his fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship was painfully still. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrible sea-monster was frightfully near. Suddenly the air was awoken by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew that his shot was gone, he sank back upon the combings of the hatch and buried his face in his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own effort, for if he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost!

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence; but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed off upon the water; and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with its white belly uppermost—a mangled, lifeless mass!

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright, they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned back upon a gun for support.

I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense; but never have I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotion, than on that startling moment when first we knew the effects of OUR GUNNER'S SHOT.

#### MARRIAGE EXTRA.

A sailor boy purloined two or three pies at different times. He was overheard in his whimsical method thus repeating the marriage ceremony:

"I now propose a marriage between Jack Bowning and this pie; if any objection can be made to this union, let it now be known, or forever keep the peace."

On this freak being whispered to the captain, he prepared a good rope's end, and holding it in one hand and the boy in the other, said:

"A union is now proposed to take place between this rope and a sailor boy; if any objection can be made to this ticklish match, let it now be known, or forever keep the peace."

"Captain," said the boy, "the bans are forbidden; the parties have not the least regard for each other. To make it right, both with one voice should be reconciled to be spliced."

"Well," said the captain, laughing, "you may go this time, sirrah, but look out next time how you make love to or marry any of my pies, for it is clearly pi-ratical.—*The Gleaner.*"

## LINES IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

*Suggested by a picture of a Lady playing on a Lyre.*

BY C. R. FLEM.

The plate on which with smiling mien  
The youthful lyrist is seen,  
Together with your kind desire,  
Shall prompt my muse to strike her lyre,  
And should the strain by fancy caught,  
Be unto thee with pleasure fraught,  
Where'er I rove, whate'er betide,  
I'll know my wish was gratified,  
And sing, perchance, amid the gay,  
This song to thee—the Lyrist's Lay:

My lyre is attuned,  
And I strike with glee,  
As the waves strike the shore,  
When they roll from the sea;  
And the notes that awake,  
May have power to impart  
A thrill which shall sweep,  
Like a tide o'er thy heart.

My lyre is attuned,  
And though long it has lain,  
With glad inspiration  
I touch it again;  
Unmindful of spring-time,  
Of sunlight and dew,  
While thinking my song  
Will be welcome to you.

My lyre is attuned,  
But the spell it doth cast,  
May cheer but a moment,  
And swiftly glide past;  
Yet the hope that remains  
On my soul's hidden shrine,  
Will be that joy's footsteps  
May follow in thine.

## THE EMPEROR'S BRIDE.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

ARNULF, the Duke of Bavaria, was young and heroic, a possessor both of great personal beauty and vast wealth; he would moreover, on the death of the present emperor, receive the crown, although there were several other contestants for that honor; and now having been on a journey to some of the northern principalities, conferring on the matter, was returning through Friesland, and belated on his solitary way.

He had emerged from the gigantic forests upon the broad valleys, and for the first time beheld on the rocks that abruptly led from the plain, the cheerful gleam of homelike castle windows. Winding boldly up the narrow paths, he demanded entrance, and after a short parley among themselves, was shown into the hall by two tall Goths, and ascending, by their signal, a

narrow flight of steps, found himself at the door of the most cheerful of the spacious rooms, gleaming with the large fire in the ample chimney, and a long table resplendent with gold and silver flagons, and drinking vessels of colored glass. Around the table, shaking it with hilarious laughter, and snatches of drunken song, sat some dozen Norsemen, most powerful and dreaded bugbears of the time. Unseen by them he paused a moment, when a light touch on his shoulder caused him to turn, and a servant who was bearing drinks in and out, whispered:

"Go not in, for God's sake, sir! They are Goths! They came as guests, and at once confined all the servants, save the cook and I, in the turret, and my lady in the chamber above. There are two who guard her door but one has just gone down for a tankard of ale. Save her, good sir! that long-limbed beast with yellow hair is Gottfried, and is enamored of her!"

"And she?"

"The Lady Adelheid hates him."

The servant passed in with his viands, to be greeted with roars and shouts and metal plates hurled round his head, but Arnulf, with a light foot, stole up the wide oaken staircase opposite. The guard lay lolling on the floor with his back turned. It took but a quick, powerful blow from the hilt of Arnulf's sword to leave him stunned; then undoing the fastenings of the door, he entered and dragged the Goth after him. No sooner was this done, than the heavy tramp of the other was heard.

"Come in here," whispered Arnulf, from behind the door, in the Scandinavian tongue, which the surprised barbarian thinking it his companion's voice, did not hesitate to do, and at the moment, a second blow of the ponderous hilt, sweeping through the air, fell on his head. Arnulf sprang forward to catch him that he might not be heard below, and then deposited both the senseless bodies behind the arras in the corridor without, re-entered and closed the door.

The room was shaded by heavy curtains trailing gloomily under the pale lamplight, and in the farthest part now stood in amazement, a young, beautiful woman, whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as the Lady Adelheid, and whom on first entering, he observed sitting slightly bent forward, her hands clasped upon her knee, and her fair hair drooping round her face.

"What means it?" she asked hurriedly.

"Lady, thou must come with me to release thy servants, that so thou mayest be rid of thy intruders," he replied.

"Gladly, gladly!" she said. "They are in

the south turret. But how, there are but ten in all, and woful cowards?"

But leading the way to the place they found it secured only by bolts on the outside, and instantly released the terrified crew.

"Is there no exit but that guarded?" asked Arnulf.

"Several," she replied. "One leading directly down from this tower."

"Then how many of you," he asked, "are brave enough to go down and raise a tumult at the gates, by shouting, rattling shields, blowing trumpets, thus to call your cheerful guests from their feast?"

All, at once, volunteered, and having snatched whatever weapons were at hand, were conducted by Adelheid to the postern. In a moment more, springing up the steps, she rejoined Arnulf, and they stood together at the top of the stairway, from whose foot arose the sounds of revelry and drunken merriment. All at once the tumult without the gates became audible, great batterings on the stone and oak, quick echoing and multiplying cries, blare of trumpets and clash of cymbals, and all the most fiendish tintinabulum that the little army could arouse, which reverberating among the surrounding rocks, struck with great effect through the banquetting hall. Dead silence fell upon the Goths, and the two who guarded the main entrance rushed up for commands.

"A legion of Germans," cried they, "besiege us!"

"Let us see how many a legion are!" scoffed the long-limbed Gotfried, and snatching his falchion he dashed down, followed by his confreres, across the courts and ordered them to throw open the great gates. No sooner said than done, and in pursuit of their enemy, the wine-maddened Norsemen poured out. Instantly the gates clashed behind them, and were barred by Adelheid and Arnulf, who had followed close at their heels, while the servants, retreating round the postern with their din, threw themselves in and secured it, leaving the Goths to their own imaginations.

"Safe again!" said Adelheid, and the enemy, after clamoring a sufficient space of time, silently withdrew.

The other two Goths, who were only stupefied, being laid outside, were nowhere to be seen the next morning. Their invaders being thus disposed of, Arnulf courteously introduced himself, and related how being overtaken by night, he had been attracted by the hospitable appearance of her castle to seek entrance.

"And thus," exclaimed Adelheid, extending

both her hands to him, "to save me from worse than death! I never can thank thee as I would, Sir Knight!"

"No thanks, lady, it is too much pleasure already, to have been the least assistance."

"Never before was I so near despair, though for a long time I have stirred nowhere but Gotfried has hovered round in terrifying power."

"And thou fearest him again?"

"Constantly. He sways this province, thou knowest, and for that reason I shall depart southwards to other friends, who will shelter me till war or time interposes. Friesland is not so safe to me as it was to my father."

"And why not go together," asked Arnulf, "since our paths are the same?"

"It will be a week or more before I can arrange my household for departure. If the Duke of Bavaria will honor me with his presence until that time, nothing would give me more pleasure," she said.

"My lady, with joy for a much longer period."

"I can but laugh pleasantly," resumed she, "when I think how this adventure hath made us, strangers an hour ago, now at once old acquaintance, and firm friends, I trust."

"The Lady Adelheid is no stranger to me. Not to speak grossly, fame has rumored her beauty to no ears more delightfully than to mine, and led by this magnet, a year ago in Paris I saw her. Ah, lady, I cannot but hope that thou hast not forgotten that tourney where the victorious knight who pronounced thee queen of beauty, wore a crown from thy hand, since thou hast doubtless crowned many. But the wounds that constrained him to a weary illness forbade further to behold what his heart coveted."

"No. I have not forgotten."

"And I was recognized by thee?" he questioned eagerly.

"Canst thou doubt it?"

At this point supper, in a vastly different style from that of the Goths, was served, and after prayers had been read by the young hostess to the assembled household, Arnulf was shown to a gorgeous state chamber where servants waited to attend him.

Thus a space of three weeks, more happy than he ever dreamed of, slid uninterruptedly by, and then Adelheid, with two followers, under his escort set out for Treves, the nearest city. Under green forest boughs and fording shallow rivers, over solitary mountain peaks, the little company gay and friendly, passed to Treves. There they would have delayed still longer, but intelligence coming to Arnulf of the revolt of Duke Guido and Berengar, who claimed the coming crown



equally with himself, he was forced to alter his plans and leave hastily, having first detailed a band of soldiery who were to protect the Lady Adelheid whenever she felt disposed to resume her southerly path. A brief but expressive farewell, and Adelheid, left with merry friends, unnoticing saw time pass, till one day reports flew in on face and tongue of the frightened country-folk, that the Goths, having sailed down the Moselle, were marching across the country in enormous numbers, burning and devastating as they went, and led by one who must be a god, so wonderful were his exploits. A shudder crept to her very heart as in their description she recognized Gotfried, and knew that whatever other reason he had for waging war on the Franks, she herself was by no means a secondary one, and since while Treves was threatened from a savage horde, she could not diminish its strength by even the small escort that Arnulf had provided, she prepared to leave alone with her two servants, but was overruled by others, who laughed at the Norse, and declared a fortified city to be the safest for one so unprotected, and with a bitter sense of her loneliness in the world she acquiesced, since other action was impossible, for on the same day, the great clans, filling the horizon, swept into view, swarming over the blasted fields and ruined homesteads, and pitched within bowshot of the city. No event could have been more unexpected than this, for though the Norse had frequently in past days ravaged the land at a distance, it was thought that since they had held Friesland in fief, their enmity was appeased, but their warlike spirit, it seemed was not thus to be quieted, and immediately, with all the skill they were masters of and the rage that was master of them, they commenced the assault. Vain the arrows that showered from the towers of Treves, they fell on phalanxed shields, and even when they did execution, ten foes seemed to throng up for every one who fell. Nor did the precipitate irruption from the gates seem to affect the Goths, for those heroic souls who went out, never returned, and steadily over their bones, the great fire towers were pushed up to the city walls, and the solid battering rams tore down the huge stones above them. At last a hundred breaches opened through the weakened walls, and planting their scaling ladders the assailants clambered over, while as many as died on the opposing spears were replaced by a more invulnerable crew. Still they thronged up and on, savage slaughter and cruel rapine marking their path. Treves was captured by the Goths, and its pitiable inhabitants put to the sword.

All this time Adelheid had sat calmly awaiting

what seemed her inevitable fate. With forced patience she had endured all the sufferings of the siege, and now hearing the crash of the walls, the redoubled shrieks and war cries, she knew that no kind chance could save her either from death or the more dreaded Goth. As she stood at one of the large windows quietly as her beating heart would allow, a sudden yell transfixed the air, and a band of the enemy dashed through the court to the house, killing and plundering as they went, while another band tore on from another side. Now their footsteps grew loud and distinct, and now retreated, while her breath grew fuller at the thought of escape. Idle dream! at the instant the door was thrown open and they poured in.

"Ah, ha!" was the exclamation, as the leader espying her, strode forward, while his companions volleyed a charge of foreign jargon through the room. Already his hand twined in her long hair and his blade flashed above her throat, when another, a stentorian voice, arrested him, and Gotfried with blazing eyes stood stupendous in the doorway. With a bound he was beside her and had snatched her from his subordinate.

"Off!" he cried. "She is mine, mine! touch her who dare!"

"No," answered Adelheid, in a sharp agonized tone, "I had rather die."

"Not this time, pretty lady!" said he, with a short, triumphant laugh, "thou comest with me. Where is Arnulf now? Ah, ha, lady Adelheid! thou hast no emperor-expectant longer. Arnulf is in my hands now!"

Perhaps Gotfried merely meant that in obtaining her he had the advantage over the Duke of Bavaria, but the sudden pang that shot through her heart at the words, revealed not only the pain of believing Arnulf at the mercy of the Goths, but how precious his life and freedom were to her. Gotfried regarded her an instant, very probably reading these thoughts, and then taking her in his arms bore her to a place selected for his stronghold in Treves, and thrusting her senseless form within, locked the door and left once more, secure of his prey, on his errand of sack and murder.

When Adelheid awoke, she found herself lying on the floor where the Goth had rudely thrown her, almost too faint and weary to lift her head. It was a prison, with but one window, and that large and closely latticed with iron bars. Revived by degrees, she dragged herself thither and gazing out, discovered that the place was a tower on the low, southern wall, not two leagues from the great forest of Ardennes. From frequent excursions, made daily during her visit in Treves, to

the forest, she had gained acquaintance with the foresters and won the friendliness of many by her engaging condescension. Once there, she was secure. So near the edge of the town, even while the dreadful sounds of the rout clamored upwards, though the forest seemed to stretch its dark arms to protect her, could it be possible to fly? Alas, the iron bars prevented! With eagerness she searched the apartment for another outlet, but totally bare of furniture as it was, nothing rewarded her save an iron ring in the centre of a stone segment of the wall. A sudden thought seized her, and exerting all her strength upon it, something gave way, and she slowly drew the slab of stone aside, disclosing thereby the sky and an unobstructed view of the forest. A step landed her on a projecting fragment of the open wall, a leap of ten feet upon the soft turf below. When Gotfried, several hours later, returned to his nest, the bird had flown, but the open space showed where. Almost springing over the ground, for the desperation of despair nerved her, she succeeded in crossing the weary leagues and gaining the shelter of Ardennes and the protection of the myriad charcoal burners and peasants who dwelt within its borders. But now the distracting thought racked her soul that Arnulf was the prey of the barbarians, and perhaps at this very moment, when she was safe and free, undergoing every variety of torture. One by one, however, the peasants gathered round her, listening to her simple recital, and joining this to the woes of which they already knew, they swore revenge and scattered themselves throughout the forest to summon their mates to the work.

It is a singular picture in history, the subject of one of the great paintings of the world, afforded by this young and beautiful woman, her long hair streaming down from its tiara of jewels, over its vestments of purple cloth, her cheeks flushed, her eyes lighted with a vehement fire, as she harangued the assembled peasantry whose sympathetic faces peered blackened and spell-bound from the bronze forest boughs, the whole scene half silvered and idealized by struggling moonbeams, while we may imagine the roar of the distant city subsiding slowly into solitary echoes through the night. But a woman, whose being is deeply stirred, rarely fails in her purposes, and before the third day an immense concourse were prepared to waylay the Norsemen when they should again take up their march inland. The opportunity was not long wanting, for again one bright day the hordes began to descend, and not to prolong the account, before that night set, ten thousand of the Goths lay cut to

atoms by the rude weapons of the infuriated foresters. But secluded as Adelheid was, during the terrible affray, a Goth, who knew that she was Gotfried's property, and who with others had been seeking her from the first day of her flight, violently entered the hut, caught her by the waist, and once more a prisoner, she rode in his arms with the retreating number, till he could restore her to his master. When the swarms halted again, she was consigned to the care of an old crone, for Gotfried had gone elsewhere to prepare for fresh attacks, and now mocked and caressed by the woman who never suffered her out of her sight, she resigned herself to trust in the Providence that had hitherto protected her.

Meanwhile, Arnulf, who, engaged in personal arrangements, had heard as yet nothing of the destruction of Treves, was counting the hours that would carry him northward again, when intelligence arrived that his uncle, Charles the Thick, was dead, thus leaving the royal field utterly open to competitors. Nevertheless, the election by the people of Germany was to decide the matter, and then, whoever they should choose would find it no difficult thing to suppress the refractory vassals afterward. Attending the late king's obsequies with all due pomp, and receiving the homage of many of the nobles, two months had fully elapsed before he heard of the ruin of the city, and then from a servant of Adelheid who had been everywhere searching for him, the second capture and probable destination of Adelheid. Gotfried, he knew by his spies, was travelling south alone to inspect the Rhone valley, and he determined, if possible, to effect her escape before his return. Accordingly, as the vast Gothic camp now slid slowly southward like a living glacier slipping from height to height almost imperceptibly, and now rushed like a lava torrent desolating the Rhine country, a tall old woman planted herself in the cottage of a field through which they were to pass, trusting belike, to that superstitious reverence held by all Norse nations for the female sex. Wrapped in a long scarlet cloak of vast dimensions, she wandered round gathering fragments of wood for her fire, and was thus engaged when an advanced party of the enemy stumbled over her. At first refusing any answer to their inquiries, she at last gave gruff and churlish responses, and then suddenly turning on them with smiles and courtesies, bade them welcome as conquerors of the land, and invited them to her cottage. This conduct only serving to impress them with her supernatural qualities as a witch, forced by other powers to speak truth against her inclinations, they dared not decline, and by nightfall, glad to occupy the

cottage by proxy, their prisoner, the Lady Adelheid, and the old crone were both lodged in the hut. The eyes of the latter, however, were too sharp for deception, and not being troubled with the reverence above mentioned, she speedily halted out of the place to apprise her countrymen that this witch was no woman. No sooner had she gone, however, than the witch, opening wide her cloak, murmured :

"Come hither, lassie !"

Something in the tone aroused Adelheid from her mournful apathy, and she glanced up. The witch immediately produced a suit of armor like the Goths, half brass, half hairy skins, and bade her quickly tear off her purple robes and induce herself therein. With a joyful heart Adelheid hastened to obey, while the witch from a distant corner ferreted another and larger suit which she instantly assumed herself, then rolling Adelheid's dress into a small bundle, wrapped it in a skin, and tied it round the owner's shoulders. For a moment then the witch lifted her visor and gazed into the lady's face.

"Go thy ways, gentle one!" said the voice, which sounded strangely familiar and pleasant to her, until seeing the face pale sparkling smilingly on her, she heard the words as if in a dream too delightful to be true.

"Thou wilt pass finely for a young barbarian," said he. "Shield thy face well or thou'lt enamor all the young women of the camp. As for me, Arnulf must bide him from the place in all haste. Farewell, farewell!" and he seized both her hands, with a quick ardor bent down and kissed her burning lips, closed her visor, lifting a piece of bark which he carefully replaced afterward, issued with her into the open air, and slipping round joined the others who were talking loudly outside the front of the hut.

Gotfried had just returned, and now entered the abode with the woman, while one or two others looked in at the open door. The uproar that arose within sufficiently attested that no soul was to be found, and the anger of their leader and the tremulous sentences of the terrified crone caused those around to shrink with fear. Still Arnulf and Adelheid stood hand-locked in the darkness, and subsequently assiated in scouring the plains in search of themselves, since Gotfried persisted that they had not had time to run a rod. Then waiting till Gotfried expressed his resolution to march on Lyons at once next day, they separated, since escape for both together was impossible, Arnulf wandering at first slowly and carelessly and then rapidly away across the plain and rocks, and Adelheid mingling with the more distant throngs behind. Thus Arnulf re-

turned to his own army and put them in readiness to intercept the Norsemen on their ravaging path.

All the olives on the hills were sere and dry, the vineyards stripped, and the heat of latter August raging overhead as those great armies advanced to meet each other; the one quiet and determinedly, the other boisterous and wild; and on their seething commotion, the great first of September, a day renowned forever in battle annals, dawned, showing them encamped face to face. A fearful fight was waged that day through the dew of morning and the heat of noon, giving a lasting check to the barbarism that was flooding Europe. Early in the contest, Arnulf saw that the weighty German cavalry were by no means mates for the light foot soldiery of the Goths, and the first to leap to the ground, followed by every noble of the warrior band, he closed in the fray hand to hand and dealt them blows in a different fashion from any they had received from other enemies.

"Victory sides with us!" said Arnulf, as the sun sunk into clouds not redder than the battlefield, and coolly wiping his sword, he added: "Let us explore somewhat further, my lords. I have a precious treasure among these robbers!" And they slowly advanced through the death-strewn plain. Meanwhile a slender, boyish figure, who though of the enemy, had not been seen to mingle in the fight, had retreated into a grove hard by as the defeated parties scampered away, and when the victorious shouts went up from the Germans, the Lady Adelheid, clad in her old purple costume, parted the shadows of the trees and carefully picked her way across the field.

Arnulf had paused at a spot dyed with carnage and heaped with slain. Most prominent of all, two gigantic figures lay lifeless, gashed and ghastly at his feet. They were the Norse leaders, Siefried and Gotfried. Nevermore from them would storm and commotion disturb the land; they feasted now from their enemies' skulls in the vast, cloudy halls of Odin, and deprived of them, the rabble who followed their will would disperse to their northern caves and cells till the torn kingdom they had invaded should heal and grow invincible against them. With these thoughts passing from his mind, he glanced up, and Adelheid, where she paused beneath the waving of the German banner, caught his gladdened eye. Almost instantly he was beside her. A moment of mutual thanksgiving and silent tenderness, they stood breathless in each other's presence, both relieved now from the great load of danger that had oppressed them.

"At last, at last, sweet friend!" murmured he.

"I have waited long," said she, then raising her eyes to his.

"But now thou art safe!"

"Safe!" she echoed smilingly.

"And nothing shall again part us, strangers though we be?" he asked with that earnest gaze.

"Nothing!" was the reply, with her hand in his.

As they spoke, the old Bishop of Magdeburg, bearing the imperial crown, came forward, escorted by the German peers, and followed by his dependants and the deputation of voters.

"Sire," said he, kneeling, "I am the mouth-piece of Germany. The free ballots of all her electors yesterday elected Arnulf emperor, and ten of the contumacious vassals and peers to-day swear allegiance. Sire, receive our homage!"

"My Lord Bishop," said Arnulf, after a few words of acceptance, and having courteously greeted the vassals, "perhaps for the first time in thy life, wilt thou open thy mass book on a battle-field, and make Adelheid of Friesland my wife?"

Blandly, and well pleased at the choice, the bishop complied, and when with impressive solemnity he had pronounced the indissoluble words, Arnulf, raising the crown from his own brow, placed it upon his wife's, and stepping with her towards the brave arrier-ban, amid the shouts of acclamation that rent the air, said:

"Nobles of Germany,—the emperor, whom you have chosen to-day, gives you your empress!"

#### SINGULAR DIVORCE CASE.

A person in rather a high position has just obtained from the civil tribunal of the Seine (in France), a separation from his wife, with the right of keeping his child, in consequence of the following circumstances: The child had the measles, and the medical attendant declared its life to be in danger; but the mother, nevertheless, continued to prepare her toilet for an evening party, to which she had been invited. "You cannot leave the child, who is dying," exclaimed the husband. The wife replied that it was impossible for her to remain away from the party without breaking her promise, and being guilty of a want of politeness. The husband again remonstrated with her, but in vain; she insisted on going to the party, if only for an hour. The husband replied that if she carried out her intention, the door would be closed against her on her return. The wife left for the party, but on her return home was refused admittance. The tribunal has decided that the husband was perfectly justified, and has furthermore ruled that a wife who forsakes her child in illness, forfeits her conjugal affection.—*Galignani*.

Men gravitate toward right, but are continually drawn aside by disturbing causes.

#### PICKING UP A LADY.

As a tradesman of Tarascon was recently at a late hour going in his gig to Brives, he overtook in a desolate part of the road near Puyfort an elegantly dressed young woman, who appeared greatly fatigued. Astonished to see a female of her appearance alone on the highway at such an hour, he stopped and questioned her, and she, after some hesitation, said in a soft voice: "Ah, sir, I am very unhappy! My husband, in consequence of a quarrel we happened to have, has just flung me out of a post-chaise, and I am now going I know not where." The tradesman said she would do well to go to Brives, the nearest town, and offered her a seat by his side; but she said, with an air of great modesty, that she could not think of accompanying a perfect stranger. The tradesman, however, insisted, and after a while, she got into the gig. The conversation that ensued soon assumed a tender tone, and the tradesman ventured to press the hand of the lady and to take a peep into her face, which, from what he thought was modesty, she had kept averted from him. He then saw two fierce eyes and a rough beard, and the sight struck him with terror. After a moment's reflection, however, he let drop his pocket handkerchief into the road, and said: "Madam, I must stop for a moment to pick up my pocket handkerchief; but no, my horse is so vicious that I cannot leave him. Is it taking too great a liberty to ask you to pick up the handkerchief for me?" "Not at all, sir," said the pretended lady, jumping from the gig, and at the same moment the tradesmen, whipping his horse, drove off as fast as he possibly could. A basket left by the bandit in the gig was found to contain a poignard and two pistols.—*Courrier de Limoges*.

#### PRACTICAL JOKING.

When and how did personal outrages first obtain the mild name of practical jokes? What is mis-called practical joking is pleasure in giving pain, pleasure in humiliating, pleasure in mortifying, pleasure in injuring. In a word, it is cruelty making merry. Spinning a cockchafer is a practical joke of the highest order. But the jocular name did not exist in the time of Hogarth, who therefore placed his first example of sporting with suffering under the head of "Progress of Cruelty." Considering the common association of cowardice and cruelty, it is somewhat remarkable that the disposition to the latter vice which belongs to practical joking is so much cultivated in our army. A man is picked out to be baited for the pleasure of his brother officers. Be sure that he is not rashly chosen. There is no danger of the selection of one who will resist and resent the first indignity—who will know how to distinguish between good-humored banter and playfulness and intentional affront, and who will consequently make his stand against the first violation of the respect due to the gentleman. A man of this stamp is never chosen as a butt, or for the sport of persecution. Excellent care is taken to pick out one who will not find out too soon what is and what is not to be borne, and who will put up with much indignity before the capacity of endurance is exhausted.—*London Examiner*.

## FRIENDSHIP'S WREATH.

BY MARY S. FRENCH.

A wreath for friendship! bring ye hither flowers,  
 Spirit flowers—laden with the dew of life;  
 Grown in the inner garden of the soul,  
 With holy fragrance and meek beauty rife.  
 Bring ye the dewy flowers of the soul.

Bring ye the glorious passion flower of love;  
 Search in the deep dell of a woman's soul;  
 There it blooms ever, 'neath the smile of One,  
 Who, of her being, is the life, the whole!  
 Bring ye the glorious passion flower of love.

Bring ye the gentle pansy flower of thought,  
 That blooms upon the silent brow of night,  
 Where men pause oft, and gather them, for guides  
 To loved ones in the paradise of light,  
 Even the gentle pansy flowers of thought.

Bring ye the blue-eyed flowers of memory,  
 That in the quiet cloisters of the heart  
 Peel solemnly, as vesper bells of old,  
 Of soul-ties severed by the grave, in part;  
 Gather ye blue-eyed flowers of memory.

Bring ye the amaranthine flowers of hope,  
 That bloom eternal in the fields Elysian;  
 A few of which the Father's hand hath sown  
 Within us, opening heaven to our vision.  
 Immortal amaranthine flowers of hope!

These bring and lay at friendship's holy shrine  
 An offering meet; then with thy spirit eyes  
 Thou shalt behold an angel hand entwine  
 Thy soul-flowers in a wreath that never dies;  
 A wreath of friendship gladdening all thy life.

## THE LOST HEART.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

NELLY GRANT was the idol of my boyhood. How often have I gazed into her clear, blue eyes, in days gone by, and said to myself, "O, that I understood thee, Nelly Grant! O, that the inner life with all its secret workings could be laid open to me, and I could read my destiny in those dreamy orbs!"

How often have I sat beside her on some mossy hillock, and read to her for hours from the marvellous pages of some favorite author. She was my senior by a least a year, and her intercourse with me was more like that of an affectionate sister, feeling with me the warmest interest, and entering with enthusiasm into all my boyish dreams of future advancement. At this time I had never spoken to her of love, yet the expression of my eyes and the tone of my voice must have told her there was something more than friendship at the bottom of it; and those delicate attentions which I proffered her, must have satisfied her also of the earnestness of my devotion.

At length there came to reside in the village a young physician by the name of Lock. He was about twenty-five years of age, and strikingly prepossessing in appearance. He made the acquaintance of Nelly Grant, and from that moment I began to distrust her, and distrust with me speedily begat jealousy; not that I had cause for it—O, no! but somehow or other there was a marked change in my behaviour. I had, heretofore, been gentle, sympathetic and trusting, so that the alteration in my conduct gradually produced discomfort for both of us, and eventually a degree of coldness. Alas that I did not then understand her better! It would have saved her years of intense self-torture, and me a world of humiliation and pain.

That which we most desired was perseveringly withheld. An explanation at this time would have set the whole thing on its proper footing. In my present state of doubtful ignorance and wounded self-love, I could not muster the necessary resolution to broach the subject of our differences, and therefore my silence and hourly increasing neglect (Heaven only knows the secret pain which it cost me) only tended to widen the breach between us. At the same time old Mrs. Grant continued to encourage the doctor's visits, for, being an invalid, she naturally held the medical faculty in great esteem, and nothing would have pleased her more than to behold Nelly the wife of an M. D.

The old lady having some property in her possession, and being naturally vain and somewhat aristocratic withal, it was only too probable to suppose, and you have the truth of it, that she would prefer for a son-in-law a professional gentleman, if a beggar, to a plain farmer's son in the midst of pumpkins, if equally blessed with those higher attributes which beautify and elevate their possessor. Nelly's views were different, I knew that; and yet I dared not disclose my preference, or shock her too sensitive ears with an avowal of love, when perchance the spark that was a-blaze in me had never yet communicated itself to the one dear heart, for which, without it, the world at this point, and life, and everything, would have been utterly hollow and worthless. She had always been so kind and sisterly; never exhibiting the faintest trace of that turbulent emotion, that consuming love, for which I panted and thirsted as the flowers for dew. My love was mad—ungovernable; a child's devotion, and a giant's frenzy! I felt that I could pluck the flowers or the stars equally well to adorn her temples. Why should she not give me back the same? Was it possible that that sweet, passive though sometimes earnest look was love—that



eternal principle which makes us vital; which outlives time and space; which triumphs over life and death, and encircles like a golden arch the dim forever? It could not be, O, no! And the atmosphere of doubt rolled in between us and widened, and congealed to ice, leaving the twin loves (insensible of each other's growth) chilling and speechless in the deepest depths of our hearts.

Poor Nelly! poor foolish me. I was a coward in the armor of love. A blush, a sigh, a tear, a tremulous hand, a choking voice, left Nelly and me in the dark—still in the dark! I wanted worlds of proof to pierce my timidity and remove the doubt.

The doctor's visits became more and more frequent, and yet no one said that Nelly encouraged him. I know now that she never did, and yet I believed it then—would have sworn to it. That moment I made my resolve. I said to myself, "I will write Nelly a letter. She shall learn my secret—she shall know what a terrible struggle one fickle heart has cost me—then I shall quit the farm."

I sat one night in my chamber; it was the last night of my stay; I did not feast upon the moon like a sentimental driveller, for the tower of my ideal was not an unsubstantial fabric. It was a great reality in ruins. I did not say, "O, pale Diana!" or "Thou watery moon!" I was thinking what I should say to Nelly. I cared nothing for moons, for I had lost my sun, which was of more importance to me than a universe of milk and water planets.

My being had become rounded into a tragic poem. I seemed to be living in the last act. A letter to Nelly was to close all. The future was to be a starless sea, and I a drifting wreck. I wrote it—I revealed all! I left it on the stand at my bed's head. The next morning Nelly received it, but I was—gone, no one knew where! Perhaps no one cared. Certainly I did not. I kept saying to myself as I went on and out of the town, "Town, you shall know me no more! Little red house with the green blinds, the portico, and the morning-glories, ye shall not see me any more; but there is a fickle maid there—watch her—for she has stolen my heart and she but it up all alone by herself. I shall never have a heart any more; I am heartless; a husk, a thisle-down?" I cast one lingering look at the little red house. "Sleep on," I said, "for I shall never know sleep!" And thus I drifted from the hill top into the valley, and from the valley on to the sea. I floated around the world; I counted the flags of every nation; I tasted the excitement of a hundred cities; nothing would

do! I said to myself, "The whole world cannot make up for a lost heart."

A great gale swept over the Pacific. What was there for me to fear? A hundred lives were in peril. Fear made them fools and cowards. Nevertheless it was the little treasures of heart and not anxieties for the husk which shielded it, that wrought the change—that whitened so many faces. In an instant I was strong. I rallied them, I directed them, I saved the hundred. An old man came to me with white lips, and said, "Your example has saved my life! Here is your reward!" It was a check on the Bank of England for a thousand pounds.

We entered the harbor of San Francisco. I walked the streets of the golden city. I saw the body of a man carried to the station house. I caught a glimpse of the dead face. It was Dr. Lock's. I make inquiry of the by-standers. They said, "stabbed in a gambling house!"

The shock of that strange and unexpected meeting restored me to the full measure of my senses. I said to myself, "What a madman thou hast been! Nelly was never false to thee, never!" And the little red house, with the portico and the morning-glories, rose up before me. I saw Nelly in the midst of all, pure and radiant as an angel. The mad dream of five long years was now at an end. My disappointment was all imaginary. What a fool! what a drivelling idiot!

I flew to a broker's office and exchanged my check for a draft. Six weeks afterwards I stood in a banking-house in New York. I held in my hand a great roll of bills. I thrust them carelessly into the side pocket of my coat. A stranger standing near accosted me. We fell into a conversation. He was agreeable—I liked him. He said, "It is a fine afternoon; let us take a turn about the city. The lions will be out—you will enjoy yourself finely." We drank wine together and kept walking. He saw everything and praised everything; I saw nothing and censured nothing. My soul had preceded me on a pilgrimage to the little red house, with the portico and the morning-glories; and the one dear heart, purified and glorified in the midst of all. We walked on till the gas-lights burned. We drank more wine, and seated ourselves in a slip. A drowsy languor stole over me. I felt a hand cautiously moving nearer and nearer towards the side pocket of my coat. It came upon me like a shock. I sprang to my feet. In an instant I was sensible of my danger, and fled from it with the speed of wings. I remembered nothing more, save being strangely dizzy and bewildered. When I came to my senses I found myself in bed.

There was a light and some one moving softly about the room. I looked out. I saw the form of a woman. The head turned—I saw the white face—I was nearer heaven than I dreamed—it was Nelly!

I stretched out my arms towards her—was it a vision? “Nelly, do I dream?” She came forward yearningly, resistingly.

“O, Will, I would that this meeting had been in heaven!” She flung herself beside me; her sobs came thicker than rain. “O, Will, I always loved you. You never asked me if I loved you, but I always did; I should have told you so had you asked me; but you went away without asking, and how could I tell you? Then Dr. Lock said, ‘Come, Nelly, Will has deserted you, and you must be my wife now. I love you better than Will does. I am educated, and can afford to love better than Will.’

“I had your letter, and the words sounded harsh and heartless. I said, ‘Never, Dr. Lock, while Willy lives, can I become your wife. The memory of his last look—the thrill of the last hand pressure would haunt me to the tomb. No, Dr. Lock, never, while his great heart beats in the same world!’ Then he came to me with a sorrowful look, saying, ‘Will is dead!’ I shrieked in his ear, ‘Tis false! Your soul lies when you say it! Will will come back. Will is not dead; I feel it!’

“He gave me a reproving, pitying look, and pointed to a paragraph in the paper. I snatched it from his hand and read. It was the death-knell of my heart and hopes. The lines pierced my soul like flaming iron. You had taken some terrible drug—I forget what—and was dead. Dead without seeing me; dead, without an explanation; dead to all hopes of heaven—the unpardonable sin clinging like a wild torment to your soul in the dread hereafter.

“I tried to speak, but my lips were frozen, my heart stood still, and the white agony was on my face and brow. The great shock made me weak and helpless as an infant. For weeks the doctor watched by me like a patient nurse. When I was well enough to sit up in the porch and count the morning-glories, he said to me one day:

“‘Will’s was a great heart, but he thought thee cold as stone, and died believing it. I love you with as big a heart as Will, and know your worth. Why will you drive me mad? Let us be one for earth, and cherish the memory of Will together!’

“I was grateful to Dr. Lock. How could I be otherwise? I told him I had no heart to give, but I had respect and gratitude. We were

married. The little red house was sold, and I missed the morning-glories. It was the little red house he married, and not me. When that was gone, he grew cold and distant. If by chance your name was mentioned, he stormed and taunted, and would sometimes leave me for days together. I forgot, we were in New York then; we had come to New York to live. He said that New York was a better place for business, and all places were alike to me. But a man must establish himself, and Dr. Lock had no money to live upon while that was going on. One morning he said to me, ‘Nell, my girl, I am going to California. I can’t live so any longer. You are thinking of Will all the time. Perhaps he is not dead; perhaps he will come back again. At the sound of a foot-fall or the rustle of a leaf, you turn your eyes wistfully. Will is running in your head always. This thought unsettles me. Why should I stay? Nobody will miss me!’

“I felt no grief when he went. I missed him, it is true, but we miss in our lifetime a great many familiar things. A year afterwards I received a draft for an hundred dollars. There was no word with it; I have never heard a word since his departure. For a long time we were in great want.

“There was a pretty young woman who lived in a room on the second floor—we occupied the third floor. I had often spoken to her, she was a ballet girl. One night I thought my mother was dying, and I called her. She came, and seeing our poverty she said without reserve, ‘You are poor, Mrs. Lock, and your mother needs comforts.’ She had a good heart, I knew, so I asked her if she could tell of any labor I might do to earn money? She answered with a choking voice, ‘Perhaps.’

“The next day she came to me and said, ‘I can get you a chance in the theatre, Mrs. Lock. Will you go with me?’ ‘I said ‘Yes,’ and went with her to the manager.

“He said, ‘You will do. Be punctual at the regular hours, and every Saturday you shall receive five dollars.’ I have been every day since, but two, the day on which my mother died, and the day of her funeral.

“When we returned last night, Mary and I—that is the little ballet girl of whom I spoke—we found a man lying by our step. I ran up stairs and procured a light. Mary was frightened and said, ‘Come away, Nell!’ But I said, ‘No, I will just look at him; perhaps it will be our duty to inform the watch. I bent over the prostrate form, and the light fell full on the upturned face. Great God! what a shock of joy was mine! It was you, Will, it was you! And for five long

years I have thought you dead ; and for five long years I had mourned for you day and night. But you had come back at last, Will, to claim the lost heart. It is your's, Will—it is your's ! But the cold, the worthless clay that surrounds it is another's !”

“Not so, Nelly,” I answered, “not so ! The clay which surrounds it shall soon feel the fire and vigor of a heart that will ere long fasten on the attainable object. There is nothing in the way, Nelly, nothing ! Heaven has seen fit to remove the obstacle, and make our future lives a joy too deep for utterance. You are no longer, even in name, the wife of Dr. Lock. He has gone to his last account. I saw his dead form in the station house of San Francisco ! You are mine for earth and heaven ! You are mine, Nell, all mine !”

She looked at me earnestly, lovingly.

“It is bliss, Will, to know that our hearts still live ! We thought them lost when only separation chilled them !”

She bent down and nestled her sweet face in my bosom. O joy ! O peace !

#### WHO STONED STEPHEN ?

A teacher in a Sunday school in R——, was examining a class of little boys from a Scripture catechism. The first question was :

“Who stoned Stephen ?”

Answer—“The Jews.”

Second question—“Where did they stone him ?”

Answer—“Beyond the limits of the city.”

The third question—“Why did they take him beyond the limits of the city ?” was not in the book, and proved a poser to the whole class ; it passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted. At length a little fellow, who had been scratching his head all the while, looked up and said :

“Well, I don't know, unless 'twas to get a fair fling at him !”—*Tribune.*

#### TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.

Mr. Charles Pierce, of Milton, recommends potash for this purpose. The rats troubled him very much, having eaten through the chamber floor ; they appeared in great numbers, and were very troublesome. He pounded up potash, and strewed around their holes, threw some under their holes, and rubbed some on the sides of the boards and under part, where they came through. The next night he heard a squealing among them, which we suppose was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair, or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and he has not been troubled with them since.—*New England Farmer.*

If you wish to go to heaven, have as little to do with philosophy as possible. Ships loaded at the head, always steer badly.

#### TO VIRGINIA.

BY JAMES B. MOQUILLAN.

There are moments in life we may never forget,  
Sweet moments the heart would not wish to erase ;  
Be they sunbeams of smiles, or sighs of regret,  
They linger most welcome in memory's vase.

Most welcome the hour that dawned on our meeting—  
Though strangers we parted, as strangers we met—  
Though cold and reserved were the looks of our greeting,  
Yet that is one moment I ne'er can forget.

Beneath thine eye's glance came a happier feeling,  
Removing the sorrowful past from my heart ;  
That moment the impulse of love was revealing  
How brief was my joy—we met but to part.

That moment was one of sorrowful pleasure—  
A sunbeam whose shadow still floats round my heart ;  
A flower that's fadeless, most dearly I'll treasure,  
Though as strangers we met, and as strangers did part.

#### THE QUEEN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

GRAND, queenly, regal ! these were the fittest epithets for thee, O bright and glorious Gertrude Walsingham ! Surely at thy advent upon this cold earth of ours, the sun must have shone more brightly and warmly than at other seasons, and Nature herself must have called up all her scattered forces to welcome thee to life and love !

There was indeed a passing note of joy, trembling upon human lips, and springing from human hearts, when this graceful and lovely being was ushered into life. She herself caught up the note, and through her innocent and cherished childhood, she echoed the same song alone.

Friends worshipped ; servants obeyed her ; the little world of which she was part and parcel, breathed nothing but flattery and approbation in her ear. Empress of all hearts within her sphere, she reigned as one born to rule. Ah ! such power in the hands of mortals is dangerous indeed, not to those whom they rule, but to themselves.

Gertrude Walsingham ruled father and mother, brother and sister. She was the youngest, the beauty, the idol of parents now stricken into years. Most natures would have become selfish, and she barely escaped selfishness herself. Perhaps she did not escape it altogether ; but in her it was so tempered with a sweet surrendering of her claims, that all who knew her, begged her acceptance of them as a favor to themselves.

Perhaps, nay, we know that it is not right to delegate such power to any mortal hand. Gifts of person or manners do not and ought not to constitute such power ; and the result of such delegation always proves the wrong doing.

But, strong as she was in her glorious beauty, and winning as she was in her enchanting ways, Gertrude Walsingham was human, after all; and many a simple, lowly maiden, far less beautiful, and a thousand times less queenly in her temper, might be more safely trusted with the hearts and destinies of others, than she. For as she passed from her sweet childhood, she found her power, and used it relentlessly. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, were alike the sport of her capricious temper, and the grave and serious Rebecca, the eldest of the band, who had helped to make Gertrude's sway over them all, was now her slave.

If Gertrude's surpassing beauty hid the more serene and beautiful qualities of Rebecca, it was the fault of those who wilfully allowed themselves to be blinded. Rebecca would have made the sunshine and happiness of any home; if men suffered their love of beauty outward, to triumph over that of beauty inward, their perceptions must have been dull indeed.

But they appreciated Gertrude after all, as we appreciate all the world; looking at that which catches the eye, and not beneath the crust till we are forced to by some sorrow or disappointment for which the beautiful outside has no healing balm.

It had been Mr. Walsingham's desire to give to his daughter a brilliant education. His own tastes were more showy than solid and Gertrude readily followed his bent. At sixteen she was an adept in all fashionable accomplishments, and it was a study to see how admirably she could make each one of these form an adjunct to her peerless beauty. The harp was fitted to display her splendid figure, and the matchless arm thrown around it. The voice that issued from those coral lips was sweet, but the lips themselves were the attraction—so rosy, so beautifully formed, so rich in expression. And so with all things, she made them subservient only to her own beautiful self.

Gertrude Walsingham should have been born among the patricians of the old countries, and not in a land where the wheel of fortune is constantly going up and down, as in America, where the rich man of to-day may be the poor man of to-morrow.

Mr. Walsingham rose one morning in the fancied possession of wealth and prosperity. He came home at night with only a beggar's inheritance. Every dollar of his riches had been imprudently risked in a speculation which proved a splendid bubble; and he was ruined by its result. Stung almost to madness by the memory of his folly, and the treacherous doings of those who

had counselled him to his ruin, he could not rally under the stroke. A few days of severe fever left him in an almost hopeless certainty of continued insanity. Mrs. Walsingham, never very strong minded, sank at once under these repeated blows, and in a single month, everything pertaining to the family was wholly changed.

The two sons, scarcely old enough to enter business for themselves, even if the means had not been wanting, were now glad to accept subordinate situations; and it was only by the exertions of some of Mr. Walsingham's former friends, that an asylum was provided for his shattered intellect, and a shelter in an humble family, whose claims for the payment of their board were pressing and immediate, for his daughters.

Every one who knew Rebecca Walsingham, knew that she, at least, would come out of this fiery trial without so much as singeing the hem of her garments. She had borne prosperity so meekly, that they were prepared to find her with a firm and untroubled soul, seeking for the little good which might grow out of these adverse circumstances, and patiently bearing the load which had been placed upon her.

No one who saw her cheerfully preparing her brothers for their new situations, gathering all things together for her father's comfort, as far as there could be comfort in his sad state, administering consolation to Gertrude who, bowed down and utterly crushed by the overwhelming tide of their sorrow, could not bear to do anything but weep; could they have seen the courageous elder sister doing all this, they would have acknowledged *her* as the angel of the household, instead of the beautiful Gertrude.

And Gertrude saw and admired the way in which the gentle sister performed her duty; and after a long struggle with the selfishness which flattery and adulation had almost engendered in her heart, she, too, came out from her cloud, and became a truly heroic and courageous woman, able and willing to bear all the burdens which might be laid upon her.

In this hour of her poverty and trial, there was an eye that watched her unceasingly but secretly. One, too, which would have been turned away from her, had her "pride of place" remained; for its possessor was as proud as herself.

Waldo Clarendon was a clergyman. Mr. Walsingham attended the church where Mr. Clarendon was the curate of a highly distinguished and popular preacher. The Rev. Mr. Broadhead preached a languid sermon once every Sabbath, and Mr. Clarendon performed all pastoral duties and filled up all the interstices which his reverend

principal left blank. The rector was large, burly and indolent. The curate was noble, intelligent and active. The one had three thousand dollars a year, the other had nine hundred. By people of the world, they were valued accordingly. Mr. Clarendon had long marked the beauty and grace of the rich Mr. Walsingham's daughter. In vain he attempted to shut his eyes to her loveliness. Every Sabbath afternoon, he glanced by the portly figure of the rector, to the Walsingham pew. There was Gertrude, beautiful as an angel on her knees; and her soft, sweet voice, making the responses, came murmuring to his ear like the sound of silver brooks under the pine trees, or the song of birds.

Gertrude had never thought of him. She was aristocratic in her tastes and feelings, and would no more have allowed her fancy to wander to a poor lover, than she would have worn a poor garment or lived in a poor dwelling. She did not see the look which he bent upon her, as she went slowly down the church aisle, nor the agony of his face as he turned back to the pulpit and opened his Bible for comfort and consolation. She did not hear the prayer which he uttered, to be kept from idols, nor the deep sigh which he breathed when he entered his mother's lonely dwelling, and thought how ill fitted it would be for the beautiful Gertrude, with all her refined tastes to be gratified, and the luxury of her early life to be sustained.

Had Clarendon but spared a single thought from Gertrude, to bestow on the paler and less beautiful Rebecca, who sat by her side, intent upon his every word, he might have found his feelings reciprocated; for, in truth, she had seen Waldo Clarendon only to awaken in the soul the first dawning of a tender friendship which, some day, might ripen into love, if not chilled by his evident coldness.

He, on his part, was unconscious of all this. He had never thought of Rebecca except as Gertrude's sister. It is true, that all who bore the name of Walsingham, and every surrounding of Gertrude, wore the *couleur de rose* with which love invests all things; but further than that, Rebecca's simple goodness and unaffected manners, her sweet disposition, and her perfect adaptation to the situation of a clergyman's wife, never passed his mind.

When the sad reverse in Mr. Walsingham's situation occurred, Mr. Clarendon called, but found him incapable of any effort at conversation; and feeling diffident and embarrassed, he made none with his daughters except the merest commonplace. But never had Gertrude's beauty so completely filled his eye and heart, as on that

occasion, when all the pride and selfishness drawn out of her for the time, by these repeated blows, she sat subdued and humble before her sorrow. How did he long to take this broken lily to his heart of hearts, and bid her find refuge in his strong love, which he would so lavish upon her if she would but permit it. He did not even look at the dove-like eyes of Rebecca that silently perused his face, but found no answer to her deep scrutiny.

No selfish motive influenced Waldo Clarendon now. His worst enemy could not have said that he ever wooed the rich man's daughter. He had kept aloof in the hour of her prosperity, and only came to her when sorrow had begun to fold its wings above her.

But Gertrude never thought of him at all; or if she did, it was only to mark how her sister's eyes dwelt upon his face, and to wonder at their dwelling there.

"Is Miss Walsingham in?" he inquired at the house of John Martin, where the young ladies resided. The child who came to the door, thought only of Rebecca, and conducted him to the quiet morning room where she sat with her work.

There was mutual embarrassment, for he had expected only to see Gertrude; and for her, she had just been too deeply thinking of him to have blushed less than she did. There came an awkward pause, after the first greetings were over. He did not even inquire for Gertrude; but sat in mute expectation of her entrance. She came at last, and he was thankful to the little child who called Rebecca from the room.

Clarendon had wrought up his mind to this interview with Gertrude; and had promised himself that it should lead to many more, or it should be the last. He unfolded his errand, received a peremptory refusal, unsoftened by a single expression of regret, and was away, walking rapidly over the hills, before the first keen pang had time to dissolve itself into a single word.

Smarting under the mortification, he asked leave of absence from his pastoral duties for a few weeks; and a friend gladly supplied his place. Wandering among the rocks that guarded the home of his childhood, he met with the pastor who had baptized him in his infancy. The old man was smitten in years, and needed more efficient help than he had yet received in his labors. The church and congregation felt, too, that he needed it, and before many weeks, the young pastor was as a younger brother—a stay and staff to the feet of the aged Christian. The rector of the church where he had ministered, reluctantly gave him up, for since Clarendon had been with him, Doctor Broadhead had enjoyed

almost perfect immunity from pastoral labors.— Here Clarendon hid his griefs in his own bosom. His pensive countenance was taken as a mark of ill health, and no one suspected his inward sorrow.

Years passed, and the young pastor was falling, before his time, into the sear and yellow leaf. Bachelor habits had become long confirmed, and he had settled down to them without an effort to come up into the once coveted dignity of a married life.

Mrs. Clarendon, mild and meek as a morning in spring, presided over her son's household, with a care and assiduity that left him nothing to regret in the way of attentions; and the single ladies of his parish had long since resigned all hope of conquest over their pastor. A few brief words were sometimes spoken in his presence, respecting the Walsinghams, by those who found him out in his new situation, but even these failed, after a time, and their names had no memorial, save the one sad one which still stood painfully as a monument to sorrow in his heart.

"I would give anything to know why you were never married, Waldo," said Mrs. Clarendon to her son, one evening when they were talking over a wedding they had lately attended. A blush flitted over the usually pale face of the pastor, as he said:

"What other reason do I need, dear mother, than that we two should mutually take care of each other?"

"A good reason, my son; but not conclusive in this case. Our mutual conditions have not yet required us to devote ourselves wholly and entirely to each other; and I shall expect you to enter upon the duties of life soon, unless you can give good reason why you should not."

"Are the duties of life, marriage?"

"Certainly, where there is nothing to prevent. 'God setteth the solitary in families.' I know of nothing more beautiful than this view of the marriage relation."

Clarendon sighed heavily.

"You have roused up the sleeping memories of the past, dear mother," he said, at length. "My heart acquits me of all bitterness towards any human being, but certain it is, that the trying ordeal through which I once passed, is sufficient to protect me from another such mortification."

He related his early disappointment to the sympathizing mother, who felt for his slightest pang, and regretted most earnestly that she had called up any painful remembrance.

"Think no more of this, Waldo," she said, affectionately. "Come, we must make a call on your new parishioner, who comes to church so

closely veiled. Jane Delavan tells me that she is a widow by the name of Meredith, and that she lives in the small house beyond the bridge, with an invalid father and sister. Had we not better call?"

"Certainly, dear mother. I can perform all these minor 'duties of life,' if I am debarred from others. Get your shawl, and we will go now. It will be a pleasant walk for you across the little bridge."

Mrs. Meredith was at home, and would be with them in a few moments. When she appeared, it was with a graceful dignity, with which Mrs. Clarendon was perfectly charmed. Their hostess begged excuses for her father and sister. They were sad invalids, she said, and unwilling to see strangers. The call was pleasant, but brief, resulting in mutual invitations of renewal.

All night, Clarendon was troubled by the memory of Mrs. Meredith's eyes. They were so very like those which he once loved to look upon, and he could not sleep because they resembled and recalled them so forcibly. For some days, he dwelt upon the strange resemblance, which, however, no other part of the face brought to mind; and unconsciously he found himself repeating his pastoral visit at the house beyond the bridge, before strict etiquette would actually warrant its repetition.

Mrs. Meredith again received him. Her pale face had a barely perceptible flush when she entered the room, but Clarendon's was crimson.

"Pardon me, madam," he at length faltered out, "if I ask you, was your name Walsingham?"

"It was."

"There were two sisters, Rebecca and Gertrude, were there not?"

"I am Gertrude, but may I, in turn, ask who it is that thus questions me?"

"Certainly. I am Waldo Clarendon."

And so these two met, after long years of separation, both detecting a faint resemblance, yet neither daring to trust it. They met as only they can meet who have had sorrow and suffering, and have learned how very dear it is to share it with another. Together they watched the declining days of the father and sister, and when all was over, Clarendon took the tearful woman to his own home and bade her be comforted. Through that sorrow and those tears, he saw nothing but the radiant being who had once troubled his life, and who came to him like an angel of light to bless his future.

The blessing of humility had come to Gertrude through much tribulation; and she bowed her queenly head before its stern and severe discipline, as the lily bows before the storm.



## TOLL THE BELL.

BY ROBERT R. MCKAY.

Toll the bell, the hour has come,  
 Slow the dirge prolong;  
 One has left us for that home,  
 Where the just belong;  
 Where the shining ones will meet,  
 Where, before Jehovah's feet,  
 She will bow, and lowly greet,  
 On the shores of light.  
 See her there, through faith and love,  
 Watch her heavenly flight;  
 Onward in those paths above,  
 Clad in raiment white.

Toll the bell; each mournful strain  
 Tells that she is gone  
 Where the joy and peace will gain  
 For her spirit room.  
 Loving hands have closed her eyes,  
 Death has severed earthly ties;  
 But the portals of the skies  
 Have opened to receive  
 Her whom angels welcomed in,  
 Her who us did leave;  
 Crowned with glory, free from sin,  
 Thus we hope—believe.

Toll the bell; her days are done;  
 Life no more is here;  
 Death, that mighty conquering one,  
 Hovers o'er the bier.  
 She will war no more with strife,  
 For she's passed from death to life;  
 To the throne where bliss is rife—  
 From a world so drear,  
 Where she suffered, though so meek,  
 Borne with Christian cheer;  
 Now that she her God doth seek,  
 She will know no fear.  
 When she's joined the thousands there,  
 Who with Him do dwell,  
 We'll not ask her back to care,  
 For his ways are well.

## THE LITTLE DOCTOR.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

THE little doctor came to live opposite us—by us, I mean my aunt, her daughter Fanny and myself. He was little; five feet and fat—there's alliteration for you. Not so very fat either, but comfortably stout, with excellent promise of being much more so. Round, rosy face had the little doctor, mirthful dark eyes, and a respectable nose that had tried hard in its growing days to be a good-natured pug, and succeeded to its heart's—no! I mean its nose's content. And there was a winning something in the little doctor's smile, that was pleasing to see. I have no doubt that its brightness cheered many a sick room, and

every certainty, too, I have, that whenever the patient chanced to be poor, something else besides the smile left a brightness there, when the little doctor had gone.

He purchased the pretty house over the way, and furnished it tastefully, but the latter part of the business was incomplete, for the neatest and most necessary article of furniture a dwelling-place can have, be it a palace or a cabin, is a mistress; and it was whispered around that the little doctor would never have left his pleasant lodgings at Widow Burke's and settled down in a house of his own, if he intended to let that house lack the *dear* indispensable abode mentioned. So managing mamas smiled upon Dr. Dirman. His practice always good rapidly increased. Mrs. Brent invited him to tea. Mrs. Col. Dash with six marriageable Dashes, asked him to dinner.

It became a pastime to me to watch the little doctor. What a cheerful, important air he used to have, coming out, stepping into his gig, and driving off, as if the health of our little town depended upon his alacrity—and doubly pleasant it was to see his trim little housekeeper come to the door to look after him. It may be a fancy of mine, but I was accustomed to think at such times she said "God bless him!"

By degrees, yes, it was by degrees, I began to think how happy I would be if I was the mistress of the little doctor's pretty house, and a thousand times happier if I was the mistress of the little doctor's heart. I thought of this often, with a blush, but recalling my dependent situation, I put aside the vain wish with something of the vague, sad feeling of one, who sees on a chill, gloomy day a sunbeam burst forth only to be smothered in the clouds. I said dependent. I was an orphan, supported by my uncle's widow. Mrs. Thornton, my aunt, was one of those cold-hearted beings, whose religion knew no wider doctrine than self. Stern and reserved even to her only child Fanny, whom she loved in her own way, to me she was always at freezing point, never permitting her rigid features to thaw into a smile for me—indeed they seldom did so for anyone. Besides being poor I was unenviably plain. Why then should my foolish heart indulge in tenderness for the little doctor—why? Because it could not help it.

One night, my aunt and Fanny went to a party, and I remained at home, for no one ever thought of inviting Kitty Brecourt. I was reading in the parlor, when the clock struck twelve, and immediately after, I heard voices outside. I went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The moon was shining clearly, and on the pave-

ment I saw my aunt, Fanny and Dr. Dirman. When I opened for them, the little doctor was gone. I saw at a glance that my aunt was in high spirits. She was even gracious to me, and condescended to say that they met our neighbor, the doctor, at Mrs. Hewson's, that he appeared particularly struck with Fanny, solicited an introduction, and accepted with evident pleasure, my aunt's invitation to tea on Thursday evening. It was easy to see her flattered pride. The doctor would be a great match for Fanny, perhaps, higher than she ought to look, for her father was a shop-keeper. To be the mother-in-law of Dr. Dirman, to get by that means a footing in the society of the Dashes and Brents, was now the acme of my aunt's wishes. And Fanny's sparkling eye and varying cheek revealed her gratification at her conquest. From that until the next Thursday evening my aunt was intent on the expected visit. The day before, she called me up to her own room and bestowed an old silk dress of hers upon me, with directions to alter it, and wear it on the next night.

He came. Never did Fanny look so pretty, never seemed my aunt so agreeable. She, even with some kindness in her manner, presented me to him. He took my hand in his, saying that he was honored in the acquaintance of a relative of Mrs. Thornton, but he looked at Fanny as he spoke, and with eyes blinded by tears I turned away. From that night Dr. Dirman was a constant visitor. My aunt gave him every encouragement, but I, having a better knowledge of the human heart since I learned the secret of my own, began to think that with Fanny he was not so welcome as at first. Her manner to him did not show this change, but there was a carelessness of her appearance, no hastening to the looking-glass to steal an anxious glance at her pretty face before she descended to the parlor when he was there, and this, combined with the fact of having seen her kiss a suspicious-looking letter, when she was unseen, made me think my suppositions were well-founded. One evening when she was sitting at the window, I saw her start and lean forward, while over her face an expression, beautiful as it was strange, crossed and left a smile and a blush behind. A young man was passing, and it was enough to see the eyes of both to be sure that the little doctor had a rival and a powerful one. He was a stranger to me, and evidently one in town. I wished much to question her in regard to him, but as she had never made a confidant of me, I was left to indulge in surmises about her new lover. Those surmises were far from being pleasant ones. Something in his faded attire betokened poverty,

and I could only look forward to unhappiness for Fanny, if her heart was truly interested in him, for my aunt would sooner behold the dear girl in her coffin, than the wife of a poor man. As time went by, I began to think myself mistaken, for Dr. Dirman continued his visits, and Fanny, as of old, met him with a smile and outstretched hand. How did he treat me in the meanwhile? Always kindly, for it was in his nature to be kind to all, and this notice of me by him served to make my aunt assume the show of affection toward me whenever he was present. And I was grateful to him for this. "Alas!" I often thought, "why must it be that my lonely life cannot be blessed by this good man's love?"

One pleasant afternoon we saw Dr. Dirman issuing from his house dressed with unusual care.

"I wonder where he is going?" said my aunt.

Fanny looked carelessly out and fastened her eyes on her work again. I was struck with the strange dejection in her manner.

"He is coming over here!" exclaimed my aunt, rising from her seat in a tremor of expectation and exultation. "Yes, and he is coming to propose for you, Fanny."

Fanny hid her face in her hands.

"None of your airs or affectation, now, miss," exclaimed my aunt, angrily. "A man of sense despises such absurdity. I will soon come up for you."

She turned to leave the room as the servant appeared at the door to say that Dr. Dirman was in the parlor, and requested the pleasure of Mrs. Thornton's company, if disengaged.

Down my aunt hastened. I had long feared that moment. I had fortified my sorrowing heart against it, but now the cold shudder that shook my frame, the tears that filled my eyes, proved how vain had been my efforts. And do not blame me for this weakness, for mine was a loving and a suffering heart.

"Kitty," said Fanny.

I turned with a start. She was on her knees beside me, and the misery depicted in her look, her attitude, made me forget my own.

"O, Kitty, dear cousin, do not spurn this guilty creature. If you knew him, you would not blame me for loving him."

"Blame you, Fanny. In mercy explain yourself!"

"You saw him once, Kitty," she said, brokenly, still kneeling, though I endeavored to raise her. "No, let me kneel here, until I have told you all. I know that you noticed him that evening he walked by here, and what I would have given to have thrown myself then into your arms, and have asked you to love my husband."

"Your husband! O, Fanny!"

"My dear husband, Kitty. I had been married two weeks then. But O, how miserable has this secret made me; and I could hate myself when I think how that terror of my mother's anger led me to encourage Dr. Dirman. Kitty, dear cousin, my mother must not yet know of my marriage, and when she comes up, you will go and tell the poor fellow down there, whom I have so heartlessly wronged, that I can never be his. And implore him, for my sake, to find some plausible excuse for withdrawing his suit. Go, dear Kitty, and shield your poor cousin from her mother's anger."

She looked up pleadingly through her tears. We heard the parlor door opening. Fanny hurried me out, and I had barely time to draw back in the shadow of the stairs as my aunt passed me. I tried to collect my thoughts, and then went down into the parlor. Dr. Dirman was standing at the window. He turned as I entered, and advanced with an outstretched hand.

"I feared," he said, "that my request would not be granted. But tell me, Miss Kitty," and never had I seen him look to more advantage than at that moment, "if there is any hope for me?"

"I regret, sir," I answered falteringly, "that I must give you pain. But the heart you seek to win, has long been given to another."

My eyes fell beneath the withering scorn that flashed from his. My hand which he had taken, was dropped as if it had been an adder.

"Good Heaven!" how I have been deceived," he exclaimed. "I—" he checked himself and walked irresolutely to the window. "It is hard, Miss Kitty," he said, approaching me, "to tear from one's heart a long and dearly-cherished hope—a hope I fondly imagined so near its realization. But this is weakness. May you never know a sorrow akin to mine. May—" his voice faltered, he pressed my hand in his and then departed, leaving me to find some solace in tears, as many another sorrowing heart has done and will do until "the weary are at rest."

The sound of my aunt's voice, pitched in its highest key, recalled poor Fanny's confession, and dreading that her mother's anger, as had been too often the case, would be vented on me, I hastened to my own room, to be soon followed by Betsey, the maid, to tell me sobbing bitterly, that her dear Miss Fanny was gone forever. And it was indeed so. In her first paroxysm of rage, my aunt turned her offending child from the door. With Fanny the sunshine of domestic happiness departed from the house. Friends and relatives were denied admittance when they called, my

aunt could not bear their sympathy. Fanny's marriage effectually destroyed her hopes of competing with the Brents and Dashes—Fanny's marriage with a poor printer.

What a sad, dreary life it was to lead. I never saw or heard from Fanny. Betsey, through whose means I might have obtained information, had incurred my aunt's displeasure in presenting a letter from the offender to her, and was dismissed, while a disagreeable second edition of my aunt was engaged to supply her place. A year went by. Sometimes I used to see Dr. Dirman. The same light step, the same pleasant face, were his. He was daily more respected. Col. Dash often sat for an hour or two smoking with him at his office window, Tom Brent, the son and heir of Squire Brent used to saunter down the street leaning on Dr. Dirman. O, how my aunt would fret on seeing this, and for some unknown cause, I was at such times the object of her displeasure. It was not long unknown to me. One summer

seeing my aunt dropped asleep in her chair, and for the first time in a year I sat at the open window. A fresh breeze was stirring the leaves of the trees outside, and over the hills back of Dr. Dirman's house the full moon was rising. A step struck the pavement. I looked out and saw with surprise and delight, Fanny's husband walking slowly past, his eyes fixed earnestly on my face. I had seen him but once before, but I could not be mistaken in him. Perceiving that he was recognized, he drew a letter from his bosom and threw it into the room. It fell at my feet. I hastily picked it up and concealed it. When I looked out again he was gone. How long the time seemed until I was released for the night, and then in my own room with a beating heart, I opened the letter. From it I learned that the past year had been spent in New York by Fanny, and they had returned to try and effect a reconciliation between herself and her mother, before they set out to seek their fortunes in the far West. It closed with entreaties to come to her, that her husband would be waiting for me that night at nine o'clock, and would conduct me to her. It was now after nine, so throwing on a bonnet and shawl, and assuring myself that my aunt and the servant had retired, I stole softly out, meeting Fanny's husband at the door. In a few minutes I clasped the dear girl in my arms. What questions were asked and answered, and when our curiosity was satisfied, mine pleasingly so, for I learned that Fanny's husband was every way worthy of her, it was agreed that on the next morning I was to inform my aunt of Fanny's return, and judge by her reception of the news, whether or not Fanny might venture

upon an interview. Suddenly Fanny burst into one of her old joyous fits of laughter.

"O, Kitty, dear, I cannot help it. Many were the hearty laughs George and myself had over that mistake. And it was that made my mother so furious, to have you preferred before me. But really, Kitty, we have often wondered at your rejecting him. But how did my mother tell you of his proposal?"

What was it at that moment sent a cold shudder through my frame—the conviction of lost happiness, the feeling that the happiness most desired upon earth was through my aunt's means lost to me forever. A hundred little circumstances rushed to my mind. It did not need now to have Fanny tell me with tears at what she termed her mother's baseness, that it was for myself Dr. Dirman had proposed.

"And never to tell you. O, how can I believe my mother so regardless of honor," exclaimed Fanny. "But Dr. Dirman must be undeceived. And you will be happy yet. To-morrow, George will go to him and all will be happily explained. We will remain to see you married, Kitty."

"Then you will remain here all your life, Fanny. Never will a renewal of Dr. Dirman's addresses be solicited by me. Pride and delicacy forbid it."

It was sometime before I could convince her of my determination; and, on leaving, I exacted a reluctant promise from Fanny, that she, never by word or otherwise, would make Dr. Dirman acquainted with what now perhaps could give him no pleasure to know. What a pang went through my heart as I thought of that, that the love once mine might now be given to another.

Before I met my aunt in the morning, reflection had in a great measure subdued the resentment I naturally felt towards her, and at breakfast I mentioned my visit to Fanny. What a burst of passionate rage followed my narration.

"Never!" she exclaimed, "will I receive that miserable girl, and she shall have no opportunity to annoy me. I can penetrate her design in coming here, and it will be foiled. This very day we will start for the seaside."

To say and do were the same to my aunt; two hours after, we were driving rapidly from home. The seaside was to be our destination. My aunt's failing health required change of air, but she never would have undertaken a journey on that account alone.

At the end of two months we were again at home. I could not look from the window now without meeting the eyes of a person seated at an opposite one. Dr. Dirman, you will say. No. Mrs. Dirman. On our return, even before

alighting from the carriage, I glanced across the street. Judge my surprise when I saw the pretty house over the way completely altered. The old-fashioned door had been removed, and an elegantly carved one was in its place, the drawing-room was ornamented by a deep bay window, the house newly-painted, and were it not for the silver plate announcing in large letters, Brook Dirman, M. D., I would have supposed it had passed into other hands. The sound of the carriage attracted a gazer to the window—a lovely young woman, not a Brent or Dash, but a stranger, and henceforth she sat in the place that might have been mine. How often I saw her rise to meet him when he returned, and on Sundays they walked to church together—she leaning on him. Well, there was no use in repining. I was happy in knowing that he loved me once. I found an opportunity of going to the lodgings where I had seen Fanny, but strangers occupied them, and I could learn nothing of her.

One night my aunt became alarmingly ill. The servant, a strange one, was sent for a physician. She brought the nearest, Dr. Dirman.

"She is very ill, Miss Kitty, you ought not be alone," he said, in the kind tone in which he had been accustomed to address me. "Permit me to send over for Mrs. Dirman."

I thought I could detect embarrassment in his manner as he mentioned his wife, and to dispel it I expressed gratitude at his offer and a desire to see her. She soon came, and her womanly sympathy sustained me through the night. Towards morning Dr. Dirman left the house. When he returned, he brought a lady with him, who he said wished to see me in the parlor. I went down in some surprise, surprise that gave place to joy, when Fanny, whom I thought so many miles away met me at the door. I led her to her mother's chamber. Fanny could bend over and kiss her mother now without fear of a repulse. My aunt was still unconscious. Mrs. Dirman retired, leaving Fanny and myself alone together.

"George was attacked by a brain fever on the day we were to start on our journey. Indeed he is not well yet," Fanny said, in answer to my inquiries. "But we found a friend in our need, one whose skill saved my husband from death, and whose bounty supplied our wants, your old lover, Kitty. And your downcast eyes tell me you would like to regard him as one yet."

"Dear Fanny," I said, in surprise; "do you think me capable of a thought like that. Once indeed it would have given me happiness to think so. But he is married now, Fanny, and has, I think, in Mrs. Dirman a better wife than I could have made him."

"Married, and a wife!" exclaimed Fanny, in astonishment. "Another mistake, Kitty! The lady who has just left us is married to his brother, the New York lawyer. Poor Kitty, your agitation reveals your love for him. Ah, if my mother had not wronged you—"

"Who speaks of wronging?" cried my aunt, in unearthly tones, starting wildly up in the bed. "I never wronged any one!"

Fanny flew to her mother's side.

"Is that Fanny?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, mother," said Fanny, "your poor girl."

"My child," she faintly said; her head dropped on Fanny's bosom. She was dead!

Three weeks after my aunt's death, George, Fanny and myself were sitting in his room, for he was still an invalid, when Betsey, who had returned to our service, came up to say with a smile, that a gentleman was in the parlor, and that he had inquired for Miss Kitty. When I entered the parlor, I was not surprised to see Dr. Dirman there. Perhaps you can explain the purpose of his visit. Fortunate for my happiness that the little doctor had overheard the conversation that passed between Fanny and myself on the morning of my aunt's death. He solicited an explanation of it from Fanny. She willingly gave it, and the result was agreeable to all parties. I am writing this at my seat in the bay window, and have just returned Fanny's cheerful nod, as she leaves her house and comes across the street to pass the evening with Mrs. Dr. Dirman.

### THE ELOPEMENT.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

"MILLY, dear Milly, was ever mortal so persecuted by fate?"

I had that morning come back to school, after a pleasant vacation. My room-mate, Bella Mason, came by the coach, just before dusk, when I had given up all hopes of seeing her till the next day; and these were the first words she addressed to me, when we found ourselves alone together, in our own apartment. She looked as sad and forlorn as I ever saw anybody look, and there was hopeless misery in her tones.

"Bella, what *do* you mean? what has happened to you?" I asked, anxiously.

"O, Milly, don't you think papa has threatened all sorts of horrible things if I speak to Harry Hazleton again, or let him write any more letters to me, or meet him?"

"O, is that all, Bella?" I asked, with a sigh of relief.

"All!" she echoed, half in indignation with me,

half in despair over her own woes, "all? How can you be so heartless, Milly? All, indeed! I should think it quite enough, if it were! But it is *not* all. Not content with that, he has sent a letter to Mrs. Gray (Mrs. Gray was our principal, dear reader), charging her to see that Harry and I are allowed not the slightest word of communication; that he is not allowed to meet me when I walk out—in short, that we are rendered the most miserable beings on the face of the earth!"

And Bella buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief, and gave a little hysterical sob.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Know? He read the letter to me, every word of it, and assured me that Mrs. Gray would fulfil his injunctions implicitly. I think he is perfectly cruel!"

And another sob marked the climax of her distress and indignation.

"Well, does Harry Hazleton know about this?" I asked, after a moment.

"Yes, from beginning to end! And his father is just as bad as papa. Mr. Hazleton and papa have been cross with each other ever since the last election, when he had those political differences; and Mr. Hazleton vows that he'll send Harry off nobody knows where, if he tries to see or speak to me any more. I haven't seen a glimpse of Harry for almost two weeks!"

And now there came two or three more sobs, in quick succession.

"Well, I suppose you won't see each other any more, then?" was my conclusion, after a little silent consideration.

"Won't see each other any more? Yes, Milly, we shall, I feel assured of it!" said Bella, suddenly restraining her tears, and speaking with heroic calmness. "Yes, something tells me that we shall not long be separated. Already, spite of their cruel vigilance, I have heard from him. See what my dog Dash, faithful creature, brought me this morning in his mouth, from Harry, who must have met him somewhere out of our grounds." And she brought up from the depths of her pocket a tiny, rose-colored note, which she submitted to me for examination. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAREST, DEAREST BELLA;—Be firm, be strong, be courageous, and all will yet be well! They cannot part us long. We are destined for each other; fate may try us for a time, but she will smile on us at last. If we are, as they intend we shall be, entirely prevented from all communication, decided measures shall be taken ere long. I shall ever be on the alert to meet you; sooner or later, I feel confident I must succeed. And meanwhile, my dearest girl, I entreat you to remain firm in the conviction of the strength

of that affection which will be forever cherished for you by your own  
HARRY."

Just as I had concluded the perusal of this epistle, the tea bell rang, and we were forced to hurry down stairs, our conversation for the time, being necessarily suspended. But I ruminated still upon the case of Bella and Harry Hazleton. They were sworn lovers—she sixteen, and he not nineteen years of age—separated by their parents, who were neighbors at feud with each other; but though Bella was at school, and Harry at college, it happened that there was scarcely a quarter of a mile's distance between them thus, though both school and college were some ten or twelve miles from their respective homes. Their parents were resolved to part them—they resolved they would not be parted—at least, for any length of time. Which party would come off victorious? I wondered not a little.

Harry's vacation terminated about the same time as Bella's, and he returned to college the day after she came back to school.

"Now," said Bella, "now, Milly, I shall see him once more; I feel that destiny cannot be inexorable!"

I could only sigh inwardly, and say nothing—for want of something to say. I did not exactly know how to enter into Bella's sentimental heroics. She really seemed very much like a heroine, and I think the idea of being one was just what she liked, for she was very romantic indeed.

I looked at Mrs. Gray. She was very quiet, as usual, but I saw that she exercised unusual vigilance over Bella's movements. And though she said nothing on the subject of this affair, I thought I could perceive that I came in for my share of the vigilance also. I suppose she guessed that Bella would make a confidant of me.

Day after day went by, and Bella neither saw nor heard anything of Harry. But she sighed now and then, looked sad, acquired a habit of falling into the deepest of reveries, sat gazing at the moon, in our little chamber, of evenings, and began to write a great deal of poetry. I was not very sentimental myself, and so I could not sympathize with her by following her example, so, when she was writing poetry, or star gazing, I commonly resorted to a book to beguile the time.

I suppose it was in accordance with Mr. Mason's directions, that Bella never went out alone. However, she always had company when she went beyond the garden walls that surrounded the school; but I suppose this was not a circumstance calculated to attract remark, since, of late, Mrs. Gray placed her charges under the escort of one

of the teachers, whenever they expressed a desire to extend their perambulations to any distance. So, however often Bella might walk out, or however far she might go, master Harry had no chance of meeting, much less speaking to her, while Perkins's watchful eyes were about.

But one day, when the afternoon was just closing into evening, Bella and I went to walk in the garden. A great many of the pupils were in their rooms; some were in the recitation hall; others, again, had gathered here and there, up-stairs and down, chatting carelessly together. Mrs. Gray, who had a bad head-ache, had retired to her own apartment. Perkins and Crabbe, the under-teachers, were absorbed, respectively, with the first and second volumes of a new novel. So Bella and I were quite alone when we went out.

The garden was a very long one, extending south and north, and shaded, at the lower end, by clusters of sweeping elms and willows, that drooped low over the wall. Bella and I had walked up and down its box-bordered paths several times, talking of a great many things, and thinking of nothing at all in particular, when, suddenly, as we neared the lower end of the garden once more, there was a rustle among the branches at the top of the wall, and instantly Harry Hazleton sprang over! I started back, and Bella uttered a slight shriek, not recognizing him at first; but he uttered, reproachfully, "Bella, don't you know me?" his handsome, boyish face looking really sober.

"O, Harry, how could you be so imprudent?" ejaculated Bella, looking hastily around, and then springing to meet him, with a look of delight, spite of her momentary terror of spies.

Harry bowed to me—we were slightly acquainted—and then Bella and he stood under the shadow of the willows, talking.

"Imprudent!" he echoed, chidingly, "what did he think of imprudence? Hadn't he been on the watch for two mortal weeks, to gain one moment's interview with his dearest Bella, and hadn't those sour, cross, old-maid teachers tracked every step of hers, so that he had almost given up in despair? And did she think he could have the heart to wait any longer for prudence? No, he must see her—speak with her—assure himself of her unchangeable affection. He had brought her his miniature, on ivory—he wore hers next his heart day and night—it was his dearest earthly possession. No consideration should induce him to part with it."

And so he hung the pretty golden chain about her neck, and Bella blushed and smiled, and said something, in a half whisper, about "keeping it



forever," and then there was a great deal of lover-like whispering; and there, all the time, stood I, in a decided quandary, looking one moment at them, and the next, half-frightened, towards the house, never knowing what to do, or how to act; feeling that I was in a very disagreeable and abominable position; that I had no business to favor the interview by walking off and leaving them to talk alone, yet sensible of being decidedly *de trop*; knowing that Harry and Bella had no right to disobey orders, yet dreading, every moment, lest his presence should be discovered.

So there I stood, and they talked on, and as the moments passed I got more and more frightened, and ventured to say, just above my breath, "O, Bella, what if Mrs. Gray *should* see you! I'm afraid it's really very wrong!"

But they didn't hear me, and I thought I heard some one coming, and began to wring my hands, half out of my wits with fright, and say in a louder tone, "Bella, Bella, *do* come!" when suddenly the door by which we had come out was opened, and directly down the path came Mrs. Gray herself!

I was so frightened! All I can remember of what followed is Bella's little scream on seeing her, Mrs. Gray's saying something in a very rapid and indignant tone, Harry stepping forward and uttering some words about Bella not being in fault for his coming, some stern rejoinder on Mrs. Gray's part, and then Harry pressing Bella's hand, wearing a very desperate look indeed; when Mrs. Gray said, "Mr. Mason shall hear of this, sir!" and Harry jumped over the wall again and disappeared, whereupon Mrs. Gray marshalled Bella and myself back to the house, locked Bella in our room, and detained me for an examination, which, in my agitation, and for want of there being anything of consequence to say, beyond what she already knew, did not, I believe, prove of much utility. And finally I was dismissed; Mrs. Gray telling me, with a laugh, that I need not be so frightened, but charging me, at the same time, never to countenance this affair of Bella's in any way whatever; which command I was forced to promise I would obey to the very letter.

Then I was sent up to Bella, whom I found deploring her fate like some damsel of romance; and her complaints continued till we both went to sleep for the night.

"Now, Miss Mason," said Mrs. Gray, the next morning, "I shall let your father know, to-day, of what occurred last night. I will have no clandestine meetings on my premises!"

And she proceeded to write to Mr. Mason.

"O, Milly!" uttered Bella, with an unspeakable look.

This state of things was no longer to be borne by the lovers. Affairs had arrived at a climax. How were they persecuted! Were ever lovers so unfortunate? I suppose Harry Hazleton was worked up to desperation by what followed, for they determined to elope!

Bella drew me aside at recess, and tremblingly acquainted me with the important fact.

"Bella, you don't mean it!" I ejaculated in affright.

"I do mean it, Milly," she answered, with a very romantic air of martyr-like firmness. "This is no longer to be borne! See," and she displayed to me a little note containing a few brief lines; "this is what was thrown at my feet this very morning, after the first recitations, while I was standing alone in the doorway, on the west side, facing the garden wall. Harry is to have the carriage waiting this evening at seven, just down in the lane at the foot of the blackberry pasture; and before my absence can be noticed, our marriage will have been solemnized at Dr. C——'s house. Then, and not till then, will our unhappiness, and the persecution and cruelties of our hard-hearted parents be terminated! Milly, I charge you by your love for me, to keep this a secret. I am going now to commence preparations for my departure."

And she left me standing by the parlor window, and ran up stairs.

"O, dear!" I groaned in distress and perplexity, "what *shall* I do?"

"Do? why, just keep quiet, my dear, and do as I tell you," said Mrs. Gray, as she rose from her seat in a window near, where she had been sitting with her sewing, hidden by the curtains, all the time.

"Mrs. Gray!" I ejaculated with wide-open eyes.

She laughed. "Exactly, nobody else, my dear, and now listen to me. Of course you know that I have heard every word of this precious conversation just made by Bella Mason; but mind—you are not to breathe to her one syllable of your knowledge of the fact; do you hear?"

"Yes ma'am," I answered.

"Very good, I know you will obey me."

"But what will you do, Mrs. Gray?" I asked, dubiously.

"I do? O, I am going to help her off!" and she smiled comically, "but mind—not a word—not a look, to betray me, Milly!" And she, too, left the room, where I remained, half bewildered.

The lessons drew to a close, that day, and night came. Unfortunately for the smoothness

of Bella's prospects, the afternoon proved wet and windy; and though the rain held up at nightfall, the evening set in dark, cloudy, and more threatening than ever. It was evident that we were to have a stormy season. Bella flew to her room the moment tea was over, to prepare for her escape, and I accompanied her. Wondering how all this was to end, yet endeavoring to refrain, by the slightest sign, from betraying all that was in my mind, I proceeded to help her dress; for she was to attire herself in the proper bridal garb—pure white.

And so it *was* white from head to foot; and looking back at this day, I do not remember ever to have seen a bride look more lovely in her marriage robes, than did Bella that night. Her dress was an exquisitely-wrought party-dress, of India muslin, with a double skirt; dainty white satin boots, white kid gloves, and pearls on her arms and neck, and wreathed in her dark hair. Certainly, a fairer heroine never hastened to escape from the cruelties of hard-hearted relatives; and all the time she still wore that romantic air, a blending of the sentimental and the heroic, that accorded with her circumstances.

"Ah, Milly!" she said, kissing me, and casting up her eyes, "never shall I forget your kindly assistance (I helped to dress her, reader), your gentle sympathy (I suppose she called my silence sympathy), and your consoling interest in my welfare (I was urging her to put on her furred over-shoes), at this trying time! But Milly," and she clasped her hands with a tragic air, "if my father should not forgive me for this step? And yet—he must—he must! How can he resist—how can he refuse his forgiveness, when Harry and I kneel together at his feet, and ask his blessing on our union?"

"You'd better hurry, if you mean to go at all, Bella," I broke in, "for the clock will strike the hour in less than five minutes."

Recalled from her heroics, Bella let me put on a large yet light cloak over her dress, tie on her bonnet, and adjust the over-shoes; and then she was ready. A few parting kisses, some half-distracted sighs, and one or two pearly tears, and she bade me farewell. The majority of the pupils were gathered in the recitation rooms. No one was in the way. Stealing out by the side door, Bella was off like a bird. I believe my heart never beat before with such wild, excited throbs as it did then, though I felt that in Mrs. Gray's hands all was safe.

And now, let me relate Bella's further experience, after she left me. That which I shall give is brief enough, certainly, and, I hope, satisfactory to the parties concerned.

Bella was to meet Harry just outside the garden door. Running as fast as she could for the darkness, through the path leading across the flowerbeds, she reached the door and unfastened it. It was dark as the darkest midnight outside.

"Harry, are you there?" she whispered, timidly, as she opened it.

"My dearest, darling Bella!" was the answer, as the speaker stepped forward, and she was instantly clasped by Harry's arm.

"Now!" he said, "let us away. The carriage waits at the end of the lane."

And they moved forward together. It was an unfortunate circumstance that they could see neither themselves, each other, nor the way they were treading, with any tolerable degree of distinctness; and the consequence was that almost at the first step, down went Bella in the mud, almost dragging Harry with her; one hand still grasping his arm, the other plunged up to the wrist in a mud-puddle.

"My dearest! are you hurt?" inquired Harry.

"No—but—O, dear!" groaned Bella, as she thought of her white bridal dress, and the immaculate gloves. "No matter," she concluded, "there, I am all right now," as he helped her to her feet.

"You're sure you're not hurt, dearest Bella?" urged Harry.

"Ye-e-s. Not at all hurt, I assure you, dearest Harry." And Bella moved on with him, trying to brush away the hair that had fallen about her hot face; with, unfortunately, the hand that had been in the mud.

"It is so dark, such unsafe footing," remarked Harry, sympathizingly, as they plodded on.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, before Bella slipped again, uttering a little shriek as she did so; but just on the verge of falling she managed to regain her balance.

"Unfortunate!" murmured Harry. "But never mind—come along, Bella."

"But, Harry, I—can't! My—O, dear!—my foot's stuck in the mud!" And there she stood, unable to stir.

"Can't you get it out, dearest? try."

One despairing effort—out it came; but, misery! the overshoe was left behind. Bella suppressed a groan; she would not tell him, she thought. She had made trouble enough already, so down went the white satin boot in the oozy ground.

"Come, now we can move on," said Harry. "I'm sure, dearest, we shall get along beautifully, now."

The next step, the branch of a tree struck something overhead. Harry drew up with a jerk.

"What is it?" faltered Bella, despairingly.

"Only my hat, dearest—wait half a second." And he turned back, groping along the ground. Something met his grasp—it *felt* like a hat—with a great deal of mud, and the shape gone. He put it on his head, at any rate.

"I have it, Bella, now!" And they locked arms again.

No further misfortune overtook them during their brief walk; but Bella had met with enough, already; and Harry as well, though his had been slight in comparison with hers. He could not help giving a thought to his appearance, and imagining how that hat would look in the light of the minister's house; while Bella reviewed, in fancy, the various items of her own attire, and groaned inwardly over what she felt convinced must be their hopeless condition. How *would she* look, walking into the Reverend Mr. C——'s parlor, leaning on Harry's arm, and splashed from head to foot with mud? Bella was a little crest-fallen. Her romance had received a slight damper. She had taken the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. They groped along together, and reached the end of the lane where the carriage stood—an indistinct mass, looming up blackly in the darkness before them.

"Where's the driver?" said Harry, finding nobody appear. "O, inside, probably; asleep, I dare say! Hilloa—driver!" And he opened the carriage door. "Driver!"

"O, ay, sir—here I am, sir!" answered a voice, apparently coming from over the bank bounding one side of the lane.

"Where's 'here,' I wonder?" said Harry. "There," helping Bella in, "seat yourself patiently for one instant, dearest, while I find out where this fellow is." And he disappeared.

With a sigh of weariness Bella sank down upon the seat, and there sat in a perfectly passive state. Even the romantic eagerness which had hitherto inspired her, had not been proof against the excitement of the past hour, and the rough walk she had taken. She was thoroughly tired out. And the mud! Bella thought for the fiftieth time, with nervous misgivings, of her bridal finery.

Meanwhile Harry had climbed the bank to find the driver. At a little distance, beneath a large tree, stood another carriage, drawn up just at the edge of the road that swept past the lane, and the pasture in which he stood. Close by, a group of two or three persons stood, one of whom stepped forward.

"What's this?" uttered Harry, in surprise.

"I'll show you, young man!" was the curt answer, in a voice that made Harry start back as

if he had been shot. And before he was well aware of what was going to be done, he found himself proceeding at a rapid rate towards the strange vehicle, with his arm locked fast in that of his companion.

"Sir!" he expostulated, suddenly coming to his senses, and endeavoring to free himself, "this is—"

"Hold your tongue, Master Harry!" was the decisive reply. "Walk in there and keep quiet."

And he found himself, forthwith, seated in the carriage by the road, with the new-comer; the door was shut and away they went.

And during this time, Bella waited in silent expectation her companion's return. A brief space of time elapsed, and he came and seated himself by her side. The door was shut, the driver mounted his box and drove off.

Bella, a little depressed, as we have said, by her various mishaps, was silent; her companion, too, held his peace. Probably he was thinking ruefully of his new hat. She guessed so, at any rate; but she could not see his face; she could hardly see herself in the dark; and so, as he spoke no word, it was impossible to do more than imagine the state of his feelings.

"I wonder if he feels as badly as I do?" she thought.

On rolled the carriage along its way. Bella tried to console herself—to think lightly of her bedraggled attire, and dwell on her own approaching felicity. She fell into a deep reverie; still, on rolled the carriage, and before she knew it, O, unromantic Nature! she had sunk quietly back in her corner, and was fast asleep.

How far they went, she had no idea; but she was suddenly awakened by the stopping of the carriage, and found her eyes dazzled by the glare of brilliantly lighted windows, before which it drew up. The rapid change from darkness to light, and from sleep to waking, was almost blinding. She hastily rubbed her eyes, astonished that she had been asleep, and beginning to tremble as she remembered where she was, and what she had come for. But she had scarcely time to compose herself, ere her companion had assisted her from the carriage, and she found herself, leaning on his arm, ascending the broad steps leading up to the hall door.

She looked about her as she entered.

"Is this the minister's house, Harry? why he must have moved then. I declare if I didn't know, I should think myself at home."

They paused just on the parlor threshold; and as she looked in, she uttered a faint exclamation; she stood aghast. Surely she could not be mistaken, this was *not* the minister's house.

"Harry!" she asked, "what does this mean?"

She looked up and stood speechless, as she saw whose arm she leaned on. She was at home—this was not Harry, but her own father! A crimson flush of astonishment and fright overspread her countenance. A mingled expression of severity and mirth sat on his face.

"Well, ma'am, quite a pleasant drive we've had together, eh? Mightily dressed up, my dear, aren't you? What's it all for, I wonder? let's see how you look?"

He untied her bonnet, laid it on the sofa, and very carefully took off her cloak, then stepped back to survey her appearance.

"Really, my dear, you look very pretty—very pretty indeed!" and he rubbed his hands with an air of intense satisfaction, as he looked at her from head to foot. "Rather muddy, though!"

Bella looked down at her beautiful white dress, the entire front of which was black with mud. At the right foot, with its once white satin boot, in the same condition. At her hand, with the color and material of the glove no longer distinguishable; while a glance at an opposite mirror showed a broad streak of mud around one side of her face, where she had smoothed back her hair with *that* hand. It was not in human nature to see the picture and be serious. With one irrepressible peal of laughter, she sank on the sofa beside her. I have only space to tell of Bella's conflicting indignation and merriment when she learned how Mrs. Gray had learned her scheme, and contrived that her father should be on the spot at the time appointed, with Harry Hazleton's father as well. How Harry had been carried off by one conveyance, while her father very quietly took his place, and accompanied her in another. How, afterwards, and Harry sent off again, so that she didn't see him again till three years after. But Bella's father and Mr. Hazleton "made up" and became very good friends again; and when, arrived at years of sense and discretion, Bella and Harry each married somebody else, they remembered their romantic attachment, and its ridiculous termination, only to laugh over it.

#### A Questionable Story.

The spirits are credited with having saved the life of a medium, Miss C. B. Beebe, at Baltimore. During the last election riots, standing one day on a balcony, she felt herself pulled back by invisible hands. A moment after a bullet went whizzing by where she stood. She sprang into the house in alarm. Two hours after a lady medium called on her and stated that she had received a communication from Miss Beebe's spirit father, saying that he had just saved the life of his daughter, in the manner confirmed by Miss B. herself.

#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY J. P. HOWE.

They tell me thou art dead—  
That earthly ties are riven,  
Thy soul from earth has fled,  
To find its rest in heaven.

They tell me that on earth  
Thy face no more I'll see—  
Thy voice will nevermore  
In tones of love greet me.

Thy home is desolate;  
Thy friends are left forlorn—  
Thou wast their brightest joy—  
And thou, alas, art gone.

I hear, but cannot feel,  
These words so full of grief;  
The love that round thee twined,  
In doubt still seeks relief.

Thy voice seems lingering still,  
Where once thy form did dwell;  
Thy step—I almost hear  
That sound I loved so well.

Alas! In vain we wait,  
That step again to hear,  
That voice will ne'er again  
Fall upon mortal ear.

My heart with grief is filled;  
I mourn, but mourn in vain—  
Tears cannot now avail—  
Thou wilt not come again.

But O, what cheering thought  
To us e'en now is given—  
Thou art not lost—thou art  
A treasure laid in heaven.

#### THE STORY OF A KISS.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

SOMEBODY had been telling a story about a kiss, when Aleck Shelton flung down his cigar, and gave one of his rollicking laughs.

"What in thunder ails you, Aleck?" demanded Charley Craige, the story-teller, with a little heightened color.

"Don't get mad, Charley, 'taint you, pussy, and 'taint me; it's Trix."

"Who?"

"Trix."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I know a story worth two of that, and it was the remembrance of it brought up by yours that overcame my politeness, and pretty near made you swear, Charley."

"Well, old fellow, we'll shake hands if you'll relate your 'remembrance.'"

"That I'll do. You know my sister?"

"That little beauty we used to call Beatrix

after Thackeray's *Beatrice Esmond*?" cried Dick Windsor.

"Yes."

"O, ho! that's the Trix, hey?" exclaimed Charley.

"That's the Trix, Charley; but stop asking questions. I want to go on with my story, for I promised Miss Trix to stop for her at the Carrolls, to-night."

"When we lived in Philadelphia, which was only two years ago, you know, my most intimate friend was Gaylord Mackensie, whom we got to calling Gay Mackensie, he was such a hilarious fellow; and there was the trouble, he attained such a reputation for being entertaining and enlivening, that he was invited everywhere, and was well nigh ruined; but Trix saved him."

Dick Windsor scowled, for he it known that this little Trix Shelton whereof we have to deal, well deserved her title of the renowned novelist's heroine, for she was forever making *beaux yeux* at all the young men, and her last victim perhaps was Dick Windsor.

"She saved him with a kiss," Aleck went on.

Dick groaned.

"It was at a small party that they first met, and I introduced them; shortly after which ceremony he and I stood together a little apart from the others in the supper-room, discussing the merits of a glass of old Madeira. Gay had just raised his to his lips, when Trix, who was flirting with Tom Harrison near by, turned full upon him, and looking up in his face with one of those wicked glances, said:

"Mr. Mackensie, please to offer me that glass of wine, I want it."

"He looked a little surprised, and a little taken aback; but he was the readiest fellow in the world, and handing the saucy minx the glass he was holding, he stepped to the table and helping himself to another which stood already filled upon it, approached Trix with his *suave* manner, and said:

"Permit me to pledge you."

"He touched her glass with his, and bending low, so that he looked into her bright daring eyes, gave this sentiment, which you have heard:

"Leave me but a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine."

"Trix's bright eyes grew brighter, as she said:

"For how long?"

"For all time," he answered gallantly.

"She approached nearer to him—she looked so handsome then I did not wonder that men raved about her—and said to him in her sweetest tone, calling him too by his Christian name:

"Gay, will you promise this?"

"And she put out the loveliest white hand, sparkling with love tokens. His face flushed, his eyes shot rays of new light, as he caught that hand, and carried it to his lips, saying:

"I swear it on this fair hand."

"I do not think he understood her meaning thoroughly; I am sure he did not; but he was so intoxicated with her manner, and with her radiant beauty, that he was willing to do her lightest bidding. I thought once he would actually get down on his knees to her. And what do you suppose she did?"

Dick Windsor drew a deep respiration, and groaned out:

"She didn't kiss him?"

"She did though, Dick. No sooner had he sealed his vow, than she went straight up to him, and, laying her beautiful arms around his neck, she pressed a kiss upon his lips. It was not one of those kisses of ceremony, hard and hasty, it was a soft, delicate lingering kiss, such as my *Beatrice* only can give. I never saw him touch a glass of intoxicating liquor since, and he has assured me that he has religiously kept his vow. Yes, Trix cured him of wine-drinking, but he has been in a state of intoxication ever since. She finished her work that night by taking him down stairs and waltzing with him."

"How did it end?" Charley Craige asked.

"Bless you, man, it never has ended. She flirted with him in the gravest manner for one year, and then my lord suddenly betakes himself to Spain as private secretary to Mr. Campbell, and my lady commenced another flirtation with little Tommy, who was left behind, writing regularly by every steamer, in reply to Gay's prompt letters. I heard a rumor the other day that she was going to marry little Tommy Campbell, with his yellow moustache, his pink and white face, and five thousand a year. I went home and accused her of it. She turned her haughtiest look upon me, and said:

"Will you wait until he asks me?"

"The little fellow has asked her six times—he tells of it every time with tears in his eyes."

Charley Craige stroked his moustache, which was the most lustrous black, and said, smilingly:

"Aleck, your story is worth three of mine. Why don't I know this modern *Beatrice*; or why won't you let me know her? Three times have you refused to present me to her, on some trivial pretext. What's the matter?"

Aleck colored, hesitated a moment, and then said:

"It's the lady's fault, not mine, to be frank with you, Charley."

Charley's brown cheek took the hue of Aleck's, and he stammered out:

"How have I offended her ladyship?"

"She said you boasted once at a club-room that you could win any woman's heart if you chose to do so."

Charley started to his feet.

"I know who told her that—the contemptible villain. Hear. One night at the club the conversation turned upon that affair of Lou Creyton and Horace Clarke, you know how Horace broke with her because she fell in love with every pair of whiskers she met. Well, I made this remark—'I wouldn't give much for such a woman—you or I could win a dozen like her, if we chose.' There, upon my honor, boys, those were my very words. Will you tell her so, Aleck? I do not wish any woman to believe me the puppy that Tom's vile misrepresentation would indicate, for it was Tom Harrison."

Aleck grasped Charley's hand, and exclaimed:

"That I will, Charley, depend upon me. Here is a plan for you—come to the house—you know where we live, at eight to-morrow evening, and ask for me. Tom Harrison will be there at the same hour—I heard him make an appointment to go and call upon cousin Kate with her, at that time—you can then and there make what explanation you please. How do you like it?"

"Tip top—it's just the thing—I'll be there."

Aleck here took out his watch and cried:

"Bless my soul it's half past eleven, and I promised to call for her at eleven precisely, and now I sha'n't get there till midnight, with these tight boots, and my corns."

"Suppose I go, Aleck," proposed Dick Windsor, blushing like a school girl. "I can tell her you sent me."

"I wish you would, Dick, it's a good deal out of my way, and my corns are confounded tender in these boots."

Dick sprung up with alacrity, and put on his coat.

"I'm sorry to give you so much trouble, Dick," said Aleck slyly, as Dick opened the door.

The enamored youth laughed good naturedly and vanished. As the door closed, Aleck said more gravely:

"There goes as fine a young fellow as I know; I couldn't help giving him a chance to feed his flame, though I suppose it is poor kindness, for Trix will never bestow her handsome self upon Dick Windsor, if he pays his court to her till doomsday. She's the strangest creature, Charley, I sometimes think she has no heart; but then she's the kindest girl at home, not affection-

ate exactly, but always ready to oblige anybody. Last year when I got pushed for money, to foot one of our bills after a 'time' at the club, she offered to give me the amount without a question. She heard me saying something about it to father, and heard his refusal, which he gave with a lecture; and when I went out into the hall, she met me and said:

"Aleck, here's my purse, there's a trifle over thirty dollars in it; I am perfectly willing that you should make use of it."

"I tell you, Charley, I never was so touched in my life—my eyes actually felt moist—and, and, I kissed her, Charley. We are like a good many families, I suppose—fond enough of each other, but not very sentimental about it—I never remembered kissing her before; and she kissed me back again, as if I were a lover. Well, I took the purse—I borrowed it of course—the best of it was, she never uttered a single remark about its use, though she knew well enough that it was to pay for a frolic. It was better than ten thousand lectures. You all think that I am insensible to women, the fact is they all seem tame beside my sister. I'm glad you are to know her, Charley, and I'll give you a bit of advice, which you can take or not. Don't fall down and worship her, as all the rest do—don't say fine things to her—she's so used to them they are quite powerless. Just treat her like a sensible woman, talk to her as you do to that intelligent Mrs. Darley, and you'll be friends. It's better to be Trix's friend than her lover, I am sure, though I never knew her to have one, I am convinced it is what she would like and needs. I can't be much to her, for she's above me in intellect, or beyond me, or something; but you can, and I hope will."

"Thank you, Aleck," returned Charley, much touched by this simple relation. "I think if your sister knew you as I do, you would be a great deal to her."

Aleck shook his head, and lighting a cigar by his friend's, proposed to go home.

Precisely at eight, the next evening, Charley rang the bell at the stately mansion where Aleck and his sister lived. Aleck himself expecting him, answered it, and showed him at once into the drawing-room where stood that handsome houri, Miss Madeline Shelton (but ever since the reading of "Henry Esmond," styled Trix, by her friends), and Mr. Thomas Harrison. The latter was saying some very eloquent things to the young lady, at least, he thought so, and the lady was drawing on the prettiest little mittens over the prettiest little hands you ever saw, as the last two comers en-



tered. When Trix (we will call her Trix too, as others did) saw who her brother had with him, she frowned in haughty disapproval; but Aleck immediately said:

"Wait, Trix, there's been a misunderstanding, or misrepresentation of Charley's words, which will now be explained. I'll stake my honor on his good faith. Now go ahead, Charley;" and Charley with a deep glow on his brown cheek, came forward and said:

"Miss Shelton, you will pardon my intrusion I am sure, when I tell you that I came to correct a certain statement that you will remember,"—and he repeated Tom Harrison's version, and his own remark.

His fair auditor heard him through very calmly, and then turned her hazel black eyes, large and scornful upon Tom Harrison, with these words—"You hear this, Mr. Harrison;" and then to the other two, "Mr. Harrison was my informant, gentlemen."

Tom Harrison blunderingly strove to maintain his ground, by asserting that he understood him so, at any rate.

Charley said, after this:

"Miss Shelton, I am perhaps unduly sensitive about this affair, but I did not wish any woman to believe I was such a coxcomb as the remark you heard indicates; neither would I wish to let such a remark slip by unnoticed, for the sake of my own sisters, and the best mother in the world. If you wish confirmation of my assertion, I will refer you to Hermon Gray, and Mr. Darley, who were both present and coincided with my remark."

How this modest manliness suited her lovely ladyship. She drew the mitten from off her hand and gave it to him, saying, as only she knew how to say—"I need no further confirmation from Aleck's friend." Then she looked with one of her insolent smiles at the discomfited Tom, and delivered this adroit speech, which none understood better than Mr. Thomas Harrison:

"Your brain must have been clouded with that wonderful Epernay you talk of so enthusiastically, Mr. Harrison, else your usual clear understanding could not have been so dreadfully at fault, was it not so?"

The beautiful syren; he knew, we all knew, that it was her matchless charms that had so intoxicated him, and obscured what little manliness there was incased in that nowadays inelegant person; so that he resorted even to this mean subterfuge to keep at bay one whom he thought a most dangerous rival. Poor little Tommy, he had lost what advantage he might have possessed

now, for this young lady loved, of all things, straightforward simplicity and truth. He did not reply to her question, nor did she seem to expect it, for immediately following upon it, came these words:

"And now, since I have gained the acquaintance of one whom society regards so favorably," and she shot at Charley one of her deepest glances, "by this little *explanation*," and here the delicate irony was almost smothered under the softest of voices, the sweetest of smiles, "I think it more hospitable, and polite, to defer our call, Mr. Harrison, and remain at home this evening. You will excuse me, I am sure," and her royal glance sought the weak offender, who now felt the necessity of speaking. He only told another lie.

"I trust Mr. Craige will pardon my misunderstanding of his words. I believe we had all of us been partaking pretty freely of Epernay," he said.

"I never drink Epernay, sir, it is no favorite of mine," was the dry reply; "but we will dismiss the subject now, I dare say Miss Shelton has had enough of it."

Miss Shelton was smiling in the most amused manner, at the last observations of the two gentlemen; and there was an enjoyable glitter in her eye, which said plainly that she was never more entertained in her life. But the entertainment drew to a close, for Tommy Harrison speedily made his adieu now, and Charley, the "dangerous rival," was left alone in the field. Aleck staid awhile, and then he too withdrew, to write a letter, he said—the dear fellow knew that Charley would show to better advantage alone. Left thus in the sole presence of that most charming of women, Charley wisely followed the advice of her brother. He did not fall down and worship her. He did not interweave his conversation with fine compliments, even though my beautiful lady, from sheer force of habit, perhaps, gave him ample opportunity, by showering down upon him the most bewildering glances, while she talked in the most engaging manner of her "prejudice." No, he talked in the same manly, honest manner that he was accustomed to with Aleck; and finally they chanced upon a new topic, the navy. Charley had once been in the navy, and resigned. He became profoundly interested in his subject, for he knew many interesting incidents connected with his time. He related one. It was a touching story of a young officer who fell sick while on the very point of promotion, and thus lingered for months, with the final misfortune of rising from his bed a cripple for life. The narrator told of the devo-

tion of his wife, who gained the admiration of the whole corps by her never-failing cheerfulness and care. There were tears in his listener's eyes, when he concluded, and indeed Charley's eyes were not without a suspicious moisture, and he said after a pause, in his candid way, and with a half laugh :

"I don't know what made me tell that story to you, Miss Shelton. It is a dismal tale to entertain a lady with."

"Young ladies get tired of fairy tales. Something honest and real is quite a relief, and your story is really pretty, Mr. Craige," answered the lady, shading her brow with her hand.

From this, they glided into a conversation, wherein Miss Madeline Shelton, the gay belle, the merciless coquette who slew hearts with no compunction, sustained herself in a clear, intellectual manner, which astonished her guest. The Rubicon was crossed, there was to be no flirtation between Madeline Shelton and Charles Winthrop Craige. He knew this when she shook hands with him at parting, with just such a candid smile as she gave her brother, and a standing invitation to call when he pleased.

You may be sure that he did not disregard the invitation, and the result was, that he became the young lady's most intimate male friend—understand, not a lover, but a friend, such as a brother might have been. The present position of the parties was as inexorable as the law of consanguinity. If sometimes when the beautiful syren welcomed him with one of those candid smiles, or sitting beside him read to him a new poem, or some fine philosophy, if sometimes, I say, he had felt an impulse seize him to place himself upon different footing, to grasp her hand, to look deep into those lustrous eyes, this inexorable law bound him. He could not violate it—it seemed inharmoniously absurd to do so—and so it went on, until Charley Craige was "fathoms deep" in love. He thought to himself, "I am paying dearly for following Aleck's advice; but for this calm cloak I might have taken a lover's chance. I will take it now, coward that I am to dally with fate," and the very evening this resolution took possession of his mind, he went into her presence to take a lover's chance. She was alone, and reading a letter; her guest noticed the foreign postmark, and a sudden shiver checked his ardor. Her manner was gentler than he had ever seen it, when after its perusal, she came and sat down beside him.

"What is the matter with thee, friend Charley?" she said, in her sweetest accents. "Are you sick? let me feel your pulse;" and he felt those warm fingers' magical touch span his

wrist. He put his own over them, and held them there, saying in his old blunt way :

"I'm in love, Madeline (he never called her Trix, like the rest), I'm in love."

She elevated her eyebrows.

"What, you in love, you calm, gentlemanly fellow? Who with?"

"You. I want to marry Miss Madeline Shelton."

"Why Charley, I thought we were the best friends in the world," and she never blushed or looked in the least embarrassed.

"And so we cannot be friends and lovers both?" he questioned sadly, yet with a smile to meet her mood. "Madeline," he went on, "this is no light assertion, I love you so deeply that I cannot stop to 'trim my phrases;' but you know something of my nature, you know I am capable of strong emotions. Speak my fate, I am faint with waiting."

"My friend, I shall always call you so," and Madeline's voice was husky and tremulous, "I am going to bestow upon you what I never have bestowed upon mortal man or woman, 'my confidence. It is the highest gift I have it in my power to bestow. Before you came I met the man who holds my heart. He has never asked me for it—he has given me no more than many others have done, admiration, devotion, as society goes—and though I have seen him placed in conversation, where any man must have seen his advantage, and most would have accepted it as an omen, and spoken; yet he never spoke. This man however, I love. I have a feeling that I belong to him, and he to me. Some day he will discover it. It is Gaylord Mackensie. There, you have my secret, the confession of a proud woman," and a few hot tears fell from her eyes upon his hand. Much touched, he said :

"You need not have done violence to your feelings, to have soothed my wound, Madeline; but I think you have been laboring under a strange error;" and he told her what he knew from Aleck about the matter. She smiled, saying:

"I know what Aleck thinks, and Aleck is right, and so are you, in one particular. Gay Mackensie had great admiration for Madeline Shelton. I awoke in his breast a passion, ardent enough for its kind, but not the kind I want from him. I will tell you more, best of friends. He would not confess this passion because he was not rich; and he thought it folly to ask this gay coquette to live on less than half a million. Does he love me as I am, think you—does he recognize me yet?"

"In your present circumstances, how will he ever, then?" Charley inquired.

"He wont, unless I do some strange romantic thing to unseal his eyes," she replied, laughing. There was a light in her glance as she uttered this, a deepening flush which tinged her temples. Charley observed it. He took her hand.

"Madeline, you are even now planning this strange romantic thing."

She stood up, smiling still.

"Bid me good-by, friend Charley, for before another day closes I shall be on my destination to Paris."

"This is sudden?"

"No. The trip was planned last winter."

"Who goes with you?"

"My Uncle Lowell, and my girl, Camille. You know we have been several times together."

"Your Uncle Lowell is young, is he not?"

"Not quite thirty, and he goes this time for the study of medicine; so we are to be very quiet, and shall take lodgings in some secluded quarter. I go for *health*," and with this Miss Madeline dropped him a graceful courtesy, and sailed out of the room.

One day Gaylord Mackensie was startled to receive, instead of the usual letter with its New York postmark, a little long narrow missive, only dating from Paris where he was then resident on diplomatic business, with the following contents:

"DEAR FRIEND:—Will you come and see Madeline Shelton, at No. 5, Rue St. Cecille."

In ten minutes Gay was shouting to the little *lady driver*, at every delay as he drove through the streets, and wondering with a brain of fire, and a heart beating furiously, what brought Madeline Shelton to Paris, and above all, to such unfashionable quarters as the Rue St. Cecille. She answered this when he took both her hands and ejaculated—"God bless you, Madeline, what a surprise this is. How came you here?"

Madeline was very pale, when she said: "I came for my health. The reason for these unfashionable quarters;" and she glanced around the little room with its cold, clean and comfortless appearance; "the reason may be put under that general head, circumstances. Ask me no more, Gay."

A glow was on his cheek, a light within his eye, which did not need words to explain, it said plainly, "Fate is bringing us together."

Day after day for a month, the honest dames who inhabited the simple dwellings in that cool country like suburb by the river St. Cecille, day after day I say, these dames speculated and wove all manner of pretty romances about the beautiful American and her visitor. Madeline had never been so happy. Life seemed like a broad,

calm sea to her now. She thought of that fine story of Dr. Antonio, as she found herself the centre of the tenderest care both from Gay and Camille, which latter was old enough to make a very respectable *duenna*.

One soft, starry evening, as she sat by the window with Gay, she told him how much he seemed to her like Dr. Antonio. His eyes filled with tears, his hands trembled as he took hers and said:

"And you, sweetest Madeline, have been to me this past month, the dearest Lady Lucy. O, my Madeline, thou knowest I have loved thee from the time we first met, yet I dared not speak my passion then, for I feared the lot that I could offer thee would seem a poor exchange to your daily life. I have not much more now, dearest girl; but *circumstances* have changed us both—we have been unspeakably happy here, far from luxury and fashion, and I have thought we might be happy through life together thus. Can it be so, Madeline?"

Madeline was a strange girl, perhaps, and unlike most heroines who are overcome with confusion at such crises. In the starry evening she leaned forward and laid her two fair arms around his neck and kissed him.

"You have never understood me fully—you do not now," she said. "You thought I put love last, whereas I have always put it first. If you had asked me this question before you went away and left me, the answer would have been the same as now."

"Madeline, my princess, is this so?"

"As true as Madeline—listen, I knew you loved me, I knew by your letters that you were wearing life out in this self-imposed absence—I loved you also—we belonged to each other; but with the light of wealth around me, you would never see the light of Madeline's heart. Suddenly my mind was made up. My Uncle Lowell was coming to Paris, and reminded me of a promise I gave to accompany him. I had forgotten the promise; but I was not well; and decided to come on the plea of ill health. I knew the good dame who occupies the house we are in—it is Camille's sister—and so I told Uncle Lowell and the rest that I *must* come straight here, to have quiet, and pure air before I went into society. Those are the *circumstances*, Gay," and she laughed a happy laugh as she rested on his bosom. He understood the whole—it was so great and tender he felt a certain shame that he could ever have thought her less.

"You see, Gay," she went on, "I am not a whit poorer, and not a whit better than before—can you trust me?"

"Forever! you are the noblest woman in the world, Madeline, you are beyond me—your life is so much finer than mine, that I can only hope to assimilate in a measure, by your daily presence."

"A lover's words," she murmured.

"But true as Madeline," he answered.

Gay was right. Madeline had done a noble thing in thus following out honestly the simple dictates of her own heart. It was a strange act, perhaps, and many might call it unwomanly; but Madeline was a queen among women, she did strange things naturally, not from forethought. Her actions were the result of a true soul; though she was misunderstood by all the world but Gaylord Mackensie and Charles Craige.

I would not however advise any young lady to do singular things because Madeline did them so finely. I would advise them though, to act simply and naturally in all matters.

The next steamer took home Gaylord Mackensie and his future wife. Two months after, a quiet wedding came off, where Madeline was bride, and Aleck chief groomsman, and the happiest fellow in the world. One kind face Madeline missed—that of Charley Craige, who had accepted Gay's resigned appointment, and gone to Paris, where he told Madeline half smiling, half sadly, that he should wait like Gay until his angel came for him.

Dick Windsor and the rest of Madeline's adorers still kept singeing their wings at beauty's shrine, until their "Lady Lucy" came, to whom they gave as undivided hearts as all young men do who fancy that the first pair of bright eyes they meet has thrall'd them forever.

"And now my story's done," as the nursery song goes. Where's the moral?

"Go look in my glass, and say,  
What moral is in being fair?"

And let me turn the rhyme and say:

O reader, read my story through,  
And find what moral suiteth you.  
My moral is—the being true.

#### CHARITY.

Upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, thousands of Huguenots fled to England and settled in Canterbury. The king having granted briefs to collect alms for their relief, Dr. Tillotson (afterwards archbishop) was peculiarly active in promoting their success. Dr. Beveridge, one of the Prebendaries of Canterbury, refused to read the briefs, as being contrary to the Rubric; he was silenced by Dr. Tillotson with this energetic reply: "Doctor, doctor, charity is above Rubrics."—*Historical Annals*.

#### THE SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

When pleasures pall and hopes decay,  
In the "black vesper" of our day,  
And, like a pageant, passed away,  
The world appears;  
Still, fresh, and beautiful, and green,  
(Though time and distance intervene)  
To fancy, seems each vanished scene  
Of earlier years.

But visited, alas, how changed!  
What playmates dead—what hearts estranged!  
The sick soul, like a mind deranged,  
Strange visions cross  
Of something we no more can find;  
A mighty vague in heart and mind,—  
A ceaseless sense of undefined,  
Retrievalless loss!

So the torn deer returned to slake  
His death-thirst in the mountain lake,  
Which saw him on that morn awake,  
The hunter scorning;  
No more sees headlong hills appear;  
No more a sky-blue mirror clear;  
Nor deems 'tis his own blood and tear  
Which dims the beauteous hemisphere  
He saw that morning!

Turn no more, wanderer—turn no more  
For comfort to thy native shore—  
How loved, how lovely all before,  
At set of day  
Dream of returning—roll thine eye  
To its imagined spot of sky:  
Cherish its pleasant memory;  
Live on that dreamed return—but die,  
Die far away!

#### THE HUSBAND OF A BLUE.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

"AND so Mark Winship has married Valeria de Lisle," said Mr. Harris to his friend, Mrs. Conant, on the morning after the wedding. "And how do you think they will get along? You are a judge of persons and things, and do you suppose that anything like comfort or happiness can ever come to the husband of a blue, like Valeria de Lisle?"

Mrs. Conant looked thoughtful and discomposed. "Why not, my friend?" she asked. "Why is it that you men can never conceive of anything like neatness and order in connection with literary pursuits? Is it not possible to unite two occupations or two tastes without detriment to either?"

"Perhaps so. I do not say that sometimes there may not be exceptions to the general rule; but that it will not be so in Valeria's case, I think is morally certain. I have known her from a

child, and I believe that Winship's life will be rendered miserable by her thriftless, untidy, careless ways."

And so indeed it proved. Valeria had no experience in domestic affairs. Her mother, proud of her daughter's talents, exempted her from all share of household duties, and cheerfully mended her clothes, arranged her chamber, and performed for her all the services which ought to have been reversed. And Valeria, like many others, accepted the sacrifices which seemed made with so much cheerfulness, and pursued her tastes without let or hindrance.

Of a highly poetical nature, and undisturbed by any scruples of duty, she went on dreaming, until she met Mark Winship at the house of a mutual friend. He was struck with her pensive beauty, and offered himself at their third interview. Not at all literary himself, he had yet entertained a great respect for talent in others, and the thought of a literary wife did not frighten him as it does some men, for he could appreciate talent in another.

His own life had been spent wholly in commercial pursuits, and he possessed a fortune which, though moderate, was still enough to exempt his wife from hardship or hard labor; and he trusted in Valeria's apparent affection for himself, to make home pleasant and comfortable.

Mark had been brought up by an aunt who was particular and systematic in her ways, and had trained her nephew into the same. He had a horror for confusion and disorder in a house, and still more of untidy and slatternly women. His aunt had always been before him in her simple elegance of dress, unstained and uncrumpled, and had always been an object of intense admiration to him.

Then again—for men *do* see such things and appreciate them, too, however unromantic they may be—his food had always been cooked most perfectly, and his clothes taken care of to the last thread, or the last degree of polish, and arranged in his room with the utmost nicety and precision. And he had not dreamed until after his marriage, that any one of taste could so belie taste, as to appear in a soiled dress, or with slipshod feet.

Still Mark loved his wife very dearly; and while her intellectual attainments more than satisfied him, he would not, perhaps, have been very severe upon her carelessness in dress, had not an unfortunate visit from Aunt Catharine shown him too forcibly the contrast between the two.

It is not certain that Aunt Catherine did not purposely time her visit without giving warning of her approach, in order to examine into the habits of her new niece. She made her appearance

from the cars, one day, a short time before the dinner hour, and found Valeria in a crumpled morning dress, her hair uncombed, and her shoes unmistakably down at heel, busy with her pen, and surrounded by books, manuscripts and loose papers.

A beautiful embroidered table-cover, one of Aunt Catherine's own gifts, was spotted all over with ink, and the delicate carpet showed a large splash of the same hue.

Mark came in to dinner, before Valeria had begun to change her dress; and he tried hard to think that his wife in her dishabille was a more attractive feature in the room than his aunt in her prim, spotless brown silk and clean, unwrinkled collar and cuffs; but even Valeria's beauty could not fix him to that point, and as he had no time to spare, they went down to the table, with only a slight smoothing of her luxuriant hair.

It was as truly fretting and annoying to Mrs. Winship, to see Aunt Catherine sitting so intently sewing, with that unruffled smoothness about her, as it was to the spinster to mark the disorder of the really pretty and well-furnished sitting-room. She had sense enough to see how far she was behind her visitor in matters that affect the comfort of a household; and she magnanimously resolved to take a leaf from Aunt Catherine's book, if possible, to help her along in her irksome domestic duties.

"Come up stairs with me, Miss Stanton," she said to her guest, one morning, when a more than usual languor had prevailed over both. "I want you to help me arrange my room, as you know Mark likes to have it. I know I am not a good housekeeper," she added, timidly, "but I am willing to learn, and anxious to do what my husband prefers."

Aunt Catherine's countenance brightened. She had taken a peep into the said room that very morning, and its slatternly appearance had disgusted her so thoroughly that it had made her really unhappy about poor Mark's comfort. She accepted Valeria's invitation as a good omen, and cheerfully folded up his sewing, removing every trace of her work into the little basket that held her materials.

"You must not call me Miss Stanton, but Aunt Catherine. I am Mark's aunt, and I must be yours too. Make me your friend—your mother, and I will do all that a mother can do for you both."

Thus they walked up the broad stairway to the chamber so full of disorder, where the open trunks and drawers, the chairs covered with clothing, and the untidy appearance of the whole room, brought a blush even to Valeria's cheek.

From out the mass of incongruous materials that lay scattered around, Miss Stanton selected those that could be pressed into shape, and arranged the drawers, the ample closet and the trunks, and once more placed the room in perfect order.

"Now, let this be kept just so every day, my dear, and you will feel happier, and so will Mark. Make it a rule never to read or write until your room is fit for inspection."

"I am afraid to promise," said Valeria; and well she might be, for only the very next morning, Miss Stanton softly entered the room, and found her niece lying across the unmade bed, with a book in her hand, over which she had fallen asleep. The clothes she had worn the day before, lay in a ring upon the carpet; a pair of silk hose were twisted about the bed-post; shoes, belts, collars and jewelry lay together upon the handsome bureau; and, most discouraging of all, the nicely packed trunks were open again, and the contents tumbled into heaps. While Valeria slept, her aunt softly re-arranged all except the bed, and then went down to the silent drawing-room alone. Hour succeeded hour, and still Valeria slept, and when Mark came in, he roused her from her slumber, and almost angry for the first time, at her leaving her guest so long.

But Aunt Catherine was busy over a basket of long unmended clothing, and had taken no note of time. This day the dinner was delayed and half spoilt, because Mark would not allow his wife to go down in her wrinkled dress. She made her appearance in a beautiful brown silk that her husband had chosen for her, and in which she looked especially handsome.

As she entered the drawing-room, previous to going to dinner, Mark exclaimed, "Why, Valeria, what have you done to your dress?"

She looked down in actual dismay. A large ink spot defaced the front breadth, with occasional spatters upon the sides.

Aunt Catherine really pitied her, she looked so intensely mortified; and strove to comfort her by saying that the breadths could be easily replaced. It spoiled Valeria's dinner, although she covered the offending part with the prettiest little apron, Aunt Catherine's wedding gift also.

"I want you and Aunt Catherine to go to the opera with me, this evening, Valeria," said Mark, one morning. "I am anxious that she should hear some music, better than she has been accustomed to."

"I would like to go," she answered, "but I have engaged to read a book which has just come out, and give my opinion of it before to-morrow at ten o'clock."

Mark bit his lip. He was mortified that she should have so little regard for his wishes, or for his aunt's pleasure, as to keep a merely nominal engagement; for he had heard the request to read the book, and had heard also when her friend told her not to read the book unless she had sufficient time. Valeria saw it, but she had not sufficient tact to change her plan of action, and the evening passed off cold and constrained. She sat up far into the night to finish the book, and was writing a rapid approval, without heart or interest, through the entire morning.

Coming from her pen, it was recognized as being in her own peculiar style, and as such, she was besieged by scores of her literary friends, who spent the hours with her, which should have been devoted to her husband.

Aunt Catherine saw that a scrow was loose in the domestic economy, but she could not as yet see the way in which it was to be fastened. She dared not approach so delicate a point, as a matter between husband and wife; but she unconsciously began to pity Mark, and to fancy that she saw great trouble ahead for him. She was wise enough, however, to keep her own counsel, and to be satisfied with making things as smooth as possible during her stay.

With the fullest intention in the world, of making a good wife and performing the duties of one, Valeria continued to fail in the fulfilment. Every night, after some unmistakable hint on the part of Aunt Catherine, she would promise to herself that neither book nor writing should interfere with those duties another day—and every morning she broke that promise in her devotion to the things she intended to abjure. It was growing worse and worse, too—for a literary coterie was forming, of which Valeria was expected to be the centre, as she was the brightest ornament; and the passion for fame, the strong and overmastering desire for the world's applause, was fast overcoming her love for her husband.

She became so absorbed in the new literary circle, notwithstanding her intention to become a better housekeeper, that her mornings were all spent with various members of the circle, who assembled in her drawing-room, from which Aunt Catherine now voluntarily absented herself.

Had Valeria troubled herself to ascertain the good woman's employments in another part of the house, she would have found that she generously occupied those hours in covering from her nephew's eyes the deficiencies which she mourned over in his household.

It was not that Mark did not admire and indeed glory in his wife's talents. He listened with undisguised pleasure to her conversations with

## THE HUSBAND OF A BLUE.

those who he knew appreciated them; but he could not bear that his friends—men who had pattern wives, and whose homes were the abodes of elegance and neatness, should sneer at the literary lady's bad housekeeping.

He one day met an old friend from a neighboring city; one who had often heard Mark boast of the attractions of Valeria deLisle, before he married her; and who, having a most charming little wife at home, a perfect housewife, but quite inferior to Valeria in other respects, would naturally notice any falling off on the part of his friend's wife.

Valeria had given audience to a larger number than usual that morning. They staid long, and left her exhausted, and with a bad headache. She had intended changing her dress for dinner, but had thrown herself down, when her friends left her, for a few moments' slumber. It had unfortunately extended to an hour or two, when Mark returned, and bringing with him his friend, Mr. Dacres, he took him to the parlor, where lay his sleeping wife upon a couch. Her hair was dishevelled, her dress disorderly, and her feet were escaping from the loose slippers which she wore. Mark's heart sank within him, but Mr. Dacres had already caught a glimpse of the sleeping beauty, and her husband had nothing to do but to rouse her from her sleep and introduce her to his friend. Valeria felt that Mark was mortified, and she excused herself, and made her escape quickly. Mark followed, and besought her to dress herself well and speedily.

"Harris was right," said Dacres to himself, "and Winship will pay for his month of honey with a life of vinegar—for how could any man help being soured by such a wife?" and Dacres chuckled at the thought of his own neat little wife, and all her nice surroundings, although he knew that she was painfully deficient in mental culture.

How Valeria came to the table, in a splendid dress, only fit for a large party, was matter of laughter between Dacres and his wife for many days afterwards; while poor Mark was quite as much mortified at her second appearance before his guest, as at her first.

Poor Valeria! she was conscious that something was wrong, but she did not know what it could be; and the dinner hour passed unsocially and uncomfortably to all. Good, practical Aunt Catherine sighed and inwardly fretted, and Mark resolved secretly not to invite company again.

But uninvited, Mr. Harris came, and as it stormed violently, Mark and Valeria both insisted that he should stay all night. She was so genuine and sincere, that Mr. Harris could not help

blaming himself for the hasty expression which had fallen from him respecting the marriage. He began to have a better opinion of her, and wished much to see Mrs. Conant, that he might do Valeria more justice than he had ever before accorded her.

"Our friend, Mrs. Conant, is a most wonderful woman," he remarked, to Valeria.

"In what respect?" she asked, smiling.

"Because she is the only literary woman whom I know, who is a thorough housewife."

Valeria winced a little at this, but said cheerfully, "I do not intend she shall long be the only one. I hope sometime to hear you say the same of me."

"Indeed, my dear young lady, I have done you injustice, in not feeling that you would even try to be so."

"I would like much to borrow a leaf from your friend's book, Mr. Harris."

"You shall do so. Say but the word, and you shall have the advice and counsel of one whom I prize above all other women." Mr. Harris was a bachelor—Mrs. Conant a handsome and wealthy widow, with her time at her own disposal. An invitation for his friend was begged and given, and a few days after Aunt Catherine's stay was ended, Mrs. Conant filled her place.

To her—feeling that she sympathized in her beloved pursuits—Valeria unfolded all her trials. Through her exertions, the order which Miss Stanton's purely domestic habits had utterly failed of bringing about, was in a fair way of being accomplished. The household was set to rights, a certain amount of time given each morning to securing its regulation, and not a book, magazine or newspaper was allowed to be taken up until all was arranged for the day, and the mistress of the house arrayed in suitable garb.

Mrs. Conant lent every energy to bring about this desirable result. She had loved Mark Winship when he was a child, and was disposed to love his wife also, while she admired her talents and commended her literary industry when it did not interfere with the comfort of her household. Indeed, she became so attached to her, that she carried her home with her for a month's stay, with Mark's cheerful consent. He had already seen Mrs. Conant's influence upon his wife, and he hoped that she would learn many lessons from one who seemed a combination of Valeria and Aunt Catherine, possessing as she did the peculiar qualities of each.

Sometimes disheartened and discouraged, Valeria would exclaim at her own indolence; but her patient teacher was always ready to excuse and encourage.



A few hints which Mrs. Conant had given to Mark before she left him, had induced him to make some improvements in his house; and when Valeria returned home, she was inexpressibly gratified at finding a hitherto useless room converted into a large and elegant library, where every convenience for indulging her favorite pursuits was gathered together, and a respectable arrangement of the best books. Green walls, curtains of the same hue, and a desk of peculiar manufacture for Valeria's use, called forth expressions of surprise and delight from the happy wife, who strong in her new-born resolution, declared that she would never enter this sanctuary, on any succeeding day, until her house, her person, and all things affecting the peace and comfort of her family had been duly taken care of. The mysterious oblong packages which so often find their way into the house are magnanimously laid aside without even a peep at their contents, until the desired time comes in which to inspect them; and there is now little danger that Valeria will go back to her old habits, for there is already a new book for her to study, in the shape of a child-angel, whose soft caresses and winning ways are the most delightful pages on which she has ever pondered.

Over these precious leaves, so full of fresh, glad promise, she loves to linger with all a mother's ardent love. The love of study has not been able to spoil the joys, hopes or cares of maternity. These spring up as spontaneously and as purely in her heart, as in the hearts of women who never reviewed a book or wrote a poem in their lives.

Now indeed, is Mark Winship proud of his wife—proud of the fame which she has been unconsciously attaining—proud of her social and domestic duties so faithfully performed—proud of the strength which she has gathered in mastering the habits of her youth; and most of all, proud and joyful when he returns home and finds her sitting with her infant in her arms, both most exquisitely attired, and both seemingly as happy as mother and child can ever be this side of the "crystal bars that shine faint between the souls of child and mother."

#### To Lovers of Flowers.

A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens in winter may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches are taken from healthy and luxuriant trees just before the winter sets in, cut as for slips, and immersed in soap and water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in flower-baskets, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily procured for a whole season. They require no fresh water.

#### TO MY ABSENT FRIEND.

BY VELONA LESLIE.

Would thou wert with me, my own faithful hearted!  
Would thou wert seated beside me to-night;  
Many long months have elapsed since we parted,  
Months, with their moments of sadness and light.

When thou wert here in the hours of thy childhood,  
When thou wert roaming life's pathway with me;  
Freely as birds chant their songs in the wildwood,  
Gave I my heart's young affections to thee.

There was around thee a sweet fascination;  
Youthful temptations thy soul hath withstood;  
Thou, dearest one, art the impersonation  
Of all that is noble, and manly, and good.

#### THE ASSASSIN OF KLAVA.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

FRESH converts are ever the most zealous, and this truth was exemplified in the interior of the Russian empire when the doctrines of the Greek Catholic church were first introduced among the semi-barbarous inhabitants of those benighted regions; the people looking upon the priests as messengers from Heaven, and obeying them almost as punctiliously as if the Deity himself commanded them.

In the little town of Klava, this superstitious reverence was carried to extremes, and it was for a long time common for the people to repair to the neat but humble cottage of Klander, the priest, at sunrise and at sunset, and kneel and worship by hundreds, before the rudely fashioned and gigantic crucifix fixed in the greensward before his door.

Klander was past fifty years of age and had a commanding and benevolent aspect, though the deep lines in his face showed that either sorrow or care had gathered great harvests in his soul. His goodness of character, his mild injunctions, his simple life, and his solicitude for their welfare, endeared him to the rude peasantry, and they revered the very ground upon which he walked.

One morning, as he threw open his window, he noticed an unusual commotion among the villagers, who, instead of devoutly kneeling where they were wont, were hurrying, with wild gestures and words of alarm, towards the edge of the forest, which reared its dark outlines at the distance of half a mile, over the undulating plain.

"What has happened?" was the question of one villager to another.

"Haste and see!" was the reply. "An old man, a stranger has been murdered in our midst.

An ill omen for us all. For has not Klanderî told us that the saints have said that the day when a murder should be committed in Klava, would bring a curse upon us all—and doubly great if the slain should be a stranger?"

"Woe for us, then!" cried the hearers. "Some one of us has done the deed of Cain to his brother, and moreover violated the sacred law of hospitality. What will Klanderî say? Sorely will it grieve the heart of that good and holy man."

With lamentations like these they repaired to the spot, at the skirt of the forest, where the murdered stranger lay in a pool of his own blood. His ghastly face was turned towards heaven, and his eyes, wide open, were glistening in the red light of the early sun. His livid lips were slightly parted, and between them, as also in his clenched hands, remained tufts of grass which he had evidently torn up and bitten in the agonies of death. He was a gray-haired man. A staff lay by his side, and his habiliments, much worn and dusty, seemed to indicate that he had travelled from afar.

"A poor wayfarer, gray with years, and murdered for what trifle of money he might have possessed!" was the generous thought of the compassionate throng who stood around the body.

"No good will come of this to us! but who, who is the assassin?" was the next inquiry, in an indignant tone, which boded no good to the offender, if caught; for the prediction of Klanderî was remembered with consternation now, and the impending calamity made the murder of the stranger a circumstance of personal interest to all.

"We will seek him out, and slay him at once, whoever he may be!" was the savage resolve of the majority, their semi-barbarous passions being aroused at the thought of the unknown trouble which the vengeance of Heaven was to inflict upon them. "Alas! that we should have had a man so bad among us, as thus to excite the wrath of the Almighty, and we not to have known it in time."

Men, women and children now set up a series of howls which echoed far around, and startled the wild birds from their nests; and, soaring in circles above their heads, they screamed to view the fanatical peasants brandishing sticks and stones, with furious gesticulations, though yet uncertain what to do, or where to look for a victim to appease the Divine wrath as well as they could.

Suddenly some one cried out:

"Pesky, the idiot!"

"Where, and what of him?" asked the others, eagerly.

"Did we not see him yesterday, walking with the stranger?"

"Yes, yes!" cried several.

"And is he not a thief as well as a fool? What more likely than that *he* killed the old man?"

"Most true! Let us seek him. The fool shall die!"

Acting upon this blind and savage conclusion, with wild hootings the fierce crowd ran into the forest, where stood a sort of hut, which had been fashioned by the hands of Pesky himself, of branches torn by the storms from the trees, and placed across a deep opening in a rock. It was a gloomy den for the dwelling of a human being, but the idiot's cunning had made it impervious to the weather, and to him it was a palace.

Though his unpleasant tricks and grimaces, petty thefts and sometimes ferocious temper made him an aversion to the people of Klava, he obtained sufficient trifling employments from them to gain him apparel and subsistence, and his little delinquencies were generally overlooked; but now, the uncommon atrocity of murder had been perpetrated, and the peasants sought him, with no merciful spirit.

"This is the den of the dog!" they shouted, surrounding it. "Enter, some, and seize him."

Several entered the place, dimly illumined by a fir torch, but it appeared to be empty and they issued forth disappointed, when the sudden barking of a dog was heard within, and the low voice of a man, bidding him down and be quiet.

"He is there—that is his voice!" Re-entering instantly they found the object of their search, nestled high up in a fissure of the rock, and half-covered with dead leaves—the head of his dog, with glittering eyes, peering out by his side.

"Mercy, mercy! I didn't kill him!" exclaimed the terrified Pesky, coming down at their bidding and passively submitting to their rough clutch as they bore him forth from his sylvan hiding-place.

"Wretch!" exclaimed his captors, with a torrent of imprecations, as they dragged the shrinking wretch to the spot where the corpse of the old man still lay; "how else did you know that he had been slain? Answer quickly, for your own time on earth is short!"

"I saw him dead before the moon waned," said Pesky, his trembling, emaciated frame and cadaverous countenance looking the very picture of guilty horror. "Then I ran to the woods for fear."

"For fear of what, villain?" said his captors, now loathing his uncouth appearance more than ever, and shaking him rudely, while he stared appalled at the body before him, and his faithful

dog looked piteously up and whined in sympathy.

"For fear—for fear that—you would kill me, too."

"Had you been innocent, fool, you would have felt no fear. You know—confess it! that you killed him to rob him."

"O, no, no!" faltered Pesky. "I know I have thieved before; but little things, only little things; and only from children or women creatures; and not much, not much! But I never stole from a man."

"If you didn't, it was because you had sense enough to know that a man would knock your brains out, if you had any—miserable! And now what have you done? Look! murdered the helpless old man."

The speaker seized the wrist of the idiot and pointed the hand towards the body.

"What's this!" he suddenly asked, noticing upon the extended hand of Pesky, a silver ring, ornamented with a cross. "Where did you get that, thief!"

"He gave it to me. It's mine, it's mine! He gave it to me, don't take it!" screamed Pesky, struggling ineffectually to retain the ring which was taken from his finger. "He gave it to me for some crusts of bread and told me to worship it—and I did, it is so pretty."

"Liar!" shouted the exasperated mob, at this evidence of guilt and hypocrisy. "You have not wit enough to conceal your crime. This proves you to be guilty. A rope—a rope! Let's drag him to be shrived and then we'll stone him to death."

A rope was brought and noosed about his neck while he plead for life, upon his knees, the big tears coursing down his haggard face, and his gaunt dog, true to him in his dire emergency, licking them affectionately off.

"O, let me have life, it isn't much, but let me have it. It will do no hurt to you."

"It *has* done, already, miscreant!"

"But I didn't kill him. And if I did, he is gone, now, and killing me will not bring him back. And then he was an old man, and not much life in him. He would have died soon. O, let me live. If not for me, for my poor dog, Dosky. Who will take care of Dosky when I am dead? No one to give him a bone!"

And yearning towards his dog, which was the only thing on earth that loved him, Pesky, though the rope was round his own neck, clung to that of his dog, and fondly bowed his head upon him.

"He will want no more bones! He shall worry our sheep and cattle no more. You shall die together!" was the harsh retort; "for have you not, worthless, brought the curse upon us?

Thou more fiend than fool! The saints will make us pay the penalty of your sin."

But with what eloquence his shattered brain was master of, the idiot, with clasped hands, still implored for life.

"But it is bright to live, O, let me! Pleasant to walk in the forest, and sleep by the streams, and feed the birds with berries. Let me, let me! I will never come from the woods again to plague you. You shall never see me more. Give me the beautiful ring now, and let me go—and my dog, Dosky. We will hide far, far among the woods, and never fear the wolves; and live on the things that grow in the ground; and be happy with the sun and the clouds and the trees—mercy, mercy!"

He had started to his feet, while he invoked their clemency, and had so moved them by his fervor that for a few moments they let go the rope by which they held him; and with the last words he suddenly bounded from their midst, under the impulse of a momentary hope to escape, and Dosky gave a joyful bark—but he was immediately re-captured, and as he felt the rope once more tightly pulled, he fell fainting with despair, by the side of the murdered man.

"Pity he should die without 'being' shrived, even though he is a witless!" said some. "Let us away to the priest's. To Klander's we will bear them!"

So saying, they formed rude litters of branches, and the corpse and the idiot were carried away and laid down in front of the cottage of Klander.

"You are the just man! save me!" was the piercing cry of the prisoner, as darting from the litter, the halter still about his bony neck, he fell at the feet of the advancing form of the priest.

"What is it you would do with him, my children?" inquired Klander, looking compassionately upon the wretch who clung to his garments and was kissing his feet.

"We would have you shrive him, holy father, and then stone him to death for the murder of this stranger," was the reverential reply, and the people pointed to the corpse.

"The man is innocent, set him free," said Klander, to the astonishment of all, stooping and raising the idiot from the ground and casting off the rope.

Pesky opened his eyes with a wild stare of amazement. Life had been given to him. He looked at Klander for a moment, as if he was a god, and then, with a cry of "The just man! The just man!" he rushed towards the forest with the speed of light, followed by his dog.

It was now that the throng for the first time remarked an unusual pallor on the features of

their revered instructor; and wondering at what they had seen and heard, they were confident that some strange revelation was about to be made, and listened breathlessly.

"My children," said Klanderi, in an agitated voice, "I have told you, long ere this, that were a murder committed in Klava, *by one of you*, the saints would avenge it upon you, and happily for your peace, I have just prevented the commission of such a crime. See to it, in the future, that your hands be kept stainless, when the lips of Klanderi can speak no more. But a man has been slain among you, though you did it not, and your just hearts revolt at the bloody mystery. Be not appalled, O my children, whom I have so loved to teach the way to virtue and eternal life, when I tell you that the hands I now raise for the last time in benediction over you, were reddened this morning with murder! This man was my brother, and I slew him!"

A murmur of astonishment and horror was heard throughout the crowd, and Klanderi, now standing close to the body of the dead, continued:

"Listen, people of Klava! who have deemed me incapable of sin, and then do with me as you will. The gory clay before you was my brother, Asaldof. Birth, fortune and superiority to me in years were his, and under the favor of the Czar he was made a judge, and deemed an ornament of the magistracy. We were children of the same mother, by different husbands, else, though nature commits wild freaks in forming her characters in a family, we could never have been so widely different in our dispositions. He was harsh, cruel and unbending,—and worse than that. I was married. A beauteous wife as ever put the rose and the lily to shame by her cheeks, or the sunny heaven by the glory of her eyes, was mine. We parted for a time, I on a distant journey. Nearly a year elapsed. With rapture I hailed the hour when I could return, and the return was swift—but what did I find? My house empty and desolate! The grave of my wife! And the story of her death was coupled with a narrative of wrong suffered at his foul hands, which made my blood curdle in my heart. He had brought her to shame, perforce, and then ordered her to banishment, to escape the daily rebuke of her heart-broken aspect, as she traversed the town, a maniac. She had died on our threshold, while in the act of departing, and the popular fury had compelled him to flight. Upon her grave I knelt and registered an oath in heaven, that no more love, no lapse of time, sickness nor cares, nor his most abject penitence, should interpose a barrier between my avenging

steel and his polluted heart, whenever I should find him. With this mental reservation, I took holy orders. In time I came here, weary of looking for—shall I call him so—my brother! Yesterday I saw him in Klava! He was parleying with the idiot, and spoke devoutly to him and handed him a cross. He knew me not, but I knew him, through the disguise which twenty years of anguish seemed to have ploughed in his features—now cold in death before me. I knew the destroyer, and 'Not now, not now!' I said, as I felt my hand creeping towards my weapon. He walked to the fool's hut, reposed there, came forth while the moon was up, and stepped upon the sward alone. The bright sphere smiled on the offered sacrifice. While yet he turned his haggard face to hers, I smote him to the heart, and in his expiring throes announced the vengeance of his brother.

"'Thanks!' said he, faintly, 'for now my spirit may rest in peace.'

"'And so shall hers, henceforth,' cried I, 'though avenged by the knife of a fratricide.'

"With staring eyes, he died, as though she were there in that parting hour to fill his soul with horror. Enough! I have confessed. What say ye to the deed?"

His expectation to be seized was disappointed. None advanced. Sorrow and surprise were on all faces, and all eyes were downcast.

"Adieu forever!" said Klanderi, waving his hand sadly, and departing slowly for the forest, in whose mazes his form was soon lost.

The corpse was borne away and the throng separated, wondering and grieving.

Klanderi was seen no more in life. The idiot, Pesky, however, was for several days afterwards observed loitering in the village, and it was believed that he bore food to the absent priest in some secret place—but none sought him out.

One morning, however, at sunrise, a strange group were seen beside the crucifix, which still stood before the late abode of Klanderi.

The priest was found kneeling there, his arms enclasping and his dead cold lips kissing it, while on either side of him were Pesky, mourning bitterly for his preserver, and his half-starved dog.

"The just man died of cold!" muttered the idiot, in tones of self-reproach. "I did not go to him for three days, it was so cold—and so he starved and perished. O, kill me not for it!" he cried.

The poor fool was removed by the people, who prepared for the decent burial of Klanderi, and one among them said:

"It was not the condition of the body, but the

sorrowing soul that killed him. May the sacred saints who knew his virtues and witnessed all his anguish, intercede with God for him and plead them in atonement."

And so they buried their priest, for years praying for his forgiveness while they profited by his teachings.

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### MAY FLOWERS.

BY MRS. A. T. KIDDER.

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Lovely, peerless little things,  
Sweet May flowers!  
To my heart their fragrance brings  
Thoughts of olden hours.  
When I was a careless child,  
Dreaming not that 'neath a smile  
Thoughts were lurking fraught with gulle—  
Those were golden hours.  
Heaven-sent gifts—bright, fragrant treasures,  
Fading, dying like earth's pleasures,  
Dear May Flowers.

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### THE GREAT WEST.

The law of progress, by which the centre of wealth, energy and empire moves steadily from the orient to the occident, seems to be immutable. It is no fanciful theory, but a fixed law of civilization. From the cradle of the race, the Caucasian has ever moved westward, founding new republics and empires, and leaving gigantic footprints in a belt around the globe. At times, the "star of empire" has appeared to be stationary, but its rapid motion in its orbit has been only checked, not retrograded. For a season it stood still, another "star of the east," over our Atlantic seaboard, but its normal course has been resumed, and its brightness is illuminating all the western firmament.

The Great West! what shadowy visions of glory do these words call up in the minds of the people of the East! Visions surpassed in magnificence by the reality that dawns upon those of us who follow the western trail, and examine for themselves the development of the great region thus designated. To us, this section of the country is particularly interesting, because the West, the great West, is undeniably the child of the East. The wealth and the life-blood of the East have been poured out like water in the lap of the West; Eastern capital has opened the great channels of transportation, Eastern experience and skill have perfected them, and Eastern perseverance and tact have managed them and successfully conducted the great commercial enterprises that have developed the resources of the land of promise. "The West is the home of the children of the 'old folks' around the New

England hearthstones. There are few families but that have some member of it in the openings of Michigan, or on the prairies of Illinois, or in the still more distant regions of the upper valley of the Mississippi, now called the Far West. These distant sections are therefore bound in strong and most interesting ties. No dissolution of a union can possibly sunder the bonds that connect East and West."

The present year bids fair to be distinguished by the prodigious volume of the tide of immigration to the West. Among the reasons for this, are the establishment of the Western railroads. The extraordinary fertility of the land in all the borders of the Mississippi Valley, is a world-wide fact, known from the earliest history of the country; but the difficulty in the way has been the distance of this land from the Atlantic, and the markets to which its products must be carried. De Witt Clinton conceived the great thought of making the New York canal as an outlet to the natural carrying thoroughfare of the lakes, and it opened Ohio, and the other parts of the West, to a slow process of settlement; but the canal, and steamboating on the lakes, were not equal to the demand of this fast age, and accordingly the iron road has been laid alongside the canal, and along the shore of the lakes, leaping the very water courses. The whole West was thus opened up to facilities of improvement. The people of the older States now know what the West is. And they have discovered that this is the country to which they must look for their supply of bread. The Eastern farmers find it a hard matter to live. Hard work is their guardian genius. The field for enterprise and money-making is the West. Capital is therefore flowing thither, seeking investments in lands, cities, and railroad stock, all of which pay better than anywhere else. Hence the influx of Yankees, who always gather where gold is to be won.

But without dealing in "glittering generalities," let us set down a few calculation figures, compiled from an authentic source, showing, in the first place, the present estimated population of the Great West, and in the second, its political weight and importance in the confederacy.

The vote cast at the Presidential election will probably furnish a correct basis. By a comparison of the votes cast in the States where the amount of the population is known, with the number of the population, it has been demonstrated that only one out of six, or one-sixth of the population of the free States, voted at the Presidential election. If we then multiply the vote of any Eastern or Western State by the number six, we shall have a very correct state-

ment of the population in that State, as near as it can be ascertained by any other process. By this rule, we know that the population of the seven Eastern States, including New York, is 6,097,000. The population of the six North-Western States, computed in the same way, is 7,177,356—giving a plurality to the North-Western States of 1,080,356—or one-sixth of one in the ascendancy. To the population of the Western States, there should properly be added that of Minnesota. This is estimated at 200,000—which will give the total population of the section “known and described” as the North-West, 7,377,356. At the same time, the population of New York is 3,584,000; and that of all the New England States, the Father of States themselves, is only 2,513,000. The six States of the North-West, which, fifty-six years ago, had only one-fortieth of the population of the New England States and New York, have now three times that of the New England States alone.

In 1850, the population of the North-Western States was a little less than one-fifth of the total population of the United States. At the present time, they must contain more than one quarter of all the population of the Union!

The ratio of increase for the first decade, from 1800 to 1810, for the Eastern States, was thirty-three per cent. The ratio of the Western territory for the same time, was four hundred and thirty-three per cent. For the period of six years, from 1850 to the election of President in 1856, the rate of increase in the Eastern States, was about five per cent. The ratio of increase in the Western States was fifty-two per cent.

Under the apportionment made on the census of 1830, the Eastern States, including New York, had 78 representatives in Congress; the North-West had 30. In the present Congress, on the apportionment of the census of 1850, the Eastern States have 62, and the North-Western States 50. At this time, the Eastern States have in Congress one-fifth more power than the North-Western States.

Under an apportionment made upon the population as it now is, the Eastern States would have 64 representatives, and the North-Western States 75, without including Minnesota. This would give to this Western section a majority of 11 representatives. This ratio of increase will continue until 1860, when, unquestionably, the political power of the North-Western States will overbalance the Eastern States by at least one-third. It will have, in proportion to other sections, in the Congress under the new apportionment, twice the number of votes that it has in the present.

The increase of the public and private wealth of the West almost exceeds belief, and it is not alone in material wealth that this vast region has progressed—the institutions and refinements of the East have been transplanted westward, the arts have there found a home, and all that renders life agreeable may there be met with in a society well-balanced, well organized, and most healthfully constituted. The growth and greatness of the West is the marvel of the age.

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#### POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger.

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**LIVING IN PARIS.**—A young gentleman from London lately visited Paris with six thousand pounds, and asked his banker how long that sum would last him. “Why,” said the banker, “if you visit the gaming table, it will last you three days; if you do not, it will last you six weeks.”

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**QUEER SUPERSTITION.**—In Sweden, ignorant people believe that the nobility and great men possess a power of turning themselves into wolves on Christmas night. We have known men, even in this country, make beasts of themselves on festive occasions.

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**THE GRAVE.**—The Germans call a churchyard “God’s Field.” As such, we should regard it. The angel of death should not be figured as a grisly skeleton, but as a beauteous messenger.

## THERE'S GOOD IN EVERY HEART.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

Tell me not in doleful accent,  
Human nature has no good;  
Though in folly comes its advent,  
And its demonstrations rude.

Tell me not in bitter sadness,  
Man's corrupted through and through;  
That his nature runs to madness,  
Thoughtless as to what may do!

Tell me not there's no aspiring,  
Native, genuine and true;  
That no innate spark's inspiring,  
Common both to me and you.

Tell me not unerring Goodness  
Proves less merciful than man;  
Bringing forth in hopeless lewdness,  
Without a redeeming plan!

Tell me not in plaintive cadence,  
Man's the meanest on the sod;  
While around his brow the radiance  
Speaks the image of his God!

Willful folly, deeds revolting,  
Are exceptions—not the rule;  
Nature ever is exalting—  
Teaching wisdom by the fool!

Though the soul be often falling  
In with sin's alluring mood;  
Yet are inward voices calling—  
Nature will approve the good!

Wiser then it is to ponder  
On the wide world's better part;  
Nor will wisdom ever wonder  
That there's good in every heart!

## THE GHOST'S TRAMP.

## A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY JOHN E. DANFORTH.

"Do I believe in ghosts? Of course I do not—Mrs. Catherine Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature' to the contrary, notwithstanding."

Such was the reply I made to my grandmother when I was quite a young man, and that was half a century ago. I may not have alluded to Mrs. Crowe's book, for the simple reason that it was not then published; the reference, I believe, was to "Mrs. Veal's Apparition," a full and particular account of the appearance of which was prefixed to that cheerful work, "Drelincourt on Death," a book now only known to collectors of literary curiosities.

My grandmother shook her head in deprecation of my skepticism with regard to supernatural visitations, and said that if I would accom-

pany her next day, when she took her morning ride, she would show me a veritable haunted house and tell me the story of it.

Accordingly, we rode to the outskirts of the city of L—, and soon came in sight of an old house which presented a gloomy, ruinous appearance. It was surrounded by an old-fashioned, spacious garden, overgrown with weeds; the gravel walks were green with moss and grass, and the fruit trees trained against the wall, shot out a plenteous overgrowth of wild bushes, and a rank crop of thistles choked the beds over which the slimy traces of slugs and snails shone in the sunshine.

In the deserted mansion itself, scarcely a single window-pane was left unbroken; the roof was untiled; the brick work at the lower part of the building was without mortar, and seemed crumbling with damp; and many of the shutters, which in the dwellings of that State were fixed outside windows, hung dangling on one rusty hinge. The entrance-door, of which the lintel had either dropped from its socket, or been forced away, was fastened to the side frame by a padlock.

All was silent, deserted, desolate; nor did the aspect of the tenement tend to dissipate, by any exhibition of beauty, the heavy melancholy which the view of it inspired. It was a square, red brick house, large enough indeed to contain many rooms, but it was utterly destitute of external interest. It had no pointed roof, no fantastic gables, no grotesque projections, no pleasant porch, nor any spiral and twisted chimneys like those which surmounted the picturesque homes built three hundred years since.

"Some thirty years ago," said my grandmother, "there dwelt in this house a man named Edgar Rippingille." And then she related the following story respecting him:

"Mr. Rippingille bore an excellent character, and enjoyed, indeed, a high repute for virtue and piety. He had no wife or children, but he lived with much liberality and kept many servants. He was constant in attendance at church, and gladdened the hearts of the neighboring poor by the frequency of his almsgiving.

"He was hospitable, too, for scarcely a day passed without his entertaining some of his neighbors with feasts at his house. At such times his conversation was brilliant, his judgment deferred to, his decisions considered final, and his jokes received with laughter and applause. There was nothing uncommon, however, in this, for rich men at their own tables, especially, are the most facetious fellows in the world.

"Nothing could exceed the costliness and



rarity of Mr. Rippingille's wines, the lavish profusion of his plate, or the splendors of his rooms—rooms which were decorated with the most costly specimens of the Italian and Flemish schools of painting, and resounded nightly with the harmony of dainty madrigals.

"One summer evening, after a sumptuous dinner had been enjoyed by Mr. Rippingille and a numerous party, it was proposed, the weather being very sultry, that the wine and dessert should be taken to the lawn, and that the revelry should be prolonged under the shade of the leafy elms which stood about the garden in groups. The company accordingly adjourned thither, and great was the merriment beneath the green boughs which hung over the table in heavy masses, and loud the songs in the sweet air of evening.

"Twilight came on, but still the joyous revellers were loth to leave the spot which seemed sacred to mirth and music and indolent enjoyment. Not a breath stirred the leaves above their heads. One shining star, poised in the clear ether, seemed to look down with curious gaze on the jocund scene; and the soft west wind had breathed its last drowsy evening hymn. The calm, indeed, was so perfect, that Mr. Rippingille ordered lights to be brought where they sat, that the out-of-door carouse might be still enjoyed.

"*'Hang care!'* exclaimed he. *'This is a delicious evening! The wine has a finer relish here than in the house, and the song is more exciting and melodious under the tranquil sky, than in the close room where the air is stifled. Come, let us have a bacchanalian chant—let us, with old Sir Toby, make the welkin dance and rouse the night-owl with a catch. I am right merry! Pass the bottle, and tune your voices; a catch—a catch! The lights will be here anon.'*

"Thus he spoke, but his merriment seemed forced and unnatural. A grievous change awaited him.

"As one of the servants was proceeding to the house with a flambeau in his hand, to light the tapers already placed on the table, he saw in the walk leading from the outer gate a matron of lofty bearing, in widow's weeds, whose skin, as the rays of the torch fell on it, looked white as a monumental effigy, and made a ghastly contrast with her black robe. Her face was rigid and sunken; but her eyes glanced about from their hollow sockets with a restless motion, and her brow was knit as if in anger. A corpselike infant was in her arms; and she paced with a proud and stately step towards the spot where the master of the house was sitting among his

joyful friends, apparently 'merry in heart and filled with swelling wine.'

"The servant shuddered, as he beheld the strange intruder; but he, too, had partaken of the good cheer, and felt bolder than usual. Mustering up his courage, he faced the awful woman and demanded her errand.

"*'I seek your master,'* said she.

"*'He is engaged, and cannot be interrupted,'* replied the man. *'Ugh! turn your face from me—I like not your looks. You are enough to freeze one's very blood.'*

"*'Fool!'* returned the woman. *'Your master must see me.'* And she pushed the servant aside.

"The menial shivered at the touch of her hand, which was heavy and cold like marble. He felt as if rooted to the spot; he could not move to follow her, as she moved on to the scene of the banquet.

"On arriving at the spot, she drew herself up beside the host, and stood there without uttering a word! He saw her, and shook in every joint. The song ceased; the guests were speechless with amazement, and sat like petrifications, bending their gaze one way towards the strange and solemn figure which confronted them.

"*'Why comest thou here?'* at length demanded Mr. Rippingille, in low and gasping accents. *'Vanish! who opened the vault to let thee forth? Thou should'st be a hundred miles away. Sink again into the earth! Hence, horrible thing—dead creature—ghost—hence! What seekest thou? What can I do to keep thee in the grave? I will resign thy lands; to whom shall they be given? Thy child is dead. Who is now thy heir? Speak, and be invisible!'*

"The pale woman stooped with unseemly effort, as if an image of stone were to bend, and whispered something in the ear of her questioner which made him tremble still more violently. Then beckoning him, she passed through the deepening twilight towards the house, while he, with bristling hair and faltering gait, followed her. The terror-stricken man, the gaunt woman, and the white child, looked like three corpses moving in the heavy and uncertain shades of evening against the order of nature.

"After waiting an hour for their friend's return, the guests, who had now recovered from their first panic, became impatient to solve the mystery, and determined to seek the owner of the house and offer such comfort as his evident trepidation required. They accordingly directed their steps towards the room into which they were informed the woman, child, and their host had entered.

"On approaching the door, piteous groans and incoherent exclamations were heard, above which these words were plainly audible in a female voice:

"Remember what I have said! Think of my slaughtered husband! A more terrible intruder will some night come to thy house! Thou shalt perish here and hereafter!"

"Hearing these groans and menaces, the party instantly burst into the room, followed by a servant with a light. Mr. Rippingille, whose face was buried in his hands, was standing alone. But as his friends gazed around in amazement, a shadow of the woman with the infant in her arms was seen to flicker on the wall, as if moved about uncouthly by a faint wind. By degrees, it faded entirely away. No one knew how the stately widow herself had disappeared, nor by what means she had obtained admittance through the outer gate.

"To the earnest inquiries of his friends, the host would give no answer, and the party left the place perplexed with fearful thoughts. From that time, no feasts were given in the house. The apartment where the secret interview took place was closed, and was never afterwards opened.

"After having lived here several years in complete solitude, a mortal sickness came on Mr. Rippingille. But if his bodily sufferings were grievous to behold, the agony of his mind seemed tenfold greater, so that the friends who came to cheer him in his malady were amazed to see one of so pure a life (as they thought) given over to the torture of remorse. He felt that he must shortly appear before the Supreme Judge, and the anticipated terrors of the judgment were already in his spirit. His countenance underwent many ghastly changes, and the sweat of dismal suffering poured in heavy beads from his face and head.

"The throes of his conscience were too strong to be any longer endured or hidden; and summoning one or two of his neighbors to his bedside, he confessed many sins of which he had been guilty in a distant part of the country. He had, he said, enriched himself by the ruin of widows and orphans, and he added that the accursed love for gold had made him a murderer.

"It was in vain that the pastor of the parish, who saw his agony, strove to comfort him. 'His works, and alms, and all the good endeavors' of the latter years of his life were of no avail. They were as chaff, and flew off from the weight of his transgressions.

"Alas, my friends!' said he; 'resign me, I pray you, to my lost condition, and to the fiends hovering around to seize me!'

"The menace of the strange woman was now about to be fulfilled.

"On the last night of Mr. Rippingille's life, one of his neighbors—a pious and benevolent man—sat up with the expiring wretch by his bedside. He had for some time fallen into a state of stupor, being afraid to look any human being in the face, or even to open his eyes. He slept, or seemed to sleep for a while; then suddenly arousing himself, he appeared to be in an intolerable agitation of body and mind, and with an indescribable expression of countenance, shrieked out: 'O, the intolerable horrors of an evil conscience!'

"Midnight had now arrived. The servants were in bed, and no one was stirring in the house but the old nurse and the friend who watched the last moments of the sufferer. All was in profound quiet, when suddenly the sound of loud and impatient footsteps was heard in the room adjoining the forlorn man's bedchamber.

"What can that be?" said the nurse, under her breath, and with an expression of ghastly alarm. 'Hark! the noise continues!'

"Is any one up in the house?" inquired the friend.

"No. Besides, would a servant dare to tramp with such violence about the next room to that of his dying master?"

"The gentleman snatched a lamp, and went forth into the next chamber. It was empty! but still the footsteps sounded loudly, as those of a person in angry impatience.

"Bewildered and aghast, the friend returned to Rippingille's bedside, and could not find utterance to tell the nurse what had been the result of his examination of the adjoining room.

"For the love of heaven," exclaimed the woman, 'speak! Tell me what you have seen in the next chamber. Who is there? Why do you look so pale? What has made you dumb? Hark! the noise of the footsteps grows louder and louder. O, how I wish I never had entered this accursed house—this house abhorred of God and man!'

"Meanwhile the tramp—tramp—tramp—grew not only louder, but quicker and more impatient.

"The scene of the tramping was after a time changed. It approached the sick man's room, and was heard—plainly heard—close by the bedside of Rippingille, whose nurse and friend stared with speechless terror on the floor, which sounded and shook as the invisible footfalls passed over it.

"Something is here—something terrible—in this new room, and close to us, though we cannot see it!" whispered the gentleman in panting ac-

cents to his companion. 'Go up stairs and call the servants, and let all in the house assemble here.'

"'I dare not move!' exclaimed the trembling woman. 'I am faint—I shall go mad!'

"'Be composed, I beseech you,' said the gentleman, in a voice scarcely audible. 'Recall your scattered senses. I, too, should be scared to death, did I not with a strong effort keep down the mad throbbings that torment me. Recollect our duty. We must not abandon the expiring man. Merciful Heaven!' he continued, with a frenzied glance into the shadowy recesses of the chamber. 'Listen! the noise is stronger than ever—those iron footsteps! And still we cannot discern the cause! Go! and bring some companions—some human faces—our own are transformed!'

"The nurse thus abjured, left the demon-haunted apartment with a visage white as snow, and the benevolent friend, now that he was left alone, became wild and frantic. Assuming a courage from the very intensity of fear, he shrieked out, in a voice which scarcely sounded like his own:

"'What art thou, execrable thing, that comest at this dead hour? Speak, if thou canst—show thyself, if thou darest!'

"These cries aroused the dying man from the miserable slumber into which he had fallen. He opened his glassy eyes, gasped for utterance, and seemed as though he would now have prayed—prayed in mortal anguish; but the words died in his throat. His lips quivered, and seemed parched, as if by fire; they stood apart, and his clenched teeth grinned horribly. It was evident he heard the footsteps, for an agony fearful to behold came over him. He arose in his bed, held out his arms as if to keep off the approach of some hateful thing, and having sat thus for a few moments, fell back and with a dismal groan—expired!

"From that very instant, the sound of the footsteps was heard no more! Silence fell upon the room. When the nurse re-entered, followed by the servants, they found the sick man dead—with a face of horrible contortion—and his friend stretched on the floor in a swoon.

"The mortal part of Rippingille was soon buried, and after that time (the dismal story becoming generally known) no one would dare to inhabit the house, which gradually fell into decay, and got the fatal reputation of being haunted."

Stealing never makes a man rich, alms never makes a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business.

#### ETIQUETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

We have a great admiration for ladies—in fact, we may be said to partially adore them. We are ever ready on a muddy day to rush to the curb-stone, snatch up the darling infant pet from the hesitating mama's side—and, regardless of the mire, wade ankle deep to the other side. Frequently we receive the thanks of the lady; but, to the sex's shame be it said, there are some who look upon any of the politeness or extra civilities of life as unworthy of even a nod of gratitude.

We happened to have the farthest seat in a Tenth Street omnibus the other day, and, of course, with our usual politeness, took every opportunity of serving the ladies sitting towards the door. When they wished to retire, we took especial pains to hand their money and tickets through the hole to the driver. At length, one of the lady passengers pulled the string; we immediately reached over our hand, received her money, and passed it, as usual, to the driver.

The lady got out, walked round to the front of the omnibus, and very coolly asked the driver: "Did you receive that money?"

Shade of Blessington! The rest of the passengers turned their heads to hide their smiles—we dropped ours to conceal our blushes.—*New York Mirror.*

#### PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

"In 1794 the celebrated Talleyrand was in the United States. While on a visit to the city of New York, he frequently dined at the table of a lady who was much amused with his singular manners. She described him as having been lame, possessing an intelligent countenance, with long light hair, parted in the centre of his forehead, and a very expressive eye. He would sometimes during dinner, rest both of his elbows on the table, supporting his face between his hands, and carry on a conversation with his mouth so full that he could scarcely articulate. She also said that he would oftentimes cut up all the meat on his plate into small pieces, press piece after piece upon his fork until the prongs were full, then thrust it into his mouth, and closing his teeth, pull at the fork until it left every piece in his capacious jaws." We should judge that Talleyrand was one of that class of full grown boys, who "come up" instead of being "brought up."—*Life of Talleyrand.*

#### THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

The empress is as beautiful as Raphael's Virgin, and as mute. Her majesty does not speak Italian, though she took lessons from M. Bolza during a long time. She speaks but little French; she listens, she looks on, and remains impassive to the compliments addressed to her on all sides. The presents made to her she hands to her chamberlain without a smile or a word of thanks. It appears that she lives solely in the love of her husband, who, on his part, appears to be passionately attached to her.—*Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.*

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

## LITTLE ALICE.

BY C. G. WRIGHT.

Thy childish love with silken wings  
Has swept a glowing spark to me,  
And round thy form my spirit clings,  
With deep and tender sympathy.

My wandering spirit long has sought  
A proof of love's sincerity,  
And that which gold has never bought,  
Dwells here in spotless purity.

But in this cold and heartless world,  
Alone to breast its treacherous flood,  
Will many a poisonous shaft be hurled,  
To snatch thee from the throne of God.

But trust in him who gave thy soul  
To shield it from the snares of sin;  
Though death's dark waves around thee roll,  
The gates of life shall waft thee in.

In childhood learn the ways of truth  
In Christian hope, to love and fear;  
Nor think the blooming flowers of youth  
Forever fade when fading here.

They're born to grace a holier sphere,  
One radiant with the hues of love;  
The flowers that droop and perish here,  
Bloom in a brighter world above.

## THE HUSBAND'S LESSON.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"GRACIOUS heavens! isn't supper ready yet? And I've waited half an hour longer than usual; I never did see such shiftless works;" and the speaker, a strong, healthy-looking man, jerked a chair up to the stove and throwing himself into it, buried his face in his hands, as though he were deep in a sulky fit.

The woman—the wife—for it was she whom he had addressed, sat on a low rocker, with a two year old child folded to her bosom, to whom she was singing sweet lullabies, her foot, meanwhile, gently touching the cradle in which, in what seemed a fitful slumber, lay a babe of six months. Her dress was pinned up about her, a wide check apron nearly enveloped her delicate figure, an old hood covered her head, her sleeves were rolled up and her whole appearance indicated that she had just passed through a day of laborious toil. She looked very pale and careworn, and even sick, and a close observer might have seen tear drops stealing down her cheeks at the rude speech of her husband.

After about five minutes' silence, Mr. Lee raised his head and asked in that peculiarly hateful tone which some men can assume when it is their will, "Are we to have any supper, to-night? If we are, I would like to know when. My business

doesn't allow me to waste over an hour at a time waiting for my meals."

Choking down the sob which struggled for utterance, Mrs. Lee answered very sweetly, "As soon as I can lay Georgie down, I will get the supper on the table. He has been very worrisome all the afternoon, waking up the baby as fast as I put her asleep, and I thought the quickest way was to give him his supper, and undress him and put him to bed. I am sorry to keep you waiting."

"The same old story," muttered her husband. "I wonder what women would do, if they hadn't a child for a scape-goat. I can't imagine what on earth makes our children so cross. I am sure they don't get it from my side of the house, for I am always good-natured myself, except when things go on in this way at home, and a saint would swear then, I know."

Every word, low as it was breathed, sank into the wife's heart; so deeply, too, that she had no power to say, what was the truth indeed, that her children were only cross when she had to neglect them, as she was obliged to on washing days; nor did she add, what she might with equal truth have done, that if her husband would only be the same good natured and obliging man at home that he was abroad, *her* life would be an anthem instead of a dirge, and his a blessing where it was now too often a curse.

"Gracious!" continued he, as opening the sink-room door, he spied a clothes basket full of snow-white garments just ready for the line, and a tub of calicoes in the rinse, "isn't your washing out yet? What on earth have you been about to-day? Seems to me, you're growing lazy; you used to get through at noon. I declare, if things go on in this way much longer, I shall wish I had lived in my father's time, when women were women and not doll-babies. I know my mother never had *her* washing round till dark night. It's enough to discourage any man." And again he jerked up his chair, threw himself into it, and buried his scowling face in his hands.

If Mrs. Lee had been what is called a woman of spirit, she would have retaliated roundly on her husband. She would have told him that his mother was a strong, healthy woman, with never a day's sickness to break down her constitution, and instead of having three children—all babies together—to attend to, she was never blessed with but one solitary child; that on washing days, his father, or the hired man always staid at home and pumped her water, put on her boiler, pounded the clothes, hung out the line, emptied the tubs, and took up with a cold dinner and a bread and milk supper. But instead, the wife,

who was one of those gentle women who think submission to a husband's will the wisest course, only answered calmly that she had worked hard all day, but being half sick herself, the children fretful and the wash unusually large, the baby having been sick all the last week and company there besides, she had been unable to get through with it, and she was sorry to keep him waiting."

"It's wasting breath to apologize for what *can* be helped," growled Mr. Lee, in an undertone. "Aint that child asleep yet?"

The mother gently bent her face to the little one, and having assured herself that the measured breath of slumber was stealing through its rose-bud lips, she hastened to carry it to its crib, and no woman similarly situated will wonder that, as she pressed a kiss upon its dimpled cheek, she left beside it some pearl-like drops, a little April shower, wrung from her heart by its clouded love.

But there was no trace of emotion on her face when she re-entered the kitchen, save only an added paleness, and quietly, and with that celerity that denoted a practical housewife, she set about preparing the supper. In ten minutes' time it was on the table, and not even Mr. Lee, cross as he was, could find fault with it. The cloth rivalled in whiteness the snowbank that covered the grass-plot; the stone-china glistened like porcelain; the knives, forks and spoons were miniature mirrors; the sugar bowl was filled to the brim with tempting lumps; the cream pitcher was flowing with its luscious draught; the butter was neatly stamped and golden in hue; the cold beef, cured by the wife's own hands, was delicately tender and deliciously sweet; the smoking hot biscuits were "light as a feather;" the stewed pears, and baked apples were "beautifully done," while the pumpkin pie was rich and yellow enough to suit the veriest "down easter." It did not look at all like a washing day's supper, and a king might have feasted there.

The tea, we had almost forgotten the tea, which could have bribed into good-nature the crosslest spinster, was served; the little four year old dumpling of a daughter, the eldest born of the household, helped by the mother to a plateful of "goodies," as she termed the supper, and the weary woman had taken one sip from her restoring cup, when there was a loud, impatient cry from the cradle.

"Don't for goodness' sake let that child wake up!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, "keep her asleep if you can, for if there's anything I hate, it's a child bawling when I'm eating."

So Mrs. Lee left the table and sat down by the little one, and by dint of vigorous rocking and very careful caresses, and much low humming,

succeeded in keeping little Nell asleep while her father took his supper. As soon as he had swallowed the last morsel, he rose and seized his hat.

"I wish you would milk the cow to-night, George," said his wife, timidly. "I have so much to do yet."

"Gracious! aint that cow milked yet, Rose? Why didn't you ask me when I first came in? I can't stop to milk her now, if she has to go till morning. Shiftless works!" And he hurried out.

Poor Mrs. Lee sighed and wiped her eyes with her check apron. She had set the milk pail on a side table before her husband came in, and she knew he had seen it, and knew if he had been good-natured, he would have taken it and gone to the cow without being asked. But there was no time for her to indulge her griefs. It was seven o'clock now. So she took up the baby, undressed and nursed it, and then carried it to its night's resting place, in the centre of her own neat bed. Then she called Rose, and hurried and tired as she was, failed not to clasp the hands of the child as it knelt beside her, and help it to remember its little prayer, and then to sit by its trundle bed and sing it a sweet angel-like hymn. Then she took up the pail and went out to the shed where stood the patient cow, for Mr. Lee, although he lived in the city and could have bought his milk every day, and thus saved his wife many a weary step, would have his own cow, drink as he said, "his own milk, and eat his own butter." The flowing painful strained and the pans carried down cellar, she cleared off the table, and then tying her hood closely on, and pinning a cradle blanket about her shoulders, and drawing on her mittens, Mrs. Lee took up the heavy basket and went out into the keen, cold night air and hung out the clothes. The snow was up to her knees, the garments frozen ere they touched the line, the whistling wind swept them about so wildly that she could scarcely pin them, the frost glued her eyelids and benumbed her fingers, and when the hireling task was over, she sank down more dead than alive beside the glowing hearth. Her feet, hands and cheeks stung with agony, while sharp, stabbing pains in her side, warned her of trouble to come.

"O, if I were only through," groaned she, and then she thought she would let the calicoes lie, and the mopping go till to-morrow; but when after awhile she became somewhat warmed, arguing that every day brought its own appointed task, she rose, wrung out and starched the calicoes and hung them on a clothes horse behind the stove. Then she took the mop and pail, and the painted floor was soon free from speck or stain.

She was just wringing out the cloth with which she had washed the stone hearth, when her husband returned.

"Gracious! aint you done yet? What on earth ails you to be so long about everything to-day? And now I've got to sit here with this wet floor." And again he jerked a chair to the fire.

Mrs. Lee did not speak. She could usually restrain her feelings, but she was so worn and wearied now, that she felt if she strove to answer, there would come a flood of tears. She quietly turned to the sink room and commenced emptying the tubs into pails, that she might the easier throw out the water.

Mr. Lee did not sit very easy in his chair. He had spent the whole evening in pleasant chat at a friend's sitting-room, and in spite of all he could do, something kept swelling under his left ribs, and away down in his heart he felt reproached for not staying at home and assisting his wife. And there she was now, a delicate woman, carrying out suds on this cold night, and he comfortably seated before a blazing fire. If he had seen another man's wife about it, he would have hurried to help her, and even now, cross as he felt, conscience smote him too roughly, and drawing on his boots again, he hurried to the other room.

"Go in now, Rose, and rest yourself, I'll finish," exclaimed he, as she waded through the snow from the sink hole.

"I'm most through," said she, faintly.

"And most froze, too," cried he, as he touched her hand in taking the pails, and his heart getting now wide awake, he drew her into the kitchen, seated her in her rocker, and closing the door between them, finished carrying off the water and then put everything away neatly. When he returned, he found his wife in the pantry stirring up a bowl of buckwheat cakes.

"You seem determined to keep busy till midnight," said he. "What else will you find to do?"

"Nothing," said she, "only to grind the coffee, lay the table, pound the steak and wash the potatoes."

"And so you call that nothing? Here, give me the mill." And a most energetic grinding did the coffee have that night, and the steak, too, was nearly pounded to strings. But Mrs. Lee quietly laid the table and prepared the vegetables herself.

"You look tired almost to death," said he, as the work finally all finished up, they drew their chairs to the stove. "You shouldn't undertake to do so much when you don't feel well. There's no need of it."

"Ah," thought Mrs. Lee, "if you had only

said so this morning!" But alas for her! In the morning, he was always so fresh and vigorous himself, being in perfect health and sleeping in a cot bed, away from his wife and fretting baby, that he never thought she could feel feeble and weary, and unequal to the day's task.

"I must have my night's rest," he said, when the last little one, proving to be very worrisome at night, he sought a separate couch. "I must have my night's rest, because I earn the bread." But it never occurred to him that his wife needed a good night's rest, that she might have strength to knead the bread. Short-sighted man!

On the following morning, Mr. Lee rose, as was his custom, at daylight; built the fire, put on the kettle, and then hurried away to open the shop. He always allowed his wife an hour to get breakfast in, and make her own and children's toilet, and no matter how hard the baby cried, or how cross or wayward Georgie and Rose were, he would hear no apology if all was not in readiness when he returned. "His mother had said time and again, that any housekeeper who was at all spy, might get a breakfast fit to set before a king in an hour," and this sentence he dinned into his wife's ears every time there was a failure, forgetting to add that his worthy mother never had three children to cling to her heels, and wash and dress while she prepared a meal.

He was fated this morning to get a glimpse into woman's minor trials. The house seemed strangely quiet when he re-entered, and when he opened the kitchen door, instead of being regaled with the aroma of distilling coffee, and the odors of broiling steak, browning potatoes and puffing cakes, he found the stove almost cold and no one present but his eldest born, who was perched in a high chair by the table, dabbling with her spoon into the molasses-can.

"Where is mother?" said he, hastily and earnestly, satisfied that something was wrong.

"O, my dear ma sick, I 'spect," lisped Rose. "She fell on the floor all white, and she can't get up. You go help her."

He ran to the bed-room and sure enough, there lay Mrs. Lee on the carpet in a fainting fit. Now Mr. Lee at heart was a good husband; he loved his wife very dearly; she was his morning star, and his vesper light. Away from home he was always boasting of her rare virtues and her exquisite household management, calling her a very jewel of a woman, and when everything went right, he was tender, gentle and affectionate. But he was like too many husbands, exacting in the extreme. He never made allowances. Because everything went right the first year he was married, he thought everything ought always to



go right. He did not, or would not realize that maternity, especially when so rapid as in this case, makes sad havoc in a woman's strength and nerves, and that duties increase with the birth of each little one. Because his wife had done all her work at first, he thought she might do it always, and ascribed to laziness what was in fact the result of a breaking constitution. Still, had any one called him a bad husband, he would have resented the term with all the eloquence of his tongue and the vigor of his fists. Did he not provide a good house, furnish it well, and supply woodshed, wardrobe and pantry abundantly? Ah, yes! but a wife has higher, holier wants—wants which a husband can supply without putting his hand into his purse—soul wants which soul gifts alone can satisfy.

All the love that lay sleeping in his heart's purest depths leaped up into fresh and beautiful life at the moment, as he saw the pale face before him, and as tenderly as though she were the bride of an hour, he lifted her to her bed, and strove to bring back the color to her white lips and the light to her sightless eyes. And sweeter than any music that had ever thrilled his ear were her first low, faint words. All anxiety, all affection now, he inquired eagerly what ailed her and what he should do first. She had been sick she said all night and when she heard him rise, tried to call him, but was too weak to make him hear. She had risen to try and prepare herself a little tea, but sank on the floor at once in unconsciousness.

"Should he go for a physician?"

"O, no, it is rest, more than medicine, I need."

How those simple words smote his heart. Rest! Ah! had she not begged for it days before and he would not give it, but required of her instead, the faithful performance of all her duties? Repentant, sorrowing, fearful of the consequences, he would have given worlds now to have recalled some of his short, stern words.

He moistened her lips with wine, bathed her forehead with cologne, chafed her fingers and imprinted many sweet, soft kisses on her cheeks. And poor Mrs. Lee, feeble and ill as she felt, was happier at that moment than she had been for months. The distracting fear that had haunted her so long—the fear that by her short-comings in menial labor, she had lost her husband's love, was gone entirely and a beautiful peace was in her heart, and soothed by his gentle care and dear caresses, she sank at length into a quiet sleep.

Softly he stole from her with the babe and Georgie in his arms, and began the daily toil he had ever so sternly exacted of his wife. Rekindling the fire, he first attempted the washing and

dressing of the little ones, and before he had finished that task, he had ceased entirely to wonder that their mother was occasionally a few minutes behind with the breakfast. The greater mystery was how she ever got through in season, for he, by the clock, was a full hour in getting through with Rose and Georgie, the little girl being so daubed with molasses that he had to plunge her into a tub as the only way of cleansing her dimpled limbs, and the little boy, taking advantage of his father's back, having played with the coal-hod till he looked more like a darkey child than the son of a thin white-face.

By the time those two were finished off, the baby set up her claims to a little attention, she having been kept quiet by Mr. Lee's giving her, not exactly the looking-glass and the hammer, but his wife's spool box, with its hundred and one neat balls of cotton. A tangled web they were now, more difficult to unravel than life's mysteries, and in consternation at the evil he had done, the new nurse tossed the whole mass into the glowing fire. Then he undertook to feed the child, and by the time he finished there was about as much pap on his own and her garments, as in her little stomach. And then came the wearisome task of putting her to sleep. First he trotted her, then he walked with her, then he whistled to her, then he rocked her, and finally in despair, tossed her into the cradle and told her to lie still and shut her eyes, instead of which she only opened her mouth and cried lustily.

"How on earth do women put babies to sleep?" exclaimed he, as he again lifted it to his knees.

"I tell you, 'pa,' lisped Rose, "you must do so," cuddling the child to his bosom, "and then you must rock very softly, and you must sing, O, so sweet and so little" (meaning low), "just like a little sick bird, and then Nellie go sleep."

He tried the directions and succeeded at length in lulling the babe into slumber, and prayed, from the bottom of his heart, that the nap might last all day.

Nine o'clock and no breakfast yet. He set at work at once about cooking it, for it was already prepared. He had always boasted to his wife about his culinary talents, his latent talents. He drew out some coals and put down the steak. Then he put on the griddles and made the coffee. And now such nice cakes as he would bake. He had always been particular about having hot cakes for breakfast, and his wife never could make him believe that it was a serious chore to stand over the stove and bake cakes, tend to the other cooking and mind the children. But he did believe her after that morning's experience. First, his griddles were too hot and half a dozen

black-a-moors were flung into the swill pail ; then they were too cold, and a dozen white-livered lumps of raw batter followed ; then, when the heat was just right, he forgot them while tending to the steak, which had dried away to the consistency of sole leather, and the cakes he had dropped on to them fried away till they were as palatable as a mummy's cheek. "Confound them," cried he, finally, "they wont bake this morning anyway, and I believe I'd rather eat cold bread than waste any more time on them." And he flung the whole into the pig's mess and sat down to his meal. Helping the children was another trying affair. "Goodness me, how you do eat this morning," said he ; "why, I can't get a chance to put anything into my own mouth. How under the sun your mother finds time to eat, I don't see." Ah, Mr. Lee, don't you begin to think women have something to do ?

The breakfast over, there was the table to clear, the dishes to wash, the pots and pans to scour, the floor to clean, and all the morning work to do. The bells rang for twelve ere he had finished, and then, he felt it was only half done. "But I believe I've got through," said he, as he wiped his hands of the greasy dish-water and the whole affair.

"No you aint, 'pa," said Rose, "you aint blacked the stove, nor filled the lamps, nor made the beds, nor milked the cow, nor got the dinner ; you be very lazy to what my ma is."

"Out of the mouths of babes—" muttered he. "I guess, however, the stove, and the lamps and beds can wait, but the cow, she must be milked."

"Yes, and you aint skimmed the pans, nor churned, nor fed the piggy ; you be'ent half so smart as my ma."

"Well, you hush up, little chatter-box," said he, as he took the pail and went to the shed. "I begin to believe women's work is never done. I thank the Lord he made me a man."

When he returned, little Rose met him with a pitiful face. "Her ma was crying," she said, she feel so bad, she most die."

He hurried to the bed-room and found much room for fear, his wife being almost frenzied with agony. Hastily summoning a neighbor, he ran for a physician, and for twenty-four hours had the misery of seeing his dear one in all the inexpressible pain which attends acute pleurisy, when aggravated by exposure and fatigue. And for many weary days and nights he watched with all the anxiety the tenderest love inspires, the face of Dr. Malcoln, ere he read in it the cheering expression which told of hope returned.

We spare you the recital of his minor trials with genteel nurses, who wanted a dollar a day,

and watchers hired at night ; with crying children, spoiled victuals, broken dishes, dusty rooms, stringless dickies, heelless stockings and shirts which didn't shine. But this we will tell you, that long ere his wife was well, he came to the conclusion that housekeeping was a pretty serious affair and he was ready to extenuate every blunder she had ever made, and forgive all her deficiencies, and worlds would he have given could he have forgotten how often he had aggravated all her cares by his thoughtless demands on her time and uncompromising views of her duties.

"If she only gets well," he would say to himself, "if God only spares her to me, never shall she shed a tear because of my fretful or stern words. Her life shall be a perpetual joy, brightened and blessed by her husband's love."

Three months had elapsed since Mrs. Lee's fearful sickness had prostrated her delicate form. She had now been convalescent for some weeks, caring for her husband and children's wardrobe, tending the little ones, and overseeing everything. Once more her house was neat and pleasant to the eye ; once more her table was laid with faultless care, and her pantry supplied with properly cooked food ; once more *all* was right. There was a stout girl in the kitchen, and a little maid in the nursery—both willing hands, their mistress being their thoughtful head.

Beside the glowing grate in the cosy little parlor, she sat one evening, with her husband close beside her. His paper had fallen from his hands and he seemed in a deep study.

"A rosebud for your thoughts," said she, gently, after awhile, holding to his lips a half-blown monthly rose she had plucked from her fragrant flower-stand.

"Shall I tell them truly ?" asked he, earnestly.

"Of course, sir," said she, gaily, "speak the truth always."

"Well, then, my own dear rosebud," said he, drawing her to his knee, and pressing her head to his heart, "I was thinking that if you were not quite so pale, and had not suffered quite so much, I should feel that your illness was the greatest blessing that ever happened in the story of our lives. It taught me a lesson I shall never, never cease to remember. It taught me that a man can never be too gentle, too kind, too loving to his wife ; that he should never wound her feelings with a frowning eye or bitter lip, because he can never know all the little trials she has to bear, nor all the varied duties that use up her time, break down her health and crush her spirits. Rose, Rose dear, I shall be a better husband after this." And he sealed the promise with a hundred kisses.

## THE RECAPTURE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

As the level rays of the rising sun flashed across the dancing waves of the English Channel, it fell upon the white sails of a deeply laden lugger about midway between the English and French shores. With every sail drawing in the fresh breeze, the little vessel sped swiftly onward toward the coast of Devon.

"Things look well for a good run to-day, Captain Burns," said a weather-beaten old sea-dog who stood at the helm, addressing a young man of twenty-six or seven, who was pacing rapidly fore and aft the deck.

"Why, yes, Jackson, everything has prospered so far," returned the captain, pausing in his walk and glancing anxiously around the horizon, "but the worst is to come—the cargo is not landed yet; I've no great opinion of this running a cargo in broad daylight."

"Nor I either, as a general thing, but this time I think we shall do it up right; the fact that it is a mighty risky business is just what will keep the coast guard from suspecting anything, to my thinking."

"It may be so, but I can't help having my doubts about it," returned the captain, resuming his walk.

The father of Harry Burns, the young commander of the lugger, had been a wealthy country gentleman; residing upon his own estate, he had never engaged in any business of a commercial nature, and consequently knew very little of the risks inseparable from such transactions. It is not surprising, therefore, when in an evil hour of his old age, he was induced to join with a certain Squire Wilson, a neighbor of his, in several wild and visionary speculations, that he was quickly stripped of his property. It was a little singular, however, that his losses were in exact proportion to the gains of the shrewd Squire Wilson during the same period, and people did not hesitate to shake their heads and express the conviction that all was not right. But be that as it may, the elder Burns finding himself reduced to poverty, at once set vigorously to work to retrieve his fortune. In this laudable undertaking he did not succeed, however; on the contrary he died, leaving his widow and his son Harry, our hero, literally penniless. Previous to this disastrous turn of fortune's wheel the two families had been on terms of the greatest intimacy, but now that time had changed, Squire Wilson felt, and like a prudent respectable man took pains to make it manifest, that people in different stations of life

ought not to associate on terms of equality, and in this particular case ought not to meet at all. But it so happened that Squire Wilson had a daughter, as is very apt to be the case with Squire Wilsons all over the world—pretty, loving, sweet-tempered, affectionate, and all that. You will find an exact description of her either in the last story you read, or in the one you will read next.

Well, it appears this little Miss Kitty Wilson and Mr. Harry Burns had been so much together in the days of their prosperity that each of them experienced a most unpleasant sensation of "goneness" whenever they were separated for any period of time exceeding twenty-four hours.

That an effectual check might be put to these alarming mutual symptoms, what did the young people do but institute a chronic series of stolen interviews beneath trees, behind walls, and in all sort of out-of-the-way places, for the purpose of holding animated discussions upon some abstruse subject of which I am ignorant—and so intent was each upon carrying the point in the argument, that they almost invariably found it absolutely necessary to resort to arms; after which, like Alec Romanoff and the Allies, they parted with mutual civilities and congratulations.

As time rolled on—time always "rolls" like an old salt off a long voyage—the squire first suspected and then became assured of the true state of affairs. This unpleasant discovery caused him to swell up like a toad-fish and deliver himself of an immense amount of hard talk no ways complimentary to anybody. Kitty was in despair, Harry was indignant, and boldly presenting himself before the enraged gentleman, demanded his daughter's hand. The squire intimated that he did not intend to give his daughter to a pauper; Harry suggested the probability of his not remaining a pauper through all time. The squire snapped at the idea and hinted that when he (Harry) became "seized" of twenty thousand "cash money" there might be some slight glimmer of a show for him; "provided"—as they say in acts and resolves—he did not see fit to give her to any one else, in the interim; with this generous offer of hope, the old gentleman wished him all manner of good luck, and turned him out of doors.

It was necessary for the lovers to meet once more to talk over and arrange "ways and means." They did meet; the efforts of the squire to the contrary notwithstanding; they not only met, but they hugged and squeezed and boo-hooed and kissed and swore and blubbered and vowed eternal constancy, and a whole mess of things which I know very well, but which I

can't describe, it being rather out of my line, there being no particle of doubt that I should make a much better show as a hero than as a historian in anything connected with the heartless father department. So the lovers, having done everything requisite to be done by people in their position, exchanged rings and things, and parted in good old-fashioned, broken-hearted style, he to get together the requisite amount of money, and she to remain one of the truest and bluest kind of maidens until he got it.

Now although our hero was every bit as talented and enterprising as anybody's hero, if not a little more so, he had nevertheless got a job before him, for it is mighty hard scratching, I find, to lay hold, with honest claws, on twenty thousand dollars, or, indeed, any smaller sum for that matter. Without present means, and having been educated to no profession, he remained for some time in doubt as to what course to pursue; even the few opportunities for employment that did present themselves, placed the coveted twenty thousand so far ahead in the dimmest kind of distance, that he turned from them in disgust. Having always resided on the coast of Devon—a famous place for smugglers, he had naturally seen a good deal of that hardy and daring class of men, had talked with them, sailed with them, and had even been once or twice present when a cargo had been run—in his present perplexing dilemma he turned his attention to this promising branch of the sea-going profession, and without much hesitation joined his fortunes to the wild life and hazardous pursuits of the followers of the free trade.

The occupation of a smuggler is looked upon with very different impressions by the inhabitants of the coast, from those which are associated with it by the dwellers in inland districts; and however demoralizing and pernicious it may be to those who pursue it, the followers of the free trade are, even at the present day, received outwardly with the same degree of notice as those who are engaged in the legitimate pursuits of commerce and industry.

Without doubt there are many kinds of business more honest and honorable, but the crime of smuggling is an offence against the government, and not against society, and society will wink most accommodately at it, providing the enterprising smuggler succeeds in picking up the dimes. Still, if any of my readers dislike the profession my hero has chosen, they will please recollect that it is the hero's fault, not mine; had the choice of a profession for him rested with me, I would cheerfully have made him a missionary bishop, but a strict and stern regard for

truth forbids my taking any such liberties with the facts in the case.

Having once entered the profession, he pursued it with the utmost ardor, and as is apt to be the case in any kind of business well followed, he had been quite successful. In the short space of eighteen months he had risen first to having an interest in a boat, then to the command of one, and finally to own and command a lugger with sufficient funds to trade on his own account. During this period he had frequently seen his adored Miss Kitty, and their affections remained undiminished.

His success gained for him a wonderful increase of respect and consideration from the people of the neighborhood, as success always does; even Squire Wilson unbent a little and gave him "the time o' day" when he passed him in the street, for though the squire knew very well the nature of his occupation, he was not the sort of man to find fault with the method by which money was got, so long as it was got.

Everything seemed to prosper with Harry Burns; one month previous to the opening of our story he had accumulated between six and eight thousand dollars beside his vessel, and he and Kitty looked forward with bright anticipations to a not distant future when he should be in possession of the much desired sum. But even the brightest skies are quickly overcast, and seem all the more dark and gloomy from the sudden contrast.

His remarkable success in running contraband goods had attracted the attention of the government, and a revenue cutter was sent round with particular directions to watch that portion of the coast. This was bad enough, as it rendered business infinitely more hazardous than formerly, but what rendered matters still worse was the fact that the commander of the cutter, who was a young man and a handsome one to boot, took a great fancy to calling at the residence of Squire Wilson, in whose eyes he found much favor, for he was a rich man's son, a king's officer, wore gilt buttons on his coat and all that. Now I don't suppose Harry was any more given to jealousy than most folks; but who among us, I should like to know, would feel very pleasant to know that a disgracefully good looking fellow in uniform was constantly by the side of our beau while we were compelled to be away handling casks and hauling ropes? I will do Miss Kitty the justice to say that her affections never wavered from her absent lover, and she told him so, and he believed her; but still, at the same time, knowing her father's feelings towards the stranger, she gently hinted to Harry that the sooner

he could claim her for his own the less trouble she would experience, while in the same breath she besought him not to endanger his own safety whatever might be the result ; as much as to say, get the money as quick as you can, only don't hurry yourself.

Placed in this unpleasant position, poor Harry was completely weather-bound on "the course of true love." If he remained quiet, and did nothing in the way of business, his capital would of course remain quiet also, and his wedding day, consequently, be indefinitely postponed, beside which, and still worse, he could perceive that the handsome officer was casting more than sheep's eyes at his beloved, much to the delight of the father. On the other hand, should he attempt to prosecute his business, there was almost a certainty of his goods being confiscated and himself imprisoned or transported for nobody knows how many years. The case was certainly a perplexing one. Prudence said run no foolish risks, but love quite as perseveringly urged him to do everything and dare everything in the speedy accomplishment of the end he had in view, and, as every other young fellow of spirit would have done, he hearkened to the voice of love.

Having decided upon his course, he lost no time in calling together the crew of the lugger, and with the valuable assistance of Jackson, his trusty mate, the little vessel was worked off the coast unperceived by the revenue officers, and safely carried to the coast of France.

The difficulties and dangers of the passage being now so much increased, he resolved to abandon the cautious policy which he had previously pursued—making frequent trips with small amounts—and to risk all upon a single chance, and either double his entire capital, or lose the whole. In accordance with this plan he invested every dollar of his means in rich laces, and other easily handled goods upon which high duties were charged, and having had them well secured in air-tight cases and placed within quarter casks of French brandy, he loaded his vessel and set sail for the coast of England, and it was upon this very return trip that we have introduced him to the reader at the commencement of our story. We will now return to him.

The swift sailing lugger, with every inch of canvass set to the freshening breeze, skimmed over the water like a petrel, and before the sun had advanced three hours on his daily journey, the shore of old England was full before them.

The English coast at this particular point presents a narrow strip of shingly beach, backed up by huge chalk cliffs several hundred feet in height,

extending many miles along the shore, but broken here and there by gully-like indentations and small bays running back into the land. Toward one of these breaks in the gigantic wall, the lugger was obliquely heading ; Jackson, the mate, standing at the helm and watching with wary eye the beacons and headlands, while Harry, with a telescope to his eye, was attentively examining the face of the cliff.

"Do you see anything of Andy's signal, Captain Burns ?" asked Jackson, glancing somewhat anxiously toward the shore.

"Nothing, whatever ; it can't be that he is playing us false ?"

"Not a bit of it, sir ; a truer lad than Andy never left the bogs. But what is that fluttering from the top of the cliff yonder ?"

"That is the signal, sure enough," replied Harry, turning his glass in the direction indicated, "and the right color, too, clear white ; there's no fear of running in now."

"All right," chuckled Jackson, "haul in the fore, main and jib sheets there, boys," and putting his helm down, the vessel came up to the wind and stood boldly in toward the entrance of the bay.

The shore upon the left of the inlet toward which they were heading, sloped gradually upward, affording a person at the head of the bay an unobstructed view of the open sea in that direction, while upon the right an abrupt, perpendicular wall of rock projected seaward some considerable distance, hiding whatever might be behind it. As the lugger rounded this bluff, Captain Burns started suddenly, and assumed a listening attitude.

"Was not that the report of a gun ?" he asked anxiously.

"I heard nothing but the booming of the breakers under the cliffs," replied Jackson, "beside, there is the signal flying, which would not be the case if there was any danger at hand."

"True," responded the captain, and for nearly half an hour longer the vessel held on her course up the centre of the bay, then rounding to, within a few hundred yards of the beach, the anchor was dropped and the sails trailed up to the masts.

"Now then, my boys, let's get these traps ashore in a hurry," exclaimed Harry, rubbing his hands with exultation at his splendid luck.

A dozen or fifteen stout fellows sprang to obey the order ; the hatches were quickly taken off, and in rapid succession the precious brandy casks were tumbled up until the deck was filled with them.

"Lower away the boats, there, my lads ; we'll

have the work all done betwixt this and noon," exclaimed Jackson. "But, hello, what's to pay now?" he continued, glancing up at the cliff, "there's some trouble close aboard; Andy's signals are going it like fun."

Snatching his glass from the becket where it hung, Captain Bruce directed it towards the fluttering signals.

"Red over white," he muttered, "that indicates danger. Now he changes. Blue over white; the danger comes from the land side. Red over blue; and from the seaward also. Now white between red and blue; the cargo must neither be landed nor carried out to sea again. Over with everything, boys; pitch everything overboard," he shouted, turning to the expectant crew who had anxiously listened to his muttered soliloquy as he watched the changing signals.

With marvellous celerity a heavy weight and a long rope were attached to each cask, while to the end of the rope a slender string terminating in a small ball of cork, was made fast; the whole concern was then dumped over the side; the cask, weight and rope sinking to the bottom, while the little piece of brown looking cork, which supported the string, bobbed up and down on the waves, appearing to the uninitiated only bits of drift-wood, but to the practised eye of the free trader indicating where valuable property could be recovered at leisure. Cask after cask was thus prepared and thrown overboard, until at length only three more remained to be disposed of, and so intent was the entire party upon getting these few remaining evidences of their illegal traffic out of sight, that it was not until the last one had been tumbled over the side that they became aware that the dreaded revenue cutter had already rounded the bluff, and was standing up the bay toward them.

"Cut away the cable, there; sheet home everything, fore and aft," shouted Harry, in a high state of excitement, while Jackson sprang to his station at the helm.

One stroke of the axe severed all connection with the ground tackle; the sails were dropped and hauled out almost with the speed of thought, and the little craft bending to the breeze, darted swiftly through the water toward the opposite side of the bay from the one on which the enemy was entering. The cutter at once bore up in pursuit, but the lugger having considerably the weather guage promised to lead the king's vessel a long chase. Shot after shot skimmed over the waves, striking at no great distance from her, and throwing the spray upon her deck; but with wonderful good fortune she escaped them all; constantly increasing the distance between them,

until at length clearing the headland, she was once more out upon the open sea. The cutter, aware of the utter hopelessness of a stern chase in pursuit of a craft so much superior in sailing qualities, abandoned the attempt, and rounding in on their weather braces, stood away with the wind a point or two free.

"We are well out of that scrape; government wont have the chance to transport us this time, anyway," exclaimed Jackson, in great glee. "But I say," he continued, "what the deuce is that cutter running back into the bay for, I wonder?"

"Heave her to, where we are, that we may have a chance to see what she intends to do," said Harry, taking the glass and going forward to the forecabin to watch.

The cutter, shortening sail as she proceeded, stood directly up the centre of the bay, in the very track the lugger had taken an hour before; heading straight for the spot where the contraband cargo had been concealed.

"That everlasting swab couldn't have seen us when we tossed over those last three or four casks, could he, d'ye think?" asked Jackson, in a tone of apprehension.

"That must be the case, or they wouldn't be going in that direction," returned Harry, with a doleful shake of the head, and with rueful countenances they watched the cutter heave to, over the very spot where they had anchored, and deliberately proceed to fish up their carefully concealed treasures, with as much expertness as if they had been experienced smugglers. The last cask having been hoisted on to the deck of the cutter, she swept gracefully out of the bay, and having fired a blank cartridge at the lugger in derision, spread her broad white wings to the favoring gale, and standing swiftly up the Channel was out of sight in an hour.

Here was a death blow to all our hero's hopes; the last dollar of his hard-earned fortune was not only irretrievably lost, but a portion of it, in the way of prize money, would help to swell the purse of his fortunate and dreaded rival. Squire Wilson he knew would hear of his loss at once, and become still more stern and uncompromising in consequence of his misfortune. There was nothing for it but to begin the work all over again. Had it not been for Kitty he could have borne up well and strongly under the disaster, but when he thought of her, his heart failed him. Would she not become disheartened with waiting for the desperate struggles of a poor man to obtain a fortune? Would she not be almost compelled to accept the offer of some one of the wealthy suitors that surrounded her? He



was well aware that with maidens, even more than with other people, a live dog was always a formidable rival for a dead lion, particularly if the lion was very dead, and continued to remain so for any lengthened period, and in his despair he was almost ready to cast himself into the sea. Seating himself on the deck, he buried his face in his hands and remained silent and moody. The crew, with discontented countenances, talked over their hard luck upon the fore-castle, while Jackson paced slowly and despondingly fore and aft in the waist. Several times he essayed to rouse the captain by asking in which direction he should put the vessel's head, and where he proposed to carry her, but his only reply was, to let her remain where she was, he had not yet decided what to do. So the little craft lay hour after hour, with shivering sails, rising and falling on the swell, directly off the mouth of the bay.

As the sun sank toward the western horizon, Jackson halted suddenly in his monotonous walk across the deck, and gazed intently upon a small dark object about midway between the vessel and the shore.

"There's a boat coming off to us I think, Captain Burns," he said, turning toward the spot where Harry sat sulking, but receiving no answer he took the glass and examined the approaching boat more attentively,—"and Andy's in it, pulling for dear life," he continued. Harry neither moved nor spoke. The crew gathered about the gangway and watched with some little interest the approach of the light skiff, which, urged by a pair of vigorous oars, was skimming over the waves with unusual speed. After a half hour of strong pulling the skiff ran alongside the lugger, the painter was made fast, and a round, rosy, jolly-faced son of the bogs sprang upon deck.

"Arrah, it's news for yez I hev," he shouted, with a triumphant flourish of an old felt hat.

"What news, that we've lost our cargo, I suppose?" returned Jackson.

"I'm not so sure of fhat aither."

"Why, the cutter has taken it and gone off with it four hours ago, wooden head."

"Thru for yez."

"Well, then, it's lost, isn't it?"

"Not if ye like to recover id, it isn't."

"What d'ye mean, Andy?" asked Harry, with a look of interest.

"Jist what I sez, yer honor, an' I'll till ye all about id. Ye know the place where I keeps me signls is a small bit iv a caverun about tin fut below the idge iv the cliff yonder. Wull, afther I seed the blasthed cutther come into the bay and fist all the good stuff, I sit meself down kind o'

disconsalit like an' watched what yez wid be afther doin off here. I might hev sit there an' hour, mebbe two, when I heered some ones thrampin' along the ridge iv the cliff, discorsin' together. 'Who's that, at all?' sez I to meself, an' pokin' the head iv me out iv the caverun, who should it be but the rivinoo ossifer an' Jerry Scott. 'What the jence,' sez I, to meself, 'is the likes iv the rivinoo man havin' to say to the notoriousest smuggler in the thray kingdoms?' So I listened. Prisently they came along an' stopped right over me head. It was the ossifer fhat was discorsin'; says he, 'You must know, Jerry,' sez he, 'fhat I made a big haul day before yestherday,' sez he, 'an' anither big haul to-day,' sez he, 'an' altogether they're worth five or six thousand poun', sez he, 'so,' sez he, 'I was thinking fhat a pithy it wor for government to lay hould iv sich a heap iv properly fhat do'n't belong to id, an' fhat it do'n't want,' sez he, 'do ye untherstand?' sez he. 'I do,' sez Jerry. 'An' I was thinkin',' sez he, 'fhat iv id was divided—say wun third to yez, wun third to meself, an' wun third to kape the men still on board the cutter, it wid be a good arrangement,' sez he, 'don't yez think so, Jerry?' sez he. 'I do,' sez Jerry. 'An' ye think yez can manage it all right?' sez he. 'I do,' sez Jerry. 'Wull, thin,' sez he, 'I'll hev the cutther off the pitch of Swan Point at twilve o'clock to-night,' sez he, 'an' you can bring yer lugger along side whin ye see a red light in the rigging, an' we'll dump the goods aboard in no time,' sez he, 'so fhat ye can take thim ashore right off,' sez he, 'at wunce,' sez he. 'Don't ye think fhat about as good an arrangement as we can make?' sez he. 'I do,' sez Jerry. 'Wull, thin, it's all sitted,' sez he. So they shuk hands, an' wint off different ways. Soon as they got will out o' sight, I schrambled down to the beach an' jumped into the schiff. 'It's meself fhat wull be aboard the Kitty, spoiling yer fun betwixt this an' night, iv I hev to chase her to the coast iv France,' sez I. Accordingly, me boys, I wor, an' here I am."

Andy's story produced a wonderful effect upon all on board; long faces shortened in a remarkable manner as he proceeded, until, as he concluded his narrative, three such rousing cheers went up as frightened all the gulls within a dosen miles. The sails were at once filled away, and the vessel's head turned toward the coast of France, in which direction they continued to run until nightfall, that no suspicion might be entertained of their real purpose by any one who might be watching them from the shore. No sooner had darkness covered the face of the deep,

however, than the vessel was put about and headed directly for Swan Point, about twenty miles further up the coast than the bay where their cargo had been captured in the evening, and by eleven o'clock they were as nearly on the spot indicated by Andy, as the darkness would allow them to judge. All hands were placed upon the lookout, and scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before a large moving object was dimly seen through the darkness.

"Schooner ahoy, what schooner's that?" shouted Harry, from the main rigging of the lugger, when they had approached within short hailing distance of each other.

"The Jerry Scott," answered a voice from the stranger, after a moment's hesitation. "What lugger is that?"

"Strike him right abaft the fore rigging," whispered Harry, to the man at the helm, without paying any attention whatever to the hail.

"What lugger's that?" again shouted the voice; then, as the vessels rapidly neared each other, "Port your helm, there; port your helm, or you'll be afoul of us."

The next minute the two vessels came together with a violent shock; grapplings were passed, and the crew of the Kitty sprang on to the deck of the Jerry Scott. A brief but sharp conflict ensued, the crew of the latter vessel being taken altogether by surprise, and wholly unarmed, could offer but a feeble resistance to the men from the Kitty, whose stout clubs speedily cleared the deck, and in something less than five minutes from the first attack, every man of the schooner's crew was pinioned to the rigging. Leaving three men on board the captured vessel to take her into port and release the prisoners, the grapplings were cast off and the Kitty stood out seaward in search of the cutter. For nearly an hour they cruised back and forth without success, and serious apprehensions began to be entertained that some untoward accident would prevent the cutter from fulfilling her part of the agreement, when, to the intense satisfaction of all on board, a small red light streamed across the water about a mile ahead. Continuing their course with all possible speed, they soon passed under the stern, and within speaking distance of the cutter.

"Schooner ahoy," shouted some one on the vessel's deck. "What craft is that?"

"The Jerry Scott," replied Jackson, who had taken it upon himself to personate the commander of the captured lugger.

"All right, Jerry Scott, come alongside to starboard."

Getting a good headway on, the sails were let go by the run, and the lugger ranging alongside

the cutter, made fast to her fore and main chains.

"Is that you, Jerry?" asked the revenue officer, leaning over the cutter's rail.

"Ay, ay, sir, it's me," returned Jackson.

"Is everything all arranged ashore?"

"Yes, sir, everything's snug, but we'll have to look sharp to get everything out of sight before daylight, it's late now."

"Lower away those casks there, my lads," exclaimed the officer, turning to his men.

Burtons were already rove at the fore and main-yard arms, the contraband goods were on deck, and with the large crew of the cutter it was the work of a few minutes to transfer to the deck of the Kitty a cargo nearly twice as large as the one she had carried in the morning, the fasts that held the two vessels together were then cast off, and the lugger drifted slowly away with the stream.

"Look out for yourself, Jerry," said the officer, as the space between them widened.

"No fear, your honor, I always do that," returned Jackson, with emphasis.

"And I say, Jerry, where shall I meet you to-morrow, to learn what success you meet with?"

"At Squire Wilson's, at noon."

"All right," returned the officer, and no more was said, for the lugger's sails having by this time been mastheaded, she began drawing rapidly through the water in the direction of the bay.

At twelve the next day, four persons were assembled in Squire Wilson's parlor. One was the squire himself, who looked very much amused at something he had just heard; another was Miss Kitty, looking very pretty and very much pleased; still another was Mr. Harry Burns, who looked as though he had just bought the whole world and got it at a bargain, and last of all was the revenue officer, very red in the face and decidedly sheepish in appearance.

What resulted from all this, I have never been able to learn, but the very good looking, middle-aged gentleman who furnished me with the foregoing particulars, registered his name on the hotel book as H. Burns, and I frequently heard him call his wife Kitty.

#### Drawing of a Mountain of the Moon.

It is said that Prof. Secchi, of the Observatory at Rome, has at length succeeded, by aid of a powerful telescope, in producing an accurate drawing of the mountain "Copernicus" in the moon. The drawing is on a scale of ten miles to the inch, all the objects being laid down by triangulation. It is said to be far the most interesting representation of the moon's surface ever executed.

## A COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER.

READER, did ever you teach a country school? Did ever you go before the minister, doctor, and squire of a town for examination? And after you had been questioned on reading, spelling, grammar and arithmetic, did you answer the squire's question on the Revised Statutes? And the doctor's as to the difference in the time required to digest pork and rice? And was the minister satisfied with your ideas of divine and human government? If so, you were "approved," and installed master or mistress of the school.

You lie awake two or three nights waiting for Monday morning to come; wondering in the small hours of night, how you shall govern those unruly girls the squire spoke about, and what you shall do with those boys, who used to fire off crackers in the presence of your predecessor.

Monday came at last, and you went to your labors, firmly resolving to do your best to succeed in your first attempt at teaching. During the day your resolutions were encouraged by occasionally hearing a pop-gun, or by seeing a bolus compounded of paper and saliva, fly from one pupil to another, with interludes upon the jews-harp and tin whistle.

When the hour of adjournment came, you told your scholars their faults, and addressed them as masters and misses; adding, that as such, you hoped and expected they would obey you in future without punishment. You paused to take breath, and one little boy screamed out, "Father says if you lick me, I shan't come any more." You reply that if he comes to school, he must obey you, and in return you see half-a-dozen of the elder boys give their heads a significant toss.

A week of confusion passes by, and during the time, one parent calls on you, and tells you if you wish to manage his children, it must be done by coaxing—they won't be driven, for he has tried it to his satisfaction. Another sends you word, if his boys don't mind, "to put it right straight on," and he will uphold you in it. While the third, wishing no doubt, to help you accomplish the task before you, meekly suggests that moral suasion makes a much better rod than birch.

The studies are of minor importance; your reputation as a teacher depends upon your skill in governing. You try reason, moral suasion, and "coaxing" to their extent, and though they work well with the majority, yet a few of the leaders in mischief you find perfectly regardless of words.

You call on the committee, and they promise you their influence, if you are compelled to use the rod. You have always believed in, and supported moral suasion, and you feel in no agreeable state of mind, when you find you must either re-

sign your principle or your school. As your bread and butter is dependent upon the latter, you decide you can better afford to part with the former; so you keep a couple of your worst boys after school, and try to bring them to their senses by the ferule.

That evening you receive a call from the father of the worst boy, and with flashing eyes and compressed lips he informs you that a person of your temper is not fit to keep school—that you "show partiality," and that his boy is no worse than twenty others he can name. You calmly inform him the true state of the case, and in reply he tells you he don't believe a word you say, for he has learned the whole story from his children, and never in his life had he yet caught one of them in a falsehood. You have no more to say, and he turns away muttering to himself about your being the worst teacher he ever knew.

You lay awake half the night, wondering what will be the result. The next morning you find his boy is taken out of school, and during the day you have less trouble than on any previous one.

A month passes by, and your school begins to make a very respectable appearance. Occasionally you receive a call from some one of the parents, denouncing you and the committee in no very gentle terms, but each time you try to forget it, and keep on in what you believe the path of duty.

Four months pass away, and the school closes for a vacation of two months before the summer term. You look back, and think what a hard time you have had, and resolve to learn some kind of a trade, and not depend upon teaching for a living. But you forget your trials are the same as other teachers have been through.

Reader, if you are a lady or gentleman of leisure, and have never taught a village school, I advise you to try it once. You will have considerable amusement, if your purse is not at stake, learn what others think of you, besides obtaining a good stock of knowledge of human nature. You will be well paid for the trouble.

## Q IN A CORNER.

## ANOTHER "NEAR" LAWYER.

A limb of the law who shall be nameless, but who now resides in a country village in Massachusetts, went into the butcher's one day and asked to see the best piece of steak. After pricing it, and remarking that "meats were very dear," he desired that a piece should be sent to his house. "About how much?" inquired the butcher. The lawyer answered, very methodically, "not less than half a pound, nor more than a pound—be sure you don't exceed a pound." The lawyer's family consisted of five or six persons—but it was in summer time, and ill-natured people said he fed them on purely pigweed, and such like esculents.—*Boston Post.*

## WHEN CHILDREN DIE.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

When little children leave the sphere  
Of earth to dwell above,  
Attending angels hover near  
The scene with holy love,

And take them in their arms, and bear  
Them to the angel land,  
Amid celestial glories, where  
Their infant souls expand.

They are a thousand-fold more blest  
Than in their earthly form,  
And find in heaven a peaceful rest  
From every threatening storm.

Like drops upon the early flowers,  
Attracted by the sun,  
Our little ones in Eden's bowers  
Draw near the holy one.

## THE WATCHMAN'S STORY.

BY ETHAN CARLETON.

One drizzly night, as I was walking slowly along my beat, wishing that I was not a single man and a watchman, but a married man, and at home snug in bed, a woman touched me on the shoulder.

"What's in the wind now?" says I. "A row in the family, or do you want a night's lodging?"

I couldn't see her face, for the very good reason that there was no light near, and she wore a veil over her features. The voice was so sweet, as she answered me, however, that I longed to lift the veil, for I felt sure she was handsome.

"O, sir, you are the watchman, aint you?"

"Yes ma'am, or miss," said I, wishing to be polite; "is there anything I can do for you?"

"If you wish to prevent a murder being done to-night," said she, in a trembling voice, "watch the empty store, number 96, closely, all night. Will you promise to do so? There will be those who will try to enter there."

I promised to keep my eye on the place, and asked her to tell me what she knew about it.

"O, nothing; I *know* nothing," she faltered, shrinking back. "I only suspect—but do be sure and watch the store."

And she hurried out of sight before I had considered whether it was best to detain her.

"A murder!" thought I, "and in number 96?"

It didn't seem probable to me, for the store was empty and had been closed for over a year. It was an old building, and the owner was in Europe. Its last occupant had failed and absconded, and was supposed to be dead. I at

first thought, as I sauntered back, past the store, that the woman might be a little crazy, as we often meet such wanderers in the streets, and then I began to suspect that she might be in league with villains, who intended to rob some other place on my beat, and so wished me to be occupied in watching the empty store. I tried the door and windows, however, and found them fast, and then passed to and fro, keeping nearer the store than I should otherwise have done, when suddenly I heard the cry of "fire!" at the other end of the street, and immediately afterwards, a man, shouting at the top of his lungs, came running past me.

"Where is the fire?" I asked.

He mentioned the number and said he was going to the nearest engine-house, and ran on.

"It is as I suspected," thought I, hastening to the further end of the street. "The design was upon another store."

When I arrived at the spot designated, all was quiet. I stood in the middle of the street and watched both sides closely, but saw no sign of smoke, fire, or even alarm in the vicinity, save two or three night-capped heads which were popped out of some windows, to see, like myself, what was not to be seen.

"Where's the fire?" asked they.

"If you don't know, I don't," said I, not a little nettled at the hoax. "It must have been a false alarm."

"Outrageous!" said one of the nightcaps, with a growl. "Waking people up in the middle of the night, and making them get out of their warm beds for nothing!" And he slammed down his window as if it was a misfortune that his house was not on fire. Luckily, the alarm had not spread, and the fire department were not victimized as they often are.

"The second time I've been hoaxed to-night," thought I. "I will keep my eye upon the next customer. I wonder if they take me for a fool."

Feeling very much like a fool, I walked back on my round, and having a sort of spite against number 96, which I considered hoax number one, I kicked the door.

To my surprise, it flew open without resistance, and I found myself sprawling across the threshold. As I had kicked myself down, I picked myself up, and feeling for the door, found that it had been opened during my absence. The bolt was wholly in the lock.

"Somebody *has* been here, that's certain!" I muttered, and just then I heard a groan inside. I listened. The groan was repeated. At once I called for help, and getting a lantern, entered the store with half a dozen others. To our hor

ror we there found a poorly-dressed, middle aged man, lying on his back, close to a counter, his face bruised and bloody, his forehead awfully gashed, his dress torn; and as we tore aside his shirt, we found a deep wound in the region of the heart. He was groaning and panting from the recent scuffle.

We raised him at once and asked him what had been the difficulty and who had assailed him; but, though perfectly conscious, he refused to disclose anything, even his own name, and before we could remove him from that solitary place, he gasped, his head fell upon one side, and he lay a corpse, in our arms!

The investigation of the coroner's inquest produced nothing that could give a clue to the perpetrators; nobody recognized the murdered man, and he was buried in a nameless grave, at the city's expense.

This sad affair produced great excitement at that time, and you may be sure that I came in for a full share of blame. I was called incompetent, stupid, a sleepy-head—as if a watchman could be everywhere at once, and know everything which was going to happen—and I believe two or three, who had a spite against me, were ready to swear that I was drunk on the occasion, and had shouted "Fire!" when there wasn't any. Though nothing was proved against me, I threw up my occupation in disgust, and confined myself wholly to a Christian course of life—that is to work by daylight, and get natural sleep at night; and three years afterwards I negotiated for a comforter in the shape of a pretty wife, and became as happy as a decent man can be.

I was just making a living then. My wife was affectionate, industrious and economical, and I didn't really wish to be any better off; when I began to see, or thought so, that she became melancholy at times, and I suspected that she was sick of her bargain, and asked her about it.

"Did you ever love any body else?" said I.

"Yes," said she, sorrowfully.

"Hallo!" thinks I, "I'm not going to be so happy, after all. Hero's another love come up, like the ghost of a dog in-the-manger, to steal away the happiness it can't enjoy itself. Who was it?" says I, all in a pucker, "and why didn't you say so before?"

"It was my brother," says she, dolefully.

"Your brother? O, that alters the case. But I didn't know you ever had a brother, and I don't see anything in that to make you sad."

She burst into tears. Queer creatures, women are.

"If you will promise to forgive me," said she, "I will tell you all."

"I don't know about that, ducky," says I. "If you've been doing anything very wrong—"

"Perhaps you won't think so," interrupted she, "for it was all out of love for you, and fear that you wouldn't have me, that I didn't tell you before we were married."

"Out with it, then, and I'll see," says I, a little roughly, "and don't keep me on tenter-hooks."

"Do you remember—of course you do—that about three years ago, a woman came to you, one dark, muggy night, in the street, and told you that a murder would be committed if you didn't watch a certain store—number 96?"

"Of course I do, as you say; and the truth flashed upon me at once. That unknown woman was my wife, and now she acknowledged it.

"Heavens!" said I, aghast at the information, and I looked at her so that she turned pale and nearly fainted.

"Don't kill me with your looks," said she, crying bitterly. "I did all for the best, and you shall know all."

You can imagine that neither she nor I felt very pleasantly about that time. One thought of mine was, for a second, that I had married a murderess, or at least an accomplice of guilt; and then, even her very beauty, for she is handsome, seemed loathsome to me. What if she had been a bad character? for I knew nothing of her relations more than she had told me; and then the old proverb rang in my ears, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure!"

"You must know," said she, in that same musical voice which had first attracted my notice on the night of the murder, "that on the day before that horrid affair, my brother came home from New York. He had been to sea, squandered nearly all his money in that city, and in some low tavern where he stopped, had watched by the bedside of a dying man. That man told him that he had formerly been a prosperous tradesman in this city, but that things had finally gone behind-hand, and that he had been forced to fly from an examination of his affairs. What goods he had left had been seized, but he had concealed a thousand dollars in specie in a box buried in the cellar, on the night when fear of sudden arrest for fraud had caused him to decamp. Since then he had become a wanderer, not daring to return, and now sickness and destitution had come to avenge his creditors on him. He described where he had placed the box, and with his dying breath urged my brother to secure it and give it to those he had defrauded, in partial atonement for the wrong. My brother promised; but on coming home, he told me the story, and said that poverty had made the prize too tempting.

"'You will not use the money yourself,' said I. 'God never prospers the dishonest.'

"'Yes he does,' said John, angrily. 'If he didn't there wouldn't be so many rich people, and the poor would get their own.'

I told him the money wasn't his own, but he wouldn't listen to me, and that very day he brought home with him two rough-looking men, and he agreed to give them a share if they would aid him in getting the money that night. Then they sent out for drink, and caroused and swore, and when John was asleep I heard them, in another room, say how much better it would be, when he got the money, to kill him and share it between them. When John awoke, I tried to persuade him not to go, but he was furious and would not listen, and so I came to you as my only resource. O, if I had only waited there and given the alarm," concluded my wife, moaning aloud, "what happened wouldn't have happened. But I thought you would be there to prevent it."

I was astonished at this disclosure, and now suspected that the man who gave the false alarm of fire must have been one of the accomplices.

"Why didn't you appear as a witness against the men?" I asked.

"I didn't know what might happen to me, and was afraid. The accounts in the papers frightened me. But I remembered your name in the reports, and when we became acquainted by chance, I recognized you, but feared to tell you, not knowing what you'd think of me. But now you know all. It has been a sad secret to keep, and often when you have spoken of the murder, I longed to tell you it was my poor brother, John Hagner, who was murdered.

I comforted her as well as I could, and asked if she knew the men's names; but she said she had never known, though she remembered their having said they had been sailors in the navy, and she thought at the time that they might have shipped in a sloop-of-war, which, shortly after the murder, had put to sea on a three years' cruise. But of this, of course, there was no certainty.

My wife seemed greatly relieved when she had revealed the secret to me, and I concluded that for a time, at any rate, I would let the matter rest between us; for I saw no good that could come from making it a public fact.

Not long after our marriage I again became a watchman, traversing the same old beat. I believe I know every store in it. Never did I pass the old store—which still remained unoccupied, the owner still remaining abroad, and having no agent for letting it—without an unpleasant sensation. Sometimes I felt curious to

enter and search the premises, to see if the money was still there; but I was restrained by the thought of the world's censoriousness, and that my curiosity might be construed injuriously. So I let it alone altogether.

One evening, for all the world just such an evening as that when my wife first spoke to me, I was standing in a deep doorway, next to number 96, and thinking of the fact that a sloop-of-war's crew had been discharged that very day, and wondering whether the rogues had been among them, when I heard the sound of approaching feet, and looking out, and remarking that the two men approaching appeared to be sailors, "a little in for it," I shrank back into the darkness and listened.

When they got abreast of the store, one said to the other in a low tone:

"My eyes, Tom, if there aren't the very old store, looking as if nobody had gone into it from that time to this! And mayhap there haven't been. Do you suppose the man died?"

"Shut up, Bob, and heave ahead, and let's make the tavern. It won't do to be loose in talk while we're in this port. The man dead, blast your eyes! Didn't he get the knife in his heart, or near it, for deceiving us? If the store has never been open since that time, his skeleton, most like, is in there now. A bad job we made of it. Come along."

"Might have been worse," said the first speaker, as they staggered along, and I heard something muttered about "necks stretched."

I followed, stealthily, at a little distance, convinced, from what I had heard, who they were. But who, thought I, will be a witness against them? My wife's evidence would be hardly sufficient, even for circumstantial proof. Still, I resolved to mark where they lodged, and on the way I hit upon a plan.

When arrived at the sailors' boarding-house where they stopped, while they were drinking, gaming and swearing near the bar, I sent a man for assistance, and when it came the two were seized, without a word of explanation from us, and conveyed to jail. They made a desperate resistance, and were at first assisted by some of their shipmates, who were soon, however restrained by the landlord, whose assurance that justice should be done was enough for them.

We put the men in separate cells and allowed not a word to be said to them, and meanwhile I related my suspicions and the plan I proposed for their detection; and on the following day it was approved and adopted, and at night put in execution.

In the course of the day we visited them, and



to the inquiries as to why they were arrested, we answered that it was for theft, committed on the preceding day. This was intended to lull their suspicions of the truth, and prevent, if possible, any premeditated defence against the charge of murder. I did so, and the men, relieved of their chief anxiety, laughed, cursed, danced and sang all day in their cells, confident that they would be able to establish their innocence of the charge.

One of the two, we discovered, in the course of a carefully worded conversation, was of a nervous and superstitious nature, and upon him we fixed as the instrument for the success of our stratagem. At night he was taken from his cell, suddenly gagged and blindfolded, in silence, placed in a carriage, and conveyed to the store where the murder had been done, over three years before.

Some dozen in all, officers and others, were present, the affair being kept secret from the public. When the door was closed, the bandage was removed from the man's eyes, and he found himself, to his unconcealed horror and disappointment, in the presence of that stern and solemn assembly, and in that fatal store! I never saw remorse and affright so vividly depicted as in his glassy eyes and ashy complexion, and when the gag was removed from his mouth, he fell upon his knees and exclaimed:

"O, sirs, what are you going to do with me?"

"Stand up!" said the gray-haired attorney who had come with us. The man humbly obeyed, though his knees trembled, and two of us supported him, while the faint light of two lanterns revealed the agonized workings of his soul.

"Unfortunate man," said the attorney, "we have brought you hither by night, to place you, face to face, with the man you murdered in this store, more than three years ago."

"I did not murder him, it was—"

"Silence!" interrupted the attorney. "You were engaged in the bloody business, and you vainly thought that the judgment of God would not overtake you because the eye of man had not seen you, and you and your companion had had fled on a three years' cruise. But the blood of the murdered is ever eloquent. Their spirits often rise from the dead to point out the guilty. And in this fearful case, though so long a period has elapsed, the skeleton of John Hagner is about to confront you; and see if your eyes are able to rest upon it, while we bring *other and overwhelming proofs* against you! Look there!"

Those present stood from before the guilty man, and he now saw upon the floor, near where the murdered Hagner had been found, something covered with a white cloth, as if a dead body or a skeleton lay beneath.

"Shall we remove the cloth?" asked one.

The question was superfluous, for the conscience-stricken wretch covered his face with his hands, held his head down, bent nearly double, and shrank back in terror, screaming out.

"No, no, don't, *don't* do that!" It is true I helped to kill him, gentlemen, but I didn't stab him. I didn't. It was Tom Boarson who did that. I only beat him about the face, and if the man was alive, God knows he would say so this moment. Take me back to jail, gentlemen, it is horrible to be here. Take me back, O take me back, and I will tell you all exactly as it was; but don't make me look at—that!"

The wretch shuddered throughout his whole frame, his teeth chattered, and his eyes rolled so that it was deemed best to comply with his entreaty, and he was again carried to the jail.

The ruse I had conceived had proved effectual. Fright and guilt had so wrought on the superstition of the man, that doubtless he might have imagined that if the cloth had been removed, the grinning skeleton would have stood up to accuse him! While he was under the influence of his fears, he was placed under oath, and stated that when the three had come in sight of the store, seeing me, Boarson started the cry of "Fire!" and when I had gone, they entered, picking the lock.

Hurriedly striking a light, they descended to the cellar, when Hagner abruptly refused to do anything more in the business. He repented he had gone so far; said he had never committed a robbery, and never would; and in spite of their expostulations and threats, he ran up stairs.

Infuriated by drink and disappointed on the very verge of seizing the prize, they rushed after him, and swore that if he did not tell where the box of money was buried, he should not leave the store alive. Refusing, he struggled passionately to get away; an obstinate encounter took place, and the knife of Boarson closed the murderous affray. He fell, with a sharp cry, and they rushed from the store at once, and on the following morning hurried on board the sloop-of-war.

When Boarson learned that his comrade had made this confession, he freely admitted all, and sank down on the cold floor of his dungeon overwhelmed. On the following morning he was discovered by the turnkey, hanging dead, to the bars of his cell! The other was brought to trial in due time, and sent to end his days in prison.

When the story of the money was made known search was made for it, and at last it was dug up. The creditors of the man who had secreted it, would have given it to my wife, but she refused it, horror-stricken at the idea of receiving what had been the cause of her brother's death.

## Curious Matters.

### A Miracle of the Nineteenth Century.

A lady residing in the western part of the city, says the Baltimore Patriot, formerly a communicant of the Episcopal Church, having lately been converted to the Baptist faith, under the ministration of the Rev. Dr. Williams, of the First Baptist Church of this city, was immersed in the presence of a large congregation, considering the state of the weather. This lady had been afflicted for a number of years with the rheumatism, so much so that she was unable to walk without assistance. After her immersion she was enabled to proceed to her home without the help she formerly required.

### Sugar.

The oldest account wherein we find sugar mentioned in France, is dated in the year 1333. Sugar was then at so high a price, that only sick persons made use of it. It was only sold by apothecaries, and was consecrated solely for the sick; from whence came the French proverb, "An apothecary without sugar," which is still used to point out a man who is destitute of what his station requires. What would our modern housewives say to such a tariff?

### Peculiar Death.

At a ball in Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, a man named William Owen had occasion to draw down the lower sash of the east window, and while in the act of doing so, the window being very high, his hands slipped, and he was precipitated out of the window to the ground beneath, a distance of some thirty feet. Persons hurrying to the spot where he lay, found that his neck was broken and his skull fractured.

### Queer Mode of Salutation.

If the Chinese meet after a long separation, they fall on their knees, bend their faces to the earth two or three times, and use many other affected modes. They have also a kind of ritual, or "academy of compliments," by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflections and words to be spoken on any occasion. Ambassadors practise these ceremonies forty days before they appear at court.

### Quaint Custom.

At Marseilles, in France, on Ash Wednesday, there is a ceremony called "interring the carnival." A whimsical figure is dressed up to represent the carnival, and is carried in procession to Arriens, a small seaside village, when it is pulled to pieces. This ceremony is attended, in some way or other, by every inhabitant of Marseilles, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl.

### Somnambulism.

The Fulton (N. Y.) Patriot mentions a most extraordinary instance of somnambulism in a young lady of that town, who was in the habit of rising at night and writing poetry *ad libitum*. At first she lighted her lamp, but her friends discovered her infirmity and took it away every night, when she proceeded to write in the dark.

### The Animal Centre.

It is stated as a curious fact that in the common fly we have a creature just half way between the smallest and the largest animal known. The smallest is the Twilight Monad, and the largest is the Rorqual, which is about one hundred feet in length. So it seems that "the busy, curious fly" is the central point of the animal kingdom.

### The Mantle of the Prophet stolen.

Great sensation has been occasioned among the "faithful" in Constantinople by the sudden disappearance of numerous relics of Mohammed and his successors. Among the articles stolen is the Soudschaki Scherif or sacred banner—the veritable mantle of the prophet. It is conjectured that the theft was committed for political purposes, at the instigation of the clergy. The matter was investigated by the ministry, and several inmates were arrested on suspicion.

### An Odd Interment.

The following curious entry is in the register of Lymington church, under the year 1736:—"Samuel Baldwin, Esq., sojourner in this parish, was immersed (i. e., sunk in the sea) without the Needles *sans ceremonie*, May 20." This was performed in consequence of the earnest wish of the deceased on his deathbed to disappoint his wife, who, in their matrimonial squabbles, had assured him that if she survived him, she would dance on his grave.

### Immense Treasure.

A quartz boulder weighing one hundred and sixty-two pounds, valued at \$3000, has been found at Minnesota by the Juniata Company, California. Five thousand dollars in gold has been abstracted from it, and the stock remaining uncrushed will yield at least two thousand more. Near the centre was found a solid mass of gold that weighed over two pounds, and in numerous places disintegrated veins of gold were found running entirely through it.

### Curious Relics.

Mrs. James K. Polk has presented to the Tennessee Historical Society a set of curiosities which have been in her possession for some time. Among them are a blue pitcher, used in the Indian council at Hopewell in 1785, originally the property of Oken-shau-tau, the king of the Cherokees; an Indian pipe presented to President Polk by the head chief of the Winnebagoes, and a piece of oak from the old frigate Constitution.

### Strange Custom.

On the quay at Nimeguen, in the United Provinces, two ravens are kept at the public expense. They live in a roomy apartment, with a large wooden cage before it, which serves them as a balcony. These birds are fed on choice viands every day. The privileges of the city were granted originally on the observance of this strange custom which is still kept up.

### Wonderful Power of Music.

Sultan Amurath, having taken Bagdad, gave orders that 30,000 Persians should be put to death notwithstanding they had capitulated. Among them was a musician, with a sort of lyre, and he sung the triumph of Amurath in tones so thrilling, that the tyrant was melted to tears, and gave orders for the liberation of all the captives.

### Unprecedented Diet.

In 1641 Heollar etched a print of Francis Battalia, an Italian who is said to have eaten half a peck of stones a day. After his granite dinners, he used to take a draught of beer, and now and then a pipe, for he had been a soldier in Ireland.

### Singular.

It is a curious fact, that of all our presidents, neither Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Taylor, or Buchanan, had a son.

## The Florist.

### Hedges.

The buckthorn is a suitable plant for hedges. The insects will not touch it, and it is remarkably hardy; it will bear any climate and soil, is very thrifty in its growth and has great longevity, and is very easily propagated. It takes five or six years from the seed to get a hedge to maturity, and will have cost at the end of the sixth year, including cost of plants, cultivating, etc., at the rate of about seventy-five cents a rod.

### Flowers from Bulbous Roots.

Put quicklime into a flower pot till it is rather more than half full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

### Potted Plants.

When potted plants are placed in the ground, some earth should be drawn up about the stems, so as to form a cone to lead off the excess of moisture, and very few plants that have been housed during the winter will stand the full sun in early spring and summer, therefore the warmest exposures should not be selected for them.

### Nolana Atriplicifolia.

A new and handsome flowering annual, when planted so as to hang over the edge of a vase. The flowers are not very unlike those of the dwarf morning glory, of a fine azure blue, with a white centre, the bottom or tube of the flower yellow.

### The Rose.

The bed of roses is not altogether a fiction. The roses of the Sinan Nile, or garden of the Nile, attached to the emperor of Morocco's palace, are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for men of rank to recline upon.

### Creeping Plants.

Wherever creeping flowering plants can live, let them adorn every nook and corner, stem, wall, and post; they are elegant in appearance, and many of them, particularly clematis, are delicious in fragrant scent.

### Sweet Basil.

This highly fragrant plant is frequently known in country gardens under the name of Lavender. It is used in French cookery, and is a very agreeable plant to have in a garden. The seed should be sown in May.

### Common Mignonette.

This flower has been styled the "Frenchman's darling." There should be a bed of it in every garden. It begins to flower in June, and continues all the season sending forth a most delicious perfume.

### Nemophila.

An elegant, hardy annual, producing brilliant blue flowers on stems six or eight inches high. They require to be a little sheltered from the hot sun.

### Musk-scented Monkey Flower.

This is well known as the musk-plant. It is dwarf in its habits, with small yellow flowers.

### Rock-work.

There are many plants that succeed best when planted among rocks, and there show off their beauties to greater advantage. A rockery is a great addition to a garden. This is easily made by piling up loose stones and soil. Trilliums, orchis, cypripediums, and a few ferns and many of our native plants will flourish well in such a spot.

### Ayrshire Roses.

This family of roses are all great ramblers, producing a long, slender and luxuriant growth; but in this climate needs to be laid down and covered up in the fall. When budded on some stock eight or ten feet high, the branches quickly reach the ground, and present a weeping tree of great beauty.

### The Norway Spruce.

This is a fine tree to plant on the north side of a garden, both for shelter and ornament. It is finer than either the black or white spruce, and is distinguished from them by its larger cylindrical cones, thick foliage and drooping branches.

### Globe Amaranth.

This plant, of which there are three common varieties, the white, purple, and striped, are desirable for their heads of flowers, which, if gathered before they are too far advanced, will retain their beauty several years. The seeds should be soaked in milk several hours.

### Purple Hyacinth Bean.

A fine tender annual climber, growing from eight to fifteen feet in a season. Treatment very like the common scarlet bean. The two should be planted together—the blossoms producing a pleasing contrast.

### Cutting Flowers.

Flowers should not be cut during sunshine, or kept exposed to solar influence; neither should they be collected in large bundles, tied tightly together, as this hastens their decay.

### Shrubs.

If you can take up shrubs with a ball of earth round their roots, they do not feel the operation, and their leaves do not drop. Water each shrub after planting.

### Shrub Fruit.

Your crops of currants, gooseberries, and raspberries will improve, if you dig up the old plants once in three or four years, and plant young bushes.

### The Great-Flowered Evening Primrose.

This is a very handsome border annual, with yellow flowers. It is a native of North America, grows four feet high, and blossoms from July to October.

### Pruning.

Prune the white rose tree sparingly—they do not love the knife.

### Pyracantha.

An elegant shrub, with its clusters of red berries; and it looks gay during the autumn and winter.

### Yellow Rose.

Lady Banks's yellow rose is a pretty climber, and flowers early in all situations.

## The Housewife.

### Strawberry Cream.

Try the following method for making strawberry cream: put six ounces of strawberry jam to a pint of cream; pulp it through a sieve; add to it the juice of a lemon, and whisk it fast at the edge of a dish; lay the froth on a sieve as it rises, and keep adding a little more juice of lemon until no more froth will rise; put the cream into a dish, or into glasses, and place the froth upon it when drained.

### To dress Rice.

Soak the rice in cold salt and water for seven hours—have ready a stew-pan with boiling water, throw in the rice and let it boil for ten minutes, then pour it into a colander, cover it up hot by the fire for a few minutes, and then serve. The grains are double the usual size, and distinct from each other.

### Substitute for Eggs.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says:—"To those who may not have eggs on hand, use a solution of alum, with the milk, or water, in the preparation of dough for fried cakes or dough-nuts. A small portion only of the alum is required. Try it."

### To sweeten Bread.

It is not generally known that pure starch added to flour, and made into dough, will be partially converted into a species of sugar during the process of fermentation and baking, and produces sweet, wholesome bread.

### The Fire.

Cooks are apt to keep up a large and furious fire. This is bad for many reasons: it is a waste, to begin with, of fuel, and, moreover, nearly all meats are vastly better cooked, when the process is accomplished slowly.

### Caged Birds.

The claws of all birds confined in cages are apt to grow long and inconvenient. They should be cut once in a while, but not very short. Never draw blood.

### Making Pickles.

Of all the modes of pickling, probably that of placing the vegetable in cold, strong vinegar is the best. The strongest vinegar of white wine is the best and cheapest.

### Apple Bread.

The French make a very nice bread of one third apples and two thirds flour. The apples should be in warm pulp, after boiling, and the usual quantity of yeast used.

### Straw Matting.

Straw matting may be nicely cleansed with a coarse cloth and salt water; the salt will prevent it from turning yellow or being spotted.

### For chapped Hands.

Powdered camphor, two drachms; white wax, one ounce; spermaceti, two drachms; oil of almonds, three ounces. Mix, and mould into balls in gallipots.

### Cheap Gum Arabic.

Take the gum exuding from peach trees, dissolve it in water, and you have an article for sticking paper equal to the best gum Arabic.

### Soft Gingerbread, very nice.

Four tea-cups of flour, two cups of molasses, half a cup of butter, two cups of buttermilk, a cup of thick cream, three eggs, a table-spoonful of ginger, and the same of saleratus. Mix them all together, with the exception of the buttermilk, in which the saleratus must be dissolved, and then added to the rest. It must not stand long before being sent to bake.

### To make an excellent Salve.

Take alum, castile soap, and camphor gum, of each a lump as large as a walnut; pulverize them well, and mix with a gill of honey, cold; then melt a lump of beeswax and a lump of rosin, the size of a hen's egg, together, add them to the first, and stir until cold.

### Tooth Wash.

The best tooth wash, because the safest, most familiar, and most universally accessible, and most invariably applicable and efficient, where specific dental science is not sought, is a piece of common white soap with a brush of moderate stiffness.

### Lemonade.

Powdered sugar, four pounds; citric or tartaric acid, one ounce; essence of lemon, two drachms; mix well. Two or three teaspoonful make a very sweet and agreeable glass of extemporaneous lemonade.

### Lip Salve a-la Rose.

Alkanet root, 1 ounce; olive oil, 12 ounces. Digest with a gentle heat, then add suet, 16 ounces; lard, 8 ounces. Strain, and while cooling, stir in rose-water, 3 ounces; otto of roses, 3 drops.

### Rancid Butter.

This may be restored by melting it in a water bath, with some coarsely powdered animal charcoal (which has been thoroughly sifted from dust), and strained through flannel.

### To stew smoked Beef.

Having chipped it thin, put it into a skillet, with fresh butter, pepper, and two or three beaten yolks of eggs. Let it stew until the beef is crisp and curled.

### To clean Tin Covers.

Boil rotten stone and a small quantity of prepared whiteness in sweet oil, for two hours, until it acquires the consistency of cream.

### Burns.

When a child or grown person has slightly burned its hands, apply a thin coating of salt to the part. It will draw out the fire.

### Sleep.

Infants cannot sleep too long; let nature take care of itself, and never wake them because you think they have slept long enough.

### For the Teeth.

Powdered charcoal will render the teeth whiter than any other known article; it also purifies the teeth.

### Bugs.

Spirits of naphtha rubbed into the cracks and joints of a bedstead, is a sure remedy for bugs.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE DOLLAR MONTHLY.

With the present number of Ballou's Dollar Monthly, we commence volume *sixth* of the work. Since the addition of illustrating the Magazine, the demand has exceeded our ability to supply, but we have a fast press now building which will be solely appropriated to printing the work, and enable us to produce any quantity desired. We expected the old style of publishers would blame us some for reducing the price of a first class magazine to one third the usual charge, but we did not think they would take it so much to heart. Little fault was found with us until our edition reached to so high a number, now rising 80,000 copies regular edition.

But *they* are not our customers; we look to the people for approval, and we have received it in the most substantial manner from every State in the Union. Every person who has watched the course of the work will observe a steady improvement and increase of value in each issue; but we have not done improving it yet—it shall continue to surprise those old style publishers by its excellence and growing popularity. In the meantime let our friends and subscribers show it to their neighbors, and let it be known how judiciously *one dollar* can be expended, and how much interest and amusement so small a sum will bring to the fire-side of every American home.

Save carefully the numbers for binding, and you will be surprised, at the close of each volume, to see how beautiful a book it will make, with an accumulated fund of fine illustrations, stories, sketches, current information, housewife, floral, and curious matters. We bind it in gilt, illuminated covers, for only *thirty-eight* cents per volume; a remarkably low price, but we wish to induce all to preserve the work.

**FIGURATIVE.**—While Mr. Benton was at Lewiston, Me., he is said to have remarked, in allusion to his age: "I am walking on the broken arches of life, and am liable to slump through at any moment." We don't believe he said "slump."

**OPIMUM-EATERS.**—Two-thirds of the daily wages of the lower class of the Chinese are expended in purchasing opium, thereby impoverishing their purses and ruining their health.

### PUNNING BY WHOLESALE.

At one time there was a general strike among the workingmen of Paris, and Theodore Hook gave the following amusing account of the affair: "The bakers, being ambitious to extend their *do-mains*, declared that a revolution was *needed*, and though not exactly *bread* up to arms, soon reduced their *crusty* masters to terms. The tailors called a council of the *board* to see what *measures* should be taken, and looking upon the bakers as the *flour* of chivalry, decided to follow *suit*—the consequence of which was that an insurrection was *lighted up* among the candle-makers, which, however *wick*-ed it might appear in the eyes of some persons, developed traits of character not unworthy of ancient *Greece*."

**THE COST OF LAW.**—An English writer says that by calculations admitted by the highest law authorities to be correct, at least \$4,000,000 are every year absorbed by attorneys and sheriff officers, in the United Kingdom, for expenses on writs and actions, which enormous sum is, therefore, wholly lost to creditors.

**SEVERE ON THE BAR.**—An Indiana paper says that during a recent trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was a witness was asked if he knew the obligations of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he would go where all the lawyers went."

**NEW YORK THIEVES.**—The burglars of New York are getting desperate; they make nothing of using pistols when any attempt to interfere with their professional business is made.

**IT TAKES THE LEAD.**—Carefully edited, beautifully illustrated, finely printed, and above all so amazingly cheap, no wonder Ballou's Dollar Monthly is rapidly increasing its already immense edition.—*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot*.

**IS HE RICH?**—Don't ask if a man is rich, but if he is honorable. Seek after the wealth of mind and heart, rather than of the purse.

**THE LATEST LUXURY.**—A man who made a million in California has become so expensive in his habits, that he skates on ice cream.

## LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

"The Journal des Debats attributes the existence of secret societies in France to the absence of free discussion in speaking and in the press." So says an exchange. This is truly an original discovery—a truism about as universally acknowledged as that the earth is spherical and revolves upon its axis. One of the most extraordinary things in the world, however, is the moral blindness of even well-educated despots. Louis Napoleon, the sovereign of France, is the author of an admirable treatise on artillery, and is thoroughly acquainted with the properties and powers of gunpowder, which his distinguished uncle employed on a pretty extensive scale. He certainly knows the result of compressing even a small quantity of "villanous saltpetre,"—that a small spark will cause it to explode, scattering death and destruction around it, while even a considerable quantity of loose powder may be ignited without any fatal consequences. One would think that his logical mind would have perceived, long ago, that, in the same way, the compression of an inflammable people would produce the same results. But it appears from the above extract—and it is well known that the French press only echoes the sovereign's thoughts—that he has just found out what all the world knew before. Never before has a more rigid suppression of the freedom of speech existed in France and all over Europe; and never before, we have reason to assert, has there existed so complete a system of secret political organization and affiliation among her peoples.

These societies are admirably combined, are winnowed of all traitors and cowards, and are hourly gathering strength. The crowned heads and princes and nobles of Europe stand on a volcano—and hold their lives and property by the most precarious tenure. A spark—a nothing—may produce, at any moment, such a convulsion as the old world never before knew; and when that earthquake explosion comes, most pitiable will be the fate of the great ones of the land. They will not be trusted, as in 1848; they will not be permitted to swear to free constitutions, and thus retain their seats, or to go into exile, and thus retain their heads. Nothing, we are sorry to say, but annihilation will be their fate in the next general revolutionary movement. No such persons as moderate republicans will be known in that hour—radical, red republicanism will be the order of the day. Napoleon first ploughed Europe with the sword for the benefit of himself and his family—though from the nature of his origin, many popular elements mingled with his administration of the various

countries he conquered; but Europe must again be ploughed with the sword for the benefit of the people. It is an inexorable political necessity—and for this terrible result, the despots of the East will only have themselves to thank. Every student of the past knows that if the spirit of reform in Great Britain moves slowly, safely and peacefully, it is because there the press and the rostrum have been free. Had it been otherwise, a sanguinary revolution must have long since occurred even in England. These are truths as patent as God's sunshine, and none but the wilfully blind can fail to see them.

## THE LOWER CLASSES.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artizan, the inventor, the producer! These are nature's nobility. No matter how high or low in station they are, rich or poor, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely upper circles in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, may decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and high-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we allude to as only relatively low, and in fact the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the highest. If there be a class of beings on earth who may properly be denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without being anything in and of themselves.

SLANDER.—A venerable old man says: "Let the slanderer take comfort—it's only at fruit-trees that thieves throw stones." And Swift says:

"On me when dunces are satiric,  
I take it for a panegyric."

THE FIRST STEP.—It is easier to suppress the first impure desire than to satisfy all that follow. One sin admitted into the citadel of the heart, brings a thousand in its train.

LITERARY.—Bowdoin College, Me., has a larger number of students than ever before. The catalogue shows a total of 251.

CHEERING.—Missionaries are laboring hard among the Chinese in Australia with great success.



## CRIME IN CITIES.

The exhibitions of crime presented in our courts, of late, are exceedingly startling. Such a series of trials, with all their hideous and revolting details, has never before been known in New England, and not often, if at all, in any other portion of this country. All intelligent citizens are fully aware that there are fearful records of deeds consummated in our midst every week that passes. Comparatively few of these deeds are ever made public, or if brought to light, are despatched in brief, and the guilty parties summarily punished. But from time to time, prominent persons in domestic circles are implicated in these revolting sins, and then they are dragged before the public eye in sickening detail, and a morbid taste gloats upon the disgusting minutiae of evidence brought out by legal investigation. The daily press teems with the matter in a form fearfully objectionable. To supply the demand of the public, thousands upon thousands of pamphlet editions of these trials are issued, and the land is flooded with the matter which carries with its circulation the seeds of inevitable corruption. For all this we can see no direct remedy, but in common with many others deeply regret the matter. It is sad to think that there are elements at work in society which have in them so little of heaven. People are vastly concerned and prayerful when an epidemic of a physical nature rages among us; but this fearful moral disease is far more terrible and contagious!

These scenes of guilt and horror are unfit for print; their perusal must infect thousands of innocent minds, and outrage the sensibility of every delicate woman, young or old. Children of either sex could not be subjected to a more baleful influence in associating with the worst company, or be made more thoroughly conversant with evil by companionship with the vilest characters. No wonder parents hesitate to take home these prints to their families, for they fear the moral poison which they contain. A few, even of the daily press, avoid these records, and refuse to publish them. All honor to such! it is the only remedy for a growing and terrible evil. We do not wish to be understood as speaking in censure of any of our contemporaries; this is not our object; but a sense of moral duty leads us to refer to the subject, especially at this exciting period.

NOT A KNOT.—Two spars of New Zealand pine, each 100 feet long and 34 inches in diameter, were lately landed at Portsmouth, Eng. Neither of them had a single knot in it.

## THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

It is well understood that the leaders and a majority of their partisans, in the present formidable Chinese insurrection, have embraced the doctrines of Christianity, although it appears that they are not only fighting the imperialists, but have quarrelled with and slaughtered each other. At this seeming inconsistency, the New York Commercial Advertiser remarks: "Men who can practise such wholesale treachery and slaughter among themselves, are not, one would think, likely to prove permanently formidable foes, and it is difficult to suppose that their rule can be a blessing to any people. To claim for such men a knowledge of, or a belief in Christianity, and its civilizing, humane precepts, is only to bring the Christian religion into contempt."

It has been truly remarked that such a test as is thus applied to the Chinese revolutions would exclude from the pale of Christianity almost all the nations who profess the religion of our Saviour; for there is scarcely one among them that has not been engaged in war. France has been desolated by civil wars waged in the name of religion; Germany, Italy, have filled the pages of history with the record of their civil and religious wars; England has been rent and stained by the same fratricidal strife. England and this country have twice been at war, without abandoning their claim to be recognized as Christian nations. Let us not too hastily condemn the action of the Chinese rebels, or attempt to "read them out of the church," because of acts the motives of which even we are but imperfectly acquainted with. We look forward, prayerfully and hopefully, to the time when the blessed teachings of the New Testament will be the rule of all nations, and we shall hail every advance from the dark domains of Paganism without despairing or doubting because men do not instantly step from shadows into perfect day.

ONLY A PAUPER.—"Only a short prayer over the body," said a hard-hearted overseer to the clergyman, "it's only a pauper, sir."

"Rattle his bones  
Over the stones,  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—There are lots of lady carpenters in France. They have no objection to joining, if they meet a suitable match—that's *plane*.

LEGAL DEFENCE.—An "artful dodger," on being brought up on a charge of picking pockets, denied the "soft impeachment," saying he never "picked pockets, but took them just as they came."

## CULTIVATE THE BEAUTIFUL.

There is a part of education little taught in schools, but yet having a most important bearing upon mind and heart; we mean the cultivation of the beautiful. Without a keen sense of the beautiful in nature and in art, the pathway of life is dull and barren; with it, the desert places even smile and blossom like the rose. The prodigality with which Providence has lavished the beautiful on this world of ours, shows that the cultivation of a love of it is praiseworthy and consonant with the loftiest aims. The gorgeous colors of the rainbow and the clouds, the brilliant plumage of birds, the flashing mail of tropic fishes, the variety of greens in grass and foliage, and the kaleidoscopic infinitude of the tints of flowers, seem created to challenge our love and admiration. Cloud, bird and fish would perform their offices if less gaily adorned. If the example of the merely useful were held up to our gaze, these charming accessories would have been withheld. The senses trained to mark beauty wherever it presents itself, to trace it in its most subtle manifestation, convey to the heart and mind a pure and elevating and ennobling pleasure. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The man whose tastes and perceptions have been refined, need never know a moment of weariness in communion with nature. To him, the forms and colors of the clouds, the changes of the sea, the phenomena of the atmosphere, the glory of a summer sunrise, or the splendor of a starry midnight, speak a language whose every note is music. To him the tiniest wild-flower, the minutest mosses, impart a thrill of pleasure.

And what a charm does the culture of the beautiful lend to the humblest home! what an air of refinement does a trailing honeysuckle, or a climbing rose-bush, or a splendid trumpet-flower, give the porch of the poorest cottage! We have seen a rustic dwelling, old, crumbling, moss-grown, that, stripped of its surroundings, would have been a mere monument of decay—an eyesore—made to look like a little paradise, because embowered in vines, and guarded by gay shrubs and evergreens and roses, costing little save a few minutes' health-giving care each day. But does it pay? asks the cold-blooded utilitarian. Yes, it is a good investment. Beneath a roof-tree thus embellished, the sweetest virtues of humanity are almost sure to dwell. A love of the beautiful is certainly incompatible with dark sins or sordid errors. Happiness and her twin-sister, Health, are found under such circumstances. And as we ascend higher on the ladder of worldly fortune, the greater need there exists for the culture of the beautiful. The rich man,

without a love of the beautiful, is lost. With it—with a taste for the arts, for music, painting, sculpture, he possesses endless means of unselfish gratifications, for the beautiful in art cannot be the monopoly of individuals; it sheds its influence broadcast like the liberal light of day.

## THE USE OF TEARS.

Some people are never so happy as when they are shedding tears. Tony Lumpkin tells us that Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville liked to get hold of the most pathetic book they could find, "and the more it made 'em cry, the more they liked it." Tragedies, we fancy, are more attractive than comedies, and a learned French physician has lately published an erudite eulogy on groaning and crying. He says that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose that it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a violent surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby soothe his nervous system so as to prevent fever, and insure a favorable termination. He relates the case of a man who, by crying and bawling, reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours. That some patients often have great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients experience great relief from crying, are facts which no person will deny. As to restless and hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than groan all day and cry all night. So that there are philosophical reasons why everybody should be privileged to indulge in a "good cry."

**GOOD BREEDING.**—The essential part of good breeding is the practical desire to afford pleasure, and to avoid giving pain. Any man possessing this desire only requires opportunity and observation to make him a gentleman.

**DENTISTRY.**—A Mr. Candee, of Philadelphia, advertises to make incorruptible teeth. We had an impression that candy was bad for the teeth.

**SINGULAR EXCUSE.**—A western editor says the poor appearance of his paper is owing to the "badness of the roads."

## STATE OF MINNESOTA.

Minnesota is one of the most attractive regions of the North-West. In 1849, when a territorial government was given to it, its population consisted (aside from wild, full-blood Indians) for the most part of Canadians—*voyageurs* and their families, and half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth-breed Indians. These people still remain in the territory, scattered over it in the various localities where the territorial organizations found them. They are described as a quiet, good people, attached to our flag and government, though deficient in energy of character, as compared with the settlers who have since thronged to the territory.

It is a fine, rich, undulating country, partly prairie and partly oak openings, intersected by numerous streams, and diversified with countless fresh water lakes. These lakes are one of the most striking features of Minnesota scenery. They are the most numerous between the St. Croix and the Mississippi, but they also abound west of the latter river. The water is clear, cold, and rather shallow; the shores are lined with pebbles, or clean gravel, and on one side or the other are commonly skirted with a growth of timber. Many of these lakes are covered with wild rice, and alive with water fowl. Others pass into a tamarac swamp, filled with a forest of young tamaracs as thick as they can stand, and as straight as arrows. The water of the lake finds its way through this swamp into another basin, forming another lake, which in turn ends in a similar swamp, the waters forming one succession of lakes.

Although a large portion of Minnesota consists of prairie, there are numerous broad belts of well-timbered land. Oak, hard maple, and black walnut abound in many parts, while within the limits of the Territory are some of the most extensive and valuable pineries in the world. There are eighty miles of uninterrupted pine forest on the upper Mississippi itself. The St. Croix and its branches, the Rum River, and many other tributaries of the Mississippi, are thickly skirted with excellent pine timber, which will afford employment to armies of lumbermen till the middle of the next century. When we consider the vast prairie region below, we cannot doubt that the lumber of Minnesota is to be one of the chief sources of its wealth. The woodman's axe already resounds through long stretches of forest, scores of busy saw-mills are already located at the water-falls with which the streams of the territory abound.

This fine region has attractions for the visitor, as well as for the settler. To say nothing of the

bracing air, the picturesque water-falls, the bold bluffs and charming landscapes, there is a great variety of game, from the prairie hen to the buffalo bull—the rice swamps fatten endless flocks of wild ducks and wild geese—the streams, and especially the numerous lakes, abound with fish. The rapid growth of Minnesota ceases to excite surprise, when we consider the advantages she offers to the emigrant. When, on the day of her admission, we hail her as the youngest, we shall likewise look forward to the time—not distant—when she shall be one of the most important of the States of the Union.

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**GOVERNMENT.**—We are afraid there are many places in the world to which the Irish woman's definition might apply: "And what is government, ye ask? It's half-a-dozen young gentlemen, and half-a-dozen ould gentlemen meets and thinks what's best for themselves, and thin they say what's best for us—and that's government!"

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**TIGHT BOOTS.**—We are sure no one need wish an enemy a worse evil than tight boots. Those who have a mania for wearing them, limp through life from the cradle to the grave, tread upon the ground as if they were afraid of the earth caving in beneath them, and throughout a whole existence, scarcely know what it is to take a step in life without a twinge of torture.

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**BINDING.**—Any of our subscribers who wish it, can now bring in to our office, the last six numbers of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly," and have them bound into a volume, in our neat, substantial and ornamented style, at a charge of *thirty-eight cents*. Returned in one week.

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**A SLIP OF THE PEN.**—A New York editor wishing a fortune to a friend, hopes he will be as "rich as Lazarus." We never heard that gentleman reported as extraordinarily wealthy.

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**QUEER JUSTICE.**—A woman in California lately threw vitriol in a man's face, and was acquitted. She escaped justice, because vitriol is not a deadly weapon.

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**SIGNS.**—Some signs are very suspicious. For instance: "I. Steele, Dry Goods."

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**COAXING BETTER THAN DRIVING.**—Venus may be ruled by persuasion, but not by threats.

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**THE BEAUTIFUL.**—Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament.

## A HINT TO THE LADIES.

The great fault of female education is that it is not sufficiently practical. It is a great mistake to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted only to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about. Give her an education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and be familiar with the present character and improvements of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre-table be kept a part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family, man, woman and children, read the newspaper. And if anybody has a thought or fact worth communicating, let him not try to make a big sleepy book, but speak to the world through the newspapers. This is the way to make an intelligent, republican and virtuous population. We have seen young ladies—those who were called highly educated, and who were so, in some respects—who were totally ignorant of the movements of the great world around them. They should be made to understand that journals are the records and mirrors of the times—a living history—and as such, much more valuable than the dead history of the past.

**TOWN AND COUNTRY.**—In October, we are to have a State Cattle Show and Agricultural Fair in this city. What with ploughing the streets in the winter, and cattle shows in the fall, we are getting to be quite learned in agricultural matters. We look to see a perfect agricultural mania raging here, and it will come to be no uncommon thing to see the roofs laid down to grass, or Indian corn sowed in drills along the ridge-poles.

**LAKE ERIE.**—The first vessel that navigated Lake Erie under the American flag was the sloop Detroit purchased by the government of the British Northwest Company in 1795. She was about 70 tons, quite old and hardly seaworthy, and soon abandoned.

**BROKEN CHINA.**—The far-famed porcelain tower of Nankin was destroyed a few months since by the Chinese insurgents. The pieces were too numerous to be saved.

## SINGULAR EXPERIMENT.

In his seventh lecture at the Smithsonian Institute, Dr. Reid described the failure of an intending incendiary to do a great act of mischief by the very means he adopted to make his success more certain. Thus to make an explosion of gunpowder in a certain case, the fellow had covered it with a quantity of spirits of turpentine, but on igniting it, only the turpentine burnt, and the powder continued as before. The philosophy of this the lecturer showed by a striking experiment, wherein again and again turpentine poured on a quantity of gunpowder was ignited and blown out and the powder remained unburnt. This was explained on the principle of the candle, that the gunpowder acts as a wick to the turpentine, and will not itself ignite so long as any of the turpentine remains to burn. A piece of common cloth, such as ladies' dresses are made of, was then burnt, and then a piece of similar texture which had been dipped in a solution of sal ammoniac was exposed to the action of fire, but would not burn. A similar piece steeped in a solution of the silicate of potash, was also shown to be quite incombustible. The nature of the latter substance, the silicate, was explained, and the fire-proofing of buildings referred to. It is best in the fire-proofing of rooms to have as little iron as possible in the walls. In putting out fires, there are two general plans to be adopted, viz., by suffocating the flame and by drawing it off. In buildings where ventilating means are found, the latter plan is often available.

**FLATTERING JUDGES.**—It is said that the only class of men in the world who are not in the habit of disparaging their neighbors are the assessors of taxes; for it is well known that they never "underrate" anybody.

**BORROWED CAPITAL.**—The temptation to enlarge a business by raising money on discounts, is one to which young merchants pinched for capital are peculiarly liable; but it is leaning on a broken reed.

**AMERICAN WATCHES.**—Watches of American manufacture are now coming into general use, and are quite equal to those that are made abroad.

**THE REASON WHY.**—Chimney-sweeps always persecute witches and fortune-tellers, because they like to have a brush at the black art.

**THE BEST PLAN.**—Keep an account book in the place of an album.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The *Christian* sects in Jerusalem are again quarrelling over the sepulchre of our Saviour.

The sugar crop in Mauritius is short, and prices have advanced.

A gentleman of Bristol, England, lately advertised for 2000 live cats for Australia!

Rats are getting so scarce in Paris that the price of kid gloves has gone up to five francs a pair.

The Earl of Fife recently died at his residence, Duff House, Scotland. He was eighty-one years old, and descended from Macduff.

Three hundred thousand persons in France are engaged in mining and their operations show an annual value of \$80,000,000.

The Cantonese (Chinese) estimate their losses by the bombardment at \$10,000,000, and the loss of life at 70,000 of all ages and both sexes.

The Princess Baryatinski, wife of the Russian commander to the Caucasus, has recently embraced the Roman Catholic faith at Rome.

The Pacha of Egypt, during a late journey, made great reductions in taxation in some provinces. The regulations, if carried out, will be a great boon to the cultivators.

The amount of gold on its way to England from Australia (the greater portion of which could not be far distant) was lately estimated at £2,000,000, and silver £500,000.

The metal bridge crossing the railway at Attyflin, in Ireland, fell in with a tremendous crash, completely blocking up the line. No life was lost, nor was any one seriously hurt.

The Duchess Regent of Parma, in order to facilitate the use of the telegraph in her States, has decreed that the price of despatches in the interior shall be considerably reduced.

Count Jellachich, who is but the shadow of his former self, has arrived in Vienna to obtain medical advice. The Ban, who three or four years ago was full of strength and vigor, is now an old man.

It will be necessary for the city of Paris to employ fifteen clerks daily for eight years, and spend \$80,000, to re-copy all the records whose originals were recently destroyed by fire at the Mairie, in the sixth ward.

The re-coinage of the old sous, called in by the French Mint, has been finished, and amounts to 40,000 francs. There are now in France no sous but those that bear the effigy of the present emperor.

It is stated in the London papers that at a grand ball recently given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Hanover, a game of chess was played on a marked floor by human chessmen dressed most gorgeously, according to their stations.

Cat skinning is a business in London. The cats are seized, their heads fastened to a spike, and they are skinned alive. The skins, when taken from the living animal, average 2s. 2d. each; the skin of a dead cat, according to experts, is valueless, because "the fur loses its gloss."

A newspaper is published at Genoa called the *Adelaide Ristori*, after the eminent tragic actress.

Gen. Tolleben, of Sebastopol fame, lately had a grand banquet in London from officers of British engineers.

Deposits of malleable iron, in a great state of purity, and exhibiting not a trace of carbon, is said to exist on the west coast of Africa.

The London Court Journal announces that the marriage of the Princess Royal of England is postponed till January next.

The high price of upper leather has been somewhat checked in France, by a substitute of prepared moleskin—thick cotton twill with a nap.

The far famed porcelain tower of Nankin, China, was destroyed last November during a bloody massacre of 5000 Imperial troops by the insurgents.

Ferouk Khan has returned to Paris from his visit to London. He is much dissatisfied with the climate of England, where his health was more or less impaired.

Fewer distinguished men than usual have been returned to the new Parliament. Among them is Kingslake, the author of that unrivalled book of Eastern travel, "*Mothen*."

Lord Palmerston has given some kind of intimation to Baron Rothschild, that, if possible, the new question shall be brought forward in the first session of the new Parliament as a Cabinet measure.

The French government, through the exertion of M. de Persigny at London, have acquired the possession of the house and grounds on the Isle of St. Helena which served as a residence to Napoleon while in exile.

A gang of European vagabonds has recently been discovered conspiring to remove the rails and plunder the train conveying to Cairo the India and China specie, and five of the party who have been arrested have confessed to the intended crime.

The Sultan of Turkey being about to give away his daughter to the son of the Egyptian Viceroy, has ordered jewelry for her to the amount of £100,000. Even her slippers are to be set in diamonds, and the setting of her fan and mirror are valued at £20,000.

Hudson, the ex-railroad king, whose frauds created, at one time, so much excitement, has again been elected to Parliament. To him a seat in the House of Commons has the substantial benefit that it makes him free from arrest for debt.

The number of persons returned to Sebastopol is described as wonderful. The theatre is reopened. No hopes seem at present to be entertained that the town will ever recover its former importance, unless the government make it again a naval and military depot, and of this there is no inkling at present.

The official report of railway casualties in England for the last year, states the number to be 281 killed, 394 injured. The calculation is that one passenger in every sixteen and a half millions carried was killed, the other accidents having occurred to persons either the servants of the companies or neither passengers nor servants.

## Record of the Times.

Punch says an old woman in *hoops* is certainly a fair butt for ridicule.

The Rothschilds intermarry among themselves, so as to keep their great wealth in the family.

The kisses given the child of six are often intended for her sister of sweet sixteen.

A correspondent desires to know how many spokes there are in the wheel of fortune.

About fifty or sixty orphans lately immigrated from this city to Illinois.

Dr. Parr asked Porson what he thought of evil. "I see no good in it," answered Porson.

In Paraguay, nearly every woman chews tobacco. "Take, O take, those lips away!"

The French laws are now severe on all who wear a title without authority.

During the last thirty-six years, 9500 immigrants went from the United States to Liberia.

The King of Burmah has sent out a mission-ary to the United States. To convert us?

The population of New York is over 600,000—the church sittings are not equal to 200,000.

During the past year, there were 110 applications for divorce in San Francisco, Cal.

The new Vermont State House is to cost from \$200,000 to \$250,000.

There is a family of seven living in Virginia whose united ages amount to 526 years.

It is said that sixty thousand pounds of maple sugar have been made in the town of Irasburgh, Vt., this season.

The fruit trees introduced into the Sandwich Islands from California and Oregon flourish finely.

The island of Jamaica is about three hundred miles long by sixty wide, and contains 400,000 inhabitants, only one-fourth of whom are white.

There are sixty-three quartz-crushing mills at present at work in the mines of California. Of these, thirty are driven by steam and thirty-three by water-power.

Two physicians of Wytheville, Va. administered a mixture of chloroform and ether to a boy of five years, on whom they wished to perform a surgical operation, and he died from its effects almost instantly.

The Louisville (Ky.) Journal says that in the Catholic church at Lafayette, Ind., on Easter Sunday, ten couples were married, and each of the brides was named "Hannah." A cockney would call this a Hannah-mated scene.

There is a vast amount of business done in lime-burning within a circuit of a few miles of Norristown, Penn. Twenty-three drawkilns are in operation. They all face the Schuylkill, and are perpetually on fire—the work, however, being so arranged that the hands rest on the Sabbath.

Mr. Powell, who painted the De Soto picture for Congress, has been appointed by the Ohio Legislature to paint a representation of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie—the price not to exceed \$3000. It will be placed in one of the panels of the rotunda of the new State House.

Immense amounts of money are spent for lager beer, almost unknown four years ago.

About ten thousand slaves from Africa have been landed in Cuba this season.

In New York a family can hire apartments for \$100, but some give \$2500 per annum.

The Indians of California are fast becoming exterminated by disease and famine.

About 20,000 tons of iron were manufactured in the Lake Superior region last year.

If you want to preserve your children, do not stuff them. Parents, note this!

Of forty thousand merchants' clerks in London, there are but four hundred married men.

The Assembly of Barbadoes have appropriated £2500 annually for making that island one of the submarine telegraph company's stations.

Cincinnati manufactured last year 19,250,000 gallons of proof whiskey—only 7,000,000 less than England, Ireland and Scotland produce.

The genuine bank note circulation of the United States, at the present time, is estimated to represent \$190,000,000.

A young man in Washington was so affected by unexpectedly drawing a prize of \$1500 in the Southern Military Academy Lottery, that he has become hopelessly insane.

The Philadelphia County Prison, it is stated, receives within its walls upwards of fourteen thousand inmates annually, or an average of more than forty a day.

One of the attendants in the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum, a short time since, left a mattress needle in one of the halls. An inmate found it, and inflicted upon himself, with this instrument, a fatal wound.

A farmer near Binghamton, N. Y., last year, in order to convince a neighbor of the usefulness of birds, shot a yellow bird in his wheat field, opened its crop, and found in it two hundred weevils, and but four grains of wheat—and in these four grains the weevils had burrowed!

The steamboats over the Sound land in New York every morning from 1000 to 3000 packages of prints, lawns, gingham, shirtings, sheetings, drillings, and other styles of merchandize, which are direct from the manufacturers in New England.

The town of Concord, on the north branch of the Zumbro River, in Dodge county, Minnesota, was only located a few months ago, yet it already contains a steam saw mill, a good hotel, three stores, and a school-house with from twenty-five to thirty scholars.

A curious collection of autographs has been brought to light by a collector in this city. Among them is an autograph letter of Benedict Arnold, written in 1771, while he was a druggist in New Haven. Several unpublished letters of Washington are among the number.

About the best place in the world at this time for men of great practical and scientific talents seems to be Russia. The Emperor Alexander is reported as giving the greatest possible encouragements to enter his service and make that country their home. Many Americans and Frenchmen are now in his service.

## Merry-Making.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards.

If you want to see a black squall, just look at a negro baby attacked with the colic.

To produce the "locked jaw" in a lady, ask her for her age.

When the Irishman first tried peaches, he said he liked their flavor, but the seeds lay hard in his stomach.

What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? One flees for shelter, and the other is a shelter for fleas.

*Dedicate.*—First used by a young man who was charged with secretly kissing a pretty girl, when he blushing exclaimed, "did I, Kate?"

"I have passed through great hardships," as the schooner said after sailing through a fleet of iron steamships.

Why wouldn't you sell anything to a man in bed? Because a cash business is best, and it is evident that he would be buying on tick.

A model husband, instead of pulling cracker bon-bons with the young ladies at an evening party, fills his pockets with them to take home to his wife.

A gentleman bragging of having killed a young panther, whose tail was "three feet long," Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the tail was long enough "not to be continued."

In London, Reynolds, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said: "I suppose it is owing to the war?" "No," was the reply, "it is owing to the piece."

Poetic genius, who has been boring his friend with his last effusion—"Thy mantle, Peace, descend on earth." Friend, who can stand it no longer—"Well, see here, if the mantlepiece is going to descend, you had better stand out of the way!"

An innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a small tree, climbed another one close by; and, on being asked the reason for so foolish a freak, said "that he didn't want to strain his gun by a long shot."

It wasn't such a bad notice on the part of the glove-maker who hung upon his store the following placard: "Ten thousand hands wanted immediately!" And under it was written in very small characters—(To buy my gloves—the very best quality).

A wealthy but miserly old man, dining down town one day with his son at a restaurant, whispered in his ear: "Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow." "O, yes," retorted the half starved lad, "but I haint eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father!"

Not long since a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catechised concerning the power of Nature, replied: "Ma, I think there is one thing Nature can't do." "What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother. "She can't make Bill Jones's mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

*Query*—Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?

The quickest way to raise spirits is to increase the duty on rum.

A jilted chemist finds love to be composed of fifteen parts of gold, three of fame, and two of affection.

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt button that is always off.

The learned man who lately cut a slice of his thumb to see what his veins were like, is assisted by a chap who contends that madness is a mineral.

The two elephants—Nic and Albert—that are performing at the Broadway Theatre, are engaged, it is rumored, to do nothing but the heavy parts. We should guess as much as that.

The editor of a Western paper says as follows: "The poem we publish in this week's Herald was written by an esteemed friend, now for many years in the grave for his own amusement!"

A writer says of girls: "Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything, what a pity they should ever become women, flirts, and heartless coquettes!"

A fellow who wrote a wretched hand, and made almost as bad a fist at spelling and grammar, gave as an excuse for the deficiencies of his education, "that he never went to school but one afternoon, and then the master wasn't there."

A man is said to have slumped in through the awfully deep mud in one of the streets of New York, and was thought to be lost. But a bystander ran to a neighboring store, and got a patent corkscrew, invented for the purpose, and drew him out. He is doing well.

Paddy O'Rafferty was lately summoned to court for refusing to pay his doctor's bill: Judge—"Why do you refuse to pay?" Paddy—"What for should I pay—shure did he give me anything but some emetics, and the devil a one could I keep on my stomach at all, at all."

A man who cheats in small measure is a measureless rogue. If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain. If in whiskey, then he is a rogue in spirit. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed. And if he cheats whenever he can, he is in deed, spirit and grain a measureless scoundrel.

"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you: say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed—" and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed—" and he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," says Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOW'S PICTURE-MAGAZINE, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOW, Boston, Mass.



# Mr. J. Josh secures a Ticket for a Grand Excursion to Europe.



Is directed to his state-room, already partly filled by his fellow-tourists.



At Liverpool takes a hurried survey of the public buildings



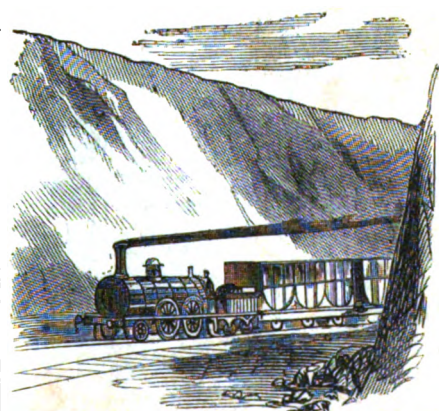
Thence he proceeds to London, and is delighted with the view from Waterloo Bridge.



And much gratified by seeing the Queen.



Mr. Josh next pays a hurried visit to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight!



From thence he proceeds through the rich and varied scenery of Kent



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



To France, where he is hospitably received by the customs officers.



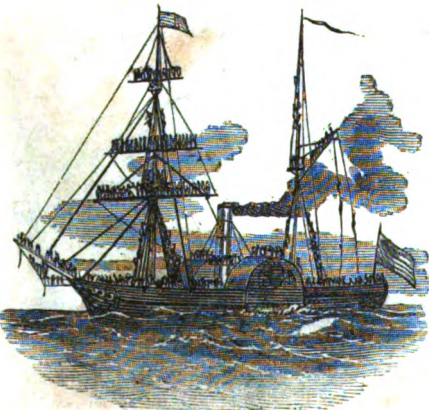
The enthusiasm displayed when the Emperor appears particularly charms him.



On the Sabbath he declines dancing in the French style in public.



While making a close inspection of the water-works at Versailles, they are suddenly "let on."



On the return trip the number of passengers is limited for the sake of comfort.



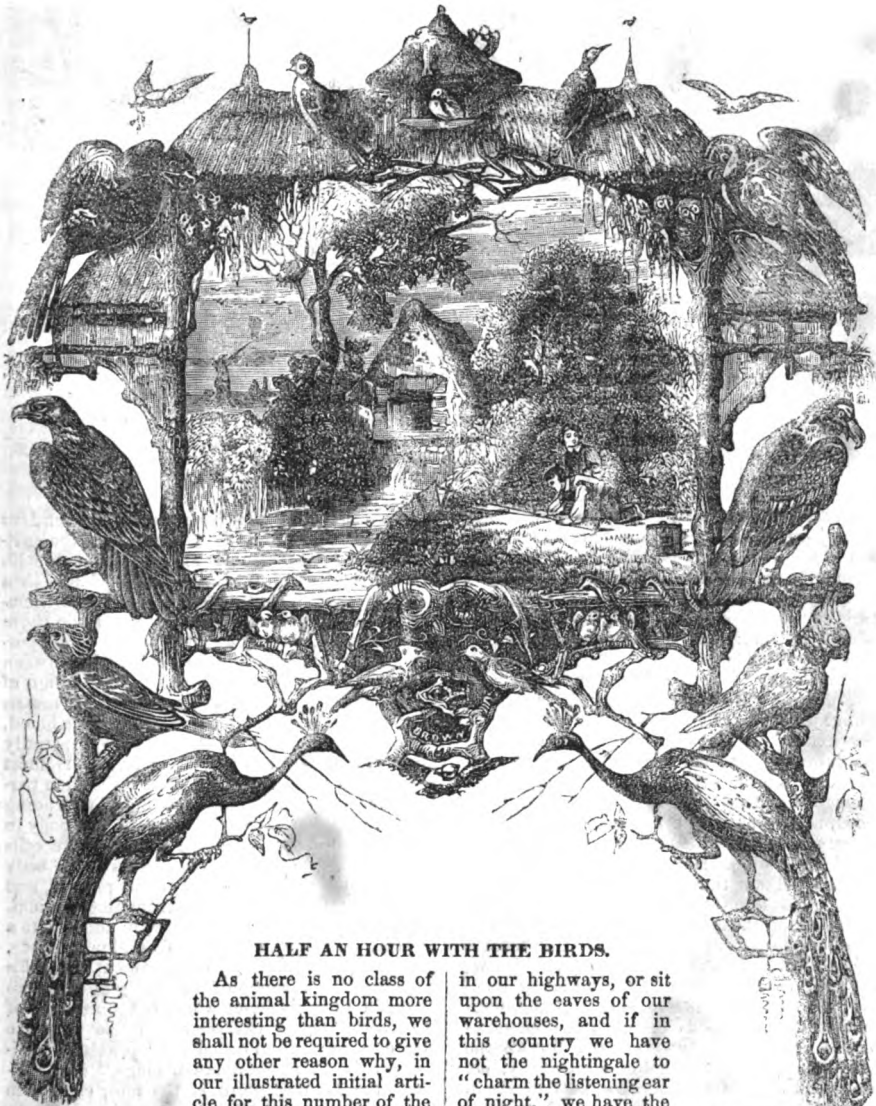
His new clothes and mustaches not recognized at home—consequent excitement.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.—No. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1857.

WHOLE No. 32.



## HALF AN HOUR WITH THE BIRDS.

As there is no class of the animal kingdom more interesting than birds, we shall not be required to give any other reason why, in our illustrated initial article for this number of the Magazine, we ask our readers to pass half an hour with us in glancing at some of the families and individuals of the feathered race. Birds meet us at every turn of life and every hour of the day; chanticleer salutes at morn, doves flutter

in our highways, or sit upon the eaves of our warehouses, and if in this country we have not the nightingale to "charm the listening ear of night," we have the shrilly whippoorwill to mark its watches with its wild music. Few of us that have not studied the ways of birds; we have watched them building their nests, and rearing their brood; their melody has rung in pleasant strains on our ear, and



A GROUP OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

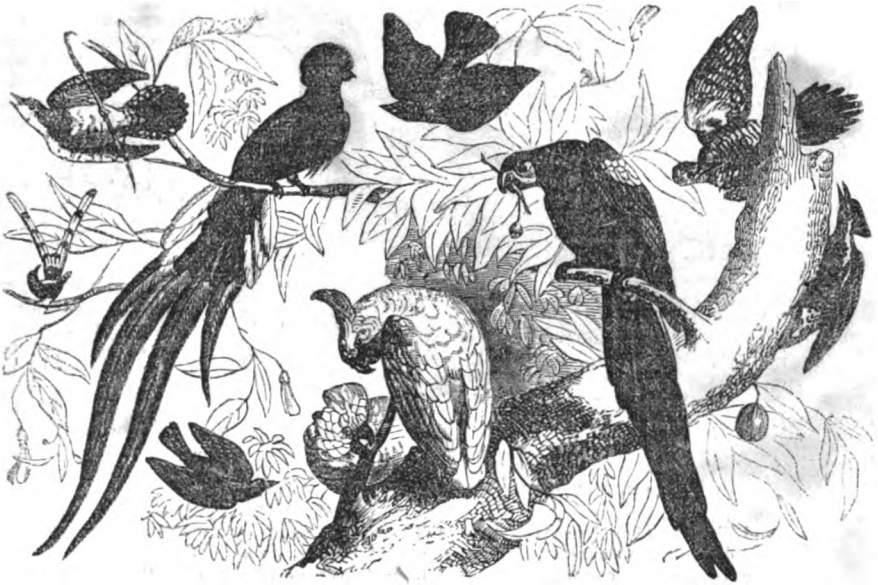
though the toilsome mid-day may have succeeded to life's joyous morn, there are few who cannot recall to mind some old familiar spot; and how welcome the reminiscence! when our feelings in their freshness, and keenly alive to the beauties of nature, revelled in all of beautiful and fair, which the hand of Omnipotence has showered in profusion around us.

The anatomy of birds offers a curious study, but as the present sketch is designed for popular reading, we shall not enter into scientific details. A few general remarks on the organizations of birds, however, may not prove unacceptable. If we look at a bird, say a hawk or a pigeon, we perceive the general contour of its body is boat-shaped, as best adapted for counteracting the resistance of the air, through which it has to make a rapid way; we see it clothed with feathers, and also that the anterior limbs are fashioned into wings, acted upon by powerful muscles, and which, striking the air, bear up the bird, and at the same time propel it onwards. But there is another and less palpable arrangement, which we must notice, connected with the aerial habits of birds; we allude to the extension of the lungs by means of voluminous cells. The skeleton of a bird is proportionately very light, for all the larger bones, those of the limbs especially, are hollow, and unfilled with marrow, as they are in the analogous bones of quadrupeds. Now these hollow bones are reservoirs for air; nor is this all: there are various extensive membranous cavities, or sacs, some internal, others external, between the skin and the muscles, along the throat and

chest, between the muscles, or along the tendons of the humerus; and these, as well as the cavities of the bones, communicate immediately with the lungs, of which they may be considered, in a certain sense, as extensions. The lungs themselves, do not float free in the chest, as do those of Mammalia, but are attached to the dorsal portion of the spine, and fill up the hollows between the ribs at their junction with it. The design of this cellular apparatus appears, first, as a means of effecting a more complete aeration of the blood, necessary to the vigor of the muscles, especially during rapid flight, when their energy is most needed and most expended, and respiration perhaps irregularly performed; secondly, as tending to increase the relative lightness of the body in the surrounding atmosphere; for when the cells are distended, not only is the surface of the body enlarged, but that, by means of air, rarefied, and necessarily lighter than the surrounding medium.

Our initial engraving presents, in addition to a pleasing landscape, a variety of well-known birds, grouped together by way of ornament. On this page we have a group of humming-birds, those exquisite little creatures whose organization is of the most delicate character. These fairy-like creatures have been called the "jewels of ornithology." "Of all animated beings," says Buffon, "the humming-bird is the most elegant in form and most splendid in coloring. Precious stones and metals artificially polished, can never be compared to this jewel of nature, which has placed it in the order of birds at the bottom of the scale of magnitude—*maxime miranda in min-*





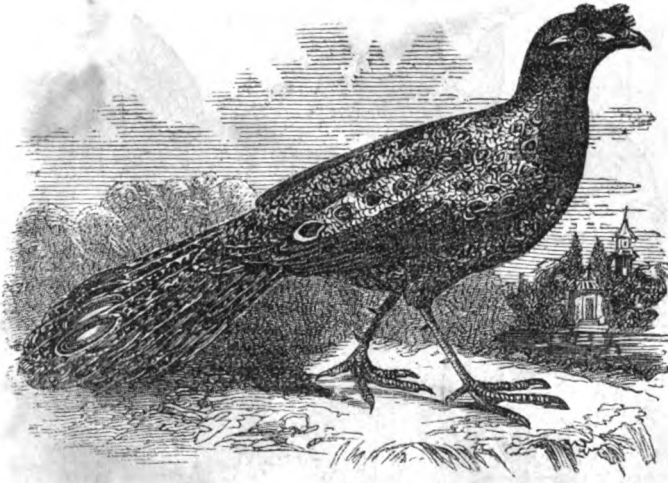
THE PARROT FAMILY.

imis—while all the gifts which are only shared among others—nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration—have been profusely bestowed upon this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground, for its whole life being aerial, it rarely lights on the turf. It dwells in the air, and flitting from flower to flower, it seems to be itself a flower in freshness and splendor; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they glow in perpetual succession; for the few which migrate out of the tropics during the summer make but a transitory stay in the temperate zones. They follow the course of the sun, advancing or retiring with him, and flying on the wings of the zephyrs, wanton in eternal spring."

The humming-bird has indeed been universally beloved and admired by every lover of nature. Audubon compares it to the glittering fragment of a rainbow; the American Indians give it a name signifying a sunbeam, expressive of its brilliancy and rapidity of motion, and frequently wear it in their ears as a pendant. No sooner, indeed, has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that would otherwise ere long cause their beautiful petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously and with sparkling eye into their innermost recesses, while the ethereal motion of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower without injuring its delicate texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound well adapted for lulling the

insects to repose. This, then, is the moment for the humming-bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking-place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we might almost suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers. The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forest, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its body are of resplendent chagging green, and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of America, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

These birds do not alight on the ground, but easily settle on twigs and branches, where they move sideways in prettily-measured steps, frequently opening and closing their wings, pluming, shaking and arranging the whole of their apparel with neatness and activity. They are particularly fond of spreading one wing at a time, and passing each of their quill-feathers through the bill, in its whole length, when, if the sun is shining, the wing thus plumed is rendered extremely



THE CHINESE COCK PHEASANT.

transparent and light. They leave the twig, without the least difficulty, in an instant, and appear to be possessed of superior powers of vision, making directly towards a martin or a blue-bird, when fifty or sixty yards from them, and reaching them before they are aware of their approach. No bird seems to resist their attacks; but they are sometimes chased by the larger kinds of humble-bees, of which they seldom take the least notice, as their superiority of flight is sufficient to leave these slow-moving insects far behind them in the short space of a minute.

"Where," says Audubon, "is the person who, on seeing one of these lovely little creatures moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, fitting from one flower to another with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen,—where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation?"

Humming-birds in general may be said to inhabit chiefly the intra-tropical regions of America, including the West Indies; but that they are capable of sustaining a considerable reduction of temperature, and of spreading themselves into comparatively rigorous climes, is evident from the observations of Captain King, who, in his survey of the southern coasts, met with numerous examples of these diminutive creatures flying about in a snow storm, near the Straits of Magellan; and discovered two species in the remote island of Juan Fernandez. Two other hardy species have been long known to migrate during summer far into the interior of North America,—viz., the ruff-necked humming-bird, discovered during Cook's voyage in Nootka Sound, and since traced by Kotzebue to the 61st degree of

north latitude, along the western shores; and the ruby throated humming-bird, which was found breeding, by Mr. Drummond, near the sources of the Elk River, and is known to reach at least as far north as the 57th parallel. The best and most ample history of these "feathered gems" may be gathered from the pages of Audubon and Wilson, while the superb adornment of their beautifully pencilled plumage, so rich in its varied combinations of lustrous green and gold, may be studied with advantage in the sumptuous pages of M. Lesson and Mr. Gould.

They are of a most lively and active disposition, almost perpetually upon the wing, and darting from flower to flower with the busy rapidity rather of a bee than a bird. In the uncultivated districts of the country, they inhabit the forests, but in peopled regions they flock without fear into the gardens, poisoning themselves in the air, while they thrust their long extensible tongues into every flower in search of food.

According to Bullock, they will remain suspended in a space so small, that they have scarcely room to move their wings, and the humming noise which they produce proceeds entirely from the prodigious velocity with which they vibrate those tiny organs, by means of which they will remain in the air almost motionless for hours together. An old writer, Firmin, a physician of Surinam, compares this action to that of the bee-like flies, which in still and sultry weather we often see hovering in the vicinity of still waters; and Wilson says that when a humming-bird arrives before a thicket of trumpet flowers in bloom, he suspends himself so steadily that his wings become "invisible, or like a mist." They often enter windows, and after examining any fresh bouquets with which fair hands may have decked the table, they will dart like sunbeams out by an opposite door or window. During the breeding season, they become jealous of encroachments, and exhibit great boldness in defence of their supposed rights. When any one approaches their nest, they will dart around with a humming noise, frequently passing within a few inches of the intruder's head. A small species called the Mexican star is described by Mr. Bullock as exhibiting great intrepidity while under the influence of anger. It will attack the eyes of the larger birds, striking at them with its sharp, needle-like bill; and when invaded by one of its own kind during the breeding season, their mutual wrath becomes immeasurable, their throats swell, their crests, tails, and wings expand, and they fight in the air till one or other falls exhausted to the ground. Indeed, old Fernando Oviedo gives a still more alarming account of their fiery temper.



WADING BIRDS.

"When they see a man climb ye tree where they have their nests, they flee at his face, and stryke him in the eyes, commying, going, and returnyng with such swiftness, that no man would ryghtly believe it that hath not seen it."

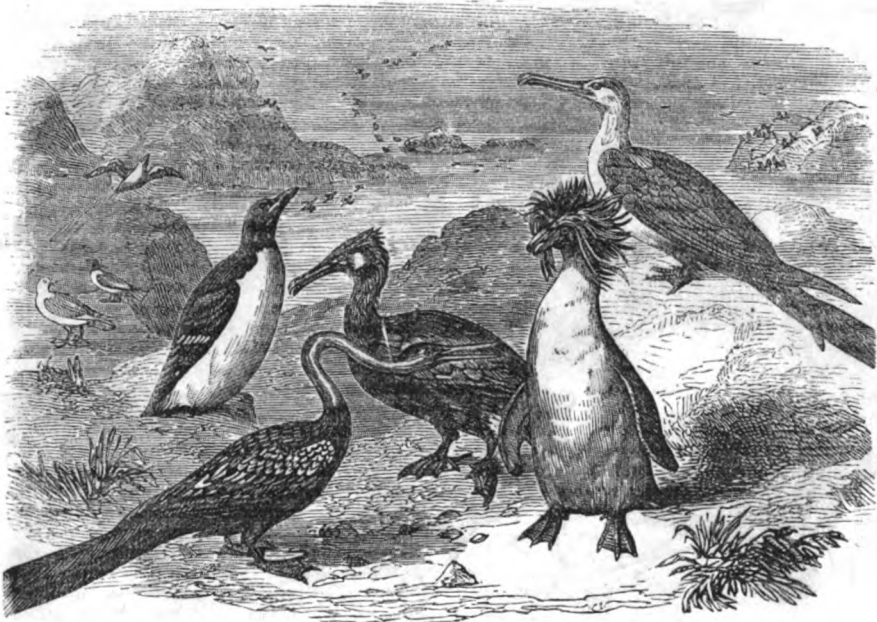
Various attempts have been made, with more or less of success, to rear these beautiful little birds in confinement. On which was captured by Wilson, though quite young, refused to take food, and in a few hours it could only just be detected that life remained. A lady, however, undertaking to be its nurse, placed it in her bosom, and as it began to revive, dissolved a little sugar in her mouth, into which she thrust its bill, and it sucked with avidity. In this manner it was brought up till just fit for the cage, and it lived for upwards of three months. It was supplied with loaf-sugar dissolved in water, which it preferred to diluted honey; and every morning it had fresh flowers sprinkled with the liquid, from one to another of which it hovered with great activity and spirit, as if in its native wilds; always expressing, by its motions and voice, great pleasure when fresh flowers were introduced to the cage. The space in which it was kept was surrounded with gauze, so as to prevent the bird injuring itself, and every precaution was adopted in order to keep it during the winter; but, unfortunately, it got at large into the room, and flying about, so injured itself that it soon afterwards died.

The humming-bird is extremely susceptible to cold, and if exposed to it, death speedily ensues. A beautiful male specimen was preserved by Wilson in 1809, which he put into a wire cage, and placed in a retired and shaded part of a room. "After fluttering about for some time," he says, "the weather being uncommonly cool, it clung

by the wires, and hung in a seemingly torpid state for a whole forenoon. No motion whatever of the lungs could be perceived, on the closest inspection, though, at other times, this is remarkably observable; the eyes were shut, and, when touched by the finger, it gave no signs of life or motion. I carried it out to the open air, and placed it directly in the rays of the sun, in a sheltered situation. In a few seconds respiration became very apparent; the bird breathed faster and faster, opened its eyes, and began to look about, with as much seeming vivacity as ever. After it had completely recovered, I restored it to liberty, and it flew off to the withered top of a pear-tree, where it sat for some time dressing its disordered plumage, and then shot off like a meteor."

In the next picture we have sketched a group of the parrot family, showing parroquets, lories, gray parrots, etc. The birds of this genus possess, in an eminent degree, the character of the order in which they are placed. They are climbers in the fullest sense of the word. Their toes, constantly four in number, are opposed two to two, and armed with solid and crooked claws—less so, however, than the claws of the birds of prey. In the majority of this family, we find a plumage which, for richness and variety of color, yields to few of the feathered race; and although, like the tulip among flowers, it may be thought gaudy, and composed of colors too violently and abruptly contrasted to give that satisfaction to the eye which a more chastened, or rather less abrupt intermixture of tints is wont to produce, still we think no one can examine or look at some of the gorgeously decked macaws, the splendid and effulgent lories, or the diversified tints of the Australian parakeets, without ac-





SWIMMING BIRDS.

knowledging them to be among the most beautiful and striking of the feathered race.

The upper mandible, which is immovable in mammals, has more or less motion in birds. Some birds indeed, for instance the capercaillie and rhinoceros birds, are not gifted with this motion; but mobility of the upper mandible is the rule in this class, and the want of it the exception. In the *Psittacidae* this power is highly developed; for the upper mandible is not connected into one piece with the skull, by yielding and elastic bony plates, as in the case with birds in general, but constitutes a particular bone, distinct from the rest of the cranium, and articulated to it.

The eyes of the parrots are moderately large, and situated laterally. The upper and lower lids form a rounded orifice, edged with small tubercles supporting the lashes in its entire circumference. The upper is evidently mobile; the third lid, or nictitating membrane, is very small, and the parrots are never seen to make use of it. The pupil is round, and not situated exactly at the centre of the iris, but more inward; so that the iris is a little broader at its external than its internal side. The color of this last varies according to the species, but it is generally remarked to grow deeper with increasing age. A peculiar character of the parrots is the ability of contracting the pupil, more or less, independently of the action of the light, when they turn their attention to any object, when they feel any fear or anger, or even when they are in a sportive mood. These birds are evidently diurnal.

In certain birds of this genus, the cheeks are naked of feathers, and covered with a white farinaceous powder, as is remarked in the macaws; or the skin is colored, as in the *Microglossi*. The circumference round the eye in others is more or

less divested of feathers, and also covered with a white sort of farina. This appears to be an epidermic production, and is very abundant on other parts of the skin of these birds, whose plumage, when they shake it, gives out a considerable quantity of white dust. The quantity of mealy dust discharged from the skin by the cockatoos, and other species of parrots, particularly at pairing time, is remarkable; though the separation of this peculiar matter from the skin is not confined to this family, but is effected by many birds of different orders, eagles and herons for instance. The cockatoos and others have the head ornamented with long and slender plumes, which can be elevated in the form of a tuft or crest, according to the inclination of the bird, but which, in general, are inclined along the neck. The neck is usually but of moderate length, sometimes it is even short, and tolerably thick; still, when the parrots wish to reach an object without changing their place, they are able to elongate the neck to a certain extent.

The body varies in degrees of robustness or elegance according to the species. In the parrots proper, it seems thicker than in the others, which, perhaps, is only the effect produced by the shortness and the strength and solidity of the tibia, toes and tarsi. Some long-tailed parakeets, on the contrary, are distinguished by the fineness of their form and the elegance of their proportions. The breast of these birds is usually broad and rounded. The wings are short, and their point rarely exceeds one-half the length of the tail, even in species in which the tail is shortest. The first three remiges are the largest of all, and pretty nearly equal with each other.

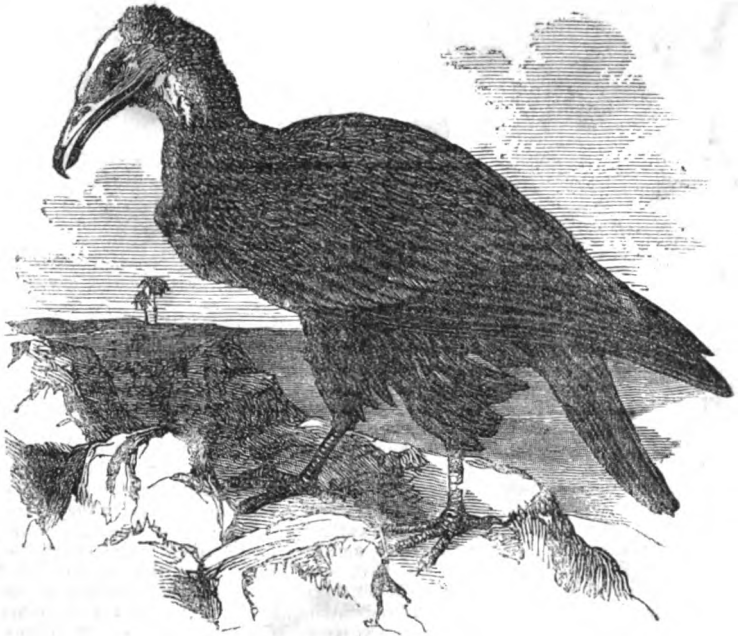
There are differences in the tail as to the greater and less extent of the various quills which

compose it, and which are twelve in number. As to its total size, it is either shorter than, equal in length to, or larger than the body, comprising the head and neck. In form it is sometimes straight or squared, when all the quills are of equal length; sometimes round, sometimes graduated, and sometimes arrow or spear-headed. Sometimes it is peculiarly broad at the end; some species have the caudal quills sharp at their terminations; and sometimes the tail is very short, and at the same time graduated. Though the feet of the parrots are robust, and the toes well adapted for climbing, there are to this some exceptions. In such instances, the birds remain constantly on the ground, where they walk with swiftness, which the other birds cannot do. The legs of parrots are usually feathered to the heel, but there are instances in which the body of the leg is bare. The color of the feet is usually gray, but it is in some roseous, brown, or black.

The colors of the plumage of the parrots are exceedingly varied, and almost always pure and brilliant. In this respect, the adult females often differ from the males; while the young in their first or second livery, and even after the third moulting, present characters peculiar to themselves. Green is, in general, the predominating color; then comes red, then blue, and finally yellow. This last color appears among the parrots to be the general substitute for white observed in other birds; and it is remarkable that in many of the species there are varieties uniformly yellow. Very often, when the feathers are plucked, red and yellow ones will shoot forth, whatever may have been the color of the former. There are some species violet, purple, brown, or lilac-colored. Some are known whose plumage is entirely gray, some have it black, and some, in fine, entirely white. The plumage of this extensive family is of the most rich and varied description, embracing almost every color and gradation of tint. The Zoological Society of London possesses one of the finest, if not the finest, living collections of these birds in the world. America, Brazil, and Guinea are the countries which contain the largest number of species of parrots, all of them belonging to the division of parakeets; that of the parrots proper, and that of

the psittaculi. The macaws are exclusively confined to these countries. It does not appear that any birds of this genus are found on the chain of the Cordilleras; they are not very numerous even in Paraguay. Some species belong to the islands in the Gulf of Mexico; and it is not improbable that some may exist in the Floridas. On the other side of the Andes, from Chili to California, more appear to have been noticed; but many exist in Chili, on the shores of the Southern Ocean.

Many birds of this genus belong to the African continent, from Senegal as far as the forests which are near to the Cape of Good Hope. They are, however, fewer in number than those of India and America. The Barbary coasts, from Morocco as far as Egypt, that is, the entire chain of Atlas, and the northern reverse of that chain, are destitute of them. There are some in Madagascar, but none in the Canary Isles. In Asia, parrots are found in Hindostan and its dependent islands, in Cochin China, in China, and in the eastern Archipelago. There the handsomest and largest species, and those most remarkable for their forms, are in abundance. In Polynesia, this genus is considerably extended. Australia has species peculiar to itself. These birds are also numerous in New Zealand, the Macquarrie Islands, and in the groups of the Friendly and Society Islands. The lories are peculiar to the Philippines and New Guinea, and the psittaculi, with the tongue terminated by a pencil of cartilaginous filaments, belong to the countries which extend from New Holland to the Friendly Islands. Europe, all the northern and central regions of Asia, the polar countries, Greenland, Iceland, the northern and temperate



THE EGYPTIAN VULTURE.



HORNED OWLS.

parts of America, Kerguelin's Land, and the South Shetlands, are almost the only portions of the globe in which the family of the parrot has no representative.

There is a striking analogy between the Scansorial tribe of birds, and more especially the great family of parrots, and the monkeys among the Mammalia. It does not depend, however, in so great a degree as is sometimes imagined, on the imitative talents for which these tribes of animals have been celebrated from the earliest times; for in the one case it is the voice, and in the other it is the actions of man, that have been made the subjects of imitation. The analogy will be peculiarly apparent if due consideration be given to the peculiar mode of the existence of these creatures; to the nature of their food; to the situations which they frequent; and to the

occupations which they pursue. The organization of both renders them peculiarly the inhabitants of trees. It is evident, for instance, that their geographical distribution is nearly the same, extending, in both cases, throughout the whole of the torrid zone, and but little beyond its limits. Nor is it less obvious that both tribes are possessed of a higher share of docility and intelligence than is found in any other family of the classes to which they respectively belong.

One of the most important characters, as affecting their mode of life, is that which is derived from the structure of their feet. In the monkeys these organs are essentially fitted for climbing from branch to branch and leaping from tree to tree—acts which are performed with the greatest agility; while their progression on the surface of the ground is generally awkward

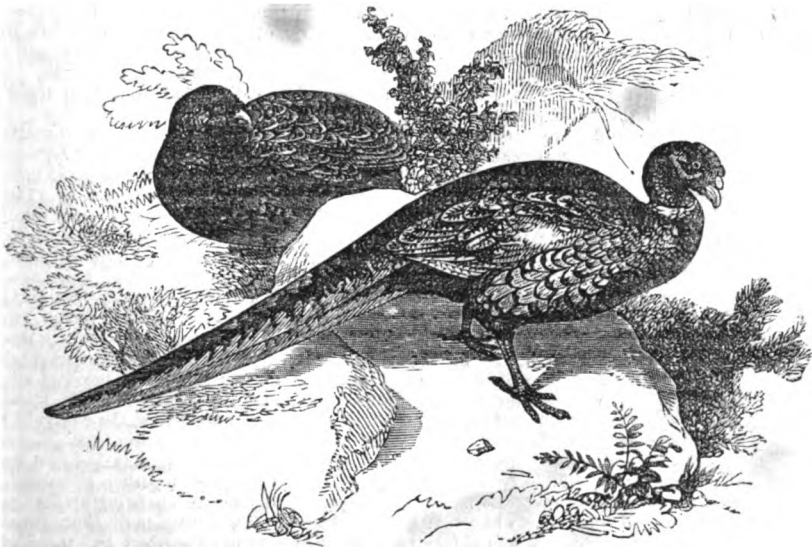
and constrained. In like manner, the far greater number of parrots are incapable of treading the earth with ease, while the peculiar disposition of their toes and the strong curvation of their claws enable them to grasp, with a firmness unequalled among birds, the branches on which they perch, and, consequently, to climb with singular dexterity. Occasionally they derive considerable assistance from their bills, by means of which they not unfrequently suspend themselves from the branches, or support themselves during their descent from one to another. This is peculiarly the case with the American groups; and the prehensile tails of many American monkeys afford a similar support, enabling them to swing from branch to branch, almost without the assistance of their hands.

Both parrots and monkeys derive the principal part of their subsistence from the trees which they inhabit, vegetable food being the most adapted to their organization, and fruits being generally preferred by them to any other kind of nutriment. Stone fruits or nuts are especially acceptable, and they display no little dexterity in stripping off the outer coverings to arrive at the kernels, of which they are excessively fond. They both attack the cultivated fruits of the plantation in numerous bands, and commit much wanton devastation in the progress of their pillage, frequently destroying ten times as much as they devour. In eating, too, the parrot, like the monkey, often carries its food to its mouth by means of its foot, which is thus made to serve the purpose of a hand. The tallest trees of the forest form their place of refuge, and on these both the one and the other assemble in considerable numbers, the noisy chattering and antic gestures of the monkeys being fully equalled by the hoarse cries and affected postures of the parrots. And thus we see that there are various respects in which the portion of the "Feathered Tribes"

now under consideration resemble the *Quadrumanæ*.

As the wings of the parrots are generally short, and their bodies bulky, they have some difficulty in rising to a certain point of elevation, but that once attained, they fly very well, and often with much rapidity, and through a considerable extent of space. The majority confine themselves to lofty and thickly-tufted woods, frequently on the borders of cultivated lands, the productions of which they plunder and destroy. Their ordinary mode of flight is from one branch to another; and it frequently happens that they will not fly continuously except when pursued. Many of them emigrate according to the season, and, in particular, the Carolina parrots. Such travel away for some hundreds of leagues, differing in this respect from the habits of others; but they are comparatively few in number. The difficulty of flight with many is the cause of their restriction within narrow limits, and their concentration in certain islands, while they are not found in others which closely border upon the former. This is peculiarly the case with many of the island groups of Polynesia.

The food of the parrots consists principally of the pulps of fruit, such as those of the banana, the coffee-tree, the palm, and the lemon. They are especially fond of almonds; generally they attack the pulp only to get at the kernel; this, when once seized, is fixed on the under wrinkled surface of the upper mandible; they turn it repeatedly until it is placed on the tongue in the proper direction for the introduction of the trenchant edge of the lower mandible; then the bird soon forcibly separates the valves of the almond-shells, and getting the almond into its bill, soon divides it, so that all its envelopes are rejected. The fragments are finally swallowed in succession. Some of this family are said to live on roots, and others to seek their aliment in herbs.



RING-NECKED PHEASANT.





FALCUNCULUS.

When domesticated, the parrots, macaws, parakeets, and cockatoos, show the same partiality for vegetable seeds, and are generally fed very well on hemp-seed, the skins or husks of which they detach with astonishing skill. Some that receive bones to gnaw acquire a very determined taste for animal substances, and especially for the tendons, ligaments, and other less succulent parts. From this kind of feeding, some parrots contract the habit of plucking out their own feathers that they may suck the stems; and this becomes so urgent a want that instances have been known of their stripping their bodies absolutely naked, not leaving a vestige of down, wherever the bill could reach. They spared, however, the quills of the wings and tail, the plucking out of which would have caused them too much pain. M. Desmarest states that the body of one of these birds, belonging to M. La-trieille, thus became as naked as a pullet plucked for roasting. Yet this bird supported the rigor of two very severe winters without the slightest alteration of health and appetite. M. Vieillot observes, that this habit of depilation is produced, in many parrots, by an itching of the skin, and not in consequence of their being accustomed to eat animal substances.

The parrots drink little, but often, and do so raising up the head, but less strongly than in other birds. They all use, with great dexterity, one of their feet to carry their food to their bills, while they stand perched on the other. They sojourn much on the borders of streams and rivers, and in marshy places. They are fond of the water, and seem to take the greatest delight in bathing themselves—an operation which they perform several times a day when in a natural state. When they have bathed, they shake their plumage until the greater portion of the water is

expelled, and then expose themselves to the sun until their feathers are completely dried. In captivity, and even during the most rigorous seasons, they seek to bathe, and at all events plunge the head repeatedly into water.

With the exception of the time of incubation, the parrots live in flocks, more or less numerous; go to sleep at the setting, and awake at the rising of the sun. In sleep, they turn the head upon the back. Their sleep is light, and they are not unfrequently heard to utter some cries during the night. In a state of domestication, after they go to rest is said to be the most suitable time for repeating to them such words as they are intended to learn, because they then experience no distraction.

Their life is very long, and the mean duration of it, among the parrots properly so called, is calculated at forty years. Instances have, however, been known of individuals who lived in a state of domestication for ninety or a hundred years, or even more. The parakeets live, generally, about five and twenty years. An effect of captivity, in some species, is, according to M. Vaillant, to change the color of their plumage; and to this cause he attributes the frequent varieties observable among these birds.

The birds of this genus are monogamous. They make their nests in the trunks of rotten trees, or in the cavities of rocks; and compose them, in the first instance, of the *detritus*, or dust of the worm-eaten wood, and of dry leaves in the second. The eggs are not numerous, usually only three or four each time, but there are broods several times in the year. The young when born are totally naked; and the head is so large that the body seems to be merely an appendage to it. They remain some time without having sufficient strength to move it. They are subsequently covered with down, but are not completely invested with feathers for two or three months. They remain with their parents till after the first moulting, and then leave them for the purpose of pairing. The eggs are ovoid, short, as thick at one end as the other, and those which are known are of a white color. Some of them are nearly equal in size to those of a pigeon.

It was for a long time supposed that the increase of these birds could take place only in their native country. Many parrots, however, were born in Europe so far back as 1740 and 1741. In 1801, some Amazon parrots were born at Rome. M. Lamouroux has given us considerable details respecting the broods of two blue macaws that were at Caen some years ago. In four years and a half these birds laid sixty-two eggs in nineteen broods. Of this number, twenty-five eggs produced young ones, of which ten only died. The others lived, and became perfectly accustomed to the climate. They laid eggs at all seasons; and the broods became more frequent and more productive in the course of time, and in the end much fewer were lost.

The number of the eggs in the nest used to vary, six having been together at a time; and these macaws were seen to bring up four young ones at once. These eggs took from twenty to twenty-five days to be hatched, like those of our common hens. Their form was that of a pear, a little flattened, and their length equal to that

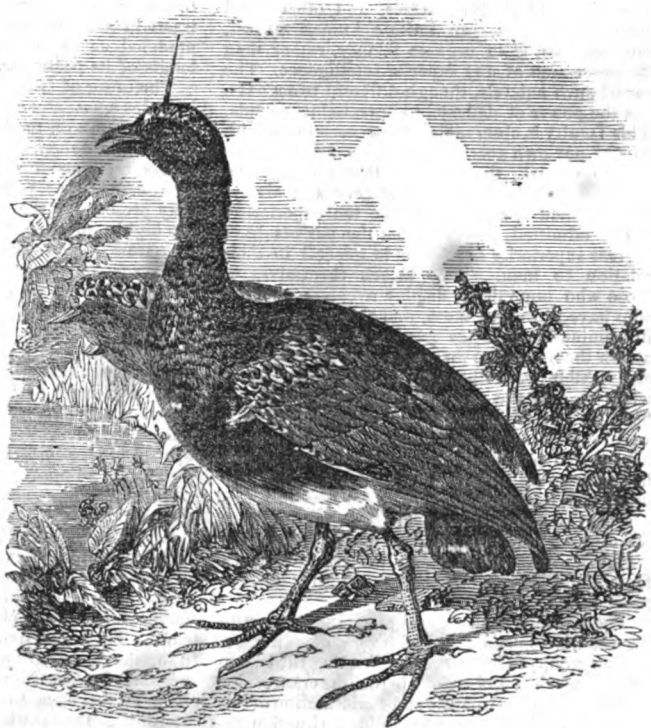
of a pigeon's egg. It was only between the fifteenth and five and twentieth day that the young ones became covered with a very thick down, soft, and of a whitish slaty gray. The feathers did not begin to make their appearance until towards the thirtieth day, and took two months to acquire their full growth. It was twelve before the young arrived at the state of their parents, but their plumage had all its beauty from six months old. At three months old they abandoned the nest, and could eat alone; up to this period they had been fed by the father and mother, who disgorged the food from the bill in the same manner as the pigeons do.

It is probable that the success of this education was owing to the care which was taken in providing these birds with a suitable nest. This consisted of a small barrel, pierced towards the third of its height with a hole of about six inches in diameter, and the bottom of which contained a bed of sawdust three inches thick, on which the eggs were laid and hatched. Since the time now referred to, collared parakeets of Senegal, and Pavonian parakeets, have been hatched in Paris, in hollows made in large billets of wood, where the parent-birds had fixed their nests.

Parrots, parakeets, and other birds of the same family, which are imported into Europe, are generally taken young in the nest, and brought up in their native country. Some are taken adult; they are caught when inebriated by eating the seed of the cotton-tree, which they are very subject to become; or they are brought down by arrows, which, having a button on the end, stun without killing them. M. D'Azara states that the natives of Paraguay take them in a manner which appears very singular, if not incredible. They attach one or two pieces of wood to a tree frequented by these birds for the sake of its fruit. They put a stick or two across from these pieces of wood as far as the tree, and construct with palm-leaves a sort of cabin, sufficiently large to conceal the fowler. He has with him a tame parrot, which by its cries attracts the wild ones of the forest, and the last never fail to come at the voice of the prisoner. The hunter, without loss of time, passes round their necks a running knot, attached to the end of a long wand, which he moves from within his cabin. If he has five or six of these wands, he can take as many parrots, for they will not attempt to escape unless the cord presses tightly on their necks. All these birds are susceptible of education,

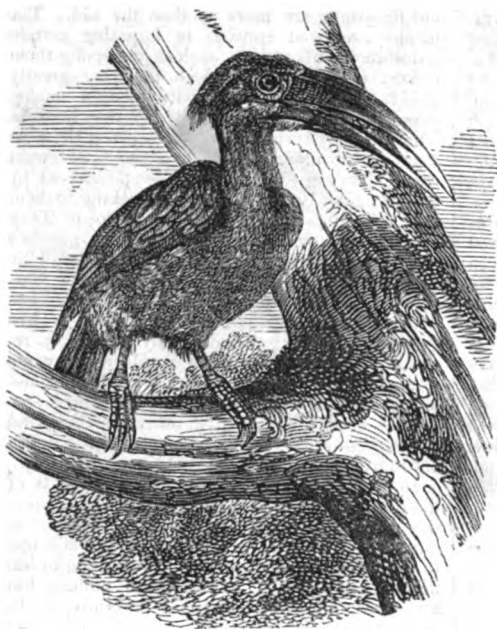
but the young are more so than the old. The means employed consists in imposing certain punishments upon them, such as immersing them in very cold water, of which they are greatly afraid, or puffing at them with tobacco smoke. Rewards are also used, and when they perform what is desired, such things are given them as they prefer, more especially sugar and sweet wine. They are tamed and kept obedient by taking them with boldness, and speaking to them with authority and in a loud tone of voice. They may thus be taught to perform various gestures and assume different postures. Some will lie down on their backs, and rise only at the master's command; others will perform exercises with a stick, or dance in a manner more or less grotesque. They are taught by constantly repeating close to them such words as they are wished to learn. Success, however, does not always depend on such endeavors. Some species are better disposed than others for this kind of education, and the same is the case with different individuals of the same species.

In no case should the greatest attainments of these birds be ranked too highly. Their imitative powers do not of themselves entitle them to any marked superiority over others, and still less to the possession of anything approaching to human intelligence. The imitation is nothing but an organic mimicry, depending, certainly, on the conformation of the voice, and, probably, on some peculiar aptitude of the ears. Nor should it be overlooked that the capacity of articulating



THE HORNED SCREAMER.





THE CROWNED HORNBILL.

words is not exclusively confined to this genus. Pies, jays, blackbirds, staves, and others, and even small birds, can imitate human speech, more or less, from organic facility, rather than the possession of any superior intelligence. The ear of such animals, though different from ours, has the power of delicately appreciating sounds. This faculty is observable among certain individuals of our own species, and it is scarcely necessary to remark, that neither that power, nor a faculty of mimicking sounds in general, is always accompanied by a marked intellectual superiority.

It is admitted, however, that the parrots have a great superiority over birds in general in their relation to man. They attach themselves to those who tame them, display aversion to those who have ill-treated them, and that with marked discrimination. It has been said that the males attach themselves to women in preference to men, and exhibit much ill-temper towards the latter; while exactly the reverse takes place with the females. M. Vieillot declares the assertion to be well founded, and instances the case of a male ash-colored parrot, in his own possession, which he never could approach without being provided with thick leather gloves; and yet the bird was perfectly obedient, in all respects, to Madame Vieillot, and exhibited the greatest fondness towards that lady; while, on the other hand, a female of the same species showed great attachment to the naturalist.

The Chinese peacock and pheasant, next represented, is a splendid bird with very fine plumage.

The group of *Grallatores*, or Wading Birds, embraces the white and crested heron, the crane, snipe and bittern. The structure and conformation of this great family adapt them to the local situation appointed for them, and the nature of their food.

The woods, the hills, and the verdant plains are not their portion, neither is the sea, nor the larger rivers and lakes, on the surface of which, far away from the shore, so many revel in a congenial element; but theirs are the swamp, and the morass, and the low and oozy lands which border the sea and its petty inlets. Here they find their food, which consists of the smaller fishes, reptiles, snails, insects, and water-plants. Their legs are accordingly of great length, the thighs often bare of feathers for a considerable distance, and the toes either long and spreading, or partially webbed; many, if necessity requires, can swim, and some few swim and dive with great dexterity. In proportion to the length of their legs is that of the neck, or at least generally so; and where the neck does not bear a due relative proportion, its length is usually made up by that of the beak; but in many, as the stork or the heron, we find both the neck and beak equally elongated. In the structure of the beak the wading birds offer much variety, according to the particular nature of the food to be obtained. In many it is long, powerful, and pointed; in others, broad and rounded; and again, in others, soft and pulpy at the tip, and supplied with nerves, so as to perform the office of a feeler when inserted into the oozy mud in search of minute insects or seeds. Thus

the heron, the spoonbill, the oyster-catcher, and the woodcock, afford examples by way of contrast, in each of which we find this organ so modified as to be consonant to the nature and habits of its possessor.

The order of *Grallatores* is very extensive, and includes a vast assemblage of subordinate groups. Besides those on the border-line, it comprehends cranes, storks, herons, ibises, plovers, snipes, sandpipers, and very many more. Nor should it be overlooked, that whatever attraction the birds may present to the scientific ornithologist, they are highly interesting to all who love the study of nature. The very place they occupy is peculiarly worthy of consideration, as here we may obtain a distinct view of the system that prevails throughout the regions of animated beings. For here may be observed birds which link together the *Grallatores* with some of the *Gallinæ*, while others are united with the *Natatores*, the Swimming Order of birds, illustrated in the next engraving, in which we have grouped together the auk, the cormorant, the carter (the bird with the opened bill), and others of this order in the foreground of an appropriate landscape.

The large bird, next represented, is the Egyptian Vulture, the least ferocious of the vulture family. Sonnini tells us that in Egypt they are to be seen on the terraces of houses, in the midst of the most populous and noisy cities, perfectly quiet, and living in complete security among men, who feed and cherish them with the utmost care. They also frequent the deserts, and prey upon the carcases of men and animals which have perished in these immense wastes, consecrated, as it were, for ages to nakedness, desolation, and sterility. Those who inhabit Egypt are not known to quit it, but some of the species are to

be found in Syria and Turkey; less numerous, however, because they do not enjoy the same prerogatives, nor is their existence protected in these countries by ancient superstition, as in Egypt: for they were considered sacred among the old Egyptians, whose opinions on this point, as on many others, have been transmitted to their successors, even to this day. In truth, they perform very considerable services to this country, in sharing with other birds, equally sacred in ancient times, the task of destroying the rats and reptiles which abound in this sterile and slimy region. They also clear away the carcases and filth, which would otherwise prove exceedingly injurious.

The subject of the next illustration is a pair of Great or Eagle Owls. The Great Owl is the largest of the Strigidae, and is most probably the *Buas* of Aristotle, and the *Bubo funebris* of Pliny, and of which the appearance upon two occasions within the walls of Rome occasioned no little alarm, a lustration being performed each time to purify the city. Butler thus humorously alludes to the circumstance:

"The Roman Senate, when within  
The city walls an owl was seen,  
Did cause their clergy with lustrations  
(Our Synod calls humiliations)  
The round-faced prodigy t' avert  
From doing town and country hurt."

The great or eagle owl is a native of the extensive forests of Hungary, Russia, Germany, and Switzerland, and is said to occur eastward as far as Kamtschatka. It is rare in France, and never seen in Holland. Pennant states that it has been shot in Yorkshire, and Latham adds Kent and Sussex as localities in which it has been found; it is said to have been seen also in Orkney. In Mr. Stewart's "Catalogue of the Birds of Donegal," is the remark that "four of these birds paid us a visit for two days after a great storm from the north, when the ground was covered with snow. They have not been since seen here. As I am informed that a pair of them breed in Tory Island, about nine miles to the north of this coast, it is probable that they came from that island: I have heard of them nowhere else." Young roes and fawns, hares, rabbits, rats, moles, reptiles, and winged game, are the prey of this species. From its lonely retreat in some deep forest glen, some rift among hoary rocks, where it reposes in silence during the day, this winged marauder issues forth at night, intent upon its victims, its harsh, dismal voice resounding at intervals through the gloomy solitudes of a wild and savage scene. The eagle owl makes its nest in the fissures of rocks, in old ruined and deserted castles, and similar places. The eggs are two or three in number, round and white. The young are abundantly supplied with food, and the broods of partridges and moor-fowl are sadly thinned to supply their wants. This noble bird is upwards of two feet in length. The upper surface is barred, waved, and streaked with black on a mingled brown and yellow ground. The throat in the male is white; the under surface is yellow, with longitudinal dashes

of black on the chest, and fine transverse bars below; tarsi feathered to the toes; beak and claws black; iris fine orange color.

The Ring-neck Pheasant, next delineated, is an exceedingly beautiful bird. These birds are common in the woods of many parts of China. They are frequent in India, where they are smaller than the common pheasant. They are also found about the Caspian Sea, on the southern part of the desert between the Don and Volga, in Great Tartary. It is long since this bird was brought from China into Europe. Its size is always less, the expanse of its wings smaller, and its tail shorter, when it is compared with the common pheasant. The upper part of its head is tawny, with a gloss of green, two white dashes surmount the eyes, and the rest of the head and neck are of a deep and brilliant green, with a violet reflexion, except where the white collar, which gives its name to the species, passes round the neck. The feathers of the back are black in the middle, surrounded by a zigzag, whitish band, and tipped by a black arrow-shaped spot; those of the shoulders are black at the base, marked in the centre by a whitish pupil surrounded by a black ring, and chestnut with somewhat of a purplish gloss towards their tips. The tail-coverts are light-green, with loose silky barbs; the breast of a brilliant reddish purple; the sides pale yellow; the under parts and thighs black, with a gloss of violet; and the tail-feathers olive green in the middle, with broad, black, transverse bands.

M. Temminck considers the ring-neck pheasant of China not as a variety of the common species, but as one that is distinct. In its native country this bird never unites with the common pheasant. There is a constant and marked dissimilarity between the plumage of these two birds. Their manners are dissimilar, and their eggs a different color. In the female there is a narrow band of short black feathers beneath each eye, which distinguishes her from the common pheasant, from which she differs besides in the want of the black



THE TODIUS REGIUS.



LOXIA BENGALENSIS.

spots on the breast, and the greater intensity of the transverse black bars upon her tail.

The *Falcunculus*, next represented, is a sort of shrike, and is a dentostral bird, that is, has a sort of notch or tooth in its bill, to tear and devour its prey the more readily.

The *Palamedea cornuta*, or Horned Screamer, of which we present a fine engraving, is a South American bird, larger than a common goose, having a long spear-shaped horn projecting from the forehead. It lives in marshy or inundated places, which it makes to resound with its wild and loud cry. It does not enter the great woods, perching only momentarily on dead branches. It sends forth shrill and piercing cries, which may be heard at a considerable distance; whence its English name.

Bajou states that its food consist only of aquatic plants and seeds; though others, before him, have averred that it also fed on reptiles. It never attacks other birds, and the only use it makes of its arms is, when the males dispute for the possession of the females. Once paired, however, the two quit each other no more; and when one dies, the other soon pines away with grief. The screamers construct their nests in the form of an oven, at the foot of a tree, according to Pison; but Bajou tells us that they make it in bushes, at some distance from the ground, and often in reeds. The female in general lays but two eggs, of the size of those of a goose, and there is but one brood, in the month of January or February, except when the eggs are destroyed by accident, and then a second takes place in April or May. As soon as the young are in a fit state to fly, they follow their mother, who gradually accustoms them to seek subsistence alone, after which they quit her. The flesh of the young, though black, is good eating; but that of the old is hard, and

less agreeable to the taste.—The Crowned Hornbill scarcely equals the size of a magpie. Le Vaillant saw a flock of more than five hundred of these birds, in company with crows and vultures, preying on the remains of slaughtered elephants. This bird measures four feet five inches from tip to tip of the wings, and is three feet six inches in length. Its body exceeds that of the largest raven, but is very lean and incompact. It is believed to feed chiefly on fruits, although it will seize upon reptiles when pressed by hunger. Its freedom from any offensive smell, and the excellence of its flesh, which is much esteemed as an article of food, go far to prove that its habits are chiefly frugivorous. In a domestic state it will eat meat either raw or dressed. The hornbills are birds of extraordinary appearance, confined to India and Africa. The species are characterized by their enormous bills, toothed along their edges, and frequently surmounted by an additional horny structure, which bestows on them a very striking and peculiar physiognomy. These excrescences vary considerably with the age of the individual, and are scarcely perceptible in the very young birds. The hornbills may be said to resemble the toucans in their heads, the crows in their general habits, and other of the feathered

tribes in the form of their feet. Their tongue is very small. These birds may be regarded as omnivorous as they feed indifferently on fruits, mice, small birds, reptiles, and even carcases. They exhibit an awkward and uncommon aspect while in the act of flying, in consequence of the great size of their beaks and lengthened tails; and altogether their appearance is extremely uncouth. Perhaps one of the most singular features in their economy consists in their feeding greedily, and without injury, on the seeds of *nux vomica*.

The *Todus Regius* is a remarkable bird. A crest of a fine red bay color, edged with black, crowns the front. The upper parts of the body are of a deep brown, the under parts red, and the throat white; the beak and feet are white. It is a fly-catcher. "Without the assistance of the insectivorous races of the feathered kingdom," Buffon says, "vain would be the efforts of man to destroy or banish the clouds of flying insects by which he would be assailed. Innumerable in quantity, and rapid in generation, they would invade our dominions, fill the air, and devastate the earth, did not the birds restore the equilibrium of living nature, by the destruction of the superfluous products. The greatest inconvenience of warm climates is the continual torment caused there by the insect tribes. Man and the quadrupeds cannot defend themselves against them. They attack with their stings; they oppose the progress of civilization, and devour the useful productions of the earth. They infest with their excrements, or their eggs, all the provisions which are necessary to be preserved. Thus we find that the beneficent birds are not even sufficiently numerous in such climates, where, nevertheless, their species are by far the most multiplied. How happens it, that in our temperate climate we are more tormented with the flies in the com-



commencement of autumn than in the middle of summer? Why, in the fine days of October, do we see the air filled with the myriads of gnats? Because all the insectivorous birds have deserted us. This short lapse of time, during which they have too prematurely abandoned our climate, is sufficient to cause us to be more incommode with the multitude of insects than at any other season. What then must be the consequence, if, from the moment of their arrival—if, during the entire summer—if, in short, for the whole time of their sojourn among us, we continue to make their destruction a source of amusement?"

The *Loxia Bengalensis* is chiefly remarkable for its ingenuity. This species inhabits India. The bird constructs its nest of vegetable fibres, which it interlaces in such a manner as to form a sort of purse, of which the engraving gives an exact representation. It suspends its nest on the higher branches of trees overhanging rivers; and the entrance is observable at the lower end. The first year the nest is a simple purse; but in the following one, the bird attaches to this a second, and proceeds annually with a similar addition to the curious fabric.

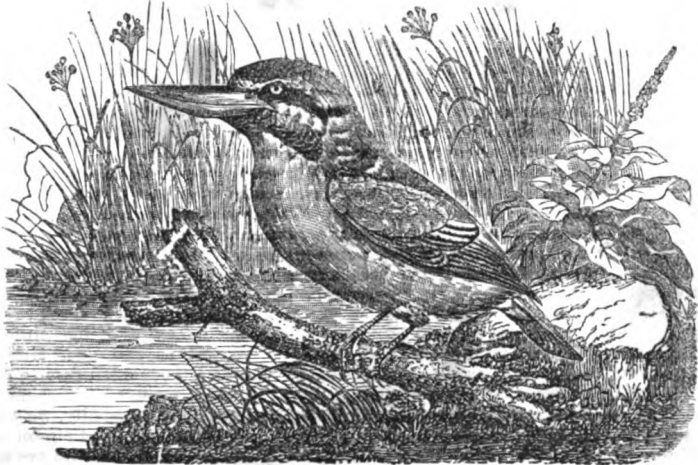
The *Dacelo Atricapilla* is a kingfisher. The flight of this bird is extremely rapid; a fact so much the more remarkable as the wings are very small in proportion to the body, and must, therefore, be furnished with very powerful muscles. Destined to live by the destruction of other beings, its leading habits are patient and persevering ferocity. Perched on a slight branch overhanging a stream, the kingfisher will remain a great length of time waiting the uncertain passage of its prey beneath; or moving rapidly along the bank from one little elevation to another, it is more actively but more abstractedly occupied in the same precarious avocation. The kingfisher, unlike some other fish-eating birds, does not swallow the fish whole, but, carrying it on land, breaks and tears it with his strong bill. Severe winters are frequently very destructive to these birds, when the frozen surface of the waters shuts up the finny tribes from their attacks. The kingfisher may often be found near the haunts of man, but it prefers lonely and secluded places. Its only companion is its mate, and both labor assiduously in supporting their young. The place chosen for incubation is a steep, precipitous, overhanging bank, in which, at some distance above the water, they either form or seize on a burrow extending about three feet deep, at the extremity of which, without making any nest,

the female lays her eggs, about five in number. —Our last picture represents the great White Pelican in the act of placing a fish in its enormous pouch. The pelicans are large and heavy birds, with a great extent of wing; they are excellent swimmers. The expansive pouch will hold a considerable quantity of fish, and thus enables the bird to dispose of the superfluous quantity which may be taken during its fishing expeditions, either for its own consumption or the support of its young.

Pelicans are residents on the banks of rivers and lakes, and on the seacoast. They habitually feed on fish, though they sometimes devour small quadrupeds and reptiles; they are capable of rapid flight, and have an extraordinary power of rising on high. When they perceive from an elevated position a fish or fishes on the surface of the water, they dart down with inconceivable rapidity, and flapping their large wings so as to stun their prey, fill their pouches, and then retire to the shore to satisfy their voracious appetite. The fish thus carried away in the pouch undergo a sort of maceration before they are received into the stomach; and this grinding process renders the food fit for the young birds.

The male is said to supply the wants of the female in the same manner as the parent birds make provision for the nestlings. The under mandible is pressed against the neck and breast to assist the bird in disgorging the contents of its capacious pouch; and during this action the red nail, with which the upper mandible is provided, appears to come in contact with the breast. This singular process probably laid the foundation for the fable of the pelican nourishing her young with her blood, and for the attitude adopted by painters in portraying the bird with the blood spirting from the wounds made by the terminating nail of the upper mandible into the gaping mouths of her offspring.

Pelicans are rarely seen further than twenty leagues from the land. They appear to be, to a certain extent, gregarious. Le Vaillant, on his visit to Dasew Eyland, at the entrance of Sal-



DACILO ATRICAPILLA.



THE WHITE PELICAN.

danha Bay, witnessed an extraordinary spectacle: "All of a sudden there arose from the whole surface of the island an impenetrable cloud, which formed, at the distance of forty feet above our heads, an immense canopy, or rather a sky, composed of birds of every species and of all colors—cormorants, sea-gulls, sea-swallows, pelicans, and, I believe, the whole winged tribe of this part of Africa, were here assembled. All their voices, mixed together and modified according to their different kinds, formed such a horrid noise, that I was every moment obliged to cover my head to give a little relief to my ears. The alarm which

we spread was so much the more general among these innumerable legions of birds, as we principally disturbed the females which were then sitting. They had nests, eggs and young to defend; they were like furious harpies let loose against us, and their cries rendered us almost deaf. They often flew so near us that they flapped their wings in our faces; and though we fired our pieces repeatedly, we were not able to frighten them; it seemed almost impossible to disperse this cloud. We could not move one step without crushing either their eggs or their young ones; the earth was entirely strewed with them."

## THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

BY BLANCHÉ D'ANTOIS.

Give me one draught of the ether of life!

One sip of the wavelet of strength;

My spirit is torn with the blackenings of strife,  
And life drags a wearisome length:

I crave but one boon—the elixir of life!

I would drink and rejoice in its strength.

It revives me! I'm living a life in its strength,

While time like a cloud rolls away;

Suffering pain, anguish! we've parted at length,

The future seems on-coming day—

I am musing of youth and rejuvenate strength:

I would thus dream existence away.

Strength to the weary! the battle of life!

I must on! for the fight is renewed;

The hand may not tremble or weary of strife—

My heart is a steed 'neath the goad!

Heaven be praised for the boon—the elixir of life;

It has strengthened my purpose of good.

What though weary! all weary of life and its cares;

There is no one to pity me now!

The heart often bends 'neath the burden it bears,

And the traces of grief mar the brow:

O, I weary of life—for the manifold snares

Of the tempter encircle me now!

I have longed—I have prayed, O Elixir of Life!

For a draught of thy deep healing wave;

Behold! thou art mine! the emotions of strife

Now sink 'neath oblivion's wave—

As I drink—to the past: O, Elixir of Life!

To Lethe engulfed in the grave!

## THE LAZY LOVER.

BY CHARLES H. LAMSON.

NED WATERS was very lazy indeed, and everybody knew it well, and everybody talked about his failing; that is, everybody in the town of Riverdale did; but still, Ned manifested no inclination to reform, but persisted in the obduracy of his course, regardless of the multiplied censures heaped upon his guilty head.

Ned was uncommonly handsome, good-natured and careless; and laughed gaily in the faces of those who thought it their duty to reprove his laziness, without exciting in their breasts any emotions save those of mirthfulness. But Ned was poor. Poor, handsome, lazy and good-natured, his character was, in its construction, a strange incongruity; but then everybody liked Ned, the girls especially.

"Ned, what do you expect to do for a living when old age and its many infirmities overtake you, if you continue to misimprove your time, now in the days of your youth? You should think well of these things," said his uncle John

to him one day at the close of a long lecture, in which the good man had faithfully pointed out to the youth's attention the evils of his way; and vainly tried to make him think and talk seriously about establishing himself in some permanent business.

"I shall expect my affectionate relatives to provide me a home with themselves; my only anxiety is caused by the knowledge that I must inevitably offend or disappoint the majority of them by not accepting their pressing invitations to visit them all at the same time, as they will wish me to."

Uncle John was an old bachelor, who by the most unremitting attention to business had accumulated quite a handsome fortune, which was judiciously invested, and yielded him a large income. He was both amused and offended by Ned's impudent reply to his question, and answered him as he deserved.

"You may feel assured that I shall never be one of the disappointed ones; but you may prepare yourself to feel disappointed when you ever receive a single dollar from me, either while I live, or after my death."

"Disappointment is one of the inevitable trials that attend humanity, and I shall feel willing to endure my portion of the sentence, whenever it may be inflicted, hailing with delight the hand that bestows the disappointment in the manner of which you speak."

Uncle John proceeded to his library in a state of perturbation, where he destroyed a will already executed in favor of this lazy, harum scarum nephew; and, immediately drew up another instrument, by which his estate was to be conveyed to Miss Laura Barton, a niece of his, who resided in the city of Boston. As soon as the document was finished, he wrote the young lady an affectionate letter, inviting her to make him a visit at Riverdale, without letting her know of the good fortune in store for her.

While Mr. John Waters was in his study, planning and executing revenge upon his nephew for his impudent tomerity, that young gentleman was enjoying himself finely, flirting with a bevy of girls; who were not unwilling to avail themselves of his gallantries, and enjoy his lively society.

Mr. Edward Waters was never seriously in love above half a dozen times in his life of tender enjoyments, and, in those instances the disease assumed no violent form, but gradually died of itself, without affecting his youthful heart in any very unpleasant, or dangerous manner. On the whole it was thought that these little experiences had proved highly beneficial to him, having im-



parted an aromatic hue to his nature, that rendered him even more attractive to the young ladies of Riverdale than he could have been otherwise. They loved dearly to flirt with Ned, or, as they termed the exercise, he was a pleasant companion to botanize with; understood the language of flowers perfectly, and was familiarly acquainted with all the most romantic localities in which the floral treasures grew, whither he was always happy to conduct the maidens in the capacity of "bean-general." Then Ned could dance finely; in fact, he was the most graceful dancer in Riverdale; consequently, he was felicitously accepted as a partner with whom to trip the "light fantastic toe," by the damsel who appreciated his gallantries and good nature, with full as hearty a zest as that with which they hailed the more visible festivities of the evening; when dancing feet moved in accord with sweet music.

Ned flirted indiscriminately with the girls, and uttered the most fragrant love-passages in their willing ears when walking by the light of the "silver moon;" or caused his large liquid eyes to express tender sentiments by lamp-light, and all without committing the least wrong in the world; at any rate this was what he said, when questioned concerning the effect of his numerous flirtations upon his conscience.

In order to show the accuracy of Ned's impressions, it will be necessary to give a brief dialogue that passed between Mrs. Stephens and her gay daughter Helen, towards whom Ned assumed airs of serious tenderness.

"My dear, if you entertain no feelings of love for Edward Waters, I think you do wrong to receive his attentions; the result may prove unfortunate to you both."

"O, please don't talk in that manner, mother; Ned is a dear good fellow, and I love dearly to flirt with him; but then you know he has o the least heart in the world, and will never seriously love anybody on earth; he is quite too lazy to be married, and assume the cares and perplexities of matrimonial life, but makes himself useful and agreeable by flirting with the girls for their diversion and recreation."

"But, my child, I think it very wrong to flirt; you should discourage his attentions, knowing him as you do, to be a heartless trifler with the affections of others. Even if he does you no serious injury, he may cause the ruin of another."

"Don't for a moment entertain a fear of any such calamity; the girls know all about him, and generally consider him as not a marrying man; but then, I like him very much indeed—he is so good-natured and lively, always having some pleasant anecdote to relate for the amusement of

others—and when he grows sentimental he enters into the spirit of the thing with so much earnestness, that for the moment I almost forget my previous knowledge of his insincerity, and begin to experience the real thrill of delicious sentiments in my own heart. I think that nobody but Ned could cause me to realize so much happiness; therefore I feel exceedingly grateful to him for devoting so much of his time and talent to my benefit and amusement. You don't think it very wrong to flirt, do you, mother? Your views must have changed greatly since Ned's uncle was a young man, if you censure it severely."

Mr. John Waters was Mrs. Stephens's favorite bean, when both were young, and Helen knew it, hence her thrust at her amiable mother.

"My views have changed greatly since then, and I now see the folly of my course."

"I intend to perceive the errors of mine, one of these days; but seriously, mother, I cannot for a moment harbor a thought of abandoning the society of Ned Waters; the most agreeable young gentleman in Riverdale; the best singer and dancer, and by far the most entertaining companion for a moonlight stroll or daylight botanical excursion beneath those old trees whose ancient gray arms intertwine with each other, "in chaste communion, passing sweet," where Ned has always something pretty to say, followed by some witty remark to redeem himself from a suspicion of entertaining an effeminate softness of character. If I should relinquish the society of this charming gentleman, I should be the only one annoyed by the loss; it would not cause him the least uneasiness, because he is fully aware that nearly every girl in the village stands ready to fill my place in the vacuum within his breast that should have been occupied by a heart; and he will find as much to please him in one lady as another. He delights in flirtation, but I can assure you, he loves the girls and their society, without thinking us capable of deeper emotions than those which actuate himself."

"A very convenient and interesting companion for the young ladies to cherish; but in my opinion it is most injudicious for you to associate with and encourage his trifling habits, by lending your influence for the maintenance of his present conduct; besides, you should never be upon intimate terms with one who entertains so low an estimate of your character as he does; you do very wrong to cultivate his acquaintance."

"I don't cultivate it, mother, in the least; it grows spontaneously, and is one of the most natural blessings that I was ever permitted to enjoy," said the laughing girl, as she unceremo-

niously bounded out of the room, singing, "I won't be a nun," to the great amusement of her mother, who still remembered the joyous days, when, like her blooming, thoughtless daughter, she enjoyed the spicy sensations of a good flirtation with roguish earnestness.

This dialogue will show correctly what the prevailing sentiments of the young ladies of Riverdale were towards Ned Waters; still, they universally liked his society better than that of his companions; he well merited their opinion of his character, to all external appearances; but, underneath his merry, thoughtless exterior, there existed a deeper well of pure feeling than any of those who loved his pleasant, social temperament considered him capable of entertaining, in the place denominated by Miss Stephens a vacuum where a heart should have grown.

Ned was fatherless, and lived with his mother, who was his Uncle John's house-keeper. But in vain were the numerous efforts and persuasions of his many friends to induce him to abandon his idle habits. After having given him an appropriate lecture, his kind uncle would look out from his window, and see the young man who should have been a meditative penitent, strolling leisurely over the fields, dangling a long fishing-rod across his symmetrical shoulders; while the air resounded with the echo of his clear, musical whistle; to the tune of which his footsteps would have kept time, but for the excessive laziness of their amiable proprietor.

Mrs. Waters was truly a lovely woman, and bestowed the richest treasures of her beautiful spirit upon her cherished son, who was the fortunate inheritor of her rare personal attractions, in all their charming freshness and smiles; and he also retained within himself rich stores of her natural kindness, gentleness, and high-toned uprightness; to which he added many follies and indiscretions, but no actual vices. Ned was affectionately attached to his mother, and almost worshipped her as an angel of more than ordinary excellence; he confided to her keeping all his secret pursuits, and, when others censured his course, the shade of annoyance caused by their reproofs was instantly illuminated into a sunny joyfulness by the ever ready smile of love that beamed from the countenance of his affectionate mother, who never reproved him save in the most gentle manner; because she considered his nature but little addicted to faults. She fully realized that her knowledge of his character was more accurate than another could possess; and understood his feelings and instincts better because in the confidence of all his plans and desires; she would have felt glad to have seen

him changed in many respects, but knew the impossibility of altering his nature, and therefore wisely left him unmolested.

When Ned returned home, after his innocent flirtation, on the day of his conversation with his uncle, his mother, who knew nothing of their unpleasant disagreement, met him with her usual pleasant salutations.

"Edward, your Uncle John has invited your cousin, Laura Barton, to make us a visit; he asked my approval, and immediately despatched a letter to her. What can have caused his precipitancy in the matter?"

"I don't know, mother, although I strongly suspect he has sent for her that she may be established in his own good graces, in place of your unworthy son, who refused to follow the path of his venerable uncle's dictation, and could not consistently reveal his reasons therefor without causing himself great embarrassment, consequently he laughed in his face. But, let his reasons for this invitation be whatever they may, I am glad it has been extended. I have not seen Laura since we were both children, and shall feel very much pleased to renew our acquaintance; she was a very interesting little girl," remarked Ned with his usual ingenuousness and good nature.

That evening at tea, Uncle John was formally polite to Ned, and the meal was finished without its usual cheerful conversation, while an unpleasant stillness pervaded the little family circle, much to Mrs. Waters's regret, for she sincerely mourned the presence of the shadows that were occasionally thrown over their hearts by the misunderstandings of her son and brother-in-law, who had always filled the place of a dear brother in her affections, and acted the part of a true friend towards her son.

Laura Barton was a city belle, handsome, fashionable, agreeable, and withal a most notorious flirt; she had become satiated with the continued round of gaiety and conquest in which she had unrestrainedly participated. Her conquests, it is true, were of no remarkable magnitude, being mostly of hearts that would answer the humorous description given by Helen Stephens of that of her friend Ned Waters. When she received her kind uncle's invitation to make him a visit at Riverdale, she felt at first inclined to send the good man an excuse, but after a little reflection, the belle decided to accept the proffered hospitality.

"I shall feel somewhat dull in Riverdale, and be obliged to depend in a great measure upon my own resources for entertainment; there will

be no beau I suppose, and but little society of any description, with the exception of rustic youths and maidens, who will instruct me in the various mysteries of their respective farms and dairies. Let me think for a moment: there will be Cousin Edward, with whom I used to play, when there before, and I loved him dearly then; I suppose he has changed from a beautiful boy to a verdant country clown, hardly worth flirting with for my temporary amusement, therefore, I may reasonably anticipate a dull visit; but its quietness will I hope prove beneficial to my system, which has become sadly enervated by the protracted round of dissipation in which I have been foolish enough to rush for the last six months; however, it would be pleasant to encounter one or two really agreeable young people with whom to associate while in the country; uncle and aunt are pleasant, agreeable, intelligent and sociable; but are not so well adapted to my tastes as more youthful companions would be," mused the young devotee of fashion, before emerging from her natural element into the healthy scenes of rural happiness and splendor.

Upon her arrival at the beautiful little village of Riverdale, Laura Barton was cordially welcomed by her kind aunt and uncle, who sincerely loved the beautiful girl, after which the former conducted her to a neat and airy chamber prepared for her reception, and furnished with everything that could conduce to the comfort of its occupant. After bathing, and carefully arranging her toilet, the young lady descended to the parlor, where she received an introduction to her Cousin Edward, with whom she had joyously played, before the artificialities of worldly allurements had rendered them both in a great measure deserters from their own natures. She was surprised to find him a polished gentleman, as far as she could decide from his appearance; and one of the handsomest men that she had ever seen.

Before the cousins had enjoyed each other's society for many hours, each was highly pleased with their newly discovered relative (for their long separation had rendered them unmindful of their cousins' existence), and mutually availed themselves of the privileges conferred on them by their relationship, to remove all the obstacles prescribed by etiquette, to prevent those less felicitously connected from forming too hasty acquaintanceships.

Uncle John was delighted with his fashionable, dashing, and ever cheerful niece, for whom he used many efforts to render her visit as pleasant to herself as it had proved to them, while at the same time he looked suspiciously upon the intimacy which sprung up between herself and his

scape-grace nephew, Ned, and assumed far more violent symptoms than had been noticed in any of the youth's previous encounters of a similar nature; but not understanding how to act in so delicate a matter, he wisely concluded to allow affairs to take their own channel, trusting to the workings of providence for a favorable result; and no result would at the time seem favorable in his eyes, except a rapture between the cousins. He noticed with feelings of serious apprehension that Ned had entirely ceased those many flirtations which wore an appearance of love in desperation, before the advent of the fascinating Laura Barton into the quiet retreats of Riverdale had carried the citadel of his heart by storm, and driven from his memory all recollection of former flames.

Ned and Laura were confidential towards each other in all matters except those gradual secrets of the heart which none love to communicate even to their most congenial friends; and they had particular reasons for wishing to maintain a secrecy upon all affairs of the heart; but talked with perfect freedom about the birds and flowers, books and periodicals that chanced to fall in their way; they also expressed deep regret at the unpleasant state of feeling existing between Uncle John and Ned.

"I was sorry to make my good uncle angry; but he pressed me upon all sides, till I felt compelled to offend him, or reveal some of my affairs that I wish to have remain secret for the present, therefore I chose the former, as the least of two evils. I have the enviable reputation of being the laziest person in town, having won it by having no visible occupation. I acknowledge myself slightly addicted to laziness, but do not think myself deserving the bad pre-eminence they have bestowed on my character. I find some little employment besides that spoken of by the poet Watts, as sent by Satan for the use of idle hands, having for months been engaged in writing a series of articles for a New York paper, under the *nom de plume* of 'Trismegistus,' but desired to keep my efforts secreted from all, except mother, until sure of an engagement to contribute regularly."

"Trismegistus! Are you Trismegistus? Everybody is in love with you then, I mean with your writings, of course. But why do you wish to keep your efforts concealed from our good Uncle John?"

"I have no desire to, now that success has crowned them. I knew perfectly well that he would disapprove my undertaking, and consider it one of my plans to avoid more manual labor, and among my acquaintances I have not one

confidential friend, therefore have maintained a secrecy in order to avoid ridicule. I received a letter from New York, the day previous to your arrival, in which the editor made proposals that I think it best to accept."

"Why don't you inform Uncle John of your success?"

"Because he exhibits such a degree of coldness as to render it a hard task for me to treat him with common politeness. I feel perfectly willing to allow him to rouse his anger till he feels sufficiently punished for his conduct."

"He is an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of Trismegistus, and will be highly delighted to discover in his lazy nephew the author of those meritorious articles that have afforded himself so much pleasure, and created so great a sensation in the literary world. Why don't you reveal your authorship to him now? It is your duty to conciliate as much as possible, you know."

"I suppose I have irritated him unnecessarily, but then you must know it is exceedingly provoking to have an old man meddling with one's affairs. However, I believe I will unmask myself; or employ my fair cousin to reveal my true colors."

It was finally agreed between them that Laura should make the revelation of Ned's success in the literary world to their Uncle John. Neither of the young people knew of the alteration he had made in his will; in fact they were ignorant of his having made any instrument of the kind; therefore, could not have desired a reconciliation on account of his golden attractions.

That evening, after their plans were all arranged for the surprise of their Uncle John on the following morning, the cousins went in company with a small party of the beaux and belles of Riverdale, who called and invited them, to take a long walk to the dwelling of Sally Sibbs, the fortune-teller, that she might read to the company the secrets of their lives, in the past, present and future. They were a noisy, joyous gathering, and Laura Barton enjoyed their society far better than she had feared before leaving her city home for the country.

Helen Stephens and the city belle became warm friends, and derived great pleasure from their acquaintanceship, which was as congenial and thoroughfelt as if they had been on terms of intimacy for years. They monopolized the time of this walk between themselves, to the utter seclusion of Ned, who was compelled to talk with the others of their party or be silent; and that young gentleman sagely suspected them of having some mischief in contemplation, though in what form it was to appear he could not imagine,

and they showed no inclination to make him their confidant, therefore, "he moved as one who seeth not his path clearly."

As all pleasures must end, even so their delightful walk to Sally Sibbs's cabin came to a termination, when they all seated themselves in its single but by no means capacious apartment, upon the edge of her bed, a large chest, a short bench and her three chairs. Sally's cabin looked neat and tidy, and she was evidently expecting her guests when they arrived. There was nothing weird and haggard in the appearance of Sally Sibbs, such as is generally noticed in persons following her peculiar vocation; instead of wearing ghostly airs, she was short and very fat, resembling a barrel in her proportions; her round, rosy countenance wore an expression of mirthfulness and mischief that readily conveyed the impression of her being keenly alive to anything like fun.

When the company were all comfortably seated, Helen Stephens addressed Sally Sibbs, who stood by the chimney corner, with her fat red hands folded across her white apron in a style of stiff ungracefulness.

"Aunt Sally, we wish you to tell all our fortunes."

"Come around the table then, if you please."

They all seated themselves around Sally's little pine table, and the fat seeress commenced reading the certain destiny of each, to their great satisfaction and diversion. At length Ned Waters's turn arrived, and Sally, upon looking into the cards after he had cut them, endeavored to give her countenance an expression of distress, in which effort she entirely failed; but looked so ludicrously foolish as to cause her guests to make her cabin resound with peals of laughter.

"What's the matter, Aunt Sally?" inquired Laura Barton.

"If you had just as leave let me off, I wont read Mr. Waters's cards."

"O, tell away, Aunt Sally, I ought to be informed if there is any bad fortune in store for me, that I may avert the disasters," said Ned, laughing.

"I'm afraid Mr. Waters will be angry with me if I tell what I read in the cards about him," answered the confused damsel.

"No I wont, certainly, but if you are correct you shall have a new dress."

Sally, apparently reassured, commenced her readings from the cards.

"The young man is idle—very lazy—he trifles with many maidens, and they call him the youth of no heart. He will never wed, the maidens know it well, for the book of fate hath revealed

his destiny, they play with him and he with them, as careful, cunning animals, mindful of the perils of such sport. The youth is useless to all save the few brave hearts who dare to play with the lion's mane. Let the maidens beware of the youth who hath no heart! A maiden cometh with an eye seeming the deep well of love, and the young man sorrows over a heart wasted ingloriously, as is the strength of the mouse in the sports of the playful cat."

"Very well rehearsed, Sally, you shall have the new dress, for you have richly earned it; but you need repeat no more of my well known follies. I did not think you capable of learning a lesson so perfectly," said Ned, good humoredly, as he rose from the table, and at the same time cast glances of suspicion upon his Cousin Laura and Helen Stephens, who, however, betrayed nothing in their countenances.

Ned refused to listen to anything further from the cards, even though the placid Sally told him "she hadn't read near all;" he was by no means offended, but felt seriously annoyed to have his fair cousin think him entirely destitute of a heart, because the impression was most grossly incorrect; he had a heart, and knew it, and knew it to be overflowing with love, real, genuine love for Laura Barton. The frequent flirtations in which he had participated, were not of a sufficiently serious nature to prevent his falling desperately in love with a lady, who in her city home bore the reputation of being even more heartless than himself. But Ned knew nothing of her, save that she was his cousin, and he loved her with the full intensity of his nature.

The company walked home laughing about Sally Sibbs: but Ned was thinking of his charming cousin, and trying to discover in some indirect manner whether she reciprocated his love, or was trifling with his feelings.

Elements of peacefulness pervaded the pretty home of the before troubled Waters on the morning appointed by the cousins for the revelation of Ned's literary acquirements, and all skies seemed propitious, when Uncle John, after breakfast was finished, took the New York paper and read the following paragraph aloud:

"It affords us great pleasure to announce to our readers that we have secured Trismegistus as a regular contributor to our columns. The spicy articles that have heretofore been published from his pen, show him to be a young man of brilliant endowments. We feel confident of his ultimate success as an American author."\*

\* It will add interest to the general reader to know that this sketch, like many which appear in the pages of this Magazine, are founded on fact, and everyday New England life.—Ed.

"I wonder who Trismegistus is? I admire his style of writing greatly, and would be pleased to know the original," remarked Uncle John.

"I have the honor of knowing him quite intimately, and can assure you he is a very worthy and agreeable young gentleman, about Cousin Edward's size and age. I prize his society far above those effusions of the pen that have won him so enviable a degree of celebrity among the reading community."

Ned's face assumed a scarlet hue, which attracted Uncle John's attention, and gave that gentleman the impression that it was a manifestation of jealousy at hearing a man who might prove a formidable rival, so highly extolled; therefore, thinking the present a good opportunity to inflict punishment for his former impudence and laziness, he endeavored to increase his confusion by zealously lauding the author's merits, and extracting his praises from Laura.

"I should think you must derive a great degree of satisfaction from your acquaintance with so excellent and gifted a young gentleman. I have long entertained feelings of respect and admiration for him, although I have never seen his face. He has shown himself something more than a mere drone in the great hive of humanity, differing in that respect from too large a number of our young men."

"I do derive the highest imaginable satisfaction from my intercourse with him, and wish you also to enjoy his pleasant society; if you and aunt will grant me leave, I should feel highly delighted to invite him here."

Mrs. Waters and Ned both continued to blush, and remained silent. Uncle John enjoyed the manifestations of his nephew's ill concealed confusion to so great an extent, as to render himself incapable of comprehending whether he derived greater pleasure from the prospect of an acquaintance with a youthful celebrity, or the opportunity thus offered for inflicting punishment upon Ned. His small hazel eyes twinkled like those of a rabbit, when he replied to Laura Barton, while one of those dancing little optics played around her handsome and manly cousin, to watch the effect of his answer.

"I shall feel delighted to welcome your friend, both on your account and my own; and so I doubt not will your aunt and cousin."

Mrs. Waters nodded assent, Ned said nothing.

"I will send for him immediately; and he will probably be here as soon as to-morrow evening. If you like him as well as I do, I shall feel much gratified."

The family then separated; Mrs. Waters pro-

ceeded to attend to the domestic duties demanding her attention, Uncle John went to his library in quite an elated mood, while the two cousins departed for the woods with the ostensible object of "botanizing" in view—but they passed by the richest beds of wild flowers, without bestowing the least attention upon the treasures they crushed beneath their feet; hence the conclusion is, the couple had "other fish to fry."

"Cousin Edward, I owe you an explanation of my participation in our sport at Sally Sibbs's cabin, last evening. I perceived at the time that you suspected me as being one of the instigators of the unpleasant joke played upon you, by the reading of your history from the cards. I did know that some mischief was in store for you, but had no knowledge of its unpleasant nature; and on no account would I have joined in the jest, if informed of its precise bearing upon your feelings."

"You are excusable; the plot, I believe, was originated by Helen Stephens?"

"I have no revelations to make of the faults of others; I only wish to excuse myself."

"You need make none, as I found this paper in Helen's handwriting on the floor of the cabin, where Sally had dropped it when I rose from the table last evening," said Ned, producing a small document containing all that the fortune-teller had read, and some additional sentences which he would not allow her to repeat in the presence of his cousin. I was not in the least offended with any one; but would be glad to reward Helen for revealing my faults to you, in so singular a manner. How shall I punish her temerity?"

"Show her the errors of that chart, and I doubt not she will apologize, upon seeing that you really have a heart."

"I suppose there is but one way to prove myself in possession of one, and that is, by offering to exchange it with some fair lady—is it?"

"The most convincing proof you could offer."

"Will you become my wife, Cousin Laura? I love you as my own soul—better than all the rest of earth. My heart is yours—yours alone, and yours eternally! Will you return my love and render me happy?" exclaimed Ned, with passionate vehemence, while he clasped his cousin's passive hand within his own.

Laura Barton was really taken by surprise by this sudden declaration—not having expected her words to lead to such a result at the time. She was greatly excited, but by no means distressed; and still allowed her handsome cousin to retain her delicate hand in his clasp, while she tremulously replied: "Yes."

The formidable task was at last performed! Poor fellow! he had been fluctuating between hope and despair for weeks, fearing in his timidity to prosecute his love-suit, lest he should meet with a defeat. He had trembled like a very coward before the artillery of his little cousin, who waited patiently the same length of time to receive this tardy declaration, and bestow her candid "yes" upon the suppliant.

When genuine passion, in its beautiful purity, enthroned itself in their souls, they at once discarded those trifling habits that had gained for them the reputation of being thoroughly heartless; and the brilliant belle felt no inclination to torture her lover by deferring the season of his joy, but quietly answered "yes"—thus dispelling the apprehensions that had fitted, like unwelcome shadows, over his dream of happiness, and installing in their place the richest emotions of pure bliss within the comprehension of the soul of man, while still a habitant of terrestrial scenes.

Laura and Ned lingered in the woods a great while, enjoying a long conversation, from which they appeared to derive immense satisfaction; but, like all other love relations, it possessed charms for no ears save those for which it was originally designed. With light hearts and happy countenances, they slowly wended their homeward paths—Ned, to tell his affectionate mother the blissful state of his heart, and the bright hopes of future enjoyment that illuminated his course through the untrodden distance of earthly life, with his lovely cousin to dispel every rising shadow. While Ned was revealing his blissful experience to his rejoicing mother, his cousin proceeded to Uncle John's library and demurely offered to play a game of backgammon with the good man, who was excessively fond of this mode of diversion. When their game was partly finished, Uncle John questioned his adversary as follows:

"How long have you been acquainted with Trismegistus?"

"We were playmates when little children, but have not met since for several years, until quite recently. You will love him dearly, when made acquainted with his many excellent qualities and feel the effects of his happy temperament."

"I hope so. You think he will certainly be here to-morrow, do you?"

"Yes, sir; we shall see him, I have no doubt."

"What is his personal appearance?"

"He very closely resembles Cousin Edward; I think him quite as handsome, and one would find it difficult to determine which possessed the most pleasant manners."



"I wish Ned had been endowed with a little of his energy, with all the other similarities which exist between the young men," said Uncle John, bitterly.

The game was completed, and the beaten girl excused herself while she called upon her intimate friend, Helen Stephens, and confidentially related to her Ned's trials, their final success, the revelation to be made to Uncle John, and the existing engagement between herself and Cousin Edward, whom she declared to be far removed from heartlessness.

Helen was exceedingly delighted with the new view thus presented of her old friend Ned's character. She had always admired him for every trait except his seeming inutility; and, when the misapprehension was removed from her mind, she sincerely congratulated Laura upon her prospect of real happiness as the wife of "the youth of no heart," as she had cuttingly denominated him in the sibyl's note.

On the succeeding day—the one appointed by Laura Barton for the arrival of her literary friend Trismegistus—her Uncle John went into the forests upon a hunting excursion, with the intention of returning before the arrival of his expected guest; but his increasing interest in the exciting sports of the chase delayed him longer than he had anticipated, upon leaving home in the morning. When, at a late hour, he dismounted in his own yard, his charming niece, looking the personification of artless innocence and happiness, met him at the door and announced the arrival of Trismegistus.

The old gentleman proceeded directly to his own apartment and performed the labors of the toilet in haste. After the complete arrangement of his dress, he hastened to the parlor, eager to receive an introduction to the young author and offer apologies for his long absence. Upon entering the room, he felt a degree of surprise to find its sole occupants consisting of Mrs. Waters, Ned and Laura Barton. The last mentioned lady arose and introduced Ned to his uncle as "Trismegistus," with a show of becoming gravity.

"You Trismegistus? You?"

Yes, sir, that is my *nom de plume*," replied Ned, gravely.

"I'm thinking you will humbug a younger person than me with that kind of nonsense. I don't believe the first word of it! When did you find time to leave the girls long enough to write all the articles attributed to the pen of Trismegistus?"

"I have written in my own room nearly every day for a year. When others have considered

me lazy, or perfectly idle, I have only enjoyed necessary recreation, and performed an ordinary amount of labor daily, when you thought me asleep."

"You adopted a very pleasing mode of recreation; I admire your taste. But why did you wish to conceal your authorship from me for so long a time?"

"Because not sure of success, and feeling convinced that you would oppose my undertaking, with the conviction that it was a plan originated in my own brain for the avoidance of all physical exertion. You will remember you have not at all times entertained feelings of the most exalted respect for my principles and abilities."

"I beg your pardon, Ned, for my misjudgment, but at the same time think you gave me good cause for imagining you lazy, by never exhibiting your utilitarian virtues."

"I really was very lazy, but not entirely useless, I hope," laughed Ned.

"Not by any means; I have a confession to whisper in your ear. I made my will in your favor about two years ago; but your impudence excited my wrath to so high a pitch, that I wrote another, giving my estate to your cousin Laura. I will now alter it again, and restore to you your former interest in my property; this can be done without injustice to Laura, whose present fortune is sufficiently large to satisfy her desires."

Ned cast a glance into Laura's laughing eyes, and replied:

"You need make no alteration in the instrument; I am satisfied to have it remain in its present form."

"You are very generous, very magnanimous!"

"Not so disinterested as you may imagine," observed Ned, taking Laura's hand within his own. "Laura and I have decided to unite our interests, and hope you will approve our decision, as mother has already done."

The old man opened his eyes very wide, and Laura imprinted a kiss on his time-honored cheek, at the same time whispering:

"How are you pleased with Trismegistus?"

"You are all leagued in conspiracy to make me appear like an old fool; but for the future, matters may take their own course," said he, leaving them to drink his tea of which his hurry to meet the author had deprived him.

In a few days, Laura Barton left the beautiful village of Riverdale for her home in Boston, accompanied by her handsome cousin; and the current rumor of their engagement was confirmed some six months after their departure, when Helen Stephens received an invitation to

attend their wedding in the capacity of bridesmaid. That marriage was a joyful affair; Uncle John seemed perfectly happy, and Mrs. Waters looked hopefully on the happy pair, praying that their bliss might ripen in an eternity of perfected love and congeniality. Helen yielded to the earnest solicitations of her friends to pass the winter with them in their new home. When she returned to Riverdale the next spring, she was accompanied by a young gentleman who had quite too much politeness to allow an estimable lady of his acquaintance to travel without a protector. He had been a groomsman at Ned's wedding; but not feeling satisfied with the honor, he desired to fill a post of more importance in connection with Helen, who experienced similar desires.

Mrs. Stephens very graciously yielded her sanction to the desired union, and the result was a highly interesting wedding in Riverdale.

Ned Waters has changed to Mr. Waters—a pleasant, joyous man—whose open, genial countenance sends cheering rays into the hearts of his many friends. His literary reputation is now established, and he no longer finds it necessary to place his writings under a *nom de plume*, but allows his own name the merit of his efforts.

When Ned returned the note he found in Sally Sibbs's cabin to its mischievous author, she made him an ample apology. Since then, they have jested pleasantly about the frolic, when the parties have been in Riverdale together, as they often are; and all go, as on a former occasion, to see Sally, on whom they bestow gifts, without demanding any of her readings of the future, wisely considering their fortunes as made.

#### THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.

You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Crossing-sweepers do not molest you. Bores do not bore you. Sponges do not haunt your table. Tax-gatherers hurry past your door. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. You are not persecuted to stand godfather. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking: "Is there any other little article to-day, sir?" Begging letter-writers leave you alone. You practise temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure in a very short space of time, to learn it.—*Punch*.

It is with ideas as with pieces of money—those of the least value generally circulate the most.

#### TWILIGHT REVERIES.

BY VELONA LESLIE.

O, there are blissful memories  
Come thronging round me now,  
Sweet pictures from the book of life,  
That flush my pallid brow.

To-night my spirit longs to turn  
The pages of the past;  
And trace those richly glowing scenes,  
Too beautiful to last.

O, there is joy too deep for mirth,  
And grief too deep for tears—  
The first comes rolling up to-night,  
Through mists of buried years.

They come around me at this hour,  
The friends of early youth;  
Their faces glowing with the light  
Of innocence and truth.

In beauty as I saw them once,  
They float around me now,  
But death's cold, icy touch has strewn  
Pale shadows on the brow.

And other forms all redolent  
With love's expressive glow,  
Around me at this twilight hour  
Like shadows come and go.

And one dear image nightly comes,  
To nestle in my heart,  
Nor would I for the wealth of worlds,  
E'er wish it to depart.

#### THE FORGED PATENT.

BY LENT LISTON.

It was at the close of a beautiful day in the fall of the year, that a crowd might have been seen gathered around the log cabin that served as store, post-office and news-room for the thinly settled village of Richland, in the far distant west. The gathering was occasioned by "town election," and the news of a "free blow-out" given by Squire Davis, one of the candidates for office. Suddenly the crowd opened, and the attention of all was directed towards a new comer, who had approached without having been perceived until the moment he addressed the squire (whom even a stranger could distinguish as the principal personage among them), and anxiously inquired for a house where he could be accommodated; saying that he was extremely ill, and felt all the symptoms of an approaching fever. The speaker was apparently about twenty-one years of age, of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, with the air of one accustomed to good society. It was evident at a glance that he was not inured to the hardships of a frontier life, or labor of any kind. But his dress bore a

strange contrast to his appearance and manners. He wore a hunting-shirt of coarse linsey woolsey, a common straw hat, a pair of heavy cow-hide boots and a large pack, completed his equipment. Every eye gazed with curiosity upon the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was his business, the horse swap was left unfinished, the rifle was laid aside, and even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite. The squire eyed the stranger keenly and suspiciously for a moment without uttering a word—knives and swindlers were abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed his "Yankee" origin, a name through the South and some parts of the West, associated in the minds of the ignorant with everything that is base. Mistrusting the silence and hesitation of Squire Davis for fear of inability to pay, the stranger smiled, and said :

"I am not without money," and putting his hand in his pocket to give ocular proof to his assertion, he was horror-struck to find that his pocket book was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value.

Without a cent—without a single letter to attest that he was honorable—a stranger, and with a fever rapidly coming on, it was not strange that a feeling of despair came over him, and he anxiously awaited the expected answer. But the squire who prided himself on his penetration, at last with a loud sneering laugh said :

"Stranger, you are barking up the wrong tree, if you think to catch me with that are trick of yours."

As he proceeded in this strain he was seconded by nearly every one present, for the "squer" was a man whom few dared displease, and this was his "blow out." The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eyes around in a tone of deep and despairing anxiety, he inquired if there was not one man present that would receive him ?

"Yes," cried a rich sonorous voice from the crowd, "I will ; I know not whether you are a robber or not, but I'm not afraid to do my duty, and run the chance. But how ? What's this ? Help, you fellows, the man's dying !" And darting forward, the kindhearted Mr. Foster who had proffered his services, was just in time to catch the youth, who overcome by extreme illness, fell insensible into his benefactor's arms. He had the stranger immediately carried to his house, a physician called, and every aid which was necessary, rendered.

Long was the struggle between life and death, and in the delirium of fever, piteously he called upon his mother and sister to aid him. When

the youth was laid upon her bed, and she heard him murmur for absent friends, Lucy Foster wept, and she wiped the dews of agony from his brow and moistened his fevered lips, said to him :

"Poor, sick young man, your sister is far distant, and cannot hear you, but I will be a sister to you." And well did the dark-eyed maiden keep her promise. Day and night she and her father watched beside the sick couch, until at length the crisis of his disorder arrived—the day which would decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety, watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of awaking him from the only sound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length he awoke and gazed up into her face and faintly inquired, "Where am I ?" There was intelligence in that look. Youth and a good constitution had triumphed. Lucy felt that he was spared, and bursting into a flood of irrepressible, grateful tears, rushed from the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up, even for a short time, and make them acquainted with his history. His name was Charles Moorland, and he had until lately resided in Boston. A few days afterwards, when sitting up, Charles saw at the head of his bed his pack, and on opening it, the first thing that attracted his attention was his pocket book, the supposed loss of which had excited so many bitter regrets. He recollected having placed it there the morning before he reached Richland, but in the confusion engendered by fever, the circumstance had been forgotten. This discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. Night came, and Mr. Foster did not return. Morning came, and hour after hour the invalid and his sweet nurse watched for his coming, but it was not until sunset approached and Lucy was setting out in search of her father, that he approached. But even his presence brought not happiness, for his pale, haggard countenance was sufficient to announce that all was not well. He uttered not a word for more than an hour, notwithstanding all his daughter's efforts to arouse him. At length he arose, and taking her hand led her into the room where Moorland was seated.

"You shall know all," said he. "I am ruined, I am a beggar. In a few days I must leave this house, this farm which I have so highly improved and thought my own."

He proceeded to state that a few days before, Squire Davis, in a moment of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him that he was in his power, and that he

would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Foster smiled at what he regarded only as an impotent threat, Davis, to convince him, stated that the patent of his farm was a forged one, and that he knew the real owner of the land—had written to purchase it—and expected the deeds in a few days. Mr. Foster during his long absence had visited the land office, and found to his consternation that the patent beyond a doubt was a forgery, and his claim to his farm not worth a cent.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldiers' patents was a regular business a few years ago, hundreds have been duped, ay, and many are still duped.

"It is not for myself," said the old man, "that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life, and it matters not how or where I pass the few remaining days of my existence. I have a home beyond the stars, where your mother has gone before me, and where I would have long since joined her, had I not lived to protect her child, my own, my affectionate Lucy."

The weeping girl flung her arms around the neck of her parent, and her tears mingled with those which coursed down the old man's furrowed cheeks.

"We can be happy still," said she, "for I am young, and can easily support both of us."

All night long Charles Moorland thought of the forged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Foster which he could not dismiss from his mind—that Squire Davis had written to the real owner of the land, and obtained the promise of a deed; now as he himself was owner of nearly all the military tract, and as he had never given any such promise, it was no wonder that his astonishment was great. His father was a merchant of Boston, who had acquired an immense fortune. Many soldiers who had served in the last war, on receiving their bounty of one hundred and sixty acres of land, not wishing to remove to Illinois, felt desirous of disposing of them, and many of these patents were offered to Mr. Moorland, and in this way no small part of the military tract came into his possession. On the day Charles became of age, he gave him a deed of a principal part of his land in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out and see it, and if he liked the country, settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he recommended his son on his arrival in the State, to dress like a backwoodsman. On the morning of his departure Mr. Moorland received a letter from a man named Davis, wishing to purchase a certain quarter section at government price, which Mr. Wilson

promised he should have on these terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the Judge of the Circuit Court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received enclosed the certificate in question—Mr. Moorland had given this tract to Charles—and putting the letter and certificate into his hands, enjoined him to deed it to the writer agreeably to promise. The remarks of Mr. Foster forcibly reminded young Moorland of this incident, and the next morning he examined the papers and found them to be the ones expected. Astonished that his friend, the judge, should certify that the land was worth no more, Mr. Foster closely examined the certificate, and soon pronounced it a forgery.

At this moment Squire Davis entered the house. He scarcely noticed Mr. Foster, except with a look of contempt. After pouring out all his maledictions upon the family, he advised them to leave immediately. The old man inquired if he would give nothing for the improvements he had made? The answer was:

"Not a cent."

"You certainly would not," said Charles, "drive this old man and daughter penniless upon the world?"

"What is that to you, Sir Beggar?" replied Davis, with a look of malice and contempt.

"I will answer you that question," said Moorland, and acquainted him with what the reader already knows.

Davis at first was stupefied with astonishment, but when he saw that all his schemes of villany were defeated, and proof of his having committed forgery could be established, his assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees and begged, first the old man, then Lucy, and then Charles to spare him.

Affected with his appeals, the latter purchased his farm, and suffered him to fly with his family to Texas.

Why should the narrative be lengthened out? Of course Lucy and Charles were married, and though a splendid mansion soon rose up on the farm of Mr. Foster, both loved far better the little room where she had so long and anxiously watched over the sick bed of the homeless stranger, and the old man lived long enough to narrate to his wondering grand-children, the history of the forged patent.

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Men love most passionately, and women most permanently. Men love at first and most warmly; women love last and longest. This is natural enough; for nature makes women to be won and men to win. Men are an active, positive force, and therefore they are more ardent and demonstrative.—George W. Curtis.

## MOLLY WARE.

BY C. E. LATIMER.

There's a lovely maid with sparkling eye,  
And heart that laughs at care,  
Who every morning passes by;  
Her name is Molly Ware.

She's a lovely casket filled with pearls,  
And diamonds rich and rare;  
O, a precious gem and beautiful,  
Is this name Molly Ware.

In all the train of college girls  
There's none that can compare  
In beauty, wit and gracefulness,  
With lovely Molly Ware.

Were I the "Chief of Ulva's Isle,"  
My happiness I'd share  
With this dear subject of my muse,  
This lovely Molly Ware.

O, had I but the confidence  
That many men could spare,  
I would present my compliments  
To lovely Molly Ware.

But this has been withheld from me,  
And I can but declare,  
In humble verse, my high regard  
For lovely Molly Ware.

## MARY TUDOR, THE SCARLET QUEEN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE nineteenth of July, 1554, broke over "merrie England," with a full gush of sunshine. Everywhere, banners were floating to the breeze, and sounds of merriment and joy went abroad on the morning air. Everywhere guns were fired, bells were ringing, bonfires were blazing, and processions were forming.

One would have thought that some grand national victory was being celebrated, or at least that some grand national tribute was preparing for a hero of the English blood royal, or the coronation of a king.

It was not for these, however, that this great demonstration was made, but for the reception of a man who had but lately been subjected to the bitterest execration from the English, and whose fleets were now anchoring in the port of Southampton.

The maiden queen of England, although neither fair nor young—she who has been known from the middle of the fourteenth century by the title of "Bloody Mary," and who well earned the sobriquet, was that day to receive the young and gallant Philip of Spain as her betrothed husband.

As the Spanish fleet anchored, a number of barges put off from the shore, one of which was distinguished by its splendid awning, lined with cloth of gold, as the queen's own. It was manned by a full crew of seamen, dressed in the queen's livery, white and green, and was intended expressly for the bridegroom elect; while the other barges, richly ornamented, and inferior only to this one, was for the nobles and their attendants.

A company of English lords were assembled at the landing to welcome Philip, and the earl of Arundel presented him, in the queen's name, with the order of the Garter. He was dressed richly, but plainly, in black velvet, with a cap ornamented with gold chains. A splendid horse had been provided which he instantly mounted, and his graceful horsemanship won the hearts of the assembled people, perhaps, as much as deeds of valor could have done; on such frail grounds is popular favor established.

London gave itself up to a perfect jubilee, and Mary gave orders to her nobles to attend her to Winchester, where she was to meet the prince, who arrived there on the twenty-third, attended by two hundred gentlemen on horseback, and a body of English archers in the livery of the house of Arragon.

The rain now poured in torrents, and the cavalcade had not proceeded far when a cavalier met them, at full speed, with a message from the queen, for Philip not to expose himself to the weather, but to delay his departure. Of course the gallant prince would not listen to this, and the cavalcade moved on, spite of the rain which was drenching their gay dresses.

That evening the royal pair met, and according to Sepulveda, Philip did not confine his salutations to the queen, but kissed all the ladies in waiting, matrons and maidens, without distinction. In the great hall of the episcopal palace, they met again in public, Mary stepping forward to receive Philip, and kissing him before the assembled company.

The approaching festival of St. James was fixed upon for the marriage day; and Philip exchanged his plain garb for one of white satin and cloth of gold, powdered with pearls and diamonds. He wore the Burgundian order, the collar of the Golden Fleece, and the new order that had just been bestowed upon him.

The queen's dress was of similar material, but our brides of the present day would have been shocked at the bad taste of her red slippers and black velvet mantle. One of the council, after the marriage train entered the cathedral, read an instrument from Charles Fifth, in which he for-

mally announced his son as king of Naples and duke of Milan, thus making Philip equal in rank to his consort.

At this point, the English nobles were seized with embarrassment at the thought that there had been no provision made as to who should give the queen away; but the earls of Pembroke and Derby and the marquis of Winchester agreed to give her away in the name of the whole realm; and the bishop of Winchester then performed the marriage.

The romantic shades of Hampton Court soon received the royal pair. Mary's general ill health had not been improved by the pageantries of the late occasion, and feeble and indisposed, she was obliged to shut her doors upon her subjects, and confine herself wholly to the society of Philip and her personal attendants.

Of these, Lady Alice Barnet and Lady Elinor Howard were the favorite and privileged; and strangely enough, Mary chose to have them constantly about her person.

It would appear that she was not at all tainted with jealousy, else the remarkable beauty of both might have awakened her fears lest Philip should contrast them strongly with the aged and sickly appearance which the queen herself presented. But it does not appear that Mary was aware of her own want of charms, and her fondness for Philip was that of a young and blooming bride rather than of a mature woman. At the time of their marriage, Philip was only twenty-seven years old. Mary was eleven years his senior, and the chronic disease under which she labored made her look still older.

Lady Alice Barnet was just eighteen years old; a gay, merry, laughing girl, with fresh, red lips and blooming cheeks; eyes that flashed out brightly beneath the long, black tresses that hung round her oval face, and a figure whose full and youthful beauty was conspicuous among the court beauties of the day. She loved to wear gay and rich colors; and had she dared, would have outvied the queen herself in splendid costume.

On the other hand, Lady Elinor Howard was a gentle maiden, fond of quiet and retirement, and dressing in the most simple and unostentatious manner; her usual robe one of pure white, with at most a blue ribbon at her waist, or a spray of pale blue flowers in her rich chestnut hair. Mary loved the little, gentle maiden, and petted Lady Alice, who was more careless and free in her speech and manners.

The queen lay on a rich damask couch in a deep sleep, induced by narcotics, after several restless and troubled nights of illness. Philip had left her for a few hours, and although the

adjoining room was full of ladies in waiting, no one was allowed to watch her repose, save the two favored ones.

They were sitting in the deep embrasure of a broad window looking out upon Hampton Court, and conversing in whispers so low that they could not have reached the queen's ear had she been awake.

"Our royal mistress loves her new husband dearly enough," said the bolder damsel of the two. "And no wonder, either. These Spanish cavaliers are well worthy a queen's admiration."

"True," said the Lady Elinor, "but I marvel at the choice. Surely his father, Charles Fifth, who, I have heard, was once nearly betrothed to the queen, would have been a more suitable match."

"Are you not uttering a little treason against the charms of our queen?" said Lady Alice. "Methinks you are the boldest of us two at this moment. I would hardly have ventured so much!"

Elinor blushed, but resumed, "I am surely not wanting, Alice, in respect for my queen, when I speak of her age. But all must see, if they do not allow themselves to speak, of the strong contrast between them. Look, now that her face is distorted with pain, and tell me if she looks fitting for the wife of one who deserves the title of Philip the handsome, as much as his grandfather to whom it was given?"

"No, indeed, Elinor, she does not, and much I fear she will not retain his affections long. But tell me, dear, did you see the duke of Alva on the day of the marriage?"

"I did, Alice, and I saw, moreover, the look which he directed to you as you stood nearest the queen. But even he is not equal to the prince."

"What were you saying of the prince's father?"

"I have heard that when the queen was only six years old, he, then a young man, was desirous of a betrothal; but that five years later he broke the contract which was actually formed, and married Isabella of Portugal, who became the mother of the prince. Even that would have proved a more suitable match for our royal mistress than this."

"Ah, but do you know that many people thought she would marry her kinsman, Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire?"

"I have heard so; but that the Emperor Charles, whether from a desire to compensate her for the single life which she has so long endured for his sake—for it seems that she felt his desertion, although only eleven years old—or from a desire to aggrandize Philip, negotiated this marriage himself."



"And liking the father so well, how did she know that she should like the son, whom she had never seen?"

"There was a portrait of the prince, sent by his aunt, the regent of the Netherlands, but with strict injunctions to return it. It was painted by Titian, when the prince was twenty-six years old, and you may well believe it struck the queen's fancy, as well indeed it might." Elinor sighed as she spoke.

"I do believe it, Elinor, and, moreover, I believe that you are yourself in love with our queen's choice, and—"

"Lady Alice! do you dare to say this to me?"

The blood of the Howards flashed bright and warm into Lady Elinor's cheek; and Lady Alice Barnet, proud as she was, had scarcely the presumption to repeat her words.

"There, there, forgive me, darling; I was but in jest. You should not have been moved, methinks, by such a trifle."

But the quick tears were coursing down the pure, pale cheeks of Lady Elinor, at the unkind suspicion, and ere she could banish their traces the queen awoke.

Her first waking sight found the Lady Elinor in tears, and the sympathy of Mary for her favorite was too sincere not to display itself in caresses and fond words.

"Who has hurt thee, darling?" she said, as Elinor bent down by her couch. "Depend upon it, whoever does so shall feel Philip's indignation, and our own too. Our royal consort has taken great note of thee, my Elinor; and sometimes he has questioned us all too closely of our little cousin. Beshrew us, girl! I fear he will think thee somewhat younger and handsomer than ourself."

Mary's self-satisfied air betrayed that she did not apprehend any danger from that quarter; but her allusion, joined to Lady Alice's words, created a commotion in the heart of the gentle maiden, which she could not control. Thus it is with the human heart as with the famous rock which a child's finger may put in motion, but which the whole strength of many men could not still.

During the few months that had intervened between this time and the queen's marriage, Philip had distinguished Lady Elinor in a manner wholly different to that which had characterized his behaviour to the other ladies in waiting. To all he exhibited politeness, and to many, an easy flattery, excepting to her. She only had been treated with that gentle and almost tender courtesy which sometimes is the surest precursor of love.

Timid and unsuspecting, lady Elinor had been on the verge of giving up her heart to the keeping of one who could have no legitimate claim to its possession, and she now started with horror to think how nearly she had approached the chasm which leads to the destruction of those principles which no alchemy can ever again restore when once perverted.

She was aroused by the chance and unmeaning badinage that fell from the lips of the Lady Alice, and was dismayed by the flattery of the queen who deepened the wound to her delicacy, by telling her what Philip said of her; and as soon as she could be dismissed from the queen's presence, she rushed to her chamber, and burst into an agony of tears.

She resolved at first to ask a dismissal altogether, but on second thought, she considered that to fly from the court was not the best way to avoid Philip, who, as she believed, would more certainly seek her if she was absent from the queen's protection.

She resolved, therefore, to stay, but to avoid him as much as possible. Meantime the queen grew more and more indisposed, and often required older and more experienced ladies around her than the two favorites; and etiquette demanded that they should live retired and away from the frivolities of the court, when the royal mistress could not be present.

But the angel who watches over the good and virtuous had not ceased to take charge of Lady Elinor Howard. Greatly to the delight of Philip's Spanish followers, Charles Fifth summoned his son into Flanders. He was about to abdicate in his favor, and demanded his presence without delay.

Sick, disappointed in some of her dearest hopes, and almost heart-broken, Mary accompanied her husband down the Thames, to Greenwich, unwilling to believe in the necessity of the parting, but yielding in this as in all other things to Charles, who seemed to have held and exercised the right to dictate her conduct.

She returned home to her desolate couch, alone, without relatives, without children, which she had fondly hoped for, and without the presence of her husband.\* A fearful retribution seemed to rest upon her for the cruelties she had committed; and attacked anew by the disease to which she had long ago been subject, and which had sorely wasted her youth and beauty, leaving her only the wreck of what she had been, she lay down to die!

\* This was the period when the queen is said to have procured a subtle poison for the purpose of self-destruction, but she did not make the attempt.

Death does not, however, always come to the world-sick, and Mary lingered on a year and a half longer, until Philip, from motives of policy, paid her a visit. Life rallied in its citadel for awhile, and she received him with all the fondness and devotion of a first and only love; as indeed it was with the queen.

Lady Elinor's hand had long since been given in marriage to the young Earl of Derby, the queen sanctioning it rather unwillingly because he wished to withdraw her altogether from the court. He, however, permitted her to come to the queen's sick-bed, at stated times, and Mary continued to receive her with all the affection of former days.

Once only did Philip catch a passing glance at the face which, two years before, had almost made him curse the fate of princes to wed with those whom they love not. She was accompanied by her husband and Lady Alice Barnet, whose roguish eyes beamed out at the casual mention of the Duke of Alva.

After obtaining her consent to the war with France, and staying a few months with the queen, coldly returning her excessive fondness, Philip bade her a final adieu, and returned to the Netherlands. She saw him no more. She lingered a few months, deploring the disastrous effects of the war, and mourning over the destiny which had kept her apart from her only love.

The daughter of Katherine of Arragon and the granddaughter of Isabella of Castile must of necessity have had a Spanish heart in her bosom; and spite of the difference in their ages, spite of his studied coldness, it beat with all the fervor of the warm Spanish blood for Philip. One proof of her devotion she could give—and that was to die! A letter, which she was too weak to read, was found pressed to her dying heart: and surrounded only by her faithful attendants, and supported by her two favorites, she uttered the memorable words which Nelson afterwards rendered immortal, "When I die, CALAIS will be found written on my heart!" Poor heart! vain pomp! a month had not passed before Philip offered his hand to Queen Elizabeth!

Mary died on the seventeenth of November, 1558, scarcely four years and a few months after her marriage; and early in the year 1660, a little more than a year after her death, and the refusal of his hand by Elizabeth, he married Isabella of France, then in her fifteenth year.

Isabella, as she was called by the Spaniards, or Elizabeth de Valois, was, according to all accounts, a better woman than Philip deserved, from his shameful neglect of Mary Tudor. She is described by Brantôme as "*belle, sage, vertueuse,*

*spirituelle et bonne*," a list of qualifications that would have served half a dozen queens of the ordinary stamp.

Again the old pageant, which less than six years before had been acted on the borders of the Thames, was revived at Roncesvalles and New Castile.

At the court of England, there were two hearts that beat quicker when this marriage was announced. One was that of the maiden queen, in the deepest recesses of which had ever lingered a sentiment of regret for the gallant cavaliering, whose person and talents the Count of Feria, the ambassador whom Philip had employed to negotiate with Elizabeth, had so glowingly described.

The other heart was stirred with an emotion of gladness. It was that of the young countess of Derby, who experienced a sensation of actual relief, when she found that it was not probable that Philip would ever again visit England. Like a true and loving wife, she communicated the grief she had borne to her husband, and received his entire forgiveness for the error into which she had been so nearly precipitated.

The ashes of Mary Tudor rested in Westminster Abbey; and those of one of her favorites, Lady Alice Barnet, by special permission, reposed beside her. Elizabeth, more despotic in some matters than even her predecessor, was ruling with an iron sway the people of her court; notwithstanding that her subjects were lauding "the golden days of good Queen Bess."

The Earl of Derby entreated her to grant leave of absence to himself and the countess; and the queen, more intolerant of beautiful women than Mary had been, and more jealous of their influence with her ministers and courtiers, allowed them, with some show of reluctance, to depart.

Once within the precincts of their own quiet home, surrounded by friends, and eventually by beautiful children, Elinor Howard remembered the past only as a painful dream. As her daughters grew up into the image of her own youth, it was her care to keep them far from the breath of courts, and to think of home as the dearest, sweetest spot in the broad world.

#### MARRIED IN A HURRY.

The Grand Rapids Eagle mentions an unusual case of marrying, which took place recently in Caledonia, Kent County. The parties were on their return from meeting, when it was proposed that the knot should be tied instanter. Whereupon the sleigh (drawn by oxen) was stopped, the parties stood up therein, and a minister promptly did the job. The driver said, "haw buck," and the couple were soon landed at home man and wife.

## DIRGE OF THE EMPEROR.

[On the return of his remains to France in 1840.]

~~~~~  
BY REYSBURN.  
~~~~~

To his rest, his last long rest, he is borne,  
In mournful state;  
Next his funeral car tread the veterans worn,  
Who so oft have followed those banners torn,  
Which now seem, as they silently wave, to mourn  
Their master's fate.

That eye, once eagle-like, is glazed  
By death's cold hand;  
That massive head, 'neath which once blazed  
The godlike fire which Europe 'mased,  
As low now, as once high 'twas raised  
In power grand.

Once more he lies within the pale  
Of his own France;  
Once more they bid the chieftain hail,  
But now his cold dull ear will fail  
Alike to note the music's wall  
And horsemen's prance.

Cluster round him, sons of Gaul,  
'Twas his behest.\*  
Brave grenadiers, surround the pall  
Till sepulchred, then one and all,  
Forming around a living wall,  
Guard his last rest.

~~~~~  
AN ANONYMOUS LETTER:  
~~~~~

—OR,—

## THE EXPERIENCES OF DR. BRAY.

~~~~~  
BY JOHN THORNBERRY.  
~~~~~

"WHY don't you get married, doctor?" said his friends everywhere.

"O, doctor, you don't *know* how much you lose in not getting married!" said the younger men who had done their part in setting him an example.

"Dr. Bray, it is really *wicked*! it is *criminal*!" said the young ladies, all of whom felt the reputation of the sex at stake in the doctor's decision, either this way or that.

"What a *pity*, Dr. Bray," said the elderly ladies, "that a good looking man like you should wait so long to make up your mind, when you know just as well as you want to that you could have the very first girl you picked out!"

And so Dr. Bray caught it on all sides. He wanted to get married, and he didn't want to get married. He would, and he wouldn't. He went in for the institution of matrimony, and he didn't go any farther than the threshold, either. It was hard to tell just where Dr. Bray did

\* "Bury me on the banks of the Seine amidst the people I have loved."—*Napoleon on his death couch.*

stand; whether he was on the fence or a little this or that side of it.

"Come, doctor!" cried all the young girls in chorus, at Mrs. Lewis's party, one evening, "now tell us a story that will make us all laugh!"

He stared stupidly, and held out his hands.

"Me!" said the doctor.

"O, yes, come; tell us a story!"

"A story? Lord save your dear souls, I never told a story in all the days of my life!"

They laughed of course.

"But that wasn't the story, by any means," said they.

"What would you have, then?" said Dr. Bray.

"Have? O, tell us—tell us—tell us why you never got married, doctor!"

The blood flew like lightning into his face.

"Because I never could get anybody to have me!" said he.

"Pooh!" they all responded, looking round into one another's faces, and knowingly smiling.

"Fact," he replied.

"Pooh, pooh! O, for shame, Dr. Bray!" they joined in chorus.

"Now just please to tell me, girls," said he, rather seriously, "who would have me, if I was only ready to be married, this very day?"

"Ha, ha, ha! O, Dr. Bray!"

"Would one of you—I'd like to know?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

How it rung in his ears, that fiercest female laugh. He remembered it for weeks afterwards.

"Perhaps some of them would like to have you try it, doctor," suggested one of the more elderly and experienced of the ladies.

How red they blushed—redder than boiled lobsters.

"Who dares make the proposal, then?" he asked, in a tone of pleasant defiance.

What girl in the world would have had the pluck to answer? They every one giggled as if they were pleased beyond account.

"Yes," the doctor breathed out, "I thought so."

"You don't know anything at all about it then," said Ellen Ayres.

"Don't, hey?"

"No, you don't," said Mary Noyes.

"Don't, hey?"

"No, you don't," said Susan Merwin.

"You really mean to say I *don't*, do you?"

"Yes, we do," said Sarah Searls.

"Did ever female lips talk such nonsense?"

"No, sir," said Abby Baker, "the girls aint so much afraid as you think for."

"Aint, hey?"

"No, they aint," said Emily Page.

And now it seemed to be the doctor's turn to laugh, which he did in a clear, round, ringing style, the possession of which almost any living person would covet him. What *was* he laughing at? They would all give so much to know. But somehow these things are always so tangled up that it passes human skill to unravel them.

Dr. Bray that evening, either saw new sights with his eyes, or drank in new inspiration from what surrounded him, or did or saw something else in Mrs. Lewis's drawing-rooms that made a change come over the spirit of his dream. He was not in love. No, that wasn't it. He was still the custodian, and keeper of his own heart. Certainly, certainly; but then Sarah Flower never looked to him exactly as she seemed to look then. She must have got a new expression somewhere, and put it on for this special occasion. Sarah Flower bewitched him. Her eyes kindled very strange and unusual feelings in Dr. Bray's heart. Her lips tempted him dreadfully. He never saw so much grace in her carriage before, and certainly never supposed that she could step across anybody's carpet so like a queen. Well, but then he dare not let her suspect anything. O, no, that wasn't the sort of man Dr. Bray was, at all. He would let this new passion kindle and kindle, and burn and keep burning, till it twisted and coiled itself around him beyond any chance of extrication. That was the kind of a man he was; he left the business more to chance and circumstance than to his own guiding and controlling will. He hadn't any real will of his own about it. Thinking it all over for the next few days, he came to the sage conclusion that he would sit right down and pen a letter to Sarah. Not over his own name, I would have you think; but anonymously.

Somebody has said—who is it, I would be glad to know?—that a man who will write an anonymous letter to anybody, is a coward, and a good many other things much worse than this. Well, Dr. Bray, as I was saying, sat down to his table to write his letter to Sarah Flower. I am not going to quote it, or any part of it, for the reader would be sure to say it was nothing but nonsense; as no doubt it was. He told her how he felt, and how she looked in his somewhat partial eyes. He used terms of adoration such as only angels from the seventh sphere could understand. He confessed affection enough to make forty girls like Sarah Flower as happy as they could be all their life time—he was her slave—he threw himself at her feet; he forgot everything else, even his own name for her sake. He lived only

because she lived; and when she died, the world would be a blank, and life no longer of any worth to him. In fine, Dr. Bray was "done for" entirely. Unless he could possess himself very soon of Sarah, it would be the end of him entirely.

Into Dr. Bray's office—for he was a patient practitioner of medicine\*—came a lady, a few days before he finally resolved to send this letter to Sarah Flower, who was anxious for advice in a case of dropsy. She didn't know whether she wanted tapping, or what she did want. Being out of health, she was frightened; and being frightened, like women in general, she thought that something must be done, no matter what, to put off the death she so much dreaded.

Dr. Bray, not being able to go and see this woman just at the time he had appointed, was anxious to let her know that he would call as soon as he could. So he sat down and wrote to her right after concluding his passionate effusion to his dear Sarah, directing her particularly what to do for herself, and assuring her that he would call upon her at a certain time therein specified. The note read in this way:

"DEAR MADAM:—Keep easy as you can. You are in no danger. Water on the chest is quite common. No need of tapping as yet, that I can see. Don't go into convulsions over it. Diet for the present. Take three spoonfuls of so-and-so three times a day, before eating. Shall call round day after to-morrow, in the evening.  
Yours truly, BRAY."

Having prepared the two letters, there they lay before him in their bright buff envelopes. Somebody's ring took him to the door at an inopportune moment, and when he returned, he hesitated as to which letter was which. Neither of them was directed as yet, of course.

"Let me see," said he, sitting down deliberately before them. "Now I know just as well as I want to, that that's the letter for Sarah Flower, and that's the one for Mrs. Sorrell. Yes, I remember very well exactly how I laid 'em down. Sarah's was on this side, and Mrs. Sorrell's was on that. I'll proceed to direct them before I forget how it is, or some one else calls to take me away."

So he superscribed one letter to Sarah Flower, and the other to Mrs. Sorrell. And having performed this rather critical task, he despatched each of them to its appropriate destination.

The next morning, who should come creeping along ever and ever so softly, and knock ever and ever so gently on Dr. Bray's office door with her

\* Founded on an actual occurrence in the State of Connecticut not long since.

own knuckles, but Mrs. Sorrell? He got up in haste and opened to her, and in she rushed with open arms, shutting the door after her by some mystery such as woman only understands, and falling in a warm heap upon his manly breast. The doctor was really astounded.

"Why—why—what—why—" he stammered out, as he staggered under his unexpected load.

"O, I reciprocate, doctor! I reciprocate every word of it, dear doctor!" she blowed, her face as red and flushed as a coal fire in the middle of a winter's forenoon.

"Reciprocate!" he thundered forth, "I'd like to know what you are talking about, madam?"

"O, that precious letter," said she. "How sweet it is to know that somebody loves you. O, what a blessed thing it is to find a real partner for your joys and sorrows!"

The shrewd woman had managed to drag him along during this time to the office lounge, and now she made up her mind that she had got him indeed. And there was no reason for her to doubt her conviction.

"The Old Harry!" cried Dr. Bray, seeking to extricate himself from her affectionate grasp. "What does all this mean?"

"O, doctor! O, doctor!" still kept on the loving lady. "Your letter was so kind, so sweet, so good from beginning to end! I would have waded through seas of fire but what I would have seen you to-night, as you asked me!"

"I never asked you!"

"O, say nothing further of it! Of course you wrote under a pleasant excitement, and you didn't know just what you did say. I overlook it all, dear doctor. O, I am yours forever after this, yours always and forever!"

"What do you mean?" cried Dr. Bray, again. "Are you crazy? Have you turned fool?"

She lifted her head just a little from his shoulder, and instantly let it fall again. What to do he didn't know. She finally explained.

The letter, it turned out, that he had written for Sarah, the Widow Sorrell got. He was mad; but even while he was so mad, he stopped, as the piper bade his cow, to consider.

She was "well off." That meant that she wasn't to be sneezed at. She was not old. That meant that he wasn't quite so young himself as he might be. She loved him—had a decided passion for him—would go straight through fire and water for him—had so soon avowed her devotion to him—and that was what no living woman had ever done for Dr. Bray before. But she was inclined to drowsy. Ah, but he could cure her of that, and if not, then he would have

her snug little property to himself all the sooner.

There was something in all this worth considering, and no wonder Dr. Bray did sit down calmly and consider. The more he thought of it, the more it looked like a good idea. Till finally he became quite reconciled to the plan, and took Mrs. Widow Sorrell into his embrace with a hearty smack and an emphatic *Yes* thrown in.

He heard nothing from Sarah at all, until his wedding evening, when, just as the clergyman had concluded the ceremony, and the doctor had tasted the lips of his blushing bride, some one came up suddenly and thrust a note in his hand. It was superscribed "Bray." He opened it, and found that Sarah Flower returned her compliments to the bridegroom, with congratulations for his prospects; also enclosing his prescription to herself, adding that she had no fears of the dropsy, and the "water on her chest" did not trouble her in the least. On her own part, she expressed the kindly wish that whatever the doctor did, he never would get drowned.

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#### A DARING FOX.

A gentleman residing in Scott county, Missouri, informs us that while he was leisurely riding along the bank of the Mississippi, recently, with a half dozen favorite chickens thrown across his saddle-bow, a large fox emerged from the woods and impudently followed him. Thinking Reynard would lay himself liable to capture in making off with them, he tossed the Shanghai from his horse. They had scarcely struck the ground before the fox had seized them. Our friend threw himself from his horse, but before he had cleverly alighted, the fox, with all six of the fowls, was several feet out in the Mississippi, paddling, with an industry worthy of the occasion, for the opposite bank of the river. After offering his kingdom for a gun, about a dozen times, our friend bestrode his nag, and pushed onward, feeling very much like acknowledging that he had been abominably "sold!"

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#### FIRST THINGS IN A MAN'S LIFE.

A French paper has an amusing article describing minutely the successive first things that happen to a man in the course of his life. His first hour as a new-born baby, his first trowsers, his first day in college, his first love-letter, his first sweetheart. And then, coming to his various experiments in the way of profession, it describes his first cause as a lawyer, his first "case" as a doctor, his first battle as a soldier. It then proceeds to his first wedding (!) night, his first child, his first gray hair, his first wrinkle, his first rejection as an admirer, his first pair of spectacles, his first rheumatism, and—his first grave! The Parisian view of the approach of old age is the most amusing part of all this, and we omit the long list of firstlings till we come to the last.

## THE PIONEER.

## AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.

BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

In one of the prettiest of the many pretty vine-clad villages of France, early one evening in the month of June, 1796, two young persons were seated side by side in a beautiful and artistically constructed arbor, in an elegant and extensive garden, attached to a very superior and elaborately finished cottage residence. Now we shall not describe either the one or the other—that is, particularly—but content ourselves with saying that they were all, house, garden, arbor and occupants, very handsome, and very French.

Of the young people in the arbor we must necessarily say a little something further; not about their fine appearance, however, though they were both astonishingly handsome; but concerning their parentage and position.

Blanche Bouillon and Edouard Wumser were lovers, as the reader will very naturally infer. Blanche would be eighteen the July following, and Edouard twenty a few months later. And while the father of the former—her mother being dead a number of years—was a man of considerable wealth, the mother of the latter—his only surviving parent—occupied exactly the other extreme. But for Edouard, whose only capital, however, was his strong arm and stout heart, Widow Wumser would long before have been a burthen to the parish.

Edouard, though gracefully limbed, was as strong as a lion, and as fearless and brave as he was muscular. Everybody liked him, and more than everybody, Blanche Bouillon. What to her were the overflowing coffers of her father? Or the empty purse, comparatively speaking, of the man she loved? Nothing! She was a true woman, and ever with such "love levels" all distinctions, except of course, those of honesty and dishonesty. She loved Edouard with all her heart, and that was a great deal, something that he should have been proud and thankful for. It was not every man who was so loved, and by such a being.

And he was proud and thankful, and with his rich heart—for the heart may be rich in noble feelings and imperishable affection, however poor its possessor may be—he paid back the principal of her love, with interest, and compound interest. Still there was a thick shadow always looming up before them, darkening their path, even when the bright sun shone the brightest: the shadow of a parent's disapproval.

It was with them just as with countless others,

as it always has been, and doubtless always will be. One William Shakespeare, with a remarkable knowledge of such matters, has truly said:

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth."

The case of Edouard and Blanche illustrated the poet's saying. They did love truly, and as certainly as they did, so surely the current of their young affections flowed among the shoals and quicksands.

Blanche's father had commenced the "battle of life" at quite an early age, and commenced it poor, superlatively poor. With him it was then, from first to last, "Get money." In pursuance of that object he was neither very scrupulous, nor very conscientious. As is quite frequently the case, wherefore we will not pretend to say, his wealth increased daily, and with a rapidity that was truly amazing.

At a suitable age he married, not for any particular love of womankind, but only because it was necessary, and because the exigencies of every day life demanded it.

After the lapse of several years, pretty Blanche was ushered into the world, and after the lapse of a few more, the mother was called out of it. Neither event, however, produced any considerable emotion in the husband and father. His were not over refined or very sensitive feelings, and of neither mother or daughter made he an idol. He thought too much of himself, or too little of anything, for that.

At Madame Bouillon's death, Blanche, child as she was, took her mother's place in the household, and everything went on the same as usual, except that sometimes the young girl would steal away and have a good earnest cry all by herself.

Monsieur Bouillon was not a miser, as the reader may possibly at the first glance imagine. He did not hoard money for the mere gratification of gloating over it; but on the contrary, as much for what it would bring as for itself. He liked everything handsome, everything good; that is, everything good to eat, good to wear, and good to look on; was ridiculously fond of the society of rich and distinguished people, and was profuse in his expenditures whenever and wherever it was at all likely to be talked about. Poor people he did not value a straw, for, as he continually kept telling his daughter, there was nothing whatever to be gained by such associations. Like many others, then and now, in the day of his prosperity he forgot his own antecedents. It will be readily seen that such an individual was not very likely to consent to ally his only daughter and heiress to a poor man.



Wealth and position were the only passports to his favor.

He had long seen the intimacy which existed between Blanche and Edouard, and it was contrary to his express and peremptory commands that his daughter even countenanced her lover. Though never a word had been mentioned to him concerning their attachment, he well enough knew of its existence, and not only used arguments and commands to thwart it, but he resorted to every other possible plan to nip the unprofitable and obnoxious connection.

Edouard saw all this, for Monsieur Bouillon's likes and dislikes were always legibly written upon his hard, uncompromising face. Besides, in this case, Monsieur Bouillon took especial pains to let the young man into the secret of his feelings.

Edouard, we repeat, saw all this, and with right good sense took particular care to avoid Monsieur Bouillon, not that he really had anything to fear, or that he had any other fault than his poverty to dread; but only because he did not see how anything but hard feelings was to be gained by pursuing a contrary course.

Still, in the face of all argument, contrary to every command, and notwithstanding the strict espionage to which they were subjected, Blanche and Edouard continued to meet, and continued to pour forth into each other's bosoms, all their love, and fear, and anxiety.

Now, so long as they were honest and worthy, and their love was of a similar character, and there was no more reasonable objection to their attachment than the worldly poverty of one of the parties, they were perfectly justifiable in disobeying the dictates of Monsieur Bouillon, for his dictates were prompted by anything but a commendable morality.

Blanche and Edouard had been children together, the Widow Wumser's little box of a domicile was a very trifling distance in the rear of Monsieur Bouillon's fine garden, and as children they had loved each other, though of course, without then being able to fathom or explain their peculiar feelings. As their years multiplied, however, the real condition of their feelings gradually dawned upon them, and one sweet summer's evening, in that same pretty arbor, they linked hands, and solemnly plighted an undying troth. Never since had their thoughts strayed from each other; but every day and every hour their love had grown stronger and deeper. Thus matters stood, June, 1796.

Blanche had quietly stolen out to meet Edouard, as she was in the frequent habit of doing, and Edouard had as quietly made his way

through the deep garden, as he was just as frequently in the habit of doing, to meet his Blanche in the familiar trysting place, a spot all the more safe for being so near the lion's den.

"Edouard, I have very, very bad news to tell you," murmured Blanche, burying her pretty face in the young man's bosom, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I am very sorry, Blanche, dear, because it grieves you," responded Edouard, gently caressing the weeping girl.

Blanche continued sobbing, and after the lapse of a few moments the young man inquired:

"What is it, Blanche? Let me share your sorrows."

"Wait a moment, Edouard, and then I shall be able to go on," rejoined the young girl, between her sobs.

"As long as you please, Blanche, dear, your convenience and happiness are always first with me."

With her face still buried in Edouard's bosom, and her arms twined about his neck, Blanche sobbed it out. When she had grown calmer, she looked up into his face and said:

"Edouard, I am to be married!"

"Married!" repeated the young man, with every show of the most unquestionable astonishment, "married to whom, Blanche?"

"Monsieur Perou."

"The rich silk merchant of Paris?"

"Yes, Edouard."

"I have heard of him; but, Blanche, you will not desert me, will you?"

The young man's voice trembled, and from the corner of each dark eye there suddenly trickled down over his ruddy cheeks a great bright tear.

"Never, Edouard, never!" responded Blanche, nestling closer and tighter to the bosom of her lover. "Never shall any one call Blanche Bouillon wife, but you."

The youth pressed the fair young girl tightly to his broad bosom, and for a few moments both were silent.

"But, Blanche, dear, what made you say that you were to be married to Monsieur Perou?" Edouard at length inquired. "I fancy that now I understand you, but I would be right certain."

"I will try to tell you, Edouard," responded Blanche, drying her eyes, and again looking up into her lover's face. "My father called me to him this morning, and said to me: 'Blanche, in a few weeks you will be eighteen, and it is my wish that you shall then marry. Monsieur Perou, whom you know'—I only met him once in Paris, Edouard, when I was there with my

father, and though he was handsome and rich, and still young, I did not like him at all, and would not marry him, even if there were no Edouard to stand between him and my heart—'Monsieur Perou, whom you know,' said my father, 'has written me a letter, in which he formally proposes an alliance with you, my daughter. As he is a rich gentleman, and one of our largest and most influential merchants, the honor is very great, and I shall forthwith return him a favorable answer.'"

"Surely, Monsieur Bouillon would not be quite so unnatural as to promise his child in marriage without consulting her wishes, and to a man whom she did not love?" exclaimed Edouard, indignantly.

"I am afraid he would, Edouard, unless some better objection were urged than what he would term her unreasonableness."

"Did you not tell him, Blanche, dear, that you could never love Monsieur Perou?" demanded the youth, with all love's eagerness.

"I was about doing so, dear Edouard, when he appeared instantly to comprehend what I was going to say, and continued sternly, 'Blanche, be careful what you tell me. I will hear of no other attachment, unless of equal promise. My son-in-law must be either rich or distinguished; and if a proper man, he can't well be the one without being the other. Must be, Blanche, remember that. You are the only daughter and heiress of a rich man, and I say it proudly, for it is something to be proud of. Marry to please me, and at my death all that I possess is yours; marry against my will, and not only shall you never touch a louis of mine, but from the moment that you do so, my house is no longer your home, and I am no longer your father. Choose, then, girl; but remember I am inflexible.' With these words he quitted the room. And, O, Edouard, I know that he meant every word he said."

"Monsieur Bouillon is very unjust, to say the least," responded the young man, deeply agitated. "Leaving out every consideration of myself, he has little respect for the feelings of his only child, and that child a woman, to act such a part."

"But, O, Edouard, what is to be done?" murmured Blanche, anxiously. "I cannot marry Monsieur Perou, and how shall I escape it?"

Woman-like, the tender-hearted creature could but weep at the dreary prospect.

"Be calm, Blanche, dear," responded the youth, smoothing back from her fair brow the heavy masses of raven black hair. "Something must be done, and forthwith, or doubtless Mon-

sieur Bouillon will sacrifice you to this silk merchant's wealth. While we have been talking I have thought it over, Blanche, dear, and as a first step, it is necessary that I should leave this place immediately."

The young girl peered into her lover's face with a mingling of wonder, astonishment and alarm.

"Leave here, Edouard!" she exclaimed, at length, "what then is to become of me? If you are gone I shall then have no one to look up to."

"Don't be uneasy, Blanche, dear," returned the young man, with an encouraging smile. "I don't mean to leave you defenceless, and whatever I do I will convince you is all for the best. But first, Blanche, dear, let me talk a little while of myself, and of the past, the present and the future. My feelings and the circumstances demand it."

"Anything that you will, dear Edouard, only don't say again that you shall go away."

"Well, well, Blanche, we will talk of that by-and-by," said Edouard, gently. "But now listen to me. It is needless to again repeat wherein consists Monsieur Bouillon's objection to our attachment. We are both fully aware that my poverty and humble position are the important points at issue. These dreadful barriers removed, and I have not the least doubt but that I should be as acceptable as any one else. The knowledge of this has for a long time occasioned me much silent trouble. Not even to you, Blanche, dear, have I divulged what I thought and suffered."

"Dear, dear Edouard," murmured the young girl.

"And with it all, Blanche, dear," continued the youth, "I cannot but feel that I only lack the opportunity to achieve a position which should command even Monsieur Bouillon's approbation. Long ago I would have departed to Paris, and made a venture for my fortune, but for one obstacle—my poor mother. I could not make up my mind to leave her. I was the only real friend she had, and under any circumstances a parting would have been very painful to us both. The struggle has been a hard one, but this it is that has held me here, and cramped all my energies. Poor mother did not know it, for I never uttered a word of complaint in her presence. You, at least, Blanche, will believe what I say. Monsieur Bouillon doubtless would not, for I am sorry to say it, but he cannot appreciate any such motives. And yet even he would be compelled to admit that I have always been industrious—have always worked hard."

"That you have, Edouard, that you have,"

responded the young girl, earnestly, "and though all the world desert you, I will never."

"Thanks, Blanche, dear, thanks. Still I am poor and humble, and being so, I am looked upon as no match for Blanche Bouillon. Were it otherwise I might now stand forth boldly, claim your hand, and save you from the talons of Monsieur Perou."

"What is to be done, Edouard?" said Blanche, the words of her lover recalling again to her mind the commands of her father.

"An elopement, or a clandestine marriage, much as you love me, Blanche, I feel you would not consent to, at least while other channels for securing our happiness are still open."

"No, no, no!" murmured the young girl, shaking her head earnestly.

"And I honor your fair fame, and respect your good name too much to propose either," continued the youth. "I would win you openly, fairly and honorably, Blanche, or—much as I would pain me—lose you forever. Monsieur Bouillon's determination has now decided my course, and with your assistance—of which I cannot but feel sure—I will yet far outstrip Monsieur Perou, or any one else. Could this decision of Monsieur Bouillon's but be evaded for a year or two, I feel confident that all would turn out well for our mutual happiness. With a strong arm, a determined purpose, and a knowledge of your love to cheer me on, I feel certain that I could raise myself to a level even with Monsieur Bouillon."

Edouard seemed to enjoy an inward gratification in styling Blanche's father, Monsieur Bouillon, and it arose, doubtless, from the little respect that he entertained for his character as a really deserving man. It seemed hard for him to associate the man and the father together, and he appeared to shun the attempt.

"But, Edouard, how is it to be put off?" inquired Blanche, very earnestly. "My father, I am sure, will admit of no excuse—hear of no postponement."

"We will not trouble him, Blanche, dear. We must devise some plan of which he shall have no knowledge. Open opposition would be little less than madness, therefore must we resort to some harmless strategy. Under present circumstances a trifling deception will be perfectly excusable—otherwise I should not propose any such course."

"Still, Edouard, I cannot imagine how you will manage to turn my father from his purpose, he seems so determined."

"We will at least try, Blanche, dear. Listen to me now and I will tell you what I propose."

While the agitated and outraged lovers were conspiring together in the arbor, another little scene connected with our story was transpiring within the house.

In a small apartment on the ground floor, at a round table, was seated a man of about forty-five or fifty years of age. He was of medium height, and considerably inclined to obesity. His face was round, full, florid, and hard. His hair sandy and quite thick, except just on the top of the head, where it was bare and shiny. His eyes were small and piercing, and of a gray color, his nose peaked, and his lips thin and tight. And over the whole *ensemble* of the man there was a something—to an open-hearted, generous person at least—inexpressibly disagreeable, probably it was the shadow of that "Get money" principle. No one would have taken that man, sitting there by that round table, to be the father of pretty Blanche, out in the arbor. And yet that was Monsieur Bouillon. One thing is certain, however, Blanche's fine looks, and good feelings, came not from that source.

"I think that will do," muttered the *père*, as he cast away his pen—he had been writing—and pushed back his chair. "Let me see—I'll read it over aloud, and then I can better understand it."

Bending his eyes upon the sheet, he went on to read as follows:

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR PEROU:—Your very honorable and pleasing communication was duly received. That I am delighted with your proposition I hasten to assure you; that my daughter is equally delighted with it (here Monsieur Bouillon's facial muscles gave a peculiar twitch) you may satisfy yourself at any time you please. That we are deeply sensible—I speak for my daughter as well as for myself—of all the honor of an alliance with one so greatly distinguished in the mercantile world, admits of not the slightest doubt. Such a contingency as my daughter's refusal—to which you refer—could not possibly occur; and I beg of you not for an instant to harbor such a thought. My house is open to you at all times, and I hope soon to have the honor and the pleasure of conferring with you personally. Until then,

I remain yours to command,  
JULES BOUILLON."

"Now I'm not much of a scholar," mused Monsieur Bouillon, again throwing himself back in his chair, "but I think that will answer nicely. A marriage with Monsieur Perou," he continued, after a few moments' reflection, "will secure to Blanche, and consequently to myself, a still higher social position than we now occupy, and that, in my opinion, is the principal aim of life. To be rich and great is all that's worth striving for. If Blanche hasn't learned that yet, she must

be taught it. Let me see: Monsieur Perou says (and once again he conned over the letter of the aspiring silk merchant) that in case he should receive a favorable answer, he will make it his business to wait on us immediately. I must take Blanche in training, and whether it suits her or not, she must do my bidding. As for her ever thinking to marry such a poor fellow as young Wumser, is out of the question. A pretty connection that would be! If she loves him it's her own fault; I've done my best to prevent it. The consequences must be on her own head. She marries to please me, or takes the choice of beggary. And to her heart's content she will find out that neither tears nor soft words will turn me from my purpose. I wasn't educated in the school of sentiment, and consequently am composed of rather hard material. I'll despatch my letter to-morrow morning, and commence with Blanche at the same time. And now for a smoke."

Leaving Monsieur Bouillon to the enjoyment of his pipe, and his paternal reflections, we will now take a second glance at the occupants of the little arbor.

Blanche and Edouard appear to have been quite busy during our absence, and appear, likewise, to have talked themselves into a very commendable good humor. As we approach the arbor, we shall be able to hear the latter say:

"This plan then is settled, Blanche, dear. To-morrow I will take my departure, and for two years you promise to remain faithful, and abide my return?"

"Forever, Edouard, forever!" murmured Blanche, enthusiastically.

"Well, Blanche, I do not doubt you; but I only stipulate for two years. By the expiration of that time we shall meet again, and under more favorable auspices. Meanwhile, follow my directions, and you will not be compelled, or even importuned to marry Monsieur Perou, or any one else."

"I hope, dear Edouard, that it may all turn out as you anticipate."

"Doubt it not, Blanche, dear. And now farewell, for two years. Don't weep, my Blanche, the time will pass faster than you imagine, for we shall both have something to look forward to, and make the days glide swiftly away. Be kind to my poor mother, and for my sake see that she does not want. I shall explain all to her before I go. And now, again, farewell!"

There was a long, close embrace; a loving, lingering kiss; tears, and a few deeply murmured words, and then the lovers separated.

Rather a singular way, that, says the reader, of preventing Blanche's threatened marriage with the rich silk merchant. Ah, but wait, and you shall see what you shall see.

The following morning, Monsieur Bouillon and his daughter were taking breakfast together as usual; both, however, from causes which may be inferred, appeared to be restless and fidgety. Blanche, however, though uneasy, seemed in excellent spirits, and while she trifled with her breakfast, she talked incessantly, first about one thing, then another. It did really appear as if she was determined not to let her *père* have a single chance for uttering a word. Every time Monsieur Bouillon would empty his mouth, and throw himself back in his chair, preparatory to re-opening it for another object besides eating, Blanche would dash off upon some topic with a volubility peculiarly French, and unattainable by any other than a native. Whatever Monsieur Bouillon desired to say—and it would not be hard to guess the subject uppermost in his mind, Blanche appeared determined not to show him an opportunity for relieving himself. And it must be admitted that she succeeded admirably. After awhile there was a low knock at the door, and immediately following the knock was the apparition of a very peculiar phiz.

"Well, Jacques, what's the matter?" demanded Monsieur Bouillon, gazing with every show of wonder at the rueful countenance of the tow-headed lad.

"O, monsieur! O, mademoiselle!" ejaculated Jacques, in very pitiful tones.

"Well, sir, out with it, whatever you have got to tell, and don't stand whining there!" shouted Monsieur Bouillon, excessively irritated.

"Shall I, mademoiselle?" demanded the lad, appealing to Blanche.

"Why ask me such a question, Jacques?" inquired Blanche, indifferently. "Am I any more interested in your news than any one else?"

"O, yes, mademoiselle."

"Indeed!" exclaimed both father and daughter, suddenly and simultaneously, both now a great deal more interested than before.

After a moment's pause, Monsieur Bouillon turned his chair around so as to directly face the lad, and then continued sternly:

"Go on, sir."

The boy, by a look, again appealed to Blanche, when she said:

"Proceed, Jacques, let it be what it may."

"I'm almost afraid to, mademoiselle."

"Will you go on, sir?" demanded Monsieur Bouillon, entirely out of patience.

"Well, then, Monsieur Edouard Wumser—" The lad stammered and hesitated.

"What of him?" cried Blanche, with sudden excitement. "What of him, Jacques?"

"He is drowned, mademoiselle!" rejoined the boy, blurring out his news with startling brevity.

Blanche screamed and sank into a chair, but strange to relate, did not faint.

"Drowned!" echoed Monsieur Bouillon, himself feeling queerly, "how do you know, sir?"

"Some of the villagers; monsieur, found his cap and blouse on the banks of the river early this morning."

"Suppose they did, you blockhead!" cried Monsieur Bouillon, "that's no sign that his body's in the river."

"No, monsieur, but I haven't told you all."

Blanche, who until now had been regarding Jacques with a vacant and indifferent look, suddenly started to her feet and exclaimed wildly:

"Not all! then there is no chance of a mistake?"

"O, no, mademoiselle."

"Hold your tongue, you blockhead!" cried Monsieur Bouillon, peremptorily, even in his hardness somewhat alarmed for the consequences. Then turning to his daughter, and changing his tones to the mildest key possible, he continued:

"Probably you had better retire, Blanche, while I question Jacques."

"Retire!" echoed Blanche, with a very peculiar look, and startling cadence, "no, *mon père*, I would also hear the particulars of this murder!"

And she stared at Monsieur Bouillon in a manner that made him feel very queer.

"Mur-mur-murder!" he stammered, displaying an unusual confusion. "Why, Blanche, the young man may have accidentally fallen into the river, and even if he threw himself in, it's not murder, or if it is, nobody's to blame but himself!"

It really seemed as if Blanche did not hear Monsieur Bouillon, for, without replying to him, she said to Jacques—and her voice was low, intense and commanding:

"Go on, sir!"

"Well, you see," said the lad, speaking hurriedly, "the things—that is, Edouard's cap and blouse—were carried right away to Widow Wumser's cottage. And such a time as there was—the old lady acted like one possessed, and for a long time she went on so that the lads couldn't get a word of explanation out of her. She did nothing but hug and kiss the clothes, and cry out at the loss of Monsieur Edouard. After awhile she calmed down a little, and then she began to talk all manner of strange things

about you, mademoiselle, and about Monsieur Bouillon."

"Me! What had I to do with it, you rascal?" shouted the *père*, startled by an ugly bumping under his waistcoat.

"Go on, sir!"

"Yes, Jacques, go on," broke forth Blanche.

"Let us hear the whole truth. The widow's curse cannot rest upon me."

Monsieur Bouillon quailed beneath Blanche's speaking glance.

"Well, then," continued the lad, hastening on with his narrative, "Widow Wumser declared that you, monsieur, were the whole cause of Edouard's death; that he loved Mademoiselle Blanche, and she loved him; but because that he was poor, and you were rich, you wouldn't let mademoiselle marry him, and that's what it was that had driven him to commit suicide, and some day you would have it all to answer for."

"The widow's as crazy as her son was," responded Monsieur Bouillon, indignantly. "One jumps into the river because he can't marry my daughter, and spend my gold, and the other reflects all the blame on me, because he was fool enough to do so. I fancy, however, that I am at perfect liberty to marry my daughter, and bestow my gold as I please, and if fifty light-headed young men choose to throw themselves into the river for disappointment, it's no look-out of mine; but is it quite certain, Jacques, that this young man has drowned himself?"

"O, yes, monsieur, right certain. His mother says that he went away last night on a little business, as he declared, and she remembers now that at the time he acted very strangely, very strangely indeed."

"I must certainly do something for the widow," said Monsieur Bouillon, after a moment of silence, and with all the air of a pompous philanthropist.

In his heart the *père* was really more pleased than otherwise at the turn affairs had taken, for now he hoped and believed that the most formidable obstacle in the way of his wishes was entirely and forever removed.

"And so you should, *mon père*," responded Blanche, again fixing her staring eyes upon her father, and speaking with withering emphasis.

"And so I will, Blanche," rejoined her father, kindly, affecting not to perceive the reproachful tone of his daughter's voice.

"Besides," broke in Jacques, anxious to relieve himself of every particular, "the lads found two letters in the pocket of Monsieur Edouard's blouse—one directed to his mother, and the other to mademoiselle."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Monsieur Bouillon, with a considerable show of vexation.

"Mine, Jacques, where is mine?" cried Blanche, holding out her hands, and uttering the words wildly.

"Here it is, mademoiselle," responded the boy, as he drew from his pocket a very crumpled looking billet.

With an agitation that was really alarming to behold, Blanche tore open the missive, and in low, trembling tones read aloud the contents. It said:

"DEAR BLANCHE:—It is better that we should part. I could not live and know you another's, and Monsieur Bouillon admits of no excuse for poverty. With him, to be poor is to be nothing. With only my intrinsic merits to recommend me, I could never hope to soften his flinty heart, and win his consent to our union. Merit allied to poverty is of no account in his eyes. It therefore only remains for us to part. Adieu, dear Blanche; be happy, if it is possible, and sometimes think of your poor, unfortunate, EDOUARD."

There was a moment of intense silence, which Monsieur Bouillon was the first to break.

"Jacques, leave the room!" he cried out, suddenly and peremptorily, in his heart anticipating a scene which he had no desire should be gossiped all over the village.

And Monsieur Bouillon was correct in his conclusion. Scarcely had the door closed upon Jacques, when Blanche opened her batteries, and in anything but a rational and pleasant manner. After upbraiding her father for the course which he had pursued towards herself and Edouard, and in the wildest manner charging him with the death of her lover, and all her own present and what was likely to be her future misery, she dashed forth from the house, letter in hand, and made directly towards the river, which rippled along in its course a few hundred feet distant.

For a moment Monsieur Bouillon stood transfixed, and then he darted out in pursuit of his daughter. Catching her in his arms, as she stood balanced on the banks of the stream despite her strugglings and protestations, he drew her slowly and gradually back to the house.

Before night she was delirious, and Monsieur Bouillon wisely concluded that it would be best, under the peculiar circumstances, to defer any present negotiations with the rich silk merchant.

Time passed, and Blanche gradually recovered; but only to a certain extent. Day after day she went about the house, bewailing her lost Edouard and her own unhappiness, and refusing

every importunity to again mingle in society. Once or twice, when her father indirectly hinted at the chance of a desirable marriage, she burst forth with all the vehemence of former days—refused to even listen to any such propositions, and wound up by again upbraiding him with the death of Edouard, and the destruction of all her own hopes. Finally, Monsieur Bouillon, finding all such efforts worse than useless, settled down quietly, with the full determination to await that return to her proper senses, which he felt confident would come around all in proper time.

"Then," he said mentally, "I'll know why my daughter wont take a husband, and one of my own choosing, too. As it is, she would make but a crazy wife for any man."

And that was doubtless just the position of things which best suited the young girl.

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We will now for a moment go back a little.

All the day following the discovery of Edouard's cap and blouse was consumed in dragging the stream, and otherwise searching for the unfortunate young man; but every effort went unrewarded, for no further trace of the lost youth could be discovered. At the end of a few weeks the excitement and anxiety began somewhat to die out, and finally the circumstance grew to be very little talked about. It is thus at all times, with all things and all people. And yet Edouard was remembered by many; by some kindly, and by two, devotedly.

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In July 1796, about a month, or thereabouts, subsequent to the opening of our story, Napoleon, then a young man, with an army of thirty thousand men, besieged the city of Mantua. On the thirty-first of the same month, the movements of the enemy led him to abandon the siege and to make his way to the western shore of Lake Garda, where he suddenly fell upon a large division of the Austrians, and utterly routed them. On the third of August following, by a series of the most rapid marches on record, he met and vanquished a second division of the enemy. The battle is said to have been long and bloody, the ground being literally covered with the dead. On the following morning before sunrise, incredible as it may seem, the army of Napoleon met a third division of the Austrians, and defeated them with terrible slaughter. All three of these battles were of the most sanguinary description; and the French soldiers are said to have acted throughout with the most remarkable bravery, and with a degree of endurance unparalleled. Napoleon himself, not only successfully directed the battles, but by his presence in the thickest of



the danger, inspired his army with irresistible enthusiasm. In fact, so recklessly did he conduct himself, says one of his historians, that on many occasions he barely escaped being slain or captured.

Following these battles were several others, in all of which the French proved eminently successful. The bravery and gallantry of Napoleon's army seemed miraculous; and thus division after division of the Austrians were compelled to succumb to the prowess of their arms.

On the morning of the fourth of September, a short, decisive and brilliant battle was fought at Roveredo, in which the Austrians were again routed with terrible slaughter. During the following night the French troops were once more in motion; and after a forced march, for rapidity declared unequalled, Napoleon again encountered the Austrians, and the battle of Bassano was fought and won. And this brings us to the point we desire, and nearly to the close of the brief and brilliant campaign.

We have previously referred to the reckless manner in which Napoleon is said to have repeatedly exposed himself to the dangers of capture by the enemy, or of being killed. His own presence of mind frequently saved him; but on several occasions he would certainly have been slain, but for the foresight and bravery of his devoted followers. And to his credit be it said, that he never let such acts go unrewarded.

At one time, in the very madness of the battle last mentioned, Napoleon, apparently forgetful, or heedless of the great responsibility which rested upon him as commander-in-chief, exposed himself in a position of the most imminent peril. Fighting close by his side, covered with blood, and begrimed with dirt and powder, was a young and muscular pioneer. In an instant the youthful soldier realized the great danger of his chief, and rushing towards him, he cried aloud in abrupt and commanding tones:

"Stand aside there!"

Napoleon, unused to such a tone and manner, turned sternly upon the speaker, and while his eyes flashed fire, he rejoined:

"How dare you, sir, address me in such a manner?"

Without, apparently, heeding the outraged tones of his commander, the youthful pioneer seized Napoleon; and as he quickly thrust him from the point of danger, and placed himself in the exposed position, he exclaimed, earnestly:

"If you are killed, sire, who can fill your place? who can save us?"

The uncompromising chief was silenced, and disarmed of all reproach. The words of the youth

recalled him to a sense of the danger from which, in that moment at least, the more thoughtful and discreet pioneer had rescued him; and though he turned away without uttering another word, he did not think less of, nor forget, the service which had been rendered him.

At the close of the battle he immediately despatched an aid in search of the pioneer; and the youth, with that promptness which characterized the soldiers of the French army, instantly obeyed the summons, entering the presence of Napoleon still disfigured by the blood and dust of the fierce struggle.

"Your name, sir?" demanded Napoleon, after having regarded him attentively for a few moments.

"Edouard Wumser, sire."

"Your rank?"

"A pioneer, sire."

There was a momentary pause; and then Napoleon inquired, turning to the gallant officers who surrounded him:

"Who knows Monsieur Wumser?"

"I am his captain, sire," responded a bronzed veteran, stepping a little forward.

"Well, what can you say of him?"

"That a braver, nobler, more discreet fellow does not follow your standard, sire."

"I thought as much."

Then turning to Edouard, he continued, "My friend, your discretion and boldness, probably, saved my life, and I thank you. Your bravery, however, is entitled to something more substantial than mere words. Henceforth a sword shall replace your hatchet, and a lieutenancy your rank of pioneer."

"O, sire—"

"No thanks, Lieutenant Wumser. Always do your duty—that is all I shall expect or demand."

With emotions too vivid to be depicted, Edouard quitted the presence of his commander. Almost at the start he had fought his way to distinction, and the rest was easy, comparatively speaking. With his good, natural abilities, and unquestionable bravery, a bright future was before him. How delighted Blanche would be, he thought. And what would Monsieur Bouillon say? he wondered.

Why, I thought Edouard was drowned! murmurs the reader. Blanche has that impression, certainly. Well, we shall see.

Nearly two years had elapsed, when, one delightful day in the budding spring, just as the golden sun was slowly sinking down behind the horizon, a soldier of Napoleon's army reined up at the door of Monsieur Bouillon's residence, and

alighted. Jacques responded to the summons; and standing with the door in his hand, he demanded:

"What will monsieur have?"

"Is Mademoiselle Blanche within?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Can I be permitted to see her?"

"Certainly, monsieur. Walk in."

The soldier followed Jacques to the drawing-room, and without removing his cap, he seated himself.

"What name, monsieur?" demanded the boy.

"None. Tell the lady a soldier, just returned from the wars, desires to speak with her. I am much mistaken but that will prove as good a passport as my card."

"Yes, monsieur."

As Jacques disappeared, the soldier shrugged his shoulders, and smiled brightly.

"The boy does not recognize me," he murmured, aloud. "Two years of campaigning must have materially changed the peasant boy. I'll try Blanche. She does not know of my arrival, and I will put her to the test."

A pause, and the young soldier, with his hands behind his back, promenaded up and down the apartment.

Observe him, reader! 'Tis Edouard Wumser, as you probably guess. How changed! say you, doubtless, with every show of astonishment. How much larger and more dignified he has grown!

Yes, all that, and more, reader. His skin is more bronzed, and not quite so soft as when he bade Blanche farewell, in the little arbor; his brown hair is of a deeper hue, and much more luxuriant; and his upper lip is now heavy with a glossy, brown fringe. Altogether Edouard is much altered, much improved, and much more manly-looking.

"Dear Blanche!" mused Edouard. "How the old scenes recall her presence! And now I shall again see her! What happiness! Such a moment as this is worth living for, worth waiting for, worth fighting for. How I do long to see her! Two years of absence have but increased my love. That she is constant, I am certain; and that our plan has worked well, everything I see and hear assures me. Hark! a step! 'tis her's, I know!"

It was not yet quite dark, and Edouard drew down the gauzy curtains so as to deepen the dusky shadows in the room. Just as he had accomplished this the door opened, and Blanche—a little paler, a little thinner, and somewhat more matronly—entered the apartment. With a timid glance at the manly form of the young soldier,

Blanche dropped a courtesy, and inquired his business.

"I bring a token from one Edouard Wumser, a comrade of mine, mademoiselle."

"A token from Edouard! To me! Why did he not come himself? 'Tis nearly time he should be here," responded Blanche, with nervous rapidity.

"He did not think it worth his while, mademoiselle, he said. He fancied that two years of absence and reflection would teach even you the absurdity of forming such a misalliance. You see I know, all, mademoiselle. Edouard and myself were very dear friends."

"Sir!" cried Blanche, flashing up indignantly; "you may have been Edouard's friend and comrade, but, notwithstanding, I will not believe that he ever uttered such words. He loved me too well to doubt my constancy. Besides, monsieur, he knew well that only death could uproot my heart's affection; and that day by day I should look eagerly and impatiently to, and hope only for, the redemption of his promise."

The young girl's cheeks glowed, and her black eyes sparkled with the intensity of her feelings.

"That he did, Blanche!" cried the young soldier, suddenly, excited to the highest enthusiasm by the excess of his joy. "He knew all that, Blanche, and never doubted it; but is all the more happy to hear your own sweet lips make the assurance doubly sure."

"Edouard, dear Edouard! is it you?" cried Blanche, in the same moment, almost breathless with the happy emotions which were running riot in her wildly beating heart.

"Yes, Blanche, dear, it is Edouard Wumser; changed in everything but in his affections. He brings you back the same true heart, and the old unchanging love. Come to my bosom, my Blanche! let me feel you here, close, close! For two years I have lived in the hope of this!"

Edouard folded Blanche tightly to his bosom, and while yet his lips were pressed to hers in a long, long kiss of re-united love, the door of the apartment again opened, and the form of Monsieur Bouillon, even more rotund than usual, filled up the aperture. That he opened his eyes wide with amazement, was, under the circumstances, only natural.

"*Sacre!*" he exclaimed, at length, and in a most uncompromising tone. "How dare you, monsieur, embrace my daughter! you, a stranger! And how came you here, in my house, without my knowing it?"

"I came by the door, monsieur," responded Edouard, with the most inimitable *sang froid*.

"And for your first question—I embrace Blanche by an old right."

"You do, monsieur! And who are you that possesses a right to come into my house and embrace my daughter?"

"A soldier of Napoleon," rejoined the youth, straightening himself up with dignity.

"So I perceive, monsieur."

"A colonel by rank; and one who has served as a common soldier, and won his first grade by saving the life of his chief."

"That's good, monsieur. Go on!"

"By name—"

A slight pause.

"Well, monsieur, by name?"

"Edouard Wumser."

Monsieur Bouillon shrugged his shoulders—a characteristic of the expressive Frenchman—opened his eyes until they looked like two saucers, and deliberately, and without a word, strode across the room until he stood face to face with the young soldier.

"That's true, monsieur," he said, after scrutinizing Edouard from head to foot. "But I thought that you were drowned?"

"So we intended you should," rejoined Edouard, smoothing Blanche's hair, and smiling at the *père*.

"A conspiracy, eh!" muttered Monsieur Bouillon, as he crammed his nose full of snuff. "A plot to overreach me, eh?"

"Just so, Monsieur Bouillon! And we—that is Blanche and myself, have reason to congratulate ourselves that it has proved a successful one."

"And so, Blanche, all this madness was put on?" continued Bouillon, turning to his daughter.

"Yes, *mon père*," responded Blanche, hanging her head in beautiful confusion. "I could love only Edouard, and should have been very unhappy with any one else."

"Humph! Suppose I refuse to consent now; I fancy you will go mad in earnest then, eh?"

Blanche said never a word; but as she raised her face, her eyes were humid with tears.

"But you will not refuse, I know," said Edouard, looking up from the young girl to the father. "Though not very rich, still, I am no longer poor; and poverty, as I take it, has been your principal objection to my love. Besides I have won rank and position; and my countrymen refer to my name and deeds with pride. And more than that, I love Blanche dearly, and she loves me. To gain her I went forth to seek a position at the sword's point, or sacrifice my life in the attempt. I think I have honorably won her; and to please her, as I know it will, I ask your consent to our marriage."

Blanche gazed into her father's face pleadingly. Her eyes looked all she felt and hoped.

A moment of silence followed, during which the *père* took snuff vigorously.

"Well, Colonel Wumser," he rejoined, addressing the young man by his military title, doubtless with a desire to hear how it would sound, "as you have won her, you shall have her."

Blanche murmured her thanks, but Edouard was silent. He, probably, thought that he had but little to thank Monsieur Bonillon for.

"At the same time, colonel," continued the *père*, with rude bluntness, "let me assure you that were you as poor as you were two years ago—for I believe that about that time has elapsed since you were drowned—I'd bid you out of the house instead of giving you my daughter."

"I doubt it not, monsieur," returned Edouard, haughtily; "and I fully appreciate all my indebtedness to you."

"Well, the rest, I suppose, you can settle without my presence. When you have talked nonsense long enough, Colonel Wumser, I should like to have a little further talk with you."

With that Monsieur Bouillon took himself out of the room.

All that the lovers talked over and planned, it is needless to recount. It will not be very hard for our readers, we think, to imagine the whole scene. It is a road that many have travelled. Enough is it to say that very shortly after there was a wedding, at which Blanche and the young soldier figured conspicuously. That it was a joyous occasion to every true heart in the pretty little village was manifest from the prevailing hilarity. And their's was a double joy; for in celebrating the marriage, they likewise celebrated the unexpected return of one whom they had long deemed dead.

Thus was true love and true merit at last fully rewarded; and thus the young pioneer saved and won his bride.

#### GAS MADE FROM WATER.

All attempts to manufacture gas from water alone, have heretofore been a complete failure; Payne's gas turpentine and water gas, water and platina gas, and many such like have all proved either impracticable, or inferior to the coal and wood now in use. A French chemist, Mr. Gillard, has at last discovered and put into actual use the gas made from water, not in the laboratory or at an exhibition, but in illuminating a whole town; the ancient city of Narbonne, France, glories in a light, the elements of which are drawn from its antique and beautiful canal, the flame looking like the electrical light, dazzling but not tiresome, as white as can be, without vacillation or smell; all burners being similar to so many planets.—*Courrier des Etats Unis*.

## THE FAIRY OF THE HEART.

BY GEORGE B. PLACE.

Hast heard, how in the fabled times  
Of old, by lonely wandering flood,  
Or caverned in deep mountain mines,  
Or hollowed tenant of the wood,  
Dwelt elves, with subtle powers endowed,  
Confounding Nature's simpler law  
Of slow-disposing fates, allowed  
What man's volition deemed to draw;  
Peculiar favored, for 'tis said,  
Choice were th' allotments of their art;  
And happy he, whose favor led  
The tact that opened to their heart.

Breathed but the wish, invoking gold—  
At once the mighty fortune came;  
Or power assumed, or fame—behold!  
Blased far the glory of their name.

Confined not to a favored few,  
In the disposals of its art,  
A fairy, though unseen, there is,  
That dwells in every human heart:  
With ready talisman invites,  
But the volition of the mind,  
Expressed with firmness, then delights  
The faith with the results assigned.

This spirit breathed among the crowd,—  
At once the mighty cities rise,—  
The valley swells,—the mountain bowed,  
Recedes, and o'er the levelled road,  
The thundering car impetuous flies.  
Wouldst thou this magic learn, that grants  
Such full, auspicious gifts to man?  
This magic spirit is—*THY WILL*;  
Its potent talisman—I *CAN*.

## CRUISE WITH A WRECKER.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"JACK, my boy," said my old shipmate, Joe Grummet, as we stood together upon the end of Short Wharf, looking out on to the bay, at the close of a fine summer afternoon, "do you see that little schooner swinging with the tide? Isn't she a pretty craft? What a saucy, rakish look she has, with her long, tapering masts, and clean, standing rigging—every rope as taut as a harp-string! Just look at her bow and run! Did you ever see a prettier model? She sits as lightly on the water as a gull—ay, and goes over the water like a gull! Haul her sheets flat aft, and she puts the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom end; but give her a point free, and she's off like a shooting star. In that vessel, Jack, you behold the result of a life of industry. To own and command such a craft as that, has always been the summit of my ambition. I have at length succeeded; she is mine, and I am content."

"She is certainly a beautiful craft," I replied; "but what the deuce do you do with her? She is too small for freight, and too clean looking for a fruiter. To my eye, she has more the look of a pleasure-yacht than anything else."

"Well, Jack," returned my friend, "to tell you the truth, my business is somewhat of philanthropic character. On board that schooner are life-boats, pumps, ground tackle that would hold a seventy-four in a hurricane—in short, everything that could be required by a vessel in distress."

"Which means, I presume, that you are a professional wrecker—a sort of long shore pirate, if all stories are true that we hear concerning the business."

"Well, we have got rather a bad name as a class, that's a fact; but bless your heart, you mustn't believe a tenth part of the yarns you hear. They are as much exaggerated, and as far from being a true statement of facts, as one of your own stories is unlike real life on the ocean. Years ago, when the States had little or no navy, the two professions of pirate and wrecker might perhaps have been united; but there's nothing of that now. Wrecking has come to be a fair, legitimate business; and although some of us may at times drive a pretty hard bargain, that sort of thing is done in all trades, and the hundreds we make, bear no comparison to the thousands we yearly save to the owners and underwriters. Indeed, our calling is now generally allowed to be an honorable and indispensable one. It involves an incredible amount of danger and hard labor, and it is not every one who would care to engage in it. But what do you say to a short cruise along the coast? Our anchor is hove short, and we shall drop down with the evening tide. You won't be likely to see much of anything in the way of our business, for there is very little occasion for our services this pleasant summer weather; it is in the winter and spring that our trade flourishes. Still, if you take a fancy to go with us, you will probably enjoy a pleasant fair-weather trip, and add not a little to your knowledge as coast pilot by a pleasant acquaintance with some of the reefs and keys that make off from our south-eastern coast. Will you go?"

A moment's reflection, resulting in the conviction that there was no earthly reason why I should decline the invitation, there being nothing to detain me on shore, I signified my willingness to embark in the expedition, and stepping into the boat that lay moored at the stairs, we were speedily transferred to the schooner's deck. Everything on board the little vessel was in the

most perfect order, and her crew, although few in number, were evidently men of tried courage, experience and skill, whom no danger could appal or hardship discourage.

"Heave up, my lads," said Joe, as the boat that had brought us from shore was hoisted to the stern davits.

The handspikes were briskly handled, and as the cable walked in, hand over fist, from the lively windlass, it was laid down in bight across the forecable all ready for running. The anchor having broke ground, soon showed its ring above water, and was catted and fished with the speed and dexterity of men who take an interest in their work.

"Run up the jib and mainsail, and give her a cast to port," said Joe, addressing Tom Pipes, whom he facetiously called his first lieutenant.

The sheaves of the patent blocks chirped merrily, as the men walked away with the halyards to the sound of a rattling sea-song from one of their number.

"Belay aft!" shouted Pipes, as the gaff was mast-headed, and the sail spread taut and flat as a board. "Round in on the larboard sheets, and man the fore throat and peak halyards."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the men, springing to their stations and running up the foresail with a will.

"So, that will do," said Pipes, stepping to the weather side of the quarter deck, to observe the trim of the sails. "Haul in a little on the jib sheet; lay up the rigging about decks, and go below the watch."

The trim little craft, holding every breath of wind in her well setting sails, leaned slightly and gracefully to the gentle breeze, and darted off through the smooth water with a low, musical, rushing sound, dashing the spray from her cut-water, while a thin, feathery line of foam sprang from the bow on either side, widening outward as the schooner shot through it, until it finally disappeared in the distance astern. A few hours took us clear of the bay, and by midnight we were rocked by the long, rolling swell of the broad Atlantic.

As I do not propose to give a connected log of the entire cruise, I will pass over the not very interesting incidents of the first week or ten days, which were spent in dodging about among the Bahama Islands, and come at once to my story.

We had been slipping along before a light westerly breeze, which had prevailed for several days, making our way seaward, with the intention of passing round the eastern end of the island of Cuba, when at sunrise of a sultry, tropical morning, the wind suddenly fell, leaving

us becalmed some dozen leagues outside of Crooked Island, an inconsiderable piece of land at the eastern extremity of the Bahama Channel.

To lay becalmed and motionless in the low latitudes, particularly in the region of the barren, sandy isles and keys, with which the Bahama bank is studded, always produces a peculiar effect upon me, depressing my feelings with a sense of utter desolation and loneliness which nothing but a smart breeze can dissipate. The present calm produced its usual result, and to my surprise, I perceived that our crew were similarly affected—a circumstance which I looked upon as somewhat singular. The rough, careless, happy-go-lucky character of the men, their familiarity with such scenes, and the nature of their employment, would, I had supposed, blunt their sensibilities and render them indifferent to the influence that acted so powerfully upon myself. But such was not the case; from some cause, the entire crew seemed even more depressed than was I. The men forward moved about silently, and with an air of unusual gravity, in the performance of their various duties, occasionally pausing in their work and gazing long and gloomily across the glassy surface of the ocean.

My friend Grummet, who was equally silent and thoughtful, paced the quarter-deck hour after hour of the long forenoon watch, smoking industriously, and frequently glancing seaward with the same gloomy air I had observed in the men. For myself, I had endeavored to raise my spirits by looking over a file of old newspapers; but the attempt proved signally unsuccessful. The news was of too Gothic a character to be of interest to any than an antiquarian; so throwing the papers aside, I lighted my pipe and joined Grummet in his quarter-deck promenade.

"Jack," he said, after he had taken two or three turns fore and aft, "if there is any one place in this world that makes me feel more gloomy than another, this is the spot."

"I'm sure I don't wonder at it in the least," I replied. "Such a dull, dead calm, among such low, desolate, sandy islands, is not particularly inspiring, certainly; it produces the same effect upon myself."

"That is precisely what I wonder at," returned Joe. "I don't see why you should be affected; it is not on account of the calm, nor the uninteresting locality, that my spirits are depressed—at least, not altogether on that account—but more in consequence of a somewhat strange and peculiar circumstance that occurred to me once on this very spot—or rather I should say, perhaps, occurred to us, for the same men are with me now who were on board at the time."

"What was the circumstance?" I asked, as he paused to knock the ashes from his pipe.

"I have seen a great many sad and dreary sights upon the ocean in my time," he continued, "but the saddest and dreariest of all is this of which I am about to tell you. It was not far from two years ago, when this little craft was on her first cruise, that we were becalmed on this same spot, in precisely the same manner that we are now. There was the same long, rolling, glassy, unbroken swell; the same burning sun above us; and the same deathlike silence around, which always accompanies a perfect calm upon the ocean. The condition of the atmosphere had very little effect upon our spirits, however, for we were as busy as bees in making necessary repairs. Our rigging, which was all new, had of course stretched a good deal on the first trip, so that there was plenty to occupy our time in setting out our stays and lanyards, turning in dead-eyes, and freshening the nip generally.

"As the sun, red and brassy, rose above the horizon, I espied some dark object floating upon the water, away to seaward. A look through the glass made it out to be nothing more than a piece of floating drift-wood, a spar, or some portion of a wreck; and thinking no more of the matter, I went to work with the rest, setting up the rigging. A couple of hours may have elapsed ere my attention was again drawn to the object, by a sudden exclamation from Jack Brace, that tough, weather-beaten old sea-dog you see standing by the windlass bits.

"My God!" he ejaculated; "what sort of a craft is that bearing down on our starboard bow?"

"All eyes were instantly turned in the direction indicated. The gentle current had brought the object that had attracted my attention in the morning to within a quarter of a mile of us. It was a ship's long boat, and must have been many months afloat; long fringes of seaweed and moss hung from her bends and dipped in the water alongside, which could have been formed only by a considerable lapse of time. But what gave a melancholy interest to the sea-tossed craft, was the fact that from her stern sheets arose a short jack staff, from which fluttered the remains of an old blue shirt, plainly indicating who had been the last voyagers in the ill-fated boat.

"Now the Lord look to the poor souls that navigated that craft, anyway," exclaimed Jack Brace, with much feeling. "They had need of his help."

"As the current brought us nearer and nearer together, it became apparent there was something in the boat. No one spoke, however, but waited in solemn silence until it came so near

that we could plainly perceive, seated upon the midship thwart, two human figures, their heads clasped in their hands, and bent forward, resting upon their knees. Over their entire persons, from head to foot, a long green mould, or moss, had accumulated—similar to that we see upon the submerged portions of wharf piers, or other wooden structures exposed to the action of seawater; while in the stern sheets another figure sat bolt upright, supported by a lashing under his arms. He, too—hands, face and all—was covered with the same green mould; and to render the sight more horrible, one of his arms was raised and passed through a becket attached to the jack staff, where it hung balanced, and as the boat's stern and stern alternately rose and fell on the gentle undulations of the swelling sea, the long, green, bony hand moved up and down, as though beckoning to us, while the head, with the face turned towards us, rolled from side to side, and backward and forward, mopping and mowing continually. In the bottom of the boat lay a knife and a portion of several human limbs, also moss covered, as indeed was the whole interior of the boat. Why those severed limbs were there, every sailor knows, and shudders at the fearful knowledge.

"Ranged along the starboard rail, we stood horribly fascinated, our eyes fixed upon the moving figure in the stern sheets, which beckoned and beckoned, and ever rolled its head with ceaseless motion, as the boat drew nearer and nearer, passing within a distance of a few fathoms, and finally, to our inexpressible relief, dropping astern.

"A long and a weary cruise for those poor boys!" murmured the mate, with a long-drawn breath.

"Yes," said Jack Brace, in an awe-struck tone, "may the Lord grant so long a cruise may never fall to my lot—so long and so fruitless a cruise in search of a grave!"

The men, with pallid faces, looked upon each other; there was no word spoken, but each knew the other's thoughts and began silently to lower a boat.

"We will give them a grave," I said.

The men gave a silent assent.

"Don't ye do it," suddenly exclaimed Jack Brace, with solemn earnestness; "don't you never dare to do it. When the storms of the tropics leaves such a cockle-shell as that afloat for such an incredible period—when the fierce winds of heaven refuses the work in which it usually delights, and will not dig a sailor's grave—when the hungry sea refuses to take the floating corpse to its bosom, but casts it back in



loathing, it is not for the likes of us to meddle with their work, nor try to unravel their mysteries. If you had seen what I have seen, you would never dare to do it. I have seen sights upon the broad and solemn sea that would make you shudder to put your hands to such a work.' And he seated himself moodily upon the windlass.

"The men looked appalled, and hesitated. I confess that I was scarcely less affected by his wild words, but I never should have felt right had I left that horrible boat and ghastly crew above water.

"Suppose it was our case, boys,' I said; 'we would like for some one to do us the kind office.'

"When the carrion birds wont touch them, don't you!' said Jack Brace, with an ominous shake of the head.

"The men hoisted the boat up again to the davits.

"Suppose we put a shot into her?' suggested the mate.

"The suggestion was received favorably by all. Even Jack Brace lent a hand to train the gun, for it would be a relief to know that the thing no longer floated upon the surface. Two four-pound shot were placed in the gun, which was brought to bear upon the charnel-boat.

"Fire!" said the mate, after taking a long and careful aim at the object.

"The match was applied, and a loud report followed. For a moment the thick white smoke hung upon the side of the vessel, then lifted and floated slowly away. The boat had vanished; there was not even a ripple upon the water where the ball had struck. Probably the boat's planks, being thoroughly water-soaked and brittle with age, had been shivered to atoms, and sunk at once; but so instantaneous was the disappearance, as to be absolutely startling. And when Jack Brace pointed to a dark object in the horizon, which I confess looked very much like the same boat—though of course it could not be—the men, stout and brave though they were, absolutely shivered with superstitious fear. I sprang for my glass, to have a look at the object in the distance, but was stopped by a blinding flash and a terrific roar of thunder; heavy masses of jet-black clouds rolled up across the sky, and a West Indian hurricane was on us in all its fury.

"For three days and nights did we scud before that fearful tempest, during the whole of which the incessant roar of thunder seemed to rend the heavens, and the vivid lightning, striking the waters around us, opened frightful caverns which threatened every moment to engulf us. To this day, some of the men—Jack Brace among the rest—will positively swear that during

the entire three days, that boat, with its crew of corpses, followed close in our wake, the figure in the stern sheets beckoning with his hand, and nodding his head in mockery, only disappearing when, with the cessation of the storm, we found ourselves almost a thousand miles from where it struck us.

"I do not suppose," continued Joe, "that the boat and the hurricane had the least in the world to do with each other; but the disappearance of one, at the very instant the other broke upon us from a cloudless sky, was a singular coincidence, and nothing more. But I shouldn't wonder if we got a breeze soon—there's a 'cat's paw' coming down from the eastward. Mr. Pipes, hoist away everything; crowd on all the sail you can, and see if we can't make something out of this breeze."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, with alacrity; and the men, glad for something to break the monotony, sprang to the halyards as though they were trying to outdo each other for a wager.

The light wandering airs having ruffled the glassy surface of the water in every direction around us, in seeming indecision, finally settled into a steady two-knot breeze from the northeast—if so light a zephyr can be called a breeze. It was quite enough to give our swift-sailing little craft steerage-way, however, as we slipped almost imperceptibly through the placid waters, and by noon we had reached a point which Grummet wished particularly to examine.

"If you will look over the side," he said, calling to me, "you will see something that's not laid down in the charts. Do you see how plainly the bottom is visible, with its bright sand and shells? There's not above two fathoms water on this bank at low tide, although the charts lay it down at full eight fathoms. It's a mighty dangerous spot, I tell you; right in the track of ships entering the channel, and not being known, they are as likely to strike it as they are to go on either side. A small craft might pass over it in safety, as we are doing; but a deep-loaded ship striking here in heavy weather, would go to pieces in no time, and leave nothing behind."

"Sail ho! right ahead!" shouted a man from the forecabin.

The strange sail was at so great a distance, that only her to-gallantsails showed above the horizon.

"She's a Johnny B—," said Joe, after a long look at her through the telescope; "you may know that by her top hamper. I can tell the craft as far as I can see them through the great equatorial. She's heading right for us; we'll speak her, perhaps."

The vessel evidently brought a stiff breeze

with her, for the angle which her to'gallant yards made with the horizon showed that she was laying over to it in fine style. Heading directly for her, we soon rose her hull above water, and in an hour's time, we were within hailing distance, as she came plunging on, her bow rising high above the swell, the bright copper below her bends flashing in the sunlight for an instant, then disappearing beneath the mass of foam she made.

"She is heading right square for my bank," said Joe; "I reckon I'd better hail her." And putting the trumpet to his lips, he thundered: "Ship aho-o-y!"

No answer was returned from the ship, though it was evident the hail was heard, for several persons stood upon the quarter-deck, looking at us.

"Just the way with some of those pompous J. B. skippers—they're so thundering proud, that it's a wonder to me they don't bust, some on 'em; they think it's beneath their dignity to answer the hail of a little craft like this. However, it's a pity to see a fine ship like that break her back on a sand bank. I'll try 'em again." And another tremendous roar was discharged from the muzzle of his trumpet. But the ship did not condescend to reply.

"Confound the fellow!" said Joe, pettishly; "I've half a mind to let him take his craft to Davy Jones his own way; 'twould serve him just right. I'll give him just one more chance, and that's all." And again "ship aho-o-y!" was bellowed through the brass tube—and this time with some effect, for a man sprang into the ship's main rigging, and in the surliest tone, yelled:

"What in thunder d'ye want?"

"You'd best keep away a couple of points, or you'll strike a bank that's right dead ahead, about two miles, in the course you're now steering."

"Go to the tropics, or any hotter place you can think of, you bloody, long-shore pirate! You don't come any of your wrecking games on me."

"There's no game at all about it; take a fool's advice and keep away, or you'll be sorry for it."

"Sheer off, out of this, about your business, you infernal Yankee pirate, or I'll put a shot into you!" A port flew open in the ship's weather bulwark, a gun run out, and trained to bear on us.

"Mighty civil and kind of him!" muttered Joe. "But it's no more than I might have expected; they've no more confidence in a wrecker than they have in old square toes himself. But we'll soon have a chance to see where he'll run to, as the blind man said of the cripple. Fill away, Mr. Pipes, and stand after him."

By the time we had filled, hove in stays, and come round on the other tack, the ship was nearly a mile in advance and gallantly ploughing her

way through the water, but not having altered her course in the slightest degree; she was heading straight for the bank. Joe paced the deck in a high state of excitement.

"Five minutes more, and she will be on to it!" he exclaimed. "Serve 'em right, too! I did my best to prevent it, and now they must pay me well for getting them off. Look! look!" he shouted, rubbing his hands and dancing about the deck; "there they go! they're on, hard and fast."

The ship rose on a swell, plunged forward and struck, sending a shiver through her entire frame. Another swell lifted her still higher; again she struck heavily, pitching her fore-to'gallant mast over the bow. There was an evident confusion on board. The weather braces were rounded in, and the sails thrown aback, but without effect. The headway with which she had gone on, could not be overcome by a steady drag on the sails. The ship's boats were now got out, and their kedg and stream anchors, with stout hawsers attached, carried astern.

"Wont do!" said Joe; "their best bower would hardly draw them off. Those little mud-hooks are just of no account whatever, and they've got no boat that can take off anything bigger."

A few minutes verified his words, for the kedg was hove home, and the stream anchor parted.

"It must be mighty galling for him to have to call upon me," said Joe; "but he's had to come to it. There goes a gun, and a signal at the peak, in the shape of Saint George's gridiron done up in rope-yarns. Mr. Pipes, stand obliquely across his stern, as though we had no idea of going to him."

As we drew within speaking distance, the ship's captain, who stood upon the taffrail evidently awaiting us with impatience, hailed us through his trumpet. Joe gave not the slightest heed to the hail, but paced the deck as carelessly as though nothing was the matter.

Again the impatient "schooner aho-o-y!" came down across the water. Joe grinned, but showed not the slightest intention of answering. A third time the hail came to our ears, louder, more prolonged, and more impatient than before. This time Joe showed some signs of life, and jumping into the main rigging, he answered, in his crossset tone: "What in thunder d'ye want?"

"Come alongside and take out an anchor for us. I'll pay you well for the trouble."

"Go to the hottest place you can think of, you bloody pirate. You can't come any of your John Bull games over me, my fine fellow!"

"Come, come, this is no time to joke; you see how I'm situated, and there'll be a storm upon us before the tide makes again."

"Sheer off, about your business, you infernal far downer, or I'll put a shot into you!" returned Joe, with a grin that made the wrinkles of his weather-beaten mug look like the hide of a reast-ed pippin.

The voice from the ship began to entreat.

"What will you give, if I get you off?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Fill away, Mr. Pipes," said Joe.

"Two—three—four hundred dollars in cash!" continued the commander of the ship.

"Hoist the flying-jib, Mr. Pipes; we're staying here too long. There's a storm brewing!"

"The commissioners will award you a good sum as salvage when we get into Havana, if you succeed in getting us off."

"Square away, Mr. Pipes; let's get out of this as soon as possible."

"How much do you want?" screamed the captain in despair, as we began to gather headway.

"Heave to, Mr. Pipes; the man is beginning to talk. Have you got such a thing as a thousand dollars in specie about your clothes? Talk quick! another half hour, and I can't get you off at any price."

"Yes; get your anchor out, and I'll send the money aboard."

"No, I'm 'bliged to you. I'd rather see the quality of the tin first. Just lower the stuff over the taffrail, and then we'll have the anchor out in no time."

There was nothing for it but compliance. A keg of specie was immediately transferred to the schooner's cabin, our ponderous ground-tackle got out, and with the assistance of our crew, the ship was hove into deep water just as the first blasts of a rising gale began to break upon us.

"Now some people, who don't know anything about it, would call this rather sharp practice," said Joe, as we seated ourselves comfortably in the cabin, after coming to anchor in a snug cove, secure from the fury of the storm. "But it's no more than is done in all trades. When we are sick, we call in a doctor, who puts his paw on our waist, shakes his head, gives three hems and a ha! and we do not grumble at paying him a big price. Now what's to pay me for building this schooner and fitting her out with ship's physic, to cruise along the coast in all weathers, if, when I find a sick craft, I do not make her pay for being doctored. A thousand dollars is a pretty sum, but it's not one per cent. of the value of the ship which would inevitably have gone to pieces in this storm but for Joe Grummet, M. D."

A person who pretends to be what he is not, is like a fox which tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger.

## SINGULAR BOTTLE STORIES.

Captain Beecher, editor of the English Nautical Magazine, has compiled within the last ten years the following curious voyages of bottles thrown into the sea by unfortunate navigators:

A good many bottles thrown into the sea next to the African coast, found their way to Europe. The bottle seems to have anticipated the Austral Panama route, having travelled from Panama Isthmus to the Irish coast.

Another crossed the Atlantic from the Canaries to Nova Scotia. Three or four bottles thrown into the sea by Greenland mariners on the Davis Strait, landed on the northwest coast of Ireland. Another one made a very curious trip, it swam from the South Atlantic ocean to the west coast of Africa, passed Gibraltar, went along the Portuguese coast to France, passed Brest, and was finally picked up on Jersey Island. The direct line touches, at least, all these places, and makes it more probable that it took this route.

One bottle was only found after sixteen years' swimming, one after fourteen, and two after ten. A few only travelled more than a year, and one only five days. This last was sent off by the captain of the Race Horse, on the 17th of April, in the Carribean Sea, and was found on the 22d, after having gone through three degrees of longitude in a westwardly direction. Captain McClure, of the Investigator, well known since his discovery of the Northwest Strait, threw a bottle in the sea in 1850, on his way to Behring Straits. It swam 3600 miles in 206 days, and was picked up on the Honduras coast.

## YANKEE FIGHTING.

The Memoirs of Sir Charles Napier, just published in England, contain many passages interesting to Americans. We select a paragraph:

When at Bermuda, in 1813, with his regiment, Colonel Napier, writing to his mother, says, "Two packets are due, and we fear they have been taken, for the Yankees swarm here; and when a frigate goes out to drive them off, by Jove they take her! Yankees fight well, and are gentlemen in their mode of warfare. Decatur refused Cardon's sword, saying, 'Sir, you have used it so well, I should be ashamed to take it from you.' These Yankees, though much abused, are really fine fellows. One, an acquaintance of mine, has just got the Macedonian; he was here a prisoner, and dined with me; he had taken one of our ships, but was himself captured by the Poitiers, seventy-four, being now in an English frigate, if he meets us we must take him, or we are no longer sovereigns of the ocean."

## LENGTH OF DAYS.

Some few years since, we beheld the strange sight of an old woman, aged 102, bent double, crooning over the fire, and nursing in her lap an infant but a few days old. The infant was a grandchild of the old woman's grandchild. The only remarkable circumstance in the veteran's history was that she had nursed Wordsworth in his infancy. She had lived the greater part of her life in Westmoreland, near the poet's residence, and there her descendants had been chiefly born and lived—*London Quarterly Review*.

## DAVY DEAR.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

My prayers are with you, Davy dear,  
Upon the rolling deep;  
With weeping eyes, when storms arise,  
I watch while others sleep;  
For you are tost upon the sea,  
With danger lurking near—  
Would I could fly, and be with thee  
Those moments, Davy dear.

I daily turn my gaze upon  
The dancing waves of blue,  
When they are bright my heart is light,  
And dances with them too;  
But when above the troubled sea  
The dark, grim clouds appear,  
I long to fly and be with thee  
Through danger, Davy dear.

I tremble when the sounds of waves  
In anger reach my cot;  
For though I know that I am safe,  
You, Davy dear, are not.  
Would I had wings to breast the gale,  
And brave the ocean dear,  
And I would fly and be with thee  
Forever, Davy dear.

O, in the wildest storm that stirs  
The depths of foaming brine,  
You, Davy dear, have less to fear  
Than she whose heart is thine;  
For should you in the darkling waves  
Of ocean disappear,  
She too must die to be with thee  
In death, fond Davy dear.

## COUSIN BEN.

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

BEN OWEN was a happy fellow; not because anything new had taken place which was of peculiarly pleasing import to him, but because he would be happy, and having a well developed social nature, and a vein of mirthfulness which not only occupied a goodly space in his cranium, but seemed to have quite a deposit in his heart, it is no matter of wonder that his company was ever welcome to both old and young; for, although his mates called him a jolly good fellow, yet he had not gained it by being a song singing, free and easy loafer, but by being, as he claimed, a nice, modest young man. As his character will develop itself by becoming acquainted with Ben himself, we will, without further ceremony, take a peep at him, as he half reclines on a lounge in his private apartment in the dwelling of Squire Williams, who is at once his host and employer, being the principal merchant in the little thriving village of K—.

"I declare," says Ben, "it's scandalous that I haven't been up to see Aunt Fannie yet, I must make a move in that direction right speedily," and suiting the action to the word, he started up so quickly as to overturn his table, lamp and all. "Well," says Ben, "my way looks rather dark at present, and a lamp to my feet does not prove just the thing to light it, either, specially when the lamp is gone out."

Two days after this colloquy of Ben's, we find him, with leave of absence for a week, on board the cars bound for Percy, the residence of his father's sister, Mrs. Ogden, whom he, as well as many who claimed no connexion by blood, designated as Aunt Fannie.

Aunt Fannie's household consisted of but herself and two daughters, Ola, a frank, intelligent girl of twenty, or thereabouts, and Olivia, a romp of fourteen, who liked work as well as play, as she said, but play a great deal the best, and who had a vivid recollection of Cousin Ben from his having frightened her on his last visit to Percy, three years before, by stopping suddenly, as she was flying down the walk to meet him, holding up both hands, and exclaiming, "O! O!" which words of fearful import she could not understand, until he explained, by saying:

"I only meant Olivia Ogden."

It is needless to add that the merry girl boxed his ears for stopping her so suddenly, and ended by agreeing to be good friends if he would perpetrate the same on Ola, who had just spied him.

But we have digressed, and left Ben to his own reflections while taking notes of those whose guest he was to be. On arriving at the station, he began to cast about for some means to carry out the plan, which had been formed since starting, of taking them by surprise, for his innate love of fun was seriously opposed to marching straight in, and going through all the ceremonies of "how-dye do," and "how do you do"—warm though he knew his welcome would be, after a three years' absence.

He soon spied an object, far away up the street, and rather more than half way to Mrs. Ogden's, which appeared to suit his ideas nicely, as a hurried "good" escaped his lips. Entering the first store, he called for pen, paper and envelope, and in a neat business hand indited the following epistle:

"K—, Dec 5th, 1855, 7 A. M.  
"DEAR AUNT AND COUSINS:—Cook up the whole of your best pumpkin (make it all into pies, for Ben is coming soon, and he hasn't had anything to eat in three years, in your house,) and aside from the cooking part, slick up a little, if you need it, and then look sharp for Cousin Ben, who remains as ever,  
Yours affectionately."

"Rather short, and more odd than sweet," said Ben, as he hurried up the walk to overtake the object of his vision which proved to be a book pedler's cart, whose owner, a driving young Yankee, was just placing his well packed satchel of specimens in its place, preparatory to going ahead.

"Look here," says Ben, "you don't expect to make more than a quarter in the next fifteen minutes, and I am good for that if you will let me take your place for a short time."

"Agreed," says Bookey.

"And furthermore," says Ben, "I want you to take this letter, and in about five minutes deliver it to the lady of the house where you see me enter. It is marked 'in haste,' and you can call the post-master your uncle, or something of the kind."

"Very well," says Bookey again.

Mounting the cart, or sleigh, perhaps we should call it, for it was on runners, Ben drove off, skipped the two or three intervening houses, turned the corner, and brought up at his aunt's door. Pulling his cap well down over his eyes, and giving his whiskers, which he knew they had never seen, an extra brush over his face, he grasped the satchel and stumped along in.

"Any books for ye ladies this day?" said Ben, in a brogue which he afterward declared belonged to no nation, and in a tone just a little tremulous, from the fact that besides the usual family group, there was a pair of sparkling eyes facing him, in whose depths he almost fancied he could see his own shadow. Luckily those who would have known him, had they looked intently, were busy with their several employments, and gave only a passing glance, until he had drawn out several volumes, and placed them on the table. He dare not trust his voice too much, and therefore contented himself with passing to the stranger lady the latest work of Miss Wetherell, to Ola a book which he knew not the title of, but which proved to be Dr. Kane's Expedition, and to Mrs. Ogden, Miss Leslie's cook book.

A rap on the door started Olivia from her rocking in the old arm-chair, and opening it she admitted a gentleman who entered with the inquiry:

"Does Mrs. Ogden reside here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here is a letter which uncle desired me to leave here, as it was marked 'in haste.'"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ogden, "will you sit by the fire?"

"No, madam, cannot stay," said the temporary letter carrier, who had caught Ben's eye.

And in truth Ben would gladly have winked

the letter out with him if it had been possible, for he rather dreaded to have one, at least, in the circle detect his boyish trick.

"O, it's from Cousin Ben," said Livy, "don't you want to hear it?"

Ben's lips almost uttered no; but he had to keep quiet while it was read, which he had anticipated enjoying for the sake of hearing their comments, but which he would have given his quarter not to have listened to now.

"He is coming right away," said Livy, "O, I am so glad!"

"When was it dated?" said Mrs. Ogden.

"Yesterday," replied Ola, who had picked up the letter, and turning to Ella Cameron, her guest, she added, "Now you must not judge Cousin Ben by this letter, for he can write real nice ones. I'll show you some of his letters some day."

"Better not show them in his presence," said Aunt Fannie, quietly, over whose face a half-smile had suddenly come, unnoticed by any of them, and turning her eyes she continued:

"I think, Ben, you have been remarkably active, to peddle a hundred miles in a day and a half, beating your own letter by express. It is lucky that we baked yesterday."

Ben's game was up; he had forgotten that he inherited his fun-loving propensity from his father, and that Aunt Fannie, who had studied him out while he was attending to the sale of his books, was not a whit less keen, albeit, she was ensconced behind a pair of spectacles.

"Well," says Ben, "I did come pretty quick, but I didn't peddle all the way, and as for the baking, it is lucky, for positively, I have not eaten anything since I started."

It must not be supposed that Ben had been standing idle during this colloquy, for Livy had sprang up with an "O, Ben!" on the first mention of his name, and Ola, through whose brain had flashed a tit for tat for his trick, after greeting him warmly, introduced him to her friend, Mrs. Cameron.

"So she's married, eh?" soliloquized Ben, as he divested himself of all extra fixtures, "well, some fellow is lucky, to the entire extermination of my exalted ideas of love at first sight; but it is an ill wind that blows nowhere, and that pumpkin, or squash-head letter, will do no harm after all, and it will also be unnecessary for me to make any great display of my talents, and furthermore, I'm right glad coz pronounced the name so plainly, or I might have got my rash self into a precious fix."

During these cogitations, Ben had disposed of his implements of trade, in other words, books,

keeping one to amuse odd hours, and consigning the rest into the hands of Bookey, aforesaid.

"You ar'n't deaf, are you?" said Livy, coming close up to the rocking chair in which Ben was seated, and speaking in a half serious, half comic tone.

"Why?" said Ben, starting up from the reverie in which he had fallen during a minute's cessation of questions and answers.

"Why, because I asked twice how long you were going to stay, and Ola said perhaps you were getting hard of hearing."

"Well," said Ben, half laughing and half blushing to think his merry coz suspected his thoughts, "I guess I am a little deaf, but if you speak in my right ear I will try and hear for the future."

"Well, then, answer my question, and I'll give you some dinner."

"Half as many days as you've seen years," was Ben's reply, removing to a seat at the table, and while he is attacking the eatables, we will take a glance at the circumstances of some of the group.

Mr. Ogden, for many years a lumber merchant in Percy, had died nearly six years previous to this time, leaving behind a bountiful provision for his family, and what was prized still more by the bereaved ones, a name unstained, and a memory, which though sorrowful, was yet filled with many pleasant recollections, and wishing that memory to be ever cherished, Mrs. Ogden continued to occupy the same house which for years had sheltered the unbroken band, and also retained William Merry the gardener, who claimed that Mr. Ogden had been his best friend, and that he would never leave the employ of the family, while they said ay to his stay.

Ellen Cameron was one of Ola's schoolmates, whose friendship she prized above all price, and now that her father had removed his residence to another place, three miles distant, she had come back to renew old associations in a three days' visit, more or less.

"Why, Ben, what are you doing?" said Ola, as she heard a rattling of the dishes.

"O, using my liberty," was the reply, as with a grave face he proceeded to clear the table and shake the cloth, "I'm paid at home to race and chase, up stairs and down, pull down and pile up, climb on the counter, and under the counter, and above all, not forget to grin a clerkified smile at all, from the judge's lady who pays for her purchases out of a glittering purse, to the little freckled German girl, who brings a dozen eggs to get snuff for mother, and tobacco for

father, and now that I am off duty, as a soldier would say, I am going to make myself as lawless as possible, without infringing on any one's rights."

"Well," said Ola, "if you have that proviso in all your lawlessness, I shall not be afraid of you, and lest you think that your sources of enjoyment will be limited, I will state that in the library you will find no dearth of reading, in the parlor a new piano in place of the old one, and near it a lounge, so that when you have played and sang yourself to death, you can lay your remains there. For out-of-door exercise you will find curly Carlo ever ready for a race, and for a ride or drive, Merry will at any time equip for you our pet Selim; but by the way, I hope you will be gallant enough not to drive out alone. I should hardly dare trust you."

"Well," said Ben, laughing, "according to your account, there will be no danger of my stagnating, and as for the last clause, I can take Merry along to guard against accidents."

"I guess you would have fared better to have left out that hint," said Ella.

"No," said Ola, "I understand his talk, he shall carry me and you too, if I say so."

"Good," says Ben, "you are for woman's rights, I see."

We will pass over three days, during which the young folks, Ella included, had spent the time very agreeably, not endeavoring to kill time, as some do, but to make the most of it. They had sung tremendously, as Livy said, and had an instrumental accompaniment extraordinary, for Ben, although a passable performer, did not choose to play in the presence of the ladies, but was eminently successful in assisting them, by throwing in what he called passing notes. Not being always introduced according to strict rules of harmony, it usually had the effect to cause a suspension of the music, or what Ella termed a dotted rest, inasmuch as the merry trio or quartet found that (as friend Digby has it) the "more harder" they tried to suppress their mirthfulness, the "more worser" it grew. Then they had a reading circle in the evenings, in which each took a part, and usually ended by digging out a quantity of charades, puzzles and mathematical questions, and a larger quantity of walnut meats. And they had a sleigh ride which went off finely for all parties, Ben acting the part of driver, and taking for his first load Ola and Ella, and for the second, Livy and (because he urged it) Aunt Fannie, and each party came back congratulating themselves that they had escaped a great mercy, as Ben had in the first instance shown his skill in horsemanship by mak-

ing singularly short cuts from street to street, through by-lanes, to the imminent danger of the demolition of certain domestic fowls, and miniature swine, who were not on the look-out for such an apparition, and furthermore by performing sundry evolutions around smooth corners on one runner, to the infinite gratification of horse and driver, and the wonderment of the ladies, who on each repetition of skill, clung convulsively to Ben, whether unpleasantly to him or no, this deponent saith not. Aunt Fannie was informed how matters went before setting out, and she extracted a promise that he would drive slow, which he did to the letter, driving once slowly through the village, and then quietly reining on to the mill pond, that he might, as he said, obtain a better view of their fishing operations through the ice. Aunt Fannie was about to remonstrate, but Livy seized the reins and compelled him to retrace his steps, declaring at the same time that he was as full of mischief as a monkey.

Reviewing, as we have said, these three days of pleasant intercourse with but a passing glance, we will take a peep at Merry, who is hitching Selim in the cutter, before the carriage-house door, and moreover who is wondering what that usually lively young man (Ben) who is pretending to assist him, is in such a brown study about.

"Where might you be going, if you are free to tell?" said Merry.

"Going to take Mrs. Cameron home," was the answer.

"Mrs. who?" said Merry.

"Mrs. Cameron," replied Ben, "her husband wrote to her to-day to come in the stage, but the girls have deputed me to act the part of stage-driver."

"Why, Mr. Owen, I don't know what you mean; it must be Ella Cameron whom you refer to, but she is no more married that I ever heard of, than is Livy there."

"Isn't she?" said Ben, coming out of his brown study wondrously sudden.

"No," said Merry, "Ola sometimes calls her Mrs., in sport, because you see in early life she was betrothed to her Cousin Richard, but he proved a sorry dog, and ran away to the West Indies, where they say he is married to one of their swarthy squaws."

"Go on," said Ben, grasping the reins.

"Whoa," said Merry, "you haven't hooked that snap, and besides, you want the buffalo robe and whip."

"Right," said Ben, waiting impatiently while the desired articles were being arranged.

We are truly sorry that we cannot give the details of that drive, but as neither Ola nor Livy went along to chronicle the conversation, it would be idle to guess at it. Certain it is that Ben was gone some time, and when questioned as to the delay on his return, he referred it to his having called on an old neighbor from K—, living off the road—said neighbor allows that he did stay there just eleven minutes.

"Ben," said Ola, as he was sitting by the fire after his ride, gazing very demurely into the open grate, "I expect you'll take my ears off, but I've played rather a serious joke on you."

"What?" said Ben, starting up as suddenly as if he had not dreamed of such a thing.

"Why," said Ola, quietly, "Ella Cameron is not a married lady, that's all."

"Isn't, who was it that wrote to her to-day, then?"

"Her father," was the reply.

"Well, you did fool me some; and that's why you answered questions so much more readily when I inquired about Mr. Cameron, than about Ella's husband?"

"Exactly."

"Well," said Ben, "guess it wont make much difference," and he appropriated the back of a chair to the use of his slippers, with their contents, while he whistled "Love Not."

As writers of history do not usually dabble in love matters, we shall soon bring this story to a close, merely saying that by a curious happen, on the day before Ben's departure, Mrs. Ogden and Ola were invited to an afternoon visit, and Livy to a sleigh ride, so that Ben was to be left alone, after taking out the ladies. He was cordially invited to stay by their hostess, but excused himself, as he had become much interested in reading a book which he wished to finish. It was sometime after Ben's departure for home, ere his kind relatives learned that Selim stood two hours that said afternoon in Mr. Cameron's barn, instead of his mistress's. It was less than one year ere he came to see them again. Kind reader, adieu.

P. S.—Miss Cameron, that was, is now Mrs. Ben.

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He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

So far as the Bible is concerned, *simplicity* of interpretation is essential to that simplicity of heart which is the "good ground" for the "good seed." Faith withers and dies in the shade of artificial and labored explanation.



## WHENCE CAME MY SOUL?

BY C. G. WRIGHT.

Whence came my soul? that strange, mysterious thing,  
That guides my footsteps wheresoe'er I go;  
That fans my brow with pleasure's fairy wing,  
Or drowns my bosom in the tide of woe.

Whence came my soul? It came not from the earth;  
I cannot, dare not, call that spirit mine!  
A power more mighty gave the soul its birth,  
To which the soul is bound by laws divine.

Whence is that power? that has our being given,  
And guards it ever in its watchful care;  
It tells us of a happy home in heaven,  
And says there is no death nor sorrow there.

It tells us of a holy city, built  
For Christian pilgrims, from their bondage free;  
And says that when the blood of earth is spilt,  
His endless glory shall our portion be.

But there's a deep and yawning gulf between,  
Through which there rolls a dark and threatening flood;  
But shrink not, soul, to face that closing scene!  
Thy earth's last tribute to the shrine of God!

## OUR LOST LUCY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early June. Mother had flung open the sitting-room windows, and beside one of them we sat together, sewing and talking. The climbing rose-vines had begun to bud about the pillars of the piazza, and the pansies that ran in a little border along by the path to the gate, were opening, one by one, their purple hearts to the summer.

Little Lucy, the pet and plaything of the whole household, from our stern father down to the youngest and most boisterous of our brothers, sat upon the carpet sorting over a lapful of wild violets and honey-suckles that she had just brought in from the fields. Bravo, our house dog, lay curled up at her feet, watching her as she threw away and selected her flowers, with a queer mixture of extravagance and fastidiousness. Once in a while he would growl and snap his jaws, as a malicious fly buzzed about his ears; or wag his tail gratefully, as Lucy would pause in her dainty employment to brush away his tormentors, and stroke his long, silky ears with her dimpled fingers.

All at once the music of a hand-organ came in through the window. Lucy sprang to her feet, grasping her apron of flowers, and ran out upon the piazza; while Bravo, shaking himself, and treading with a sort of doggish disdain upon those she had discarded, stalked leisurely behind her.

We stopped sewing and leaned forward to catch a glimpse of our entertainers. There were two of them, a man and woman, the latter carrying in her hand a tambourine.

"May I dance, Maggie?" called Lucy, as they struck up a lively measure.

I nodded assent, and the next moment she was tripping across the piazza to the music of the organ. It was a simple dance I had taught her for amusement, and she could execute it without a single misstep. A pretty picture she made out there, where the shade of the roses and the sheen of the sun were plaited together so lovingly; her long, yellow curls floating backward from her shoulders; her neck and arms bare, plump and dazzlingly white; one hand clasping the broad ribbons of her hat, which had half fallen from her head in her breezy motion, and the other holding up her white tunic with its wreath of blue and scarlet blossoms; her cheeks flushed to crimson with excitement, and her clear, brown eyes sparkling with delight.

I noticed that the woman watched her with evident admiration, never once taking her eyes from her until she stopped, exhausted, and with a coquettish courtesy, threw herself down in the cool portico, leaning her head back against one of the pillars, till her hair looked like tendrils of gold, dropping through the emerald vines.

I tossed a small bit of coin out of the window to her, and she, with a gleeful laugh, put it between Bravo's teeth, and bade him carry it to them.

The man shouldered his organ with a low bow, and had started to go, when his companion touched him on the shoulder, and spoke a few words to him in a foreign, jargonish language. He turned and looked at Lucy, and then answered in the same low, rapid, indistinct tone, which I could not understand, while an expression, strange, cunning and almost cruel, passed over his face.

For the first time, I scrutinized them closely. They were an evil-looking couple. The man was short and thick set, with bushy whiskers, eyes almost hid under wrinkled, shelving eyebrows, and thin, wide lips, one of which was gashed with a long, crimson scar. The woman was a dark, mulattoish-looking person, with crisp, black hair, and little, sharp, gray eyes. Two square, yellow teeth projected over her lower lip, and her chin was long and protruding. They were both ragged and filthy in appearance.

I shuddered involuntarily as I looked at them, and as if an instinctive knowledge of my sudden aversion had influenced them, they both lifted their eyes to mine. There was something in the

insolent stare they gave me that brought the angry blood to my face. Mother had already withdrawn from the window, and glad to escape from the uncomfortable feeling that had come over me, I followed her. "Where is Lucy?"

The afternoon had worn silently away, and we were laying the table for tea, when mother asked the question.

I went to the window, and looked out, expecting to see her asleep, with her head among the vines, for the piazza was her favorite afternoon resort. Bravo was there, winking and half asleep, his shaggy body stretched out in the sun—but Lucy was gone.

"I guess she has run out to the field, to meet father and the boys," I answered, in reply to mother's inquiring look, "she isn't in sight."

Nothing more was said until the men-folks came in to supper. Lucy was not with them, nor had they seen her on their way home.

"I'll run out and find her while father is saying grace," shouted Willie, snatching his cap, "that'll save time, and I'm hungry."

We all smiled at his idea of economy, but no one offered any objection, and he went out.

"Lucy! *L-u-cy!* *L-u-c-e-s!*" we heard him call, with a voice as sharp and clear as a young savage's. Soon he came in, out of breath, but without Lucy.

"Perhaps she has gone into some of the neighbors, and they have invited her to tea. Let's eat supper, and then if she don't come, we'll hunt her up," spoke Caleb, my oldest brother.

Tacitly consenting, we took our seats at the table. But that was an unusually quiet meal. It was no common occurrence to miss the golden head from the foot of the table, and the vacant high chair drawn up so stiffly before the unused plate, and the untouched tumbler of fresh, white milk, seemed ominous of desolation. There was a shade of anxiety on mother's naturally serene countenance; father scarcely spoke during the meal, and I could not help glancing often and wistfully at the open door, hoping every moment to see it shadowed by the entrance of a little dancing figure, which yet, something told me, forebodingly, would not come. Only my brothers, thinking of no possibility of harm, and with the healthy, eager appetite of growing and working boys, ate with avidity.

Supper over, they went out, taking different paths to the neighbors; and after clearing away the tea things, we seated ourselves to wait for them.

The faint shadow of early dusk was just beginning to fall, when Willie returned lingeringly toward the house.

"Hasn't she come yet?" he asked, as he came within calling distance.

"Then I must go right back," he added, in reply to our anxious "no." "Father and Caleb are waiting for me at Mr. Gould's. They thought they would send word before they went any further"—and he ran off without stopping to answer our eager inquiries.

Mr. Gould's was as far as we had ever known Lucy to go alone, and I knew by the distressed look on mother's countenance, that she was getting seriously alarmed.

I could not bear to sit there, with the dreadful uncertainty of our darling's fate weighing on my heart like ice, and throwing on my bonnet and shawl, and bidding mother keep up good courage, for I was sure we should find Lucy, I went out into the sober twilight.

I thought of the well in the back-yard, and went to it, half expecting, as I leaned over the mossy boards, to see the white frock and shining hair of my little sister gleam up at me from the cool, dark waters. But no! they were clear and glassy, and silent as ever.

I went into the orchard. It was deserted, even by the robins which had sang there all the day. I wandered down to the brook. There were the prints of tiny shoes in the sand, and a few withered violets that Lucy had scattered that afternoon; but through the shallow waves I could see the gleam of the gray pebbles, and the music of the water as it rippled over them smote my heart like a dirge.

I leaped the brook and walked swiftly and resolutely along the narrow path that led from it, for every moment the fear in my heart grew stronger and more terrible. Lucy was surely lost, and I must help to find her.

Before me stretched a long strip of woodland, and beyond it lay another village—the twin to ours, as we Elton people used to call it. Perhaps Lucy had rambled out there, and fallen asleep in the forest.

The solemn music of the trees, as their leaves rustled in the evening wind, and the gray, gloomy light that pervaded the wood, chilled me with an overpowering sense of loneliness; but I hurried on perseveringly. A light, pattering step among the leaves by my side, startled me. I turned, with a quick outstretching of my arms, and my heart leaping to my throat. It was only Bravo, who had followed me thus far.

For a long time I wandered about, searching among the trees, and calling Lucy by her name. Weary and disheartened, I was about retracing my steps, when a few drops of rain upon my bonnet, caused me to look up. In my haste and

eagerness, deceived by the obscurity of the wood, I had not noticed the gradual gathering of the storm which now hung black and threatening.

I had reached a little clearing among the trees, where some wood-cutters had reared them a temporary shelter. It was almost night, yet I knew by the looks of the clouds, that the storm would not last long. Whether to wait there until it should have passed over, or hurry home in the rain, I could not decide. At last I concluded to do the former.

Quickening my pace, I soon reached the rude hut that stood like a rough hermit alone there in the wilderness. What was my surprise, as I stepped upon the threshold, at hearing voices? It was too late to retreat, however. Seated on the ground, with their backs to the entrance—some suspicious-looking food spread upon their laps, and with a couple of well-filled pipes lying beside them, waiting to be used—sat a man and woman, whom I at once recognized as the organ-grinder and his mate, who had stopped at our house that afternoon.

"Git out, ye baste!" screamed the woman, in a shrill, angry voice, as Bravo went smelling around, and stopped with a low whine in front of a small, rough wooden chest which stood near.

Neither of them had as yet perceived me, but as the man aimed a cold bone he had been picking, at Bravo's head, I sprang forward.

He leaped to his feet, and the look of mingled malignity and confusion that crossed his features, frightened me. I would have retreated, but the rain was now pouring in torrents without; and more than all, a quick, overwhelming suspicion flashed across my mind. Lucy had not been seen since they went away, and who knew but what they had stolen her.

I looked all around. There was no place for concealment, unless it was the chest, and by that Bravo was still lingering, scratching it with his fore paws, and whining most piteously.

With that instinctive cautiousness which comes to persons in sudden emergencies, I called Bravo away; for the conviction that I was nearer Lucy than I had been before that evening, settled upon me with a force that I could not shake off, and I knew I must be crafty.

"I hope, my good people," said I, in a mollifying tone, "you will excuse me if I intrude; but, as you see, I am caught in the shower, and cannot go on. May I sit here?"

And I advanced toward the chest.

They had sat staring at me while I spoke, and apparently not more than half comprehending what I said; but when I made a movement toward that, the woman, with a ferocious scowl,

and an oath worded in bad English, sprang to intercept me.

She was too late. I had already taken my seat, and was unconcernedly stroking the head of Bravo, who crouched, still whining, at my side.

Thrown off her guard, by my apparent listlessness, she returned to her place, and took up her pipe. Evidently, though she eyed me narrowly, she had not recognized me.

And now I heard a movement in the box beneath me, that made my very heart stand still to listen—a movement as of some living object confined, and feeling about in its prison. I turned my eyes carelessly, while stooping down, apparently to caress Bravo, and discovered two or three rows of holes in the side of the box. They seemed to have been newly bored, by the little ridges of sawdust that surrounded them. Nothing more was needed to convince me. Lucy was there, and those holes were for ventilation!

I could hardly restrain my agitation within bounds. Doubtless she had heard either my voice or the whining of Bravo, and had taken the only method in her power to manifest her presence. Even then her little heart might be aching with its burden of uncertainty, terror and despair. What could I do to save her?

A thousand plans darted through my head in an instant. My first impulse was to accuse them to their faces, and bid them release her on the spot; but desperate as they would become on the discovery of their guilt, what might they not be tempted to do? If they should murder me and bury me in the woods, what chance would either of us have of being found, so long as our whole family and perhaps half the neighborhood were running hither and thither in their search for Lucy? I knew by the evil expression of their faces, that they would not hesitate to kill me, if I stood in the way of their plans, and it would be the height of foolhardiness for me to attempt to resist or detain them, if they chose to depart, for either of them could have mastered three like me, nerved though I was to meet the worst emergency that offered itself.

"Bravo, my good doggy, do you think you can do an errand for me?" I said playfully, checking any expression of my emotion by a strong effort of will. Bravo wagged his tail and barked joyfully.

I took a small piece of paper from my pocket, but found I had no pencil. I had noticed as I came in, a place where fires had been built outside, and going out, I found a bit of charred wood, with which I returned to my task. My companions were eyeing me suspiciously.

"P-l-e-a-s-e, please, b-r-i-n-g, bring," I said,

spelling aloud as I wrote, that they might hear me, "m-e, me, a-n, an, u-m-b-r-e-l-l-a, umbrella."

I spelled the note one way and wrote it another. It was to my mother, and ran thus:

"Send father and the boys to me without delay. I think I have found Lucy, alive and well, but I need help. I cannot stop to say more. For Heaven's sake, tell them to hasten. Bravo will show them where to find me."

Folding the almost illegible missive, I put it in Bravo's mouth, telling him to carry it home. As if he understood the errand on which he was going, and the result depending upon his faithful fulfilment of it, he started on a brisk trot homeward. That was a long, long time I sat there, waiting for his return. The evening gathered slowly, till the darkness in the little cabin became almost impenetrable. The rain had leaked down through the loose board roof, till I was wet and chilly. The sobbing of the wind and rain among the trees, and the low, mumbling conversation carried on between my companions, were the only sounds that interrupted my dreary flow of thoughts. What if none of the men-folks had returned home? What if Bravo should lose his note, and I was forced either to remain there all night, in that desolate and uncomfortable position, or grope my way home alone, and leave Lucy where she was? That, I was decided I would not do.

At last the storm broke away. The cabin lightened a trifle, and, shivering between cold and fright, I saw, with a great feeling of dismay at my heart, that the man and woman were making preparations to resume their journey. I feigned sleep, determined to delay the crisis as long as possible. Presently the woman came and took me by the arm, giving me a rough shake, and muttering something to the purpose that they must be moving, and I might as well let them have the rest of their duds.

I stared at them stupidly, rubbed my eyes, and relapsed again into feigned semi-unconsciousness. Another shake. I did not stir. Still another, and this time it lifted me squarely upon my feet. I could hesitate no longer. The worst had come, and I must face it courageously.

"Go about your business!" I said, resolutely, standing up firm and unflinching before them; "but leave this box. If you carry it one inch from here, you will have to kill me first."

She stepped back a few paces, and glared at me with the malignity of a fiend; but though I trembled from head to foot with fear, I did not quail or falter at her gaze. They looked at each other understandingly, and then, as if some sudden plan had been silently matured between them, both sprang towards me. Quick as the

movement was, I had time to comprehend it, and as the woman came forward with the bound of an enraged tiger, I stretched out my hands and planted them full in her chest so forcibly that she reeled and staggered back against the board wall. The next moment, the fierce, brawny arms of her companion held me fast. I felt his strong hand upon my throat, his hot, filthy breath in my face. I gave a quick, silent prayer to Heaven for protection, and knew nothing more.

When I came back to consciousness, the dim rays of a lantern illuminated the hovel, and Lucy, white, frightened and sobbing, was clinging to my neck. Father, Caleb and Willie, with two of our neighbors, were standing over me, and in one corner of the room, bound fast together, were the man and woman, whose very presence made me shudder and grow faint again.

Going home that night, with Lucy by my side, Willie in front carrying the lantern, and father, Caleb and the neighbors bringing up the rear with the prisoners, Willie told me the story.

Bravo had reached home about five minutes after they had returned from a fruitless search. They had deciphered the ill-written message, and started immediately to the rescue. Falling in with two of the neighbors, they had asked them to accompany them; and what had seemed such an age of waiting and suspense to me, could not have been more than three quarters of an hour.

They had found me just after I fainted, and had no difficulty in overpowering and binding the wretches who assailed me. Finding escape impossible, and hoping by that means to obtain their release, they had confessed to the abduction of Lucy, and told them where to find her. When they opened the chest, she was lying tied, upon her back, her white tunic torn off and used as a gag, her hands fastened by the ribbons of her hat, and her ankles bound.

They had stolen her because they thought she would make a valuable addition to their number, and attract money by her beauty and dancing. They had motioned her from the piazza, and under pretence of showing her some pretty images, decoyed her into the woods. They had intended to travel that night, to escape detection, and not compel her to exhibit herself till they were safe from pursuit; but their plans were thwarted, and they were punished by imprisonment.

Many years have passed since then. Father and mother are sleeping side by side in the churchyard. Willie has just graduated honorably at college, and Caleb and I still occupy the old homestead. A little Lucy, with blue eyes and brown curls now sits upon our Lucy's knee, and calls her mother.

## THE LAME CHILD.

BY OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

Bear with him gently; God in his mystic power  
 Has laid his hand in sore affliction on him;  
 Light with your calm forbearance every hour,  
 And cheer the gloom which sits so dark upon him.  
 Chide not the murmurs of his sad young heart;  
 Young in the count of years, but old and gray  
 In heart-throbs of intensest agony—now a part  
 Of his own being, commingled with the clay.  
 It was not always thus: the press of sorrow  
 Now so deep, was silent once, and still;  
 There was no dread to meet the coming morrow,  
 Lest it should bring a tenfold greater ill;  
 The woods and fields to him were playmates then;  
 He knew the voices of the moss-clad rock;  
 But O how changed the stricken wanderer, when  
 Those forest friendships serveth but to mock  
 The dreamings of his youth, which promises well  
 For all that mortals dare to hope, or more—  
 Beauty and intellectual power. In one dark hour all fell,  
 The splendid dream-sleep of his life was o'er.  
 And still he bears it patiently: no moan, save what  
 The iron hand of pain crushes from out his heart;  
 He hears the laugh, and song, and shout, though long  
 forgot,  
 The blessed hours when he took a part,  
 Nor chides the merriment.

With pale face turned away,  
 He looks into the twilight warm and dim,  
 Through eyes which love its teaching more than they.

## THE MASKER'S PROPHECY.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

THE clouds had rolled away, and the clear light of an Italian moon shone brightly on the sweep of the Lagoon at Venice, as a young man, dressed in black, descended the steps leading to the pier. Gliding along, he drew his plumed cap further on his gloomy brow, beneath which flashed eyes in keeping with the inflexible resolve that curved his lips; yet despite his stern features, Antonio Zavali was eminently handsome. Seeing his friend Francis Mancini approach, Antonio's dark visage became suddenly lighted up with the fire of intelligence, and a witching smile, that alone was wanting to complete his manly beauty. Pushing aside the sable plume that had darkened his contracted brow, the noble arch of an intellectual forehead wore a courteous grace, as he saluted him with, "Ha, Francis! well met, after so long an interval. How have you enjoyed yourself the while, Sir Troubadour?"

"Gallantry and love-making, as usual."

"What new divinity, now, Francis?"

"Come with me to-night, to the Moretti Palace, and judge for yourself."

And so they separated; Francis Mancini shap-

ing his course by the circuitous labyrinth that terminated in the Palazza, while Antonio, calling to his gondolier, was conveyed to another part of the City of the Sea.

That night the balconies of the Moretti Palace presented to the passers in the various gondolas, a most brilliant spectacle. The tall windows were radiant with the blaze of chandeliers, seen through rose-tinted, silken draperies fringed with silver, and festooned with flowers; showing groups of high-born dames and gallant cavaliers, while the hum of conversation and the lively peals of laughter of the plumed and jewelled occupants resounded above the waters, mingling with the echoing ball-room strains.

Early in the evening the steel prow of a gondola had grated on the marble steps leading to the water-gate of the palace, from which Francis Mancini, leaping out, stationed himself within the gate, so as to see all who might enter, while carefully adjusting his drooping plume, effectually to conceal his own features. Nor did he alter his position, though crowds passed him to the scene of festivity, until, as if by electric shock, he sprang forward to meet two ladies, who, veiled, were assisted from their gondola by Antonio Zavali, and with him ascended the water flight of steps to the entrance gate where he waited. Darting forward, he whispered "Giulia!" as the taller and more slender of the ladies passed, to which "Francis!" was responded, in soft, musical accent, as he raised his dark plume.

Placing her arm within his, they rapidly traversed the marble pavement of the court, up the flight of steps, and crossing the lighted hall, the lady pushed aside the curtain of a folding door at its extremity, and disappeared. Meantime Antonio Zavali conducted the magnificent Lady Villiers, the English aunt of the fair Giulia Monti, to the hall leading to the masker's robing room above, where he waited until the door-hangings were again pushed aside, and the two beautiful women, divested of their veils, and sparkling with jewels, appeared. To his surprise, Francis Mancini at the same moment sprang from behind an Etruscan vase, and tendering his arm to Giulia Monti, advanced towards the ball-room.

Annoyed, and resentful, Antonio Zavali, with a dark brow, slowly followed, conducting Lady Villiers, when, as if to augment his rage, as the blaze of a stronger light flooded round them, and music, dancing, and the hum of voices met their entrance, neither Francis nor Giulia was to be seen.

"Francis Mancini the favored lover of Giulia Monti!" muttered Antonio, fiercely between his clenched teeth, "never! She is mine—my affi-

anced bride from childhood, and I will claim her in spite of every obstacle." Then making a violent effort to appear tranquil, he joined Lady Villiers in her mirthful sallies on the brilliant masquerade, as splendid Venetian mirrors gave back the festive scene.

Complaining of the heat, Lady Villiers seated herself on an ottoman in the recess of a window opening on a balcony; and there, standing side by side, looking on the placid waters below, stood Francis Mancini and Giulia Monti. Her flushed cheek and pleased smile attested that his low-breathed theme was not displeasing; as the vibrations of her fan swept back the raven curls from her brow and cheek, giving glimpses occasionally to Antonio of the love-lit glance raised to another's face. Unsuccessful in his effort to shake off his moodiness, he at last strode away, and mingling with the masked throng, was accosted by a gipsy who offered to tell his fortune. At first he refused, but fretful at her importunity he gave an ungracious consent. Looking at the lines on his hand, she said, "the task of telling your destiny is easy. More difficult the task to guard against its dangers. The ways of love, like the politics of the Ten, are intricate, and slippery the steps of the Zavali palace, while the Lagoon is deep."

"How! what know you of the dreaded Ten, or the Zavali palace?" But the gipsy had disappeared, and after a vain search, he returned to the ball-room, where stationing himself by Lady Villiers he asked Giulia's hand for the next dance. As he led her forth his handsome face assumed its brightest smile, and he spoke in the low and winning tone none other had ever resisted. But though Giulia answered mechanically, her eye wandered to where Mancini stood, and noting this, Antonio became equally abstracted.

At the sound of the distant Campanaille bell, the maskers began to disperse, and Mancini having escorted Giulia to her gondola, was about turning to seek his own, when he was startled by his arm being rudely grasped, and looking round, Antonio Zavali stood by his side.

"I would speak a word with you, Francis."

"A dozen, if you please, *amico mio*. I have been using all my eloquence in your behalf with the handsome widow. Her ample jointure will save you from further necessity for calling upon the Jews of the Rialto, whose assistance has already helped you to anticipate considerable, or report is wrong, from your ancestral inheritance."

"If you please, I would prefer you to select some other topic for your amusement, than either my poverty, or my compulsory attentions to an old, painted dowager."

"Right gladly we'll change the subject, if you will find me another as good. A wealthy English peeress comes to Italy at the urgent request of her brother-in-law, the Marquis Monti, to chaperone his only daughter, her niece. *Old* indeed! Lady Villiers has yet time, and to spare, wherein to consult her own inclinations, while he consults his best interests who is fortunate enough to win her."

"Now by Heaven! but this is too much. What is an English woman of quality to me, who am to all intents and purposes the betrothed husband of her niece? You start—but we were affianced from our very cradles, and I have waited you here, to ask back the pearl spray of the chain that clasped back her hair, and escaping from the braids in the dance, fell. You raised the spray and placed it in your breast. I saw it all; and now, as her affianced husband, I demand that you restore it to me."

"What, resign what I have her permission to keep? Never!"

"Resign it instantly, or—" And snatching at the chain ere Francis was aware of his intention, he had secured the spray, and thrusting it deep within his own vest, his sword glittered bright in the moonlight.

A fierce struggle ensued, during which both parties proceeded from blows, to disentangle the folds of their cloaks; Mancini endeavored to get at his sword, but ere he had time to unsheath the blade, Zavali plunged his, already freed from the scabbard, into the breast of his antagonist, who, with a low moan, fell to the ground. At that late hour the deed was unseen. Kneeling for a moment where the victim lay prostrate at his feet, Zavali called his name in a whisper, when receiving no answer, he sprang to his feet, and unlocking his gondola, brought it alongside the pier where his victim lay. Placing the body in the boat, he rowed for very life to the deepest part of the Lagoon. Then dropping his oars as he heard the sound of approaching voices, he rested for a moment irresolute; but his habitual energy returning, he shoved his victim into the water, and catching up his oars, darted away with the speed of lightning. Three days from that time he called at the Palazza Monti.

"Have you seen Francis, Zavali?" asked Giulia. The conversation had become insensibly drawn to the mysterious disappearance of Mancini.

Zavali paled, as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, but controlling the weakness, he replied, as if trying to recollect, "Not since the night of the ball; but why does my fair Giulia take such an interest in his disappearance?"

Before Giulia, pale and distressed, could reply,

Lady Villiers entered the room, when Zavali gladly changed the subject, and shortly after, with a look of reproachful tenderness at his mistress, and a respectful reverence to Lady Villiers, he took his leave.

But other visitors called that morning at the Monti Palace; among them the Count Vidali, who at once threw the first light upon the mystery of Mancini's disappearance. He stated that returning with his daughter from the masque at the Moretti Palace, although near when a man was thrown into the Lagoon, the haziness of the night, the moon being obscured, prevented them seeing either the assassin or the victim, who rose struggling on the waves, until their gondola came nearly upon him. By the aid of the gondolier the count succeeded in drawing him into the boat. He was even now at the Vidali palace; but the struggles of drowning, added to a severe wound, left him still in a precarious state. Supposing him from his rich attire to be some victim of the state, he had determined to say nought of the matter, until he felt free to announce it, from the report that the young Mancini was unaccountably missing.

Little dreaming that his victim lay ill and delirious, though carefully tended, in the Vidala Palace, Antonio Zavali called there on his return from seeing Giulia. Very beautiful was Rosalie Vidali, whose passions, however, were wild and ungovernable. She had long loved the handsome Zavali with all the warmth of her impassioned nature, and this regard had at one time been as ardently reciprocated. Of late, however, her jealousy of the stately Giulia had led to many outbursts of temper, coupled with threats, proving that her fierce love might easily turn into as deadly hate. While conversing with her in his usual sentimental strain, her quick eye detected a portion of the spray in his vest. The rare workmanship arrested her attention; snatching at it impetuously, she exclaimed, "And you visit me, Zavali, and indulge in expressions of love, while wearing the gifts of another!"

While disclaiming the charge Antonio endeavored to reclaim the bauble, but holding the jewelled clasp in her firm grasp Rosalie read the graven name of "Giulia," and flinging it scornfully from her, the plague spot deepening on her brow, she exclaimed, "Beware how you trifle with me, Antonio! Once deprived of the illusion that has made the earth a paradise, I could be a very fiend to work your ruin!"

Vainly he protested; the demon jealousy once aroused, refused to slumber, although her smile was as bright as ever when in reply to the appeals made to her regard, added to the petty

arts in which long practice had rendered him a master, she said, "Art sure what you tell me is true? for you know I hold your life in my hands!" She appeared satisfied, but the affair was not forgotten.

Antonio's father, the old Count Zavali, representative of a noble Venetian family, by a long series of political intrigues, had been of late exiled from Venice, having previously been excluded from all participation in the councils of state. The aged senator had not submitted tamely to expulsion, but with Antonio had set about measures to effect such a revolution as should advance his own personal aggrandizement. Many of these had already come to the ears of the senators Vidali and his brother-in-law, the powerful noble Gamba. And now that Mancini had so far recovered as to tell that it was as Giulia's affianced husband Antonio had become his antagonist, and they learned that the young noble had dared to trifle with their beautiful, high spirited Rosalie, the stern patrician father and uncle determined that the slight should be fearfully avenged.

The dreaded Council of Ten was at this time omnipotent in Venice. One of the most influential members was the Count Gamba. Led into enormous debt by long extravagance, every hope based on maintaining his authority as a senator, together with the emoluments of the office, he was just the man to plan the destruction of such a dangerous rival of the mighty Ten.

It was night, and the senator's gondola shot rapidly past the steps of the ducal palace, into the canal that separates it from the prisons of state. Passing beneath the Bridge of Sighs, he stepped from his own curtained gondola into a black barge, on the benches of which, six men, also clad in black, sat silent as figures on graves. The night was dark, and the count did not remark that he was followed by a slight figure, wrapped in a cloak similar to that worn by the gipsy who had foreshadowed Zavali's fortune at the masque; or that ever near, another gondola followed closely in their wake. For a moment they stopped at the door of the hall at the base of the ducal palace, when the clanking of chains was heard, and a man shrouded in black was assisted into the barge, which was then swiftly and silently rowed until it reached the middle of the Lagoon. The state prisoner, over whose face a black hood was drawn, had not moved since taking the seat to which he had been pointed when assisted into the barge, but now the silence was broken.

"Count Antonio Zavali!" was spoken, in the hoarse voice of the Senator Gamba.

"I am he," was replied, in a firm, clear voice.



"Men, unlock his fetters, and bind on the weight."

The cruel task was promptly executed, by filling a bag filled with sand to his feet.

"Now cast him into the Lagoon."

Raising him in their arms, they let him fall heavily into the deep.

When the order to bind on the weight had been given, the young gipsy had bounded lightly to the barge's side, and as they raised him up, a bright blade gleamed a moment, as if severing the cord. When he fell, the slight form, with a thrilling shriek, sprang after, and the next moment both were lost to sight.

"Was not that a woman's voice?" asked the senator, with deep emotion.

But no answer was returned; the men seemed petrified, gazing at each other in wordless astonishment. Again he asked, but they had sunk back into their silent places, and no voice replied to his trembling inquiry. With superhuman might they urged their funeral barge onward unnoting the light gondola that remained above the place, where, clasping the sinking form of the prisoner in an undying embrace, the young gipsy disappeared from their sight. When, re-entering his own gondola, the haughty patrician sped onward to his magnificent home, Rosalie was nowhere to be found, and the proud halls of the Vidali Palace soon echoed the unavailing groans of the childless father, and now penitent Senator Gamba.

A month later, a few selected friends were assembled at the Monti Palace to witness the marriage of Giulia Monti to Francis Mancini. Immediately after the marriage ceremony the bridal party, consisting of the newly wedded pair, the Marquis Monti, and Lady Villiers, set out on a visit to the fair bride's relations in England. After a season in the world of fashion, our trio returned to Italy, leaving Lady Villiers at home.

A few months had passed after their return to Venice, and Lady Villiers, standing one moon-lit night with a few friends in a balcony of Montague House, her home on the bank of the Severn, she remarked to a fine-looking foreigner who stood near her, "Do you know, count, this moonlight on the still river here, reminds me of the masque at the Moretti Palace, this very night a year ago, when you seemed perplexed by some odd prophecy made you by a gipsy in the throng?"

Addressing a beautiful woman who hung fondly on his arm, he asked, "What was the prophecy of the gipsy a year ago this night, Rosalie?"

Blushing deeply, yet with a glance of tenderest love, she spoke in a tone musically sweet, "O,

never refer to it, dear Antonio. I was very wretched and very wicked then, when I vented it by cautioning you that the ways of love and politics were intricate, the steps of the Zavali slippery, and the Lagoon deep." Lady Villiers little knew how nearly had been realized the gipsy's prophecy of the masquerade.

#### YANKEE HOMESPUN.

"When I lived in Maine," said Uncle Ezra, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough, we did faith, and I held that that plough more'n a week—I thought I should die. It e'enastom killed me, I vow. Why, one day I was holdin', and the plough hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again; so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done so than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tare my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull all together, and the old stump came out about the quickest. It had monstrous long roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since."

The only reply made to this was, "I should have thought it would have come hard upon your suspenders."

"Powerful hard!"—*Portland Transcript.*

#### DESTRUCTION OF NERVOUS POWER.

The symptoms betokening the approaching destruction of nervous power require to be early noticed, in order that the victim of an overwrought brain may be snatched from a most miserable end. Among the first of these symptoms are vivid dreams, reproducing at night the labors of the past day, so that sleep affords no repose. The transition from the activities of a dreaming brain to a wakeful one is rapid; then follow restlessness and exhaustion, inducing a state wholly incompatible with the exertions required for the daily and pressing necessities of life. The mind, torn by conflicting feelings, becomes irritable, unstable and melancholy. The tempered delights of a home cannot move—affection has no power to soothe—and the playful sunshine of childhood cannot warm the heart wasting and withering in decay, or the mind incapable alike of enjoyment or of labor. At this stage morbid fancies and dislikes cloud the feelings, or hallucinations disturb the brain; and then it is indeed a happy consummation to mental decay and reposeless anguish, when the reduced and wasted frame, too feeble to withstand the ordinary vicissitudes of the elements, succumbs to the inroads of some acute disease.—*Christian Watchman.*

## EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY AMANDA P. WALKER.

Holy breathes the voice of even,  
On the mellow-tinted air,  
And a harp of love seems given  
To night's serenader there;  
Soft, as though an angel bending  
From the Eden land above,  
With the songs of earth are blending  
Notes of heaven's holy love.

Softly winds the crystal river  
On to meet the murmuring sea,  
Singing, as it floweth ever,  
Nature's anthem glad and free;  
Darkly bends the forest olden  
O'er the river as it flows,  
While a flood of moonlight golden  
Round each waving shadow glows.

Countless stars are softly beaming  
In the dome of blue above,  
And their gentle, liquid gleaming  
Whispers holy songs of love,  
And my heart responsive quivers  
To the music of the strain,  
Echoed from the dreamy river,  
Winding slowly through the plain.

## CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

Every day, in the life of an observant man, affords striking proof of the verity of the now threadbare axiom, "Truth is stranger than Fiction," so that it seems almost of the province of Romance to soften down, rather than exaggerate, the bold features of the Actual. When Scott appended his last explanatory notes to the *Waverley* novels, the public found that he had a warrant for some of the wildest scenes and characters of his most popular narratives. And now Mrs. Gaskell, in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, the authoress of "*Jane Eyre*," "*Shirley*," and "*Villette*," a biography which is as deeply interesting as either of the above novels, has furnished a key to the mysteries of their composition. Most of our readers remember how, about a dozen years ago, the world was electrified by the appearance of the novel first named, enchanted by the singular imagination it displayed, and awed by its extraordinary intellectual power. It was attributed to various great and practised authors of the age. Two other novels, "*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*," and "*Wuthering Heights*," excited and impressed the public. They were given to the world as the productions of Currer, Elsie and Acton Bell, but were supposed to have been written by the same person. At last it came out that they were written by three sisters of the name of Brontë, the daughters of a country clergyman, and that they resided in the wolds of Yorkshire, without

friends and without society. If this somewhat lessened the marvel of their production, for solitude is favorable to mental and imaginative development, it seemed to account for the strange, wild and unnatural character of some of the personages in the novels, which were all credited to freaks of the imagination. Mrs. Gaskell has, however, revealed the fact that in their own characters, and in the people and scenes around the sisters, were the germs of the powerful and mysterious personages of the novels. The father was an eccentric, strong-minded and strong-willed man, not at all amiable, who was settled as rector in Haworth, Yorkshire. Here are some of the illustrative anecdotes which Mrs. Gaskell relates of him :

"Mr. Brontë wished to make his children hardy, and indifferent to the pleasures of eating and dress. In the latter he succeeded, as far as regarded his daughters; but he went at his object with unsparing earnestness of purpose. Mrs. Brontë's nurse told me that one day when the children had been out on the moors, and rain had come on, she thought their feet would be wet, and accordingly she rummaged out some colored boots which had been given to them by a friend. These little pairs she ranged around the kitchen fire to warm; but, when the children came back, the boots were nowhere to be found—only a very strong odor of burnt leather was perceived. Mr. Brontë had come in and seen them; they were too gay and luxurious for his children, and would foster a love of dress; so he had them put into the fire. He spared nothing that offended his antique simplicity. Long before this, some one had given Mrs. Brontë a silk gown; either the make, the color, or the material, was not according to his notions of consistent propriety, and Mrs. Brontë, in consequence, never wore it. But, for all that, she kept it treasured up in her drawers, which were generally locked. One day, however, while in the kitchen, she remembered that she had left the key in her drawer, and, hearing Mr. Brontë up stairs, she augured some ill to her dress, and, running up in haste, she found it cut into shreds.

"His strong, passionate, Irish nature was, in general, compressed down with resolute stoicism; but it was there, notwithstanding all his philosophic calm and dignity of demeanor. He did not speak when he was annoyed or displeased, but worked off his volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back door in rapid succession. Mrs. Brontë, lying in bed up stairs, would hear the quick explosions, and know that something had gone wrong; but her sweet nature thought invariably of the bright side, and she would say,

'Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?' Now and then his anger took a different form, but he was still speechless. Once he got the hearth-rug, and stuffing it up the grate, deliberately set it on fire, and remained in the room, in spite of the stench, until it had smouldered and shrivelled away into uselessness. Another time he took some chairs and sawed away at the backs till they were reduced to the condition of stools."

The wife died, an elder sister came to take charge of the household, and, after a few years checkered by the brilliant literary successes of three of the sisters, they all died one by one. The only brother who was believed to be more brilliantly gifted than Charlotte Brontë, died the victim of his own ungovernable passions. Charlotte, a true heroine, whose ministry ran through the dark life of this family like a silver thread, enjoyed a gleam of sunshine near its close, passing a few Elysian months of married happiness, and then she died, leaving a gap in the literary ranks of England which will not soon be filled.

But let us see among what sort of people the lot of the Brontës was cast. We believe that, until the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's book, nine-tenths of the cultivated people of England knew not what brutish beings existed among them.

On the death of one of the predecessors of Mr. Brontë in the curacy of Haworth, a man whom the parishioners had liked, another was appointed without consulting them, and met with the following reception:

"The first Sunday he officiated, Haworth church was filled even to the aisles—most of the people wearing the wooden clogs of the district. But while Mr. Redhead was reading the second lesson, the whole congregation, as by one impulse, began to leave the church, making all the noise they could with clattering and clumping of clogs, till, at length, Mr. Redhead and the clerk were the only two left to continue the service. This was bad enough, but the next Sunday the proceedings were far worse. Then, as before, the church was well filled, but the aisles were left clear; not a creature, not an obstacle was in the way that day. The reason for this was made evident about the same time in the reading of the service as the disturbance had begun the previous week. A man rode into the church upon an ass, with his face turned towards the tail, and as many old hats piled on his head as he could possibly carry. He began urging his beast round the aisles, and the screams and cries and laughter of the congregation entirely drowned all sound of Mr. Redhead's voice; and I believe he was obliged to desist.

"Hitherto they had not proceeded to anything like personal violence; but on the third Sunday they must have been greatly irritated at seeing Mr. Redhead, determined to brave their will, ride up the village street, accompanied by several gentlemen from Bradford. They put up their horses at the Black Bull—the little inn close upon the churchyard, for the convenience of arvvils as well as for other purposes—and went into church. On this the people followed, with a chimney-sweeper, whom they had employed to clean the chimneys of some outbuildings belonging to the church, that very morning, and afterwards plied with drink till he was in a state of solemn intoxication. They placed him right before the reading-desk, where his blackened face nodded a drunken, stupid assent to all that Mr. Redhead said. At last, either prompted by some mischief-maker, or from some tipsy impulse, he clambered up the pulpit stairs and attempted to embrace Mr. Redhead. Then the profane fun grew fast and furious. They pushed the soot covered chimney-sweeper against Mr. Redhead, as he tried to escape. They threw both him and his tormentor down on the ground in the churchyard where the soot-bag had been emptied, and though, at last, Mr. Redhead escaped into the Black Bull, the doors of which were immediately barred, the people raged without, threatening to stone him and his friends. One of my informants is an old man, who was the landlord of the Black Bull at the time, and he stands to it that such was the temper of the irritated mob, that Mr. Redhead was in real danger of his life."

The squirearchy appears to have been no better than the commonalty. A squire, of distinguished family and large property—one is thence led to imagine of education, but that does not always follow—died at his house, not many miles from Haworth, only a few years ago. His great amusement and occupation had been cock-fighting. When he was confined to his chamber with what he knew would be his last illness, he had his cocks brought up there, and watched the bloody battle from his bed. As his mortal disease increased, and it became impossible for him to turn so as to follow the combat, he had looking-glasses arranged in such a manner around and above him, as he lay, that he could still see the cocks fighting. And thus he died.

It was from such surroundings that the Misses Brontë derived the material for a portion of their fiction, and we must not accuse even the authoress of "*Wuthering Heights*" for vilifying human nature, for she did but reflect in her magic glass the black passions that had raged wrathfully before her very eyes.

## THE RESIGNATION.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

To have no tyrant o'er me rule,  
 To feel at peace with God and man,  
 To view misfortune as a school,  
 Wherein I learn what good I can;  
 To muse on whatsoever I will,  
 And build me happier worlds whene'er  
 The world about me groweth ill,  
 Must make the heaven I hope for here.

'Tis true my soul hath wished for more,  
 To make me joyous while I live;  
 A thousand fold beyond the store  
 Which Heaven has deemed it meet to give;  
 For I had hoped one day to view  
 The things whereof I early dreamed,  
 Stand forth in beauty pure and true,  
 And be the substances they seemed.

But yet I'm happier thus denied,  
 Than those who grovelling through their years,  
 Have never known a weaker side,  
 And never found a time for tears;  
 And as no tyrant o'er me rules,  
 And as I love both God and man,  
 Despising sneers, and pitying fools,  
 I'll be as happy as I can.

## THE HEIR OF ABERDEEN.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE old Earl of Aberdeen, who since his youth had held in his castle, during times of trouble, the regalia of Scotland, was dead, and many a claimant for the responsibility arose upon his grave. Some of these were Scotch lords, who desired the distinction. One other was Edward, king of England, who, in his efforts to obtain this neighboring realm, knew the possession of the regalia would be a great step. But all these were doomed to disappointment, for still shut up in the castle of Aberdeen it remained with his heir, as soon became known, until Sir Langshaw Ogilvie, into whose care by Bruce's order it was to be surrendered, should arrive to receive it. The castle of Aberdeen stood on a high bluff three sides surrounded by sea, and on the other, which was entirely open to the land that sloped broadly up to meet its narrow crest, was almost impreguably defended with fosse, bastion and rampart, while over its central turret freely waved, when no other dared display it, Aberdeen's standard, the royal flag of Scotland. King Edward rightly judged that the heir plunged in the grief consequent on affliction, would be but ill-prepared to endure a siege, and therefore hastened to invest the castle. But before this could be done, and while they were securing provisions for the fortress, it was thought advisable privately

to notify Sir Langshaw that he should remove the objects of contention in case of accident. And coming quite alone, before the English, Sir Langshaw one evening blew the horn at the great gate, and welcomed joyfully by the castellan, was shown into the presence of the Heir of Aberdeen. From the daring spirit that had determined to defend the castle, Sir Langshaw expected to see some beer-drinking, brawny-limbed, brave knight, some younger Earl of Aberdeen worthy of his ancestors. But alas! the earl's coronet was degraded to suit smaller brows, the Heir of Aberdeen was a woman. Her maidens were putting by the broidery frames and the spinning, and one was singing a low ballad to the harp, while she herself sat back in her great chair, lighted only by the ruddy fire which played here and there, revealing successive points of her appearance. Full of astonishment, Sir Langshaw paused a moment and regarded her. She was not by any means beautiful, and this fact did not at all appease the half anger that sprang up in his breast at sight of a woman in this important post, and at the thought that her family once so great had dwindled down to this. But as she raised a pair of magnificent brown eyes to his, he could not but acknowledge that they amply compensated for any lack of fine feature and rosy cheek; if the mouth was wide, it was crimson, and the teeth were regular and white; and rising gracefully, she received him as if perfectly unconscious of his thoughts, though his momentary aversion could not be unobserved. She had been her father's darling, and now left alone, for her cousins of the house of Fife were but little friendly to her, a gentle melancholy seemed to have settled on her face, and predominate in all her motions. One glance of the eyes assured her of Sir Langshaw's height and well-knit proportion, of the dark chestnut hair, fine eyes and knightly bearing, and with her habitual air of command she waved the others away and seated him opposite herself at the fireside.

"I have sent for Sir Langshaw Ogilvie," she said, in an unaccountably familiar voice of great sweetness, "that if possible he might remove the regalia and secrete it before the arrival of the English."

"But of course they will not think it worth while to fight if the treasure be gone."

"I can endure a three months' siege very well; by that time Sir Langshaw will have effected his object and I can surrender."

"But they will not believe the lady has sustained a siege without reason."

"Aberdeen was never doubted, nor shall his daughter be. When I assure them that since

their arrival the regalia has not been in my possession, I shall be believed."

"In their rage they will destroy thy castle."

"I have expected that, but since my father left the trust with me, it cannot be violated."

He gazed in wonder at the delicate woman who spoke, and thought with a twinge of conscience that there had never been a more heroic scion of the house.

"And what disposition of it wouldst thou advise?" he asked, singularly at his ease, yet deeming it right to consult her.

"When it passes from my hands, I have no more to do with it," she said.

"But thou must surely have thought of some method."

"None, unless to bury it in some remote district," she answered in an undertone, "in the farthest of the Hebrides, perhaps, making on returning, false burials lest any should observe."

Sir Langshaw thought a while, then looking up caught her great eyes fastened upon him.

"I thank thee, I myself can think of no better plan," he said.

"They are in the treasury, if Sir Langshaw wishes to see them," she returned, and ordering a torch, led the way down the great vaults, in among the massive arches that were hewn from the living rock on which the castle was founded, and unlocking a succession of iron doors, entered a small cell built of solid iron. On one side were ranged great chests, doubtless containing parts of the hoarded family wealth, and openly upon a rude iron table that stood immovable in the centre lay the regalia, that catching the torch light threw a strange radiance round upon the desolate dark place; the small sword, its hilt blazing with miracles of jewel work, the sceptre with its great emerald, the elaps and buckles, and orders, the embossed belt with depending sheaths and minute precious daggers, and the crown, which was small and not so much guarded for its value as because no king could be crowned lawfully without it. The charge of them was an honor hereditary in her family, and it was to be presumed that her native pride was a little stung that it was to be so no more.

"A million lives hang on their right destination," said Sir Langshaw. "Be assured, Lady of Aberdeen, that they will return here when it is again safe. Not for any length of time should they be out of this seven-fold security."

"Shall I deliver them formally to thy care now?" she asked, as if heedless of his words.

"When I leave, I presume. Hardly knowing why I was required, I brought no escort and must take them on my own person."

"It will make no difference that I know," she answered languidly, and securing the fastenings, they again pursued the devious ways to the upper regions.

"It would take a longer siege than one of three months to break through these solid defences, madam," said he, as she conducted him over the ramparts and along the great stone lines.

She turned quite pleasantly, although the dignity and reserve of her manner at once told that she had comprehended his disappointment at finding her a woman.

"Thou dost not know my name," she said. "I am the Lady Clare."

There was more in the simple words than a listener might suspect, for a year previously Sir Langshaw Ogilvie, with his retinue, had overtaken some highwaymen in Stirling Forest robbing a gentlewoman, whose two servants were bound hand and foot upon the ground. Quickly rescuing her, he had unloosed the servants and accompanied all a portion of their path till she had declared herself safe. The night had been dark, her hood closely drawn, and he had not seen her face, although his own had been quite visible, but at parting she had drawn a ring from her finger, and presented it, assuring him of the always grateful remembrance of the Lady Clare. He now grasped her hand quickly, for all persons think better of another to whom they have been able to render a service.

"The Lady Clare, then," said he, "will forgive the low-born disappointment that I fear my face displayed on entrance?"

"It is nothing to forgive. And certainly thou shouldst be the last to ask forgiveness of me, so greatly in thy debt. It is only that discipline in fault which teaches thee to expect nothing of a woman."

As she spoke they had approached the dining hall, and giving her torch to a servant, she invited him in, adding, "I must not lighten the old hospitality of Aberdeen by suffering my guest to depart on the day of his arrival."

"Ah, when I go, I shall leave thee," said he, "in too dangerous a situation for one so—"

"So what! Sir Langshaw?"

He had been about to say defenceless and weak, but looking at her the truth struck him.

"So perfectly able to meet all its exigencies!" said he, instead.

"Well turned," she answered, with a smile.

"But in sooth, why not mount, Lady Clare, with me, and find safety at a distance? I tremble at the thought of thy meeting these English villains."

"Should I do so, the treasure were certainly

lost, while by remaining I divert their efforts," she replied.

There was the same peculiar coldness in her manner during the remainder of the evening, which he had at first observed, for the proud blood of Aberdeen ill endured affronts, and Clare having once seen what she considered to be his aversion, knowing he had recently left the society of noted beauties and that she herself was by no means fair and lovely, now believed the pleasant warmth of his manner to be a polite assumption, while his feelings remained unchanged. In this she was only half mistaken, for Sir Langshaw of course felt no dislike, although her restraint was not apt to win friendship, but really curious to break the wall between them, and to cultivate the acquaintance of this reserved girl, so plain yet so attractive, with the quiet glances of those magnificent eyes. Thus it eventuated that he prolonged his stay till the next morning, and being somewhat weary with his journey overslept himself, and was only awakened by hurried sentences resounding through the castle, a noise from the armors hanging in the hall, and then a faint tap quickly emboldened into loud rapping on the oaken panels of his door.

"Sir Langshaw! Sir Langshaw!" cried the frightened voice of one of the spinners, not Clare, "they are upon us! the English! They came up in the night! They are almost at the gates! O, dear, Heaven, and their ships are on the sea!"

In a few moments Sir Langshaw appeared below. Here one would have looked for everything to be in confusion; but there was none but unavoidable noise, and the Lady Clare, though this quite upset her plans, passed calmly here and there, giving new orders and quieting her frightened girls.

"Ah, Sir Langshaw," said she, smiling, "thou dost not leave me, after all," and taking him up to the highest rampart, they stepped out on its summit, and gazed down a dizzy height on the great body who slowly spread their entrenchments and attacks up the hill. As she stood proudly beside the low wall with a wild indignation flaming in her eye, Sir Langshaw could not repress a feeling of admiration that usurped all his former emotions, but Clare, quite unconscious of it, turned and said, "I brought thee hither that in case of overwhelming misfortune, or of any accident to myself, thou shouldst learn a way of escape unknown always before to any out of our family. Thou couldst take the regalia away thence now, but that where this passage issues, two large ships, thou seest them half a mile distant, lie anchored, which would endanger it too much; when they draw nearer thou wilt depart."

"Most assuredly not, Lady Clare. All the regalias in the world may be at stake before I shall leave thee with the enemy around thee!"

A herald was now advancing from the English camp, and she replied hastily:

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with Sir Langshaw to know if he means all that his words imply."

"He is not accustomed to meet any doubt on the subject."

"Excuse me if I am too abrupt. It is an extraordinary proceeding for any knight to remain in such danger unnecessarily. Sir Langshaw is a prize for them."

"If my stay were unnecessary, I should not linger, but I believe I can aid thee."

"Surely, surely thou canst," she returned, looking up and meeting his earnest glance, although not daring to confess herself how greatly his presence could enliven her courage and strengthen her skill, "and if thou desirest, if thou art really determined on staying, Sir Langshaw, let me resign the command of the whole castle to thee, which I do most unequivocally!" And taking the great key from her girdle, she offered it to him.

"I see," said he, smiling, "no reason why thou shouldst abdicate. I can do nothing more effectual than the Lady Clare has already ordered, and can on no account receive this trust. Langshaw Ogilvie is well content to be a soldier under thy banner."

"But thou art a soldier, and well skilled, I, a woman with little experience. Thou wilt not refuse me, I shall have other work."

Her dignity softened into a gentle pleading, and Sir Langshaw took the keys. King Edward well knew who the Heir of Aberdeen was, or else he would have thought twice before besieging a stronghold formerly considered so invulnerable, and at this time as he walked up and down the lines of his camp, he saw her standing upon the battlements. A moment he hesitated if her companion were really Langshaw, and his heart misgave him that he had come on a profitless errand, for that knight never yielded; the next, he remembered that it was too late to retreat with honor, and pausing on his way, lifted his light helmet, and made her a low obeisance. Clare waved her hand mockingly as she returned the courtesy, and stepped haughtily back into the protecting folds of her father's banner as it dropped low for an instant, and then spread again upon the fresh sea breeze.

"The King of England looks but small from this height," she said.

On going below, Clare informed the inmates

that Sir Langshaw had undertaken their defence, and assuring her maidens of their safety set them at their spinning, bidding one who was braver than the others to declare herself, on the English herald's arrival, Lady of Aberdeen, while Clare would pretend merely to be one of themselves.

This was accordingly done, and the false Lady of Aberdeen received Edward's summons to surrender with all due state. Without directly replying she rose coolly and conducted the herald round some of the principal defences, till bewildered with the vastness of the castle, the thickness of the multitudinous walls, each enclosing others stronger than they, although unwittingly he saw some more than twice, the swarming numbers of the garrison, who, in reality few, quickly by other ways reached and manned new points, he again entered the apartment where Clare sat spinning with the rest.

"I have given your master, through you, my answer," said the girl. "It is not probable that behind such fortifications, with so large a force, and with granaries sufficient for years, I shall surrender to his pitiful demands."

At this moment Clare's distaff fell from her hand, and her head dropped forward with a faint motion.

"Art sick, girl?" quickly asked the supposed lady. "Some wine for Mistress Megg, poor child!" and she hastened to hold the head of the invalid. "We have been so long shut up in expectation of your master's arrival," she added to the herald, "that my sweet cousin is faint and weary with the closeness. Why, Meg! 'tis thy third sickness since we heard of them; for shame, thou art a sad coward—here, thou must be taken out into the courtyard for air."

And Meg was borne away, while the herald, quite pleased at what he considered a lapse of discretion in telling how any within were terrified or sick, since such things were contagious, was dismissed. Spinning was at this time the chief occupation of all ladies of rank, and on the herald's return he did not fail to mention the number of maidens employed, the piles of soft wool, or the sick damsel that he had seen, while enumerating the nest of walls and moats that surrounded the inner nut of the great edifice. But Meg, recovering on his departure, resumed her rod of dominion, and laughed heartily with Sir Langshaw on the success of her little stratagem, on which more depended than was at first seen.

Nevertheless, King Edward speedily began his work of attack, and had made far better headway than he was aware before the expiration of three months. Uselessly her archers picked off the boldest and foremost of the besiegers, or made

furious midnight charges on the serried ranks; whatever loss the English felt was invariably covered by their overwhelming numbers, and remained unobserved. Meanwhile, as if they were aware of the fact, the two ships hovered round the very mouth of the secret passage, and the provisions in the garrison were reduced to a paltry quantity. Their numbers were so small that Sir Langshaw's usual tactics of bold sallies and vehement onslaughts that bore everything before them, had but little chance for action, and chafing daily at the thought, he was obliged to confine himself almost entirely to the defensive. Had the ships moved, he would have sent Clare and her companions away with the disputed treasure, and remained himself, defying the foe; but they were as immovable as the rock itself.

Still, in the midst of his anger and mortification, he was aware of a strange pleasure he felt in the situation. Never so happy as when the Lady of Aberdeen bathed and bandaged some slight wound, when they made merry in pauses of the assault, or when together he and Clare inspected the fortifications, going the rounds with a single torch, questioning each other's thoughts and taking care for each other's safety. To Clare this was nothing new. She was well aware who had been her reserver in Tirling Forest, had heard ceaselessly of the dauntless Sir Langshaw Ogilvie ere he had been appointed to the trust which her father had held, and although these sentiments had greatly strengthened and matured since then, had felt and concealed something of them on the very night of his arrival. But Sir Langshaw would not have dreamed three months before that he should have regarded this plain, quiet girl with any warmer feeling than that of pleasant acquaintanceship. Still both remained in blissful ignorance of each other's heart, for indeed Clare never once indulged a hope, and she believed that nothing but noble knightliness prompted his kindness and protection, while he in turn questioned if she had a heart, so much difficulty did he find in reaching it. There was not food for a week more in the granary, concerning which the pretended lady had so boasted, and Clare again resigning her authority into the girl's hand, caused them to sound a truce and summon a parley with King Edward, while Scotch messengers went into the camp.

"Ah!" said Edward, "ye come to surrender at last?"

"Not at all, sire," they answered, "our castle is impregnable as ever. Ninety years, instead of ninety days, would make no difference. Our lady has a cousin, a fair, weak thing, who stays with her. She has been prostrate with fear, for



half her blood is English, and ill and pining since the siege. The Countess of Aberdeen entertains the courtesy from the King of England that he suffer this girl to depart through his camp to-day, on her way to other relatives not in our strait."

"And what will she go on?" asked the king.

"The same animals, sire, who bear her wardrobe and the wool for her spinning, will bear her."

"Very well. Present our royal compliments to Clare of Aberdeen. Her cousin can come, can depart in safety. But her wardrobe and the wool for her spinning," he said sarcastically, "will be examined."

"Willingly, sire!" and they returned. Shortly after, the English heralds led from the gate two donkeys, the first laden with two panniers, one containing her wardrobe, the other her wool, and the last bearing the languid Lady Clare. The heralds reported to the king that they had been again conducted over the castle, which still presented the same undisturbed strength, and on but one spot could any further storming have effect, from sea, upon the southeast side. That day the two ships left their station, and joining the others prepared to commence operations on the point indicated. Since all the Scotch soldiers had generally gaunt and bony faces, the heralds did not notice any famine visible upon their well padded forms, and since the maidens' cheeks were delicately painted to a healthy hue, no illness nor distress could be seen there, while the suffering which Clare had undergone being undisguised among the falsely colored faces, gave her sickness a natural appearance. Before leaving the castle she had shown Sir Langshaw the passage, and bade him farewell. There was a tremulousness in her tone as she did so that shed a new light upon his mind, and perhaps he would at once have held her there till he had declared the emotions that agitated him, had time allowed. But the heralds were already impatient, and restraining himself into that compressed earnestness, through which all deep natures express more than by words, he replied in a low, firm voice, and few words. Clare mistook it for cold indifference, and with a proud step left him. On entering the English lines she was detained a short time while two inspectors in the king's presence examined the panniers. Thrusting their hands through the folded garments to the bottom of the pannier, each in turn, and thoroughly searching one or two pieces at the top, and turning over a steel hand mirror, they found nothing. Then lightly lifting a few of the snowy fleeces and rolls of wool, they glanced at layer after layer and pronounced them free to pass.

"You will look at all," said the king, who did not deem the work complete. "I will look myself," and he turned up, edge by edge, the soft layers to the last, although without taking them from the basket. Clare had stood during this business with her riding cap and plume in her hand, her long habit trailing on the ground, and an old sword and some small daggers in her embossed belt, for her way lay through a forest. She was shown into a tent, and an old woman sent to search her. But as no one knew exactly what was wanted, nor what the regalia could be like, she found no more than the others had done, and once more mounted, Clare was led through the camp by the king himself. As he loosed her bridle, she rode on, and when three nights had intervened, bonfire after bonfire, springing up on the neighboring hills, told Sir Langshaw that Clare and the regalia were safe.

"Some accursed signals from these people, one clan to another, Scotland through!" said King Edward, when he saw them. "By my troth! I wonder was all right with that girl? A weird-looking piece, with eyes that seemed to triumph about something."

Meanwhile Clare fared steadily on her way, having the king's passport should she meet an Englishman, and a magic talisman to ward off all harm from her own countrymen, in the treasure she carried. She knew well where he who claimed to be king of Scotland was, and toward his stronghold she directed her steps. Giving the watch-word to the porters, she was allowed entrance, and shown into Bruce's presence, where by her direction the panniers also were immediately brought. So many times had her father sheltered Bruce in perilous adversity that he was well known to her, and entering, she observed him surrounded by several of the most distinguished nobles and ladies of the land. The day was lowering and gloomy, but she seemed to bring sunshine with her, for all turned to look as she passed by. To the house of Fife belonged the traditionary right of crowning the Scottish king, and the people would not have considered that they had a lawful ruler had it been otherwise. Of the House of Fife there were but four members, all distantly connected. Two of these were in England, the third was fighting in the north. The fourth was Clare of Aberdeen. Her habit was slightly torn by the briars, her face was white and thin, leaving the eyes dark, gleaming and distinct. Beholding her knee she kissed the king's hand, and as he raised her, retreated a step and glancing at the others said:

"I am the Countess of Aberdeen, and a member of the House of Fife."

"Thou hast been fearfully beleaguered, Lady Clare; hast conquered? No? How then here?" asked Bruce.

"I have brought the Treasure of Scotland through the English army," she answered quietly, "that it might be saved. And to prevent further trouble, I have come to crown the king."

Unclasping her cap, she drew from beneath its lining, the small, low crown of the regalia.

"Pardon, sire, that I have thus brought thy diadem. Otherwise English brows would have profaned, and thou hadst never have worn it!" And the king bent with profound reverence for her heroism, while she set it on his head. Out of her panniers she now lifted article by article, and from the wrinkles of a sleeve, the folds of a skirt, the trimmings of a gown, she drew jewel by jewel, fitting each in its proper place in the embossed belt she wore. From within the hollow frame of her small, steel dressing-mirror, she took the gem spangled dagger-sheaths, and the real sword hilt. Then from between the layers of wool, bedded and tangled in soft furze, she gathered piece by piece, disjointed portions of the whole regalia, refitted them and indued King Robert in their ancient splendor.

"Thou art crowned King of Scotland, now," she said. "Spread it over the land through thy messengers! Edward fights in vain! No power on earth can uncrown King Robert!" And overcome by exhaustion, now that her errand was accomplished, she fell fainting at his feet. The king snatched her in his arms with a loud exclamation of admiration and pity, himself applied the restoratives, and at last consigned her to the tender care of the queen and her ladies. The next day, quite restored, she informed him in answer to his inquiries, of Sir Langshaw's situation, and her castle's condition.

"No provisions?" said he. "Why, I myself saw the immense granaries that are cut from the rock, a hundred feet below the treasury, sealed up for just such an event as this, where no air should reach the grain and wine, and oil stored there in vast quantities. It cannot be possible they are exhausted."

"Our old castellan died directly after my father, vainly endeavoring to speak," she said; "it must have been that. Neither the present castellan, nor I, know anything of these granaries."

"They are there though," said Bruce, and he gave her a very specific account of their place and contents. She remembered the place, and had always thought it some peculiar structure for support.

"I must return at once and tell them," she said. "Now I can save Sir Langshaw, as he

has saved me. It was his thought to send the regalia, though he meant another should take it." The king interpreted the flush that dyed her face in speaking.

"Although I am loath to see thee depart, sweet Clare, as thou wilt not doubt," said he, "yet if thou canst, it is clearly thy duty; but how?"

"There is a secret way, sire, through which the garrison could escape if Sir Langshaw were not immovable. I enter by that."

"Then with thee shall go," he replied, "a force sufficient to issue from thy gates under Ogilvie, and annihilate our enemy." And that very day, under an escort of warriors, she departed.

In the interval, messengers had spread the news that the King of Scotland was crowned, till it reached the ears of King Edward, who had thought it all impossible. Gnashing his teeth, he sullenly called off his men from attack, for the castle still held out under Sir Langshaw, and they were silent and deliberating if it were best to raise the siege at noon, two days after the reinforcement had left Bruce. The number which Lady Clare led, had been constantly swelling as they marched along, and now at last they reached the mouth of the passage. It was below high water mark, and the tide subsiding had left the ledge bare. Here, having first kindled several torches, one by one, every man threw himself on his hands and knees, and crawled into a fissure of the rocks. Last of all she herself went, passed the long line that awaited her, and then through the damp ways still dripping with sea-water, and submerged several inches, they silently wound up till their feet touched dry stone. Into what seemed nothing but a crack in the rock, she fitted a key which had been hidden in another crevice, and slowly a great gate swung open and they entered broad ways full of high arches and myriad passages. Many other gates and doors were passed, and hardly had they closed the last, before they perceived the castellan, with a duplicate key, the maidens, and the remainder of the garrison winding down towards them. Sir Langshaw had sent them away with their lives, and remained alone, resolved never to open the gates.

"We are safe, now," said the Lady Clare. "You will conduct these brave guests of ours into pleasanter regions," and leaving the castellan, she swiftly ran on before, through the long passages, and up the dark corridors, till standing in the main hall of the deserted castle, the wind blowing down the great stairway told her the tall turret was open, and with a joyful step she hurried up, running fast and breathless. It was the hour of sunset, and Sir Langshaw sat alone in

the open air, looking sadly but sternly out to sea. She did not pause to think, but as he rose, sprang forward with a cry into his arms.

"Saved, saved!" she said. It was enough for him that she said it; he did not question how; but murmuring, "Clare! Clare! art thou here? Come back to me once more ere I die?" clasped her only closer in his arms, and kissed her brow repeatedly. She had not dreamed of the wild vehemence of her action, nor thought even what she was doing, or of the reception she would meet, when, forgetting all her past belief, in the sudden joy of deliverance, she had thus wildly expressed her passion. But it was enough to feel his rapturous embrace, to know with certainty, as in that moment she did, that Sir Langshaw loved her with all the strength of his great heart, and when the household were once more assembled, the state of affairs was pretty well understood. Immediately after the arrival of the rest, one of the great granaries was unsealed, and in the course of some two hours, the famished garrison sat down to such a feast as for months they had not shared.

At last the moon rose round and clear behind the forests, and taking advantage of the first glimmer, the whole body rose and donned their armor. A moment Sir Langshaw held Clare in his arms with a fervent grasp, for now the first time that she sent him forth to battle might also be the last. Nevertheless, the joy of the moment drowned the bitterness, and with his naked sword in hand, out of the great gates that swung silently for their exit over draw-bridge and outer ditch, even in the enemy's teeth, he led the host that followed, and falling like an avalanche on the careless foe, utterly swept them from the face of Scotland, for not a hundred southern knights escaped with Edward to tell the tale of his defeat. A long and dreadful night for England, a glorious one for Scotland. With dawn Sir Langshaw returned victorious to his bride. From that day the houses of Ogilvie and Aberdeen melted into one—the proudest branch of old Scotch strength.

#### Origin of Turncoat.

At the battle of Fustadt, fought in 1707, between the Saxons and Russians on the one side, and the Swedes on the other, the Saxons wore red coats, and the Russians white ones lined with red. The Saxons were soldiers of high reputation, while the Russians (though it was but little more than two years before "Pultorva's day") were the most abject creatures imaginable. To deceive the Swedes, the Russians were ordered to put on their coats wrong side out, the object being to prevent the Swedes from concentrating their forces upon the cowards. But the plan didn't answer, for though the Saxons repulsed the Swedes, the Russians ran away at once, in spite of having turned their coats, and carried the Saxons with them.

#### THE OLD ELM TREE.

BY STEEL WALDRON.

There's an elm tree standing lone,  
Where the ocean maketh moan,  
In each dying wave;  
And its bending branches stoop,  
And pitying, sorrowing, droop  
O'er a lonely grave—  
Desolate is the mansion,  
And there standeth an empty chair,  
And beside it in the dimness,  
A desolate spirit here.  
Wearily beateth the heart,  
Whence hope was wont to start—  
Hope strong and brave;  
But that hope is buried now  
Under the elm tree's bough,  
In that lonely grave.  
Wearily strugglenth the fire  
Upon its ghastly bier  
Of ashes white;  
Faint flickering on the wall,  
Dim shadows rise and fall,  
Mocking my sight—  
The blasts, in baffled strength,  
Rustle the curtain's length  
With ghostly wave—  
And each wind-shriek tells me how  
They've been rustling the elm tree's bough,  
O'er that lonely grave—  
There's no hope, no faith, no prayer—  
All—yes, all are buried there,  
Where the tall grass swayeth slowly,  
To the heaven-breathed night-winds holy—  
Where I hear the gentle tone  
Of the ocean making moan  
In each pebbly wave—  
Where the elm tree's branches stoop,  
And pitying, sorrowing, droop  
O'er that lonely grave.

#### CATALINA.

#### A TALE OF ANDALUSIA.

BY FRANCIS W. SAWTELLE.

"GRACIOS, senior, gracios."

I was in Spain—in Grenada, that valuable but somewhat dilapidated property belonging to Mr. Irving. I had been sauntering leisurely and, I flatter myself, gracefully along the walk, admiring the beauties of nature and my own unexceptionable costume—I had on my best clothes; indeed, I may say I always wear my best clothes, for the same reason that Paddy declined purchasing a chest that was going cheap at auction. "Why should I buy a chist?" he asked of his adviser. "To pit yer clothes in, sure," replied his friend. "Me clothes, is it?" returned Paddy, in amazement; "what! an' go naked?"—I was loitering along, I say, admiring

many things, but nothing more than the bewitching play of fans, the matchless walk and bewildering faces of the lovely ladies I was constantly meeting.

While thus pleasantly and profitably employed, my attention was attracted towards two persons slightly in advance of me. The figure of one of the party was superior to that of any woman I had yet seen in Spain, but that of the shorter, and apparently younger of the two, was absolute perfection; never did I look upon its equal. Accelerating my pace a bit, to overtake the fascinating little creature, I was speedily by her side, when casting a furtive glance beneath her mantilla, I beheld—well there, what's the use of my trying to tell you a hundredth part of what I beheld? such eyes shaded by such lashes, such smooth, glossy hair, and such an unnecessarily lovely face, could only have been produced by Nature in a moment of spite towards us, poor lords, whom she (Nature) desired to drive distracted.

Now I take it that every man has in his time came suddenly upon a face that has so completely biologized him, as for the moment to confuse his senses—meaning, of course, a man belonging to that small class who, like you and I, have any sense to be confused. Precisely this sort of thing occurred to me at that time. In my bewilderment, I must have done something sufficiently awkward to attract attention; for the little lady, raising her eyes from the ground, glanced towards me. At the same instant, she struck one of the toes of her little bits of slippers against a small—a very small—stone, losing her balance and subjecting her to the imminent risk of a serious fall. With the rapidity of light, I caught her in my arms and restored her to her equilibrium. Lifting those eyes with those lashes to my face, and instantly dropping them with a little blush, a strain of music soft and low stole forth from between two ruby and eminently kissable lips, from between two rows of little pearls, softly and sweetly murmuring the three words that head this story:

*"Gracias, señor, gracias."*

More intoxicated and confused than ever, I forgot what little Spanish I ever knew, and murmuring a few words intelligible to neither gods nor men, I stood "booing and booing," like Sir Pertinax, while she, with a little smile that spoke thanks, passed me, leaving me among the list of dangerously wounded. Recovering my self-possession with a jerk, I slowly and at some distance followed my divinity as she gracefully walked—no, she didn't walk—as she glided—no she didn't glide; Spanish women never do either.

In describing their locomotion, you can only say that they "go it," and if a Spanish girl don't know how to "go it" and "walk Spanish" about as well as any other gal, why, you can take my hat. Through several streets I followed, at a respectful distance, until at length she reached her residence. At the instant of her disappearance through the portal, a bright glance, shooting out from behind a most coquettish fan, pierced the very centre of my heart, causing that "noble entrait" to flap and founce in the most remarkable and alarming manner.

Having executed a mental photograph of the building, and noted its exact location, I fled precipitately back to my hotel, up the stairs, into my room, and placed myself before a mirror, as is my habit after meeting a pretty girl. A single glance assured me that my apparel was as I could have wished; a look at my countenance pleased me; but raising my eyes still higher, I saw a sight that filled me with shame and horror, and caused my frame to quiver with emotion. A favorite ear-lock that I had trained with much care to pitch forward over the left temple in a graceful curl, now hung limp and shaggy behind the ear. With a sensation akin to despair, I slat myself into a seat, and covering my face with my claws, strove to banish the recollection of the fair enchantress from my mind. A brilliant idea occurred to me; perhaps the left side of my profile was not turned towards her. I jumped from my chair, and excitedly pacing the room, thought the matter over. Yes, by Jove, it was the left, for her right hand was clasped in mine, while my left arm was encircling her waist. There could be no doubt of the matter. I was desolated. I threw myself again into the chair, with the audibly expressed wish, enunciated between a sob and a grunt, that an early dissolution might speedily terminate my sufferings.

Not observing any symptoms of the immediate realization of my wish, I was about to order supper as a relief to my feelings, when another bright thought occurred to me, which at once restored my spirits. Struck, as she must have been, by my general appearance, perhaps she did not observe the frightful condition of my hair, after all. What if I should put my refractory wig in training and appear before her in all the glory of a perfect toilet—would not such a course tend to remove the unfavorable impression she received at our first interview? I felt that such would be the case. Full of this idea, I precipitately quitted the hotel, entered a barber's shop in the vicinity and subsided into a vacant operating chair.

"Would *senor caballero* be pleased to be shaved?" inquired the handsome and excessively brigandish-looking proprietor of the establishment.

"No, *senor caballero* would not be pleased to be shaved; *senor caballero* always shaved himself, and be hanged to him! *Senor caballero* wanted his hair fixed—so, did he understand?"

"He felt gratified and happy in the belief that he comprehended *senor's* wishes."

I also felt gratified and happy for the same reason; and having placed myself in the proper position, he seized the implements of his profession and forthwith pitched into me.

While being combed and brushed and curling-tongued, in a particularly scientific manner, I suddenly recalled the fact that, from the time of Gil Blas and the Knight of the Rueful Countenance down to the days of Figaro and our own times, Spanish barbers have ever proved themselves adepts in matters pertaining to the sex, scarcely ever failing to bring about a happy result. "Why," I asked myself, "should not this fellow know something, as well as his mighty brethren that were of old? There will be no harm in pumping him a bit, at all events.

"Are you familiar with such and such a locality?" I asked, mentioning the name of the street where I had left "the immortal part of myself."

"He was familiar with all parts of Grenada, but with none more so than the street to which *senor* referred."

"Did he happen to know who resided in the old Moorish-built house on the right, just beyond the apothecary's?"

"Perfectly."

"The deuce he did. Who were they?"

"A young widow and her charming niece, Catalina. Highly respectable people, though not so well off as they had been. The young lady has an uncle, a friar, who protects them."

"Was he acquainted with the family himself?" I asked, wishing yet fearing to hear him reply in the affirmative, and also wishing, in case he did say yes, that he was not so atrociously "good-looking."

"He had the honor of dressing the young lady's hair, now and then, upon the occasion of a *fiesta* or the like."

I gave a little start at the thought that the very paws that were then poking over my skillet had but a little while before, perhaps, toyed with and arranged the incomparable silken tresses of the adorable Catalina.

"Is she—that is, has she—in short, a *novia*, a beau?"

A peculiar smile crept over the features of the handsome barber.

"He thought not—indeed, he was sure she had no lover. *Senor* must remember the lady was very young!"

"True."

"Had *senor* met the lady in question?"

I hesitated. But why hesitate? I could do nothing alone, and perhaps the barber might assist me. I didn't ask myself to what he would assist me—indeed, I never thought, and couldn't have told, to save my life, what it was I wanted; I only knew that I felt very queer indeed, and so—I slipped a piece of gold into the barber's hand, and my adventure of the afternoon into his ear.

"*Senor* would like to become acquainted with the young lady?"

"Certainly; but I fear that will be very difficult," I replied, with visions of duennas and daggers and all that, before my eyes.

"Not at all. Suppose *senor* were to send her a bouquet with the stems of the flowers confined by a ring, a bracelet, or some other pretty article of jewelry?"

"And she would accept it?"

"Doubtless."

"But that will not be an introduction. I cannot address her on the strength of a bouquet!"

"Most assuredly not. But he would be most happy to befriend *senor caballero*. The uncle—the friar, of whom he had spoken—who had the interest of his niece at heart, was also his friend. He (the friar) should call upon me that evening at my hotel."

Had the barber been a Frenchman, I should have embraced him; as he was a Spaniard, I executed a magical piece of jugglery, and—presto! something jingled in the bottom of his pocket that had jingled of yore in my own trousers.

That afternoon, a beautiful bouquet and a costly bracelet left my room in charge of a trusty messenger. That evening the young gentleman who "had the honor to serve *senor caballero Americano*," ushered into my apartment a holy friar. He entered with a bow and a most benignant expression of countenance, which last (the countenance) seemed strangely familiar. That I had met him before, was certain; but I had visited so many churches, and seen so many churchmen in Spain, that I considered it useless to endeavor to recall where I had seen him, and so did not trouble myself about it.

Our conversation, after running for a time upon general topics, at length centered upon Catalina.

"His thoughts," he was pleased to inform me, "were not much occupied with the things of this world; but Catalina was the daughter of his only brother, and his heart went out towards her." And he sighed heavily.

He certainly was not an old man, and I interpreted the deep sigh as meaning, if he was not her own uncle and was not a churchman, his heart would go out towards her much more vehemently than it then did.

"He had learned from an excellent and trusty friend that I was in every way an unexceptionable gentleman, a republican nobleman, the soul of honor," etc., etc.

How my friend the barber had managed to discover all that, was rather more than I could understand. I was not disposed to deny the charge, however, and he remained undeceived.

The next day I accompanied the complimentary successor of the apostles to the residence of his niece, where he shortly left me. Catalina had my bracelet clasped round her arm, and my bouquet in her little soft hands. She did not speak a word about either, but as we sat side by side, talking very soft and low, she looked at the jewel and at the flowers, then timidly raised her eyes to mine, and blushing, dropped them again, then, blushing harder than ever, she carried the bouquet to her lips and placed it in her bosom. What mere words could have equalled this delicious little pantomime? I was more than content.

I lack space, paper, ink and inclination to relate in detail how I sped in my wooing, how I walked, drove, danced and sung with Catalina, how she taught me Spanish—and such pretty Spanish, too—and how I got clear up to my ears in love with the little gipsy. Before the first month was at an end, I flattered myself that I understood her character perfectly. She was the most gentle, confiding, lovable, loving and extravagant little creature that ever flirted a fan. A passion for jewels was her weakness. It was morally impossible for her to see a pretty trinket without experiencing the most ardent desire to possess it; and I, as her *querido*, her lover, could do no less than gratify her taste. I soon found, however, that I should be compelled to check this constant drain upon my purse, or my little beauty would clean me out completely. Many a time had I resolved to give her a gentle hint in regard to her extravagance, but my courage and my will as often failed me.

It happened, one day, as we were sitting together beneath the orange-trees and flowering shrubs in the marble *patia*, or court, of her house, that she dwelt longingly and lovingly

upon the happiness that must inevitably result from the possession and ownership of a magnificent jewelled necklace we had seen the day before, and for which the goldsmith asked the moderate price of a hundred Napoleons.

The sum was sufficiently large to cause me to think seriously of the matter, and with a grave countenance, I ventured gently to expostulate with her upon the impropriety of an extravagant indulgence of her expensive taste. She looked up wonderingly in my face for a minute, with a sad and mournful expression; then, bounding into the house, she almost instantly returned with something less than a bushel basket-full of presents I had made her at various times, which she laid upon the seat by my side.

"Could I forgive her?" she asked, placing both her little hands in mine, and looking imploringly with tearful eyes into my own. "She had been so thoughtless—so very, very selfish! She had never thought that, perhaps, I was denying myself luxuries, and even comforts, for her foolish and wicked sake. She didn't want the hateful necklace; she wouldn't have it. I must—indeed I must, take back what I had already given her, except the bracelet, my first present, that she could not part with, and—*would* I only p-p-p-l-e-a-s-e forgive her?" And her dear little head drooped upon my shoulder, while my arm—but never mind about my arm.

Would I forgive her? That indeed! wouldn't I do just that? Wasn't I tickled to death that it lay in my power to do so? I felt in my bones that it was more godlike to forgive than to seek revenge. I twisted and turned, and ran down and completely foundered the Spanish language, in pursuit of terms sufficiently strong to assure her I had nothing to forgive—that she was the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart—that she should keep all my presents and have the necklace, too—yes, dozens of necklaces—that she must never think I embarrassed myself pecuniarily in gratifying her, for that would be impossible, as, in connection with my uncle the President of the United States, and my brother the Secretary of State, I was the principal owner of the valuable gold mines of California, not to mention Golconda and other trifling side-shows. "So I pacified Psyche and kissed her, and reasoned her out of her gloom;" and when I departed from the house, to proceed at once for the necklace, I left her smiling, blushing, and most industriously kissed.

I had not proceeded more than a dozen or eight paces down the street, before perceiving that I had left my cane behind me. Returning to the house, I entered through the garden.

Catalina was standing precisely where I left her. With her glossy hair arranged so bewitchingly, her exquisite figure bent forward in the attitude of attention, and one little foot peeping timidly out and tapping gently upon the ground, she presented such a picture of loveliness, that I involuntarily paused to gaze upon her for a moment unperceived.

I may have stood among the shrubbery for the space of half a minute, more or less, when another figure, a man's, appeared upon the scene. It was my friend the barber, whose features I now for the first time perceived bore a striking resemblance to those of my other friend the friar.

"Juan," exclaimed Catalina, bounding towards him and looking up into his face with an expression I had never seen before, it was so full of love and confidence, "I am so glad you have come! I have been so terribly bored by that stupid Senor Jinx!"

"Why *hija mia*, my child, what are you doing with all those trinkets here?" he asked, pointing to the undisturbed heap of my presents.

"O, he hesitated about the necklace of which we were speaking last night, so I was compelled to get up a little scene; these are the accessories." And she laughed merrily.

"You think he will get you the necklace?"

"He is sure to do so."

"Why, that will be a hundred Napoleons?"

"Yes."

"And he has already given you presents to an equal amount?"

"Yes."

"Why then, my child, with what I have, there is nothing to prevent our marriage when he has been squeezed dry and is gone."

"And we will live at Madrid, Juan?"

"Yes, darling."

And there was a long embrace.

Now some fellows would have blundered right in among that happy couple and made a scene, and some fellows would have made great jackasses of themselves by so doing. I did nothing of the kind, for two reasons; first, because I was apprehensive that the brigandish looks of my handsome rival might be but the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual man, and second, because I knew it would do no good. With long and savage strides, I made for my hotel.

"Jose!" I shouted, as I entered my room.

The young gentleman who had the distinguished honor to serve *senor caballero Americano* made his appearance.

"How soon can I start for Seville?"

"To-morrow morning, at six."

"Good. See that my baggage is packed at once, and let it be in readiness."

"Senor!"

"My baggage!" I repeated, fiercely.

"Ah, pardon; senor alludes to his other shirt, his tooth-brush and comb. It shall be in readiness directly I find a paper and piece of string."

"And Jose!" I vociferated, as he vanished through the door to execute my order.

"Senor?"

"Bring me half-a-dozen of Sherry and a pipe."

"Yes, senor."

The Sherry was brought, and drawing a large arm-chair up to the table, I manfully faced the enemy. The siege was a tough one, but having sat down before the place, I was bound to reduce it, and it was about one o'clock, P. M., that I carried the last entrenchment by storm, at which time the empty bottles presented a singular appearance—multiplying themselves at will from six to six hundred thousand millions.

I have somewhere read that "Hardyknute havng drenched hymself wyth a great horn of wyne, stared about hym and dyed." For a brief period, I feared I was about to follow in the footsteps of the worthy and tough old Dane; but sleep came to my relief.

The next morning, I awoke with a violent headache and thoughts of vengeance against the human family in general, and the handsome barber in particular; but Jose having made me experimentally acquainted with the wonder-working properties of that mysterious morning-drink known as "bitters," my headache, wounded vanity and love, vanished together, and I left for Seville a wiser and a worse man.

#### WHISTLING.

The man who don't believe in whistling, should go a step farther, and put a muzzle on bobolinks and mocking birds. Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly than any other man, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much again money as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. Who ever heard of a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall Street? We pause for an answer. The man who attacks whistling, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to. Let him be looked to.—*Albany Times.*

The man wedded to money gets a shrew for a wife.



## TRUE FRIENDS.

BY AMELIA F. WINTER.

Sometimes, amid the tossing cares  
That roll along life's ocean,  
We find true hearts that cling to us  
With earnest, pure devotion.  
Hearts that unselfishly will give  
Their best years to our serving,  
And love not less, though we withhold  
The thanks they are deserving.

Hearts that will turn aside from hopes  
It would be sweet pursuing,  
And patiently attend our wants,  
Unwearied in well doing.  
Yes, there are hearts whose pious love  
Will hide from us their sorrow,  
And for our ills, however slight,  
Will seek a balm to borrow.

Hearts that will fold within themselves  
Their burdens, griefs and losses;  
And though ours may be lighter far,  
Still help us bear our crosses.  
O, blest are they who find such friends  
Upon life's stormy ocean,  
And doubly blest the heart that beats  
To bless with its devotion.

## THE RESTORED WIFE.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

"WELL, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Cavendish, as that lady rushed past the servant of Mrs. Delamere, and took a seat on the sofa beside the latter. "I am in the most painful state of excitement, whilst you look as tranquil as if not even an earthquake could disturb you."

"Well, Emily, what *has* occurred?" cried the lady of the house, raising herself to a sitting posture, and indolently placing two white fingers in the other's more nervous palm.

"Let me breathe, first—let me breathe!" implored the visitor, dropping beside her friend, on the couch, and still retaining her fingers by gentle pressure, to impress her tale upon her, "let me take breath, for the scene I have just witnessed had quite shattered me. Only fancy, imagine anything too horrible for your ears," continued the voluble-tongued lady, nodding her head with every word. "Kate Lyndhurst has married a nigger!"

"A black!" almost shrieked her listener, sitting upright, as if galvanized by the terrible intelligence.

"A real nigger, my dear friend," continued the other, lowering her voice with horror.

"But how—when—where did she meet the wretch?" hastily asked the languid lady, forget-

ting *ennui* and languor in the rich tale of scandal prepared for her digestive powers.

"Stop, and I'll tell you all; from what I hear and conjecture, she met the wretch at Dr. Henderson's. You must remember, my dear creature, when we went there together to consult him about your nerves, the terror you experienced when that black man, more than six feet high, I am sure, flung open the door to admit us."

"I do indeed," shivered the other, at the bare recollection.

"That's the man, my dear!"

"Good heavens! how dreadful," gasped Mrs. Delamere. "To marry such a creature—such a face—the white cravat and all!"

"You may well say so! It is by that very white cravat I have found him out—you see I called this morning to see Mrs. Lyndhurst, and found her in violent hysterics. She had only just learned the event, and there was Mr. Lyndhurst walking about—you know his odd, pompous manner—and his deep base voice, as he uttered, 'Who'd have thought it? who *would* have thought it? A child of mine, phew!'"

"Well, I'm not sorry, as such an event was to happen, that it happened to them," said Mrs. Delamere, spitefully, "for their pride is quite offensive. A child of his, indeed! I should like to know why his should be exempt from indiscretions!" And the dear friends pressed each other's hands; but what were the real facts of the case?

Mrs. Cavendish had in this matter painted the nigger blacker than he really was. Miss Kate Lyndhurst had eloped with a handsome young man, discreetly attired in black, with a white cravat. Thence arose the mistaken identity with the doctor's well-known, white-kerchiefed negro. Kate's mama had resolved that her daughter should marry a rich man, and to that end did her utmost to persuade Kate to become the wife of the elderly and rich Mr. Van Tasseler. But that gentleman was nearly sixty years of age—Kate, eighteen. The old millionaire mumbled forth broken words of love; Mrs. Lyndhurst urged; Mr. Lyndhurst pointed out the value of riches; but Kate did not see them, simply because she had her eyes fixed on something else. She had noticed that whilst all these cold, worldly counsels were resounding in her ear, a pair of deep blue eyes met hers, whenever their owner saw her, with an expression of so much intense, but yet respectful interest, that she became thoughtful; wondering whether he knew how tormented she was, and whether his looks denoted pity.

It may be well at once to state, those deep blue eyes were in the head of a young clerk in

Mr. Lyndhurst's great banking establishment—a poor clergyman's son, who felt it no sin to aspire to one so much above him in a worldly point of view. Indeed he could not help himself, for his heart never asked permission, but departed without leave—a base deserter.

The young lovers had looked and sighed sometime, then accident helped them on their journey of fate. Kate Lyndhurst went one day to consult Doctor Henderson, and what was her surprise to find Charles Mortimer, the quiet clerk, also in the waiting room. His nerves were out of order, too. Naturally enough Charles and Kate fell into conversation. Moreover, elsewhere he was only a clerk, here he was an acquaintance. So they talked more freely than they had ever done before, and parted ten thousand times more in love with each other. Again and again they met there, but not quite accidentally, for Charles watched when she went, and followed, and that was why Kate Lyndhurst disliked to see a doctor's carriage standing at the door, and why she discovered that a walk home was beneficial to her health.

Cupid was making his way to port in a rough sea, but with willing hands to trim her sails. Hymen was vainly endeavoring on the other hand, to light his torch by Mr. Van Tasseler's eyes, but though they offered flint enough (for they were cold, selfish orbs), Kate Lyndhurst refused to find steel, consequently there was no fire possible. And whilst the disappointed god stood on the highway with his inverted and extinguished torch, like a rejected link-boy, Cupid came by with flying colors, driver to the happy Mortimer and Kate. Their horse's hoofs struck fire. Hymen took advantage of it, re-lit his torch, sprang upon the coach box and piloted them to a minister, by whom they were united.

That was how it occurred, and the black man in the white handkerchief was the quiet-looking Charley Mortimer, and not Doctor Henderson's negro. But when ladies like Mrs. Cavendish give loose to their propensities for conjecturing and rushing to conclusions from surmises, it would be very lucky indeed, if in this world they did no greater harm than for a time to transform a quiet clerk in black, into a negro in a white cravat, for in this case, facts soon spoke for themselves.

These facts were now unfortunate enough, Heaven knows. Kate Lyndhurst had a heart, and could not barter her beauty and eighteen years, for great wealth, old age and a disagreeable old man, so she did a very foolish thing; she permitted her eyes to see, and her ears to listen to love's persuasions, that a young, loving heart,

the heart of a man, the mind of a gentleman, were better things than splendid misery. So she eloped, and caused all the hysterics and scoldings which we have recorded.

Love in a cottage is very fine in theory, finer than it is in practice; unfortunately the former is the easiest thing of the two, for it only requires imaginative powers. The latter requires money. Now Charles Mortimer had just enough for the wedding tour. He took his bride to introduce her to his reverend father. That benevolent but poor old gentleman gave them first a lecture, then his benediction, next a breakfast, and lastly he sent them adrift to make their way in the world as he himself had done before them. Poor young folks! for them there were no difficulties, no troubles! Did they not love?

To the city they came, but Mr. and Mrs. Lyndhurst were silent, and their doors barred against them. Mrs. Mortimer's letters were returned unopened. Charles strove very hard to obtain something, but he had sinned against the upper-tendom, and with none of them was there a chance. He had sinned against every domestic hearth, by inciting a child to open rebellion against her parents. All this became too soon apparent—as visible as the emptiness of his purse.

For some months they struggled on, and Kate Mortimer tasted poverty, a repast never even dreamed of in her days of prosperity. With some natures it is wholesome food, and nourishes many beautiful virtues, that spring up like winter flowers in snow, with others it saps the root and destroys the germ of everything lovely. Charles Mortimer strove as never man strove before, in all love, in all patience, for he felt how much he had wronged the fair creature beside him. He felt she was not, in the true spirit of marriage, bone of his bone; but a strange shoot grafted on a tree foreign to its nature. Would it survive? This was his restless thought, for he saw that Kate grew impatient, pettish and sad, all very bad symptoms. Poverty was irksome and incomprehensible to her, as it was to Marie Antoinette, who, when told that the people were in open revolution, and clamoring for bread, exclaimed in the simplicity of her heart, "If there is no bread why don't they give them *brioche*s?" a kind of French cake.

The young people were at this point when a letter arrived from Mrs. Lyndhurst. A wily letter, for if she had commenced by treating Charles Mortimer with contempt, or had used angry language, all Kate's good but dormant feelings would have arisen to defend him. But, no, she spoke of both of them with sincere pity,

as of two thrown together who could never become one. How could a delicate and fair lily thrive in a field of rough wheat, where every moment its gentle petals were menaced by contact with the bustling ears? And how could her Kate ever hope to understand, or be understood by one so opposed to her in all things, as her father's servant? for he was no more. "It has not been anger, but deep grief, my beloved girl," wrote Mrs. Lyndhurst. "But I felt it my duty to leave you awhile in your distress, that you might be made well acquainted with the nature of the person you have thrown yourself away upon."

Kate laid down the letter and fell into a reverie, from which she at length awoke. Ah! her mother had desired to see her. Poisoned by that letter, her mind underwent a change. She felt a disgust towards the honest, manly Mortimer. The very struggles he made to support her, were so many proofs in her eyes of a base, low-born nature. Poverty and toil were natural to him—but to her! At that moment she bitterly repented not having married the millionaire. Her mother's letter concluded with an offer to receive her again with open arms; her, but not her husband "the man," as she termed him.

Charles Mortimer left home that morning to see a friend who had offered to obtain a situation for him in a merchant's office. At all events it would be bread for the present. Joyfully he returned home, no longer with poverty staring him in the face. Despair, in the masquerade of Hope, led him to his door, and then flinging off the mask glared upon him. Kate was gone! He found a cold letter, yet one she had meant for a kind one, saying that for both their interests she had returned home, in the hope of softening her parents' hearts, but he was informed that he was not an invited guest, nor could she see him at present.

Charles Mortimer felt the blow keenly; he sat like one bewildered. Then he wrote to her and pleaded, implored her to return; he would work, slave—do anything, if she would only come and cheer him with her presence.

Cold indeed was the letter she wrote him in reply. She begged he would be more reasonable, more generous, after all the injury she had endured in consequence of his selfish conduct. She would write, but she begged of him to leave her in peace, or certain ruin must ensue. Charles's conscience told him he was acting rightly, so he persisted in all gentleness and love to urge her duty as a wife, her position in this voluntary separation; but Kate, though only weak herself, had an unscrupulous mother, one who would

have preferred anything, sooner than have her daughter lose caste.

Charles gave up his situation in the city. He had no powerful friends, so he went to a little quiet New England village and became school teacher. His profits were small, and in that quiet spot Kate's humble husband was unknown—forgotten by all. The privations for the few months of her married life made the splendor of her home more appreciated.

Months passed and her very position made her seem more attractive to many. Separated from her husband! Those who could not hope to become that to her, ventured boldly to whisper affection. Others, themselves bound by ties, presumed even more; perhaps they were her equals. At first this flattered her; but many an hour came, in which she struggled to chase away an ever-coming vision of pure, holy joy; of a love which clings around a husband's neck. In the whirl of fashion, she tried not to think; but thought comes in the dreams, over which we are powerless, and more than once when the poison of passion had been breathed into her ear, the vision of night gave her back to holy peace and love. Stronger and stronger waged the war within her breast, the fiercer when she saw how little her mother cared for her danger.

One night, a man high in social position, married, with whom she had been more free, because he was married and she felt more secure, flung himself on his knees as gracefully as any one might do it, and implored her to fly with him.

Kate shrank back aghast. Was this the result of her kindness of manner to him? A film came over her mental sight. She almost dreaded looking within. With a strong effort she did so at last, and there in her heart, safely enshrined, she found Charles Mortimer. A deep, sobbing sigh relieved her terror, and then she burst into tears. What she said to the one before her she never remembered; but from that day, neither at ball or fete, did any one see Kate Mortimer.

And the village schoolmaster. He went on his own quiet way; but in all that quiet he was not half so lonely as Kate, surrounded as she was by her friends and family. Charles Mortimer made many friends. Every village child loved its teacher. He taught in love; every one laid their burdens on his shoulders, for he had none of his own, they thought, to bear, so they made him carry every weighty load. Thus Charles Mortimer almost lost the habit of thinking of himself or of his own cares.

"Mr. Mortimer, do come down to the house and speak with a poor young woman who came in last night, and seems quite sick."

It was the wife of the landlord of the village tavern who spoke.

"But, my good lady," answered he, "I cannot intrude on persons whom I do not know."

"But she's been asking for some good man to consult with her, she seems in great trouble."

"My dear Mrs. Hartley, it is not my place. Pray go to your minister. It is his business, not mine. Who is she?"

"Don't know, Mr. Mortimer. She is dressed plainly, and keeps her head hanging down, but she's handsome, I should say. She asked for you."

"For me?" he exclaimed. "How could she know me?" He felt tremulous, but without an idea of the truth. He never dreamed it could be his Kate, but the landlady continued urging him, with the assurance that though the stranger had not asked for him by name, she had inquired for the good village teacher, who could aid her with his counsel. Thus urged, Mortimer sallied forth in the gray twilight of an October evening.

When he entered the little inn, he found that the poor woman, ill and in trouble, had fallen into a momentary forgetfulness in sleep, for she had been confined to her bed since the morning. Mortimer sat patiently by the parlor fire, listening to all the many conjectures about the guest in the other room.

"You mind, Mr. Mortimer, if I'm not right," said the landlady, at last. "It must be Jackson's daughter, pretty Jane, as they called her; she ran away last year with that gay fellow from New York—poor girl—she's come home ruined, and wants you to speak with her father, for don't I see, how she hides her face, and I believe her lying in bed is just a sham that you shan't look on her countenance."

"Poor girl, God help her!" exclaimed Charles, his heart already warmed towards one in such apparent sorrow. "God knows I should respect her trouble and not strive to pry into her secrets!"

At this moment a little bell in the room up stairs was rung, and the landlady hurried up. Down she came in a few moments.

"Just as I suspected," she whispered, "she asks to see you, but without any light."

Gently Charles Mortimer entered the room above, and seating himself beside the bed, he drew the curtain between himself and its occupant.

"You sent for me, I believe?" he said, in a low tone. "Of what service can I be to you?"

"Not by name, sir," she uttered quickly, but in a very low tone, replying to the first part of his sentence, "for I do not know it."

"My name is Mortimer," he said.

There was a pause for some moments, and he heard her sigh deeply.

"Tell me if I can in any way serve you," he said, again. "I will gladly do so."

"Gladly? willingly?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Yes, on my honor, in any way in my power. We are sent on earth to aid one another. Love one another is a divine law."

"Sir," she whispered, with broken sobs, "I've wronged one to whom I owed all gratitude."

"'Tis a pity," he said, gently; "ingratitude is a self scourge; it carries its penalty with it. I do hope you exaggerate your fault, my poor girl."

"You call me what I am not, sir," she replied, "I am not a girl; I am married."

A bolt of agony shot through Mortimer's heart, and he placed his hand on his bosom to quell the spasm.

"Married," she uttered again, in a suppressed tone, "married, and have forsaken, wronged my husband. I listened to false counsels and flattering tongues, to all who would have misled me."

"God help you indeed, my poor woman!" he said, with deep emotion.

She was weeping bitterly.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, again; "shall I take you to your friends?"

"Friends! I have none but my husband."

"But if you have so deeply wronged him, will he re—" he spoke hesitatingly.

"I have been thoughtless, erring, but not guilty—on my life not guilty!" she said, interrupting him in agony.

"Then be comforted," he said, gently; and moving back the curtain, he took the hand involuntarily which had been raised to fling back the charge of guilt. "Be comforted. We are all weak, erring creatures. He must forgive you. I will go to him."

"Will he love me again? O, say he will!"

"He will—he must! O, ten times more than ever, if he have any heart!" exclaimed Mortimer, "for indeed the lost lamb restored is precious."

"Love me—O, me, my husband! my Charles!" exclaimed Kate, rising up and flinging her arms around his neck, "for I love none but you in the wide world."

Need we record his answer? The lip which forgave but never spoke—the arms which drew her to his strong heart, as he had never before strained her—and her sobbing accents of great joy, as she told how she had fled all once more, to be with him and share his poverty.

Mrs. Lyndhurst stormed at the degenerate taste of her daughter, but her husband, pompous as he was, had a father's heart, and made a settlement on the young couple, who at last realized that dream "love in a cottage," for Kate had tried the great world, and found it but tinsel.

## A TALK ABOUT THE TIMES.

There is always a set of people who are grumbling about the days they live in, who even look backward—never forward—and find their standard of excellence in some remote period when everything differed from the usages of the present. Nothing pleases—nothing satisfies them; art has no beauties, science no wonders for their dulled vision. These *laudatores temporis acti*—eulogists of by-gones—are what Young America terms *old fogies*, and if there is any term of reprobation more severe than another, it ought to be applied to them. But there is another class, equally reprehensible and more dangerous—the optimists, the men who believe that “whatever is, is right.” The mere existence of an idea, or set of ideas, a fashion, a manner of thinking or acting, is enough to satisfy them. If they admit the existence of any evil, it is only when that evil proves a failure. The foiled filibuster may be derided and condemned; but the successful ruffian who folds the blood-stained and stolen robe of empire round his person, is a hero. With them, the fugitive swindler who gets off to a foreign country, with half a million dollars belonging to friends and neighbors in his hands, must not be harshly spoken of.

But we are neither of the optimist nor the old foggy school. While we recognize the grand onward movement of society, we cannot but be sensible of the occasional jarrings and oscillations of the machinery, and there are some things in the aspect of society well calculated to excite some alarm. Among these is the frenzied activity exhibited in the pursuit of wealth, the mania for speculation which has invaded all classes, the almost universal worship of the golden calf. This has led to over-trading, over banking, over-crowding of all commercial channels, over-tasking of all energies. In the wearing, suffocating, grinding strife for gold, the human race is dwarfing its intellect and weakening its physique. Health and higher culture are bartered away for dross. A man is not valued so much for what he is, as for what he has; less prized for the possession of that which fits him for a glorious hereafter, than for that which fits him for a glittering present. In the train of accumulating wealth, and much of it fictitious, comes that baneful luxury which has sapped the strength of so many nations. The extravagance of the times is really alarming. It is appalling to reckon up the cost of palatial structures and of sumptuous furniture, and to mark the costly dresses which flutter in the streets of our great cities. The dazzling extravagance of city life, the golden glory of the bubbles that speculators

are incessantly inflating, tempt hundreds of thousands from the paths of honest industry and toil. Labor is thrown into the shade—particularly agricultural labor. Sturdy young men forsake the plough, as soon as they are emancipated from paternal authority, and rush into the over-crowded avenues of trade to take their chances in the great commercial lottery in which not one man in a hundred more than wins a livelihood—in which the pathway is strewn with wrecks, with broken fortunes, and with blighted hopes. Not that commerce is not a noble pursuit; but the trouble lies in overdoing it, in destroying the balance of employment. Agriculture is neglected to such an extent, the number of the non-producing, trading and manufacturing and speculating people so overbears the producing population, that food is not raised in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, or, to speak more correctly, the supply is so limited, that the cost of necessary provisions almost exhausts the resources of the laborer who has only his moderate wages to depend upon. Such are some of the material evils of the times. If we glance at the moral world, we are startled by the spectres of guilt that cross the vista in grim procession. Murder no longer seeks its victim in the night-time, but strikes him down in the broad face of day. Robbery is no longer perpetrated in the silent watches of the night, but seizes its prey in the broad gaslight of early evening. Crimes against the person are marked by fearful audacity of commission; and crimes against property by fearful frequency, and by being no longer confined to the desperate, but perpetrated by persons enjoying the confidence of society, and not impelled to steal by hunger.

But shall we conclude from all this that ruin awaits us? We take no such hopeless view of the future. Many of the evils, to which we have adverted, are temporary delusions. In a free country, with such a history as ours, a healthy reaction always follows an unhealthy excitement. Severe reverses in speculation, and excessive trading, will be fraught with a warning that will produce a change in the manner of doing business. Agriculture, after being neglected, will recall its wandering votaries. Colossal fortunes will no longer be sought, but competence struggled for and won; and men will be more esteemed for their taste and intellectual acquirements, than for the splendor of their furniture and the costliness of their equipage. If it be “a mad world, my masters,” it is not hopelessly insane. At least this country, with its basis of sound sense and ample resources, is not past hoping for, praying for, and living for.

## A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

BY BEATRICE.

Father in heaven! I bow before thee,  
An humble suppliant at thy shrine;  
Entreatingly, I would implore thee  
To list, O God, to prayer of mine!

Father, thou knowest all my weakness!  
Thou knowest how my soul has erred!  
Give me a portion of thy meekness,  
Teach me, O Father, but the word!

Thou knowest in thy heavenly wisdom,  
How much of grace and strength I need;  
Hast thou not seen how cares oppress me?  
How oft my soul is doomed to bleed?

Thou knowest, thou alone, how often  
I need thy strengthening arm to guide;  
What is too harsh within me, soften;  
What is too lofty, make just pride!

O, give me faith to do thy mission,  
Whate'er that mission, Father, be;  
To heavenly joy is the admission—  
Since Thou art Heaven, and Heaven's with Thee!

Then let the unction of thy spirit  
Flow o'er my soul to cleanse each ill;  
So, Father, will I strive to merit,  
And know none but thy sovereign will!

## MR. HENBODY'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

MR. ORPHEUS HENBODY was one of that enviable class of our fellow-citizens known to their wives as jealous husbands. He was a man of means and leisure, and divided his time about equally between watching his wife and playing on the flute. He may have inherited a passion for music, and wished to seem worthy of his Pagan name; but, whether or no, he was assiduous in his attentions to the flute, and though he was a very poor player, kept his mouth and fingers going upon it with such inveteracy, as greatly to disturb the nerves of Mrs. Henbody and the neighbors. So she often scolded him, for a bore.

"That's the way, Harriet! Whenever I try to take a little comfort, you are miserable. My flute is my friend, and therefore you hate it. Can't you let me have this little relief, in the midst of the wretchedness you cause me?"

"You are the cause of your own unhappiness, by your unfounded suspicions. I am sorry I ever gave up my maiden name to become a Henbody! And then to be disturbed by such music!"

"Let me alone, woman, and let me toot."

"You don't know how to toot. You ought to have a tutor," replied she.

"Pity your mother hadn't tutored you, in the way that you should go! Then I should have had a good, steady, constant wife, and not been driven to melancholy and despair." And he went on playing, regardless of the wry face she made.

"I declare I see no end to this double torture," she exclaimed. "Nothing but flutation and reproach, from one week's end to another."

"Am I not a good husband, ma'am?"

"No, you are not! You don't place any confidence in me!"

"You don't have to labor, Harriet."

"I do labor—under your confounded jealousy. I mean to go and consult Mrs. Sly, the fortune-teller, and see if she can't see anything better for me in the future."

"Fortune teller! pshaw! humbug. Better consult your conscience! You'll get little satisfaction from either, though."

"As much as you'll get from that horrid flute!" retorted Mrs. Henbody, rushing to the glass to see if rage had much distorted her really beautiful visage. "I shall go to see her this afternoon, at four o'clock, if I'm alive," she added, arranging her curls coquettishly. "I'm anxious to know what's going to become of me."

"I can tell you that!—going to ruin as fast as possible, Mrs. Henbody. And I'd like to know what is going to become of me?"

"Ugh! Nobody cares, you ugly creature," replied his wife, twitching her elbows in a huff, and bouncing out of the room.

Henbody for awhile kept on fluting, with his legs crossed, when suddenly he started up.

"A happy thought—a very happy thought! I'll find out all I can; I've a right to. I'll see Mrs. Sly beforehand, and put her on the right track. These fortune-telling people will do and say anything for money. I'll bribe her; and my coot of a wife, who is goose enough to believe in such things, will doubtless tell her enough to give me a clue to her real doings—perhaps say enough to justify a divorce! Who knows?"

This question was apparently put to the flute and the surrounding furniture; but they made no answer, and Mr. Henbody soon after repaired to the house of Mrs. Sly. She was an elderly lady, with a great globe of a forehead and a very long nose, which seemed sharpened for the express purpose of piercing into the future. She had one of those hawklike, derisive looking eyes—two of them—which belong to double-dealers, and aid them in seeing the soft side of other people and taking advantage of it. She picked up a tolerable living, at fifty cents a time, from the miscellaneous stream of credulous humanity which glided by chance over her threshold; and per-

haps this encouraged her to invest so largely in the article of snuff, in the use of which, like Napoleon, she was profuse and dirty.

"You are the fortune-teller, I presume?" said Mr. Henbody, brushing up his hair, as he took a seat before her.

"I am, sir," replied the prophetess, solemnly. "The divine gift vouchsafed to the chosen seers of old has been given to me, to direct the unwary, to enlighten the blind, and to encourage the desponding—"

"At fifty cents a head," said Henbody, interrupting her; "isn't it?"

She looked grave for a moment, at the irreverent interruption; but seeing that her visitor was disposed to be matter-of-fact, she softened down her assumed austerity and replied:

"That is the regular price—though we make a discount for families."

"We? Are there more than one of you?"

"No," said Mrs. Sly, smiling at the question. "I use the term *we* in common with royalty and the editors."

"And you have a perfect right to do so, considering your extraordinary gift and the fact that when you speak, you speak not only for yourself, but also for the Fates—and for the Furies, too, for what I know!"

Mrs. Sly could not help laughing outright at Mr. Henbody's language, and remarked:

"You are correct, Mr. Henbody, and inclined to be comical."

"Comical? Not at all, ma'am. Just the reverse. And now I'll let you into the secret of my visit, and if you will be faithful to me, I will pay you five dollars. My wife is coming here this afternoon, and will ask you to tell her fortune. You usually ask questions, as well as answer them, I believe?"

"I do," said Mrs. Sly.

"Ask as many as you can—get all the information you can from her, regarding her feelings and affections and intentions—"

"Ah, I see. You are jealous of her," interrupted Mrs. Sly, holding up her forefinger.

"And as she is credulous—else she wouldn't come to you—you may be able to get information from her which will be of use to me."

"I will do so," replied the fortune-teller. "And you wish to overhear all that is said?"

"Certainly. Put me where I can hear, and I shall be satisfied. Don't you think it's a happy thought of mine?"

"Very—you must be in a happy mood," said Mrs. Sly, with some sarcasm. "But perhaps what she tells will not be worth knowing?"

"I'll run the risk, if you pump her well, my dear ma'am. Where shall I hide?"

"Here," said the fortune-teller, pointing to a seat behind a sort of veiled counter, where she sat on a high stool, when telling the destinies of her foolish visitors. "These curtains, when parted, will reveal me, but conceal you; and you can suggest whatever questions you wish, and I will ask her."

"And I will pay you five dollars," said the excited Henbody; and, after some further explanation of his jealousy, the bell rung and Mrs. Sly went down to the door, and the husband concealed himself. Soon afterwards Mrs. Sly came into the room with Mrs. Henbody, who put off her shawl and bonnet, took a seat, and after a short conversation, Mrs. Sly mounted her stool behind the counter, put aside the curtains and displayed to Mrs. Henbody's gaze a formidable array of globes, charts, hour-glasses, telescopes, cards and other mystic symbols of her science.

"Advance, and let me examine your hand," said the fortune-teller, in a stern voice.

Mrs. Henbody obeyed, and the examination was made—Henbody, from his veiled corner, having a view of all.

"You are a married woman."

"Yes—O dear!" said Mrs. Henbody, with a sigh, sinking into her seat.

"You were born under a lucky star, but the conflict of the spheres has been such as to jostle your equilibrium, and partially extinguish your natural brilliancy."

"True, very true," groaned Mrs. Henbody. "My odious husband!"

"What a fool she is, to be sure," muttered the enraged husband, in his hiding-place.

"You must tell me of what you intend to do, that I may see if you are more under the guidance of your natural or unnatural influences at present," said the fortune-teller.

"Natural enough—for a jade of a wife who wants everybody to fall in love with her!" sneered Henbody.

"Silence! She will overhear you," remonstrated Mrs. Sly, in a whisper.

"I am in love with another!" said the wife faintly.

"That's what you have done. I ask what you intend to do?" said the prophetess.

"To elope with him."

"With whom?"

"Now for his name!" thought Henbody, laying his ears back, to hear more distinctly.

There was a brief pause.

"I am telling you in confidence," said the wife.

"You may trust me," said Mrs. Sly, loftily.



"His name is John Featherbag," said the wife, putting her handkerchief to her face and sobbing.

"Do not weep, my child," said the fortune-teller, touching the concealed husband with her foot. "It is the best thing you can do. This man is the star with which your own assimilates, as I perceive at once by consulting the heavenly signs. When do you intend to go, and how?"

"She must be a natural fool, if she tells that," muttered Henbody; "but there's no knowing what these creatures wont do, when a fortune-teller gets hold of them."

"In a carriage, this evening, at nine o'clock," said Mrs. Henbody. "My husband, the brute, will be at the club, as usual, and Featherbag and I are to ride off to Clovertown together."

"Are you, though?" thought the husband. "Maybe something might interfere with that nice little plan! Of all fools under the sun, female fools are the silliest, I do believe. Perhaps I wont be round about that time to-night! Oho! perhaps not."

"I see a comet in the line of the two stars," said the fortune-teller, consulting a map. "This signifies that you will go off in a carriage and that your steps will be prosperous. You have decided wisely, Mrs. Henbody. Henceforth your destiny will be a happy one."

"Shall I have any children?" asked Mrs. Henbody, in a tone of voice that seemed to show that she was brightening up at the intelligence.

"I guess not," said Mrs. Sly, putting aside her maps, "as I see no shooting stars along the route. The sky is clear and cloudless."

"That's about all I wish to know," said the wife, rising, resuming her bonnet and shawl and paying the price. "Good afternoon, madam. If everything turns out right, and my husband should die in the meantime, I will pay you handsomely when I return this way, some day."

And she took her leave.

"When she returns this way, some day!" exclaimed Henbody, starting up as soon as she had gone. "That's cool—that is. Whew! I'm all in a perspiration. There's your five dollars, ma'am. Got more'n my money's worth. I'm perfectly satisfied. Going to elope, is she?" continued he, in great agitation, striding the apartment. "I thought something was in the wind. John Featherbag! John Featherbag! who the deuce is John Featherbag? But never mind, ma'am. Keep it a secret. I'll put a stop to this business in a way they little think. Good-by—I'm in a hurry!"

That evening, at a few minutes before nine, a carriage containing one passenger, enveloped in a huge cloak, stopped at the front door of Mr.

Henbody's residence, and immediately afterwards a woman, also closely muffled, came hastily out and entered the vehicle, and it was at once driven rapidly away to Clovertown, the driver having had previous directions.

As the reader may conjecture, the male passenger was no other than Mr. Henbody. He had inquired at a neighboring stable, and ascertained that a carriage had there been ordered for his house at nine precisely, the gentleman who ordered it being to enter at the stable and ride to the house, from which a lady was to accompany him to the town mentioned. Henbody altered the time to fifteen minutes before nine, and ordered the carriage for himself, thus taking the stranger's place, whoever he might be.

Away rolled the carriage out of the city, and over the rural roads, neither of the parties inside speaking a word to each other.

"My wife," thought Henbody, under his cloak, "is too much agitated at the thought of her great crime. She cannot speak. No wonder! How amazed she will be when we get to the hotel in Clovertown, and she finds that I am not her paramour, Featherbag, but her lawful husband, Henbody. My vengeance will be complete. What a happy thought that was of mine!"

At last the carriage reached Clovertown, and they drove up to the hotel. Henbody alighted, whispered to the driver to wait, assisted his companion out, and they entered a private room together, where, shutting the door, with rapidly beating heart, the husband threw off his disguise.

"Behold me, Harriet!" he exclaimed, as she sat with her back towards him and her face still covered with her handkerchief. "Faithless wife! This is I, and not the villain Featherbag!" And he struck what was intended to be a very effective tragic attitude, but caused his figure to represent, as nearly as possible, the letter X.

Yet instead of astonishing, he was himself astonished at that moment, for the woman rose, uncovered her face, and disclosed to his mortified view the features, not of his wife, but his chambermaid, Miss Cerulia Bingo!

A long whistle of wonder and perplexity escaped the staring Henbody, after which Cerulia, recovering from a fit of laughter as well as she could, announced that the fortune-teller had deceived him.

"She told your wife what to say," said she, "and she bribed her to do so. She is a wonderful stone track—and she describes a wonderful stone track—on Mr. Beach, of Leslie, Michigan, riage." The exposure to the air is increased an eighth inch in length, and the same in diameter. It is the perfect white, transparent, and will cut glass.

"There is no such man as Featherbag, then?"

"O yes, sir," said Cerulia, gravely. "She said there was *such* a man, but that's not his name. Another carriage, from another stable, was to come for him and Mrs. Henbody, as soon as we were out of the way. I suppose they've both got off, long before this time."

"Eloped!—do you mean?" asked Henbody, aghast, seizing Cerulia by the shoulder.

"No less," said the servant, beginning to be alarmed at his aspect.

"Then—here—get into the carriage—quick! Waiter, take your pay—no time to be lost—get in! Coachman, drive like lightning back to the city—you Jezebel! I'll have you arrested for bigamy—no, I'll have her arrested for bigamy, and him for—and you for—O dear!"

With frantic expressions like these, he forced the girl into the carriage, seated himself, and fell back in a half-insensible condition; while the horses, put to the top of their speed, bore them back to the house again, a drive of seven or eight miles.

"I'm going in to get a glass—no, a bottle of wine, to steady my nerves," said he to the driver, as he alighted and ran up his door-steps; "and then drive me to the Chief of Police."

And he thrust open his door and rushed up to the parlor, expecting, of course, to find it empty. But here a new astonishment was ready for him. It appeared to him in no other shape than that of his wife, whom he had imagined far away at this time!

"Forgive me, dear Orpheus!" she exclaimed, rushing to him and throwing her white arms around his neck, while her bright eyes looked with imploring beauty into his.

"Never!" said he, endeavoring to counterfeit anger, while the tears of joy that fell from his eyes belied his words. "It is unpardonable."

"But you were so jealous!" pleaded she.

"A pretty wild goose chase you have led me," said he, coloring up, as Cerulia entered. "I'm a laughing-stock."

"Perhaps you would have been, had I been as faithless as you supposed," said she, giving him such a kiss as melted him down completely. "I ought to be jealous, not you; for have you not just eloped with a young woman? Fie! But I forgive you, on condition that you will to so again, and make me perfectly happy  
"—ous no more."

shall be satisfied!" cried Mr. Henbody, thought of mine motion. "I have

"Very—you must be in a hurry have justly Mrs. Sly, with some sarcasm. "—  
what she tells will not be worth knowing"

#### THE GUILLOTINE AND GARROTE.

The guillotine consists simply of two upright posts, surmounted by a cross-beam, and grooved for the purpose of guiding an oblique edged knife, the back of which is heavily weighted to make it fall swiftly and with force, when the cord by which it is held aloft is let go. Though, as is generally known, it takes its name from Joseph Ignace Guillotin, a physician of Paris, who carried its adoption in the French National Assembly on March 20, 1792, yet it is an error to suppose that he was the inventor, for it had been in use in many parts of Germany, in England, Scotland and Italy, centuries before his day. In fact, Guillotin had nothing more to do with it than to bring it to the notice of the Assembly. The real mover in the affair was the famous surgeon Antoine Louis, but his designs would never have been carried out but for the mechanical ingenuity of a young German, named Schimdt, then residing in Paris. The first execution with the new machine took place at Paris, April 25, 1792. It is an error to suppose that Guillotin was the first victim of the new instrument. It is true that he was imprisoned, and nearly fell a victim to the carnage of the revolution; but he escaped, and after the termination of his political career, resumed the functions of a physician, and became one of the founders of the Academy of Medicine at Paris. He died May 26, 1814, aged 76, after enjoying, up to his last moments, the esteem of all who knew him. One of the earliest pictorial representations of the guillotine, dating from a period considerably antecedent to the French revolution, pictures the machine, with a sort of prophetic bitterness, as worked by a devil.

Instead of the guillotine, the "garrote" is the mode of execution in use among most of the Spanish nations of America. It is thus described in a Jamaica journal, detailing the execution of General Lopez at Havana, Sept 1, 1851: "The prisoner is made to sit in a kind of chair with a high back, to which his head is fastened by means of an iron clasp, which encloses his neck, and is attached to the back by a screw. When the signal is given, the screw is turned several times, which strangles the victim and breaks his neck." It is sometimes spoken of as a barbarous mode of execution, but as it never fails and is instantaneous, there is perhaps reason to doubt the correctness of the epithet.

GRIEF.—Grief, Lamartine tells us, knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

## Curious Matters.

### A Curious Verdict in Virginia.

At the Hartford Superior Court, as we learn from a correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) Express, a land suit was decided in a novel way. It depended upon the boundaries of a tract "at the head of Hodge's creek." The testimony as to where the head of the creek is, was so conflicting, that the jury could not agree. But as the costs had swelled to a greater amount than the value of the land, the jury proposed as a compromise that the land should be sold, the proceeds equally divided between plaintiff and defendant, and each party pay his own costs. This was agreed to, and the suit ended.

### A Poisoned Valley.

A singular discovery has recently been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. It is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet deep. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. Dogs and other animals thrown in, never moved their limbs after a few minutes.

### A Singular Discovery.

Mr. A. J. Bell, of Kentucky, recently cut from the heart of a maple tree a something which has a nearly perfect human face, eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, chin, cheeks somewhat shrivelled now, but which, when found, were plump and smooth. It is about the size of a goose egg, and is much the shape, save where the smooth surface is varied by the outline of the features, and all of it, except the face, is covered by a substance remarkably resembling hair. It is unquestionably a fungus, and the wonder is the perfection of the face.

### The Golden Tooth.

In 1593 it was reported that a Silesian child, seven years old, had lost all its teeth, and that a golden tooth had grown in the place of a natural double one. One learned man after another wrote volumes on this marvel, and nothing was wanting to recommend these erudite writings to posterity, but proof that the tooth was gold. A goldsmith examined it, and found it a natural tooth, artificially gilt.

### A Combination of Relics.

Charles A. Grace has placed a cane in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, made from a piece of one of the timbers of the frigate Philadelphia, burnt in Tripoli by Com. Stephen Decatur; the head from a part of the old frigate Constitution; the brass ferule from a piece of the binnacle of the frigate Guerriere; and the iron on the end from a bolt, one of the original fastenings of the frigate Macedonian, captured by Com. Decatur.

### Peculiar Custom.

A custom was instituted in the city of Toulouse by Charlemagne, that at Easter every Christian might give a box on the ear to a Jew, whenever he chanced to meet him, as a mark of contempt for the nation which had, at that season, crucified the Saviour of mankind. This cruel custom was in the course of centuries commuted for a tax.

### The Sperm Whale.

The head of a large sperm whale will weigh about 35 tons, and 45 barrels of pure spermaceti have been taken from his case which is a mere vein in his head, compared with the remaining part, which consists of four-fifths of the head, and is called "white horse"—a sinewy gristle, which is impenetrable to a sharp axe. Large copper bolts have been found imbedded in the heads of some of them, caused by their attacks and destruction of vessels on the bottom of the sea.

### Ancient Mark of Emphasis.

In a toll case tried at Bedford, England, Mr. Devon, who was brought from the Record office to produce some translations from "Doomsday Book," stated in his evidence the singular fact that in many old manuscripts, when particular emphasis was given to words, it was customary, instead of underlining them, as at the present day, to run a pen completely across the words, in the same manner as we now erase them.

### Clergymen fighting Duels.

In 1764, the Rev. Mr. Hill was killed in a duel by Cornet Gardener of the Carbiniers. The Rev. Mr. Bate fought two duels, and was subsequently created a baronet, and preferred to a deanery after he had fought another duel; and the Rev. Mr. Allen killed a Mr. Delany in a duel in Hyde Park, London, without any ecclesiastical censure, though the judge strongly charged his guilt to the jury.

### Remarkable Case.

A remarkable case of existence under privation of food is spoken of in the Rochester papers. Mr. John Ellis, of Henrietta, who made an attempt on his life by cutting his throat some weeks since, has not been able to take nourishment for twenty-seven days. He suffers but little pain and but slight diminution of strength. He communicates with his family by means of a slate and pencil.

### Artificial Stone.

An artificial stone is now made by a combination of fifteen parts clean sand, five parts calcined plaster, and four parts animal blood. When first mixed the composition is about the consistency of stiff mortar, and the most fragile plaster-mould is sufficient for its retention during the few hours necessary to its perfection of form.

### Strange Pilgrimage.

Catherine de Medicis made a vow that if certain undertakings of hers prospered, she would send a pilgrim on foot to Jerusalem, and that every three steps he advanced he should go one back. A citizen of Verbeke actually accomplished this tedious journey, and was liberally rewarded by the queen, being well paid and made a noble. His coat of arms had a cross and a branch of a palm-tree.

### Queer Clerical Customs.

A stand for an hour-glass remains in many English pulpits. A rector of Bibury used to preach two hours, regularly turning the glass. After the text, the esquire of the parish withdrew, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. Lecturer's pulpits had also hour-glasses. The priest had sometimes a watch found by the parish.

### Growing Stone.

The Scientific American describes a wonderful stone now in the possession of Mr. Beach, of Leelle, Michigan, which by simple exposure to the air is increased an eighth of an inch in length, and the same in diameter. It is the most perfect white, transparent, and will cut glass.

## The Florist.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute!  
Bring flowers—the bride is near!  
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell—  
Bring flowers to strew the bier!

### Pink culture.

If you water pinks too much, their roots become rotten; and if you suffer them to be too dry, they become diseased. Beware of extremes. The best rule is to keep them just moist. A fine pink should not have sharp-pointed flower leaves; they should be round and even at their edges, and the colors should be well defined, not running one into the other. The flower should be large; it should possess a great many leaves, and form a sort of dome. Piping and slipping, is the most expeditious mode of propagating plants from any selected pink.

### Trees and Shrubs.

Young trees and shrubs—such as rose bushes—if received from a distant nursery and appear dry and withered, should be treated as follows: dig a trench in the ground just as long as the trees or shrubs and roots, and lay them down in this; cover with a little dirt, pour on a pail of water, and then cover all over with six inches of earth. In forty-eight hours the buds will be swelled out full, and you can then plant them out. This was the method recommended by the lamented Downing.

### Vermin on Flowers.

Vermin, of whatever kind, are troublesome pests among flower-plants, often injuring the choicest specimens, besides being otherwise disagreeable. To get rid of them, scatter a little oatmeal where they abound, about sundown; and, by making a survey an hour later, a multitude of them will be found congregated together, when they may be gathered up and destroyed.

### Evergreens.

All evergreens of a hard-wooded nature are propagated rapidly by layers in June or July. This is the method: dig round tree or shrub, and bend down the pliable branches; lay them into the earth, and secure them there with hooked or forked sticks. Lay down all the young shoots on each branch, and cover them with earth about five inches deep, leaving the tops out about two, three, or four inches above ground, according to their different lengths.

### Jasmines.

Jasmines grow in very irregular forms. Perhaps their luxuriant wild appearance constitutes their chief grace. The jasmine is a beautiful screen in summer, wreathing its festoons through trellis-work; Nature presents not, in our colder climes, a more fragrant and beautiful bouquet than a mixture of roses and jasmines.

### Flower Dressing.

Decayed leaves, that have been swept together in the fall, and kept in a heap, and turned over once a month, form in about a year the vegetable mould, which is the best manure for flowering plants.

### Small Roses.

There are innumerable varieties of roses, from the cottage rose, whose buds are scarcely so large as the bells of the lily of the valley. Mrs. Gore mentions some hundreds of sorts.

### Shade Trees.

There are very few who will deny the great ornament which shade trees are to a city or town. They hide the nakedness of the streets and lanes, refresh the inhabitants with their shade, and repay the labor and expense of transplanting a hundred fold by the beauty and comfort which they afford. A man owning real estate fronting upon a public street, can make no better investment upon it than by lining it with graceful maples or elms; no investment which, according to its cost, will yield him a better dividend, or which will afford him and the community in which he dwells so much real comfort and pleasure.

### Climbing Lophosper.

This is a beautiful climber, properly a green-house perennial, but it is sometimes cultivated as an annual. The flowers are funnel-shaped, ten inches or more in length, of a purple color. There are several other varieties, with purple and crimson flower. It is an inhabitant of Mexico, and should be well sheltered from the north and east winds. There is a variety with white flowers—more rare and less hardy. It scarcely pays for the trouble of cultivating as a variety.

### Annual Plants.

Care must be taken now to thin out the young annuals, and diligent weeding must be kept up. The annuals to be transplanted must be taken up with a scoop trowel, and kept for a few days covered with an inverted flower pot or something of the kind. The newly transplanted flowers will thrive best if watered every morning, and the covering removed for an hour about two o'clock if the day is warm.

### Lily of the Valley.

Though scarcely to be counted among the lily tribe, it is a beautiful flower, and as fragrant as it is lovely. They must be multiplied by dividing the roots, which should be parted with a knife, as they are very intricate. Plant them three inches deep in the ground, and disturb them as little as you can help. The flowers are larger grown in the shade.

### Tall Garden Flowers.

Martagons, orange lilies, and bulbs, of tall growth, should never be planted among the smaller tribe; their large bulbs would exhaust the soil, and weaken the smaller flowers. They look very handsome in borders and plots, placed near, or in their centre.

### Rose of Scotland.

This rose rivals all other white roses. Though low of stature it is delicately beautiful, spreading in the shade, its modest boughs covered with a profusion of small white blossoms, very fragrant, and thick as the snow-flakes of winter.

### The English Rose.

This rose, the symbol of royalty, is of a rich crimson hue, and large, though not very double. This is the

"Flower of which Adoni's blood  
Sprang, while from that clear flood  
Which Venus wept, another, white was born."

### Colchicum.

This is a hardy lily, and will grow in any sort of ground, only the better the soil the finer will be the flowers produced. The lily is a superb scarlet, though not at all fragrant.

## The Housewife.

### Chickens.

It is well to allow chickens to hang a day or two before cooking them, else they are apt to be tough and stringy; but they should be drawn on being killed, the flavor of undrawn birds being admired only by the few. Avoid breaking the gall-bladder, and singe them without breaking the skin or discoloring them. Do not wash them till just before they are to be cooked.

### Raspberry Cordial.

Squeeze your raspberries through a flannel bag, and to every quart of juice add one pound of loaf sugar. Put it with the sugar into a stone jar, and stir it together frequently the first day, then allow it to stand for three days, when strain through a sieve. To each quart of juice thus prepared, add one quart of brandy. Bottle for use.

### To clean Silk.

Pare and slice thin three washed potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water and add an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry iron it on the wrong side. The lightest colored silk may be cleansed and brightened by this process; also cloth, velvet or crapes.

### To clean Marble.

Marble is apt to get soiled, and it is said that the following is a very good mode of cleaning it. Mix up a quantity of very strong soap lye with quicklime to the consistency of milk, and lay it on the marble you wish to clean, where it may remain twenty-four or thirty hours; afterwards wash off with soap and water, and it will appear as if new.

### Bonny-Clabber.

In New England, milk soured to this form is given to poultry and pigs; in warmer latitudes we have seen it served up, while fresh, with nutmeg, sugar, and wine. Under such treatment, and placed in delicate china, it makes a pretty dish, and eats well on a hot day.

### Virginia Drop Biscuit.

Add to eight eggs, beaten very light, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and one pound of sugar; when perfectly light drop them on tin sheets, and bake them in a quick oven.

### Essence of Lemon Peel.

Wipe six fresh lemons and cut the rind very thinly; put it into a quart of good brandy. This, in three weeks, will have a very fine flavor.

### To Parents.

Plenty of warmth, plenty of substantial food and ripe fruits, plenty of sleep, and plenty of joyous out-door exercise, would save millions of children annually.

### Bleeding.

In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonsful of salt completely stayed the blood.

### Drop Biscuit.

Take cream and sour milk, or sour milk and butter, calaratus, salt, and a little sugar. Thicken with flour stiff enough to drop.

### An economical Dish.

Cut some pretty fat ham or bacon into slices, and fry of a nice brown; lay them aside to keep warm; then mix equal quantities of potatoes and cabbage, bruised well together, and fry them in the fat left from the ham. Place the mixture at the bottom, and lay the slices of bacon on the top. The dish must be well seasoned with pepper.

### Sponge Gingerbread.

Warm a pint of molasses; stir in while warm a piece of butter the size of an egg, then stir in a large spoonful of best white ginger; dissolve one large teaspoonful of soda in a pint of new milk; strain this into the mixture; when cool, sift in as much flour as will make it stiff; then roll it out in cakes and bake on tins.

### Bacon Fraise.

Beat eight eggs into a batter, a little cream and flour, fry some thin slices of bacon and dip them in it, lay the bacon in a frying-pan, pour the batter over them; when one side is fried turn and pour more batter over them; when both sides are of a good color lay them on a dish and serve hot. A nice breakfast dish.

### Pickles.

An excellent way to make pickles that will keep a year or more is—drop them into boiling hot water, but not boil them; let them stay ten minutes, wipe them dry, and drop into cold spiced vinegar, and they will not need to be put into salt and water.

### Mint Sauce.

Strip off the leaves, and chop them fine; add an equal amount of sugar, and cover the whole with vinegar. A small teacup full of the mixture will be sufficient for a large family. Try this, and see if not far preferable to greasy gravies.

### The Hands.

Take a wine-glassful of eau de Cologne, and another of lemon-juice; then scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder, and mix it well in a mould. When hard, it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands.

### Lemon Pies.

Pare two lemons; take out the seeds; chop the rind and pulps; add one egg, a small piece of butter, a small teacup of flour, three cups of sugar, two of water. Bake in a paste. This quantity will make two pies.

### Wine Biscuits.

Take of flour, half a pound; butter, four ounces; sugar, four ounces; two eggs; carbonate of ammonia, one drachm; white wine enough to mix to a proper consistence, and cut out with a glass.

### To preserve Eggs.

Eggs may be preserved by applying with a brush a solution of gum-arabic to the shells, and afterward packing them in dry charcoal dust.

### To remove Wax from Cloth.

Wax may be taken out of cloth, by holding a red-hot iron within an inch or two of the marks, and afterward rubbing them with a soft, clean rag.

### To kill Flies.

Cold green tea, very strong, and sweetened with sugar, will, when set about in saucers, attract and destroy flies.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### SPARE THE BIRDS.

In the city our little feathered friends are well protected, for the law against fire-arms throws its *egis* over them, and their lives, their house-building, and their culture of music and pursuit of happiness may go on undisturbed from May to November, without fear of ruthless urchins or of full grown boobies with destructiveness developed on the exterior of their empty craniums. But in the rural environs it is different, and the laws, unsupported by public opinion, are inadequate to protect them as they should be protected. Yet they are worthy of especial care. They ask nothing of us but to be let alone. Nature and their own untiring and exemplary industry supply them with food, and they feed on those insects which would cheat our tables and our granaries but for the exertions of these little feathered friends. The increase of insects has been a consequence of the decrease of birds, and if we would annihilate the pests of the garden, the orchard and the field, we must befriend and encourage and spare the birds.

EDUCATION.—“Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets,” says Daniel Webster, “have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances a man is, under God, the master of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action, and by its own action it must necessarily and certainly grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his.”

NEW YORK CITY.—Six million dollars a month are now expended for the erection of new buildings in the Empire City. In time, it will rival the most magnificent capitals of the old world.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—Among the rumors of the day, is one to the effect that a theatre is to be built for this charming artiste in the city of New York.

THE KING OF LOBSTERS.—A sixteen-pound lobster was lately caught at the “Glades,” Cohasset, in this State.

### THE DANGERS OF LIGHTNING.

“About this time,” as the old fashioned almanacs would say, “look out for thunderstorms.” Franklin has given some precepts for the use of such persons as, during thunderstorms, are in houses not provided with lightning-conductors. He recommends them to avoid the neighborhood of fire places. Lightning does, indeed, often enter by the chimney, on account of the internal coating of soot, which is one of the bodies for which, as for metals, lightning evinces a preference. For the same reason, avoid, as much as possible, metals, gildings, and mirrors on account of their quicksilver. The best place is in the middle of a room; unless, indeed, there should be a lamp or chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The less the contact with the walls or the floor, the less the danger. A hammock suspended by silken cords in the middle of a large room would be the safest place. In the absence of means of suspension, the next best place is on substances which are bad conductors, such as glass, pitch, or several mattresses. These precautions must be supposed to diminish the danger; but they do not altogether remove it. There have been instances of glass, pitch, and several thicknesses of mattresses, being traversed by lightning. It should also be understood that, if the lightning does not find round the room a continuity of metal which it may follow, it may dart from one point to another diametrically opposite, and thus encounter persons in the middle of the room, even if they are suspended in hammocks.

TROUT FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.—One of our late California exchanges says that two gentlemen recently took one hundred and twenty-seven fine large trout, in the Guadalupe River, near the Almaden mines (San Jose), in one afternoon.

HUMOROUS PREACHING.—In Charles II.'s time preachers were expected to introduce some humor into their discourses, and of late some American preachers have imitated their example.

A SUCCESS.—The London Art-Union has thirteen thousand subscribers.

## AN UNPLEASANT WEDDING TRIP.

The Roman correspondent of the London Daily News relates an unpleasant adventure of a Milanese lady and gentleman, who had just arrived from Lombardy, via Bologna and Florence. He says: "On my inquiry whether any rumor of brigandage still prevailed in the northern provinces, they informed me that they themselves had undergone convincing proofs of the presence of marauders in those districts, notwithstanding the supposed extirpation of the last remaining bands of outlaws. A few weeks since, between Modena and Bologna, the diligence in which they were travelling was stopped about seven o'clock in the evening, at the distance of only half a mile from Bologna, by seven bandits, whose first step was to cut the traces and prevent the further progress of the vehicle. The passengers, half asleep, were aroused by the cry of *Abbasso i forestieri*, the doors of the diligence were opened, and the Milanese lady and her husband, who, with another passenger not of wealthy condition, were the sole inmates, were made to alight, and ordered to give up their money, watches and ornaments, without delay. These commands being complied with, their travelling-bags were next examined in search of valuables, but the brigands in their haste overlooked a gold bracelet belonging to the lady, nor did they proceed to take down the luggage from the roof of the carriage, amongst which they would have found a case of valuable Geneva watches. The conductor had to sustain their wrathful objurgations on account of being three-quarters of an hour behind his proper time, a delay of which the brigands complained in most forcible language, as well as of the poverty of the strong box, hinting that they might not be so indulgent another time, if things were not more *en règle*.

"I inquired of the young bride whether she had had to endure any rudeness at the hands of her assailants, but she assured me that they were, on the contrary, "*graziosissimi*," and even promised to restore the wedding-ring which she had drawn off her finger in her hurry and fright, and had given them, together with her other rings. In the haste of their departure, however, they forgot this delicate attention, and went off unceremoniously, leaving their victims (the lady and her husband lost about three hundred *lire*) in the unpleasant predicament of utter darkness, mangled harness, snow upon the ground, and more snow fast falling from the clouds. After an useless application and demand for oxen at a neighboring cottage, whose inmates were either afraid of the inmates or in league with them, assistance was obtained from some distance, and

the conductor and postilion, aided by a countryman, with cords soon put their diligence into condition to reach Bologna. There a report was made of the affair, and the police set actively to work, and they succeeded in arresting a number of individuals supposed to belong to the band; but although the travellers stayed in Bologna five days, making their depositions, confronting the brigands (the lady perfectly recognized the individual who received her money and rings), and expecting the restitution of their property, they had to set out for Florence at last with no other satisfaction than the confirmation of the hacknied proverb that it is "ill getting butter out of a dog's throat."

## VERY HARD WORK.

The Rev. Charles Shorne, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was stationed at New Lisbon, Ohio, a few years ago, and added to his clerical duties the agency for a certain magazine. One Sabbath-day, at the close of the service, he requested the congregation to tarry a few minutes. He then held up the periodical to their gaze, displayed its varied attractions, and commenced an active canvass for subscribers on the spot. "The price," he said, "would be no object, if you had the desire for knowledge that I had when a young man. Why, my brethren, I used to work all night to get money to buy books, and get up before daylight to read them!"

EDWIN BOOTH.—The intelligent critic of the New York Albion says: "I do see no good reason why Mr. Booth should not eclipse any name which has adorned the English stage within the memory of living man. His acting at present scintillates with genius—not with talent, be it observed, but with the positive electrical light of genius, which is as unmistakable as the water of the diamond is."

HISTORY.—"History," says Carlisle, "is a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of infinitude, with suns for lamps, and eternity as a background, whose author is God, and whose purport and thousand-fold moral lead us up to the dark with excess of light, of the throne of God."

PRAYER.—When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words, than thy words without heart.

READING IN THE CARS.—Don't read in the railroad cars! Do you want to ruin your eyes? Say?



## SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

Almost everybody pretends to be weather-wise, and is as much affronted if you doubt his knowledge of the marks, his signs of the weather, as if you doubted his ability as a judge of horse-flesh. Sir Humphry Davy, in his *Salmonia*, explains several weather proverbs, signs and superstitions. Thus, when the clouds are purple-tinted, red in the west, it portends fine weather, because the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A coppery or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. The old proverb:

"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning,  
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight,"

is often correct, because a rainbow commonly occurs when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun; now, in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas, a rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us. A rainbow, either solar or lunar, indicates the existence of rain when we do not see it fall. The halo 22° tells us that there are crystals of ice floating in the upper part of the atmosphere, even when the temperature is high near the ground. When a white cloud is seen among the colored clouds which appear in the morning and evening, we may safely infer that rain is at no great distance.

When swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, or close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching; for swallows follow the flies and gnats, which delight in warm strata of air. Now, as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by their mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will follow.

But to weather-seers we would, respectfully submit this dictum of the learned Arago: "Whatever may be the progress of the sciences, never will observers who are trustworthy and careful of their reputation, venture to foretell the state of the weather."

## AIRING ROOMS.

It is a common mistake to open all the lower part of the windows of an apartment; whereas, if the upper part, also, were opened, the object would be more speedily effected. Thus, the air in an apartment is generally heated to a higher temperature than the external air, either by the heat supplied by the human body, or by lamps, candles, or fires. This renders it lighter than the external air; and, consequently, the external air will rush in at all openings at the lower part of the room, while the warmer and lighter air passes out at the higher openings. If a candle be held in the doorway near the floor, it will be found that the flame will be blown inwards; but, if it be raised near the top of the doorway, it will be blown outwards. The warm air, in this case, flows out at the top, while the cold air flows in at the bottom. A current of warm air from the room is generally rushing up the flue of the chimney, if the flue be open, even though there should be no fire lighted in the stove; hence the unwholesomeness of using chimney-boards.

**CRIME.**—The Springfield Republican says that an epidemic of crime has its uses. It attracts attention, excites horror and conveys its lesson. Now, and whenever an epidemic of delusion for crime prevails, it is but the voice of Providence calling to the world to pause and look at the sin of the error which lies at the basis of it; to examine its legitimate results as one after another they roll their hideous forms into view.

**VERY OBLIGING.**—He was a good fellow, that landlord, who when his usually punctual tenant implored him to grant him just once a little extension of time on quarter-day, replied: "O, certainly;" taking out his watch. "It is now twelve o'clock; I'll call around at two!"

**A NEW PUNISHMENT.**—At Muhlinen, in Switzerland, whenever a child plays truant, its parent is fined for the offence. As a matter of course there is very little "hooking Jack" in that locality.

**MAPLE SUGAR.**—The town of Dublin, N. H., made 46,740 pounds of this article the past season. Calvin Mason made more than any other one—1750 pounds.

**SCULPTURE.**—Mr. Stephenson, the sculptor, will make Italy his residence for some time to come.

**THE NEW CENT.**—The new cent pieces weigh just one avoirdupois pound to the dollar's worth.

**TERRIBLE POISON!**

People in the habit of drinking spirituous liquors are hardly aware of the amount of poison they swallow, with every glass taken into their stomachs. A gentleman of New Bedford has analyzed whiskey obtained from several liquor shops of that city, and found large quantities of strychnine in each. A well known physician in Salem, and another in this city, have made similar tests, and with the same results. One thousand gallons of impure and adulterated spirits are sold for each gallon that may be called pure, or which is what it purports to be. These liquids are prepared so cunningly, as to deceive the taste of any one; but the terribly poisonous draught once in the system, is sure to produce its fearful effect. It may not be sudden, but it is inevitable. In times past, when spirits were far less adulterated, man could drink more freely, and with less fatal results; but now-a-days the poisonous ingredients are more active, more fully used, and the shocking results are more numerous and decisive. A New York chemist purchased, a short time since, twenty samples of spirits of various kinds, brandy, gin, whiskey and wine, at as many different drinking saloons, in respectable parts of the city, and by actual chemical tests, produced from these samples seven different active poisons, which had been introduced to imitate the effect and taste of pure spirits! Will not people be warned by these indisputable evidences of poison and deceit?

**PROFANITY.**—Profanity in a child is a terrible thing. Let no boy indulge in profanity, in the hope to acquire an appearance of manliness, for the good and true will regard him as a blot on God's beautiful earth, and will shun him as a pestilence. Wherever he will walk the flowers will wither under his tread, and his memory will be in the hearts of men a bitter thing forever.

**A SINGLE WORD.**—Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes to produce the same effect on a hundred perhaps.

**OLD MASTERS.**—The old painters were guilty of all sorts of anachronisms. In an ancient Dutch picture of Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, the patriarch's weapon is a huge pistol!

**A GOOD MOVE.**—Philadelphia has established a Fire Department Detective Police, whose duty it is to ferret out the causes of all fires.

**AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL SKILL.**

Americans are making their mark in every part of the world. They produce many new and important inventions, and finish their work better and faster than any men of any nation. The United States have astonished the Old World with Colt's pistols, Hobbs's locks, reaping machines, fast-sailing yachts and clipper ships. If we turn to the official reports of the export trade of the United States, we shall find that foreign nations, especially England, receive our butter, cheese, tobacco, cotton, New England ice, and innumerable articles, including "Yankee Notions," which always find a market everywhere. The genius of Young America is destined to shine in every part of the world. England—proud and powerful as she is—has been slow to acknowledge the value of American industrial skill, but she now kneels at the confessional. She has recently ordered from this country printing-presses to throw off her newspapers faster than her own slow machinery. This is indeed a triumph. Russia, too, isolated and proud, bows down before American industrial skill. We read that all the English workmen and engineers in Russian government employment have received notice that their services will not be required after the term of their present engagements, and it is intended to replace them by Americans throughout all the Imperial arsenals and factories. This is not the first time that Russia has recognized American industrial skill. These flattering signs should encourage all our artisans.

**GIPSIES.**—It seems now to be pretty generally agreed that this singular race originally came from India, whence they migrated at the time of the great Mohammedan invasion of Timor Bey. It is calculated that there are five million gipsies in Europe, Asia and Africa. The number in America probably does not exceed, if it reaches, a hundred or two.

**INTRODUCTION OF THE POTATO.**—The history of the potato affords a strong illustration of the influence of authority. For more than two centuries, the use of this invaluable plant was vehemently opposed; at last, Louis XV. wore a bunch of its flowers in the midst of his courtiers, and the consumption of the root became universal in France.

**GARDENS FOR CHILDREN.**—The Horticulturist states that children's gardens are now the fashion in Germany, and have been successfully introduced into London.

**SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS.**

The system of intercommunication between remote countries, by means of ocean telegraphs, is destined to produce wonderful effects in the social relations of mankind. Already submarine telegraphs, concentrated in London, traverse St. George's Channel to Dublin, the North Channel to Carrickforus, the Straits of Dover to Calais and Ostend, and the North Sea from Orfordness to the Hague. Nor are other countries behind-hand; the Little Belt, the Great Belt, and the Sound are traversed by a line to Karlsrona, which connects Sweden with the rest of Europe. France communicates with her Algerine Governor by a line which passes from Spezia to Cape Corso over Corsica and Sardinia to the neighborhood of Tunis, and thence to Algiers by land. Even the inhospitable Euxine has received the beneficent messenger; whilst preparations are being made to communicate in the same manner with Malta, Constantinople, Alexandria, Aden, and thence to Kurrachee, where it is to connect the new world with the old. The line is to commence at Cork; and along its proposed route to St. John's—a distance of one thousand six hundred and eighty miles—the bottom of the sea is a plateau, or long-continued bank, as discovered by Lieut. Maury in 1853, and so eminently suited as the resting-place of the submarine cable, that it has been called the *Telegraph Platform*. It is of a tolerably uniform depth, but not more than has already been successfully encountered during the greater part of its extent, though deeper near the Irish coast than the shores of Newfoundland, and about two or three miles in breadth. This bank is composed of a bed of the most minute possible shells, so small and of such a delicate and beautiful structure—apparently kindred to those microscopic shells which form some of our chalks and marbles—as to prove the complete stillness of the water at that depth. Indeed, it is well known that the disturbance caused by the waves, even of the most violent storm, ceases at a depth comparatively trifling. St. John's is two or three days nearer England than Halifax; and now that a dangerous reef, called the *Merlin Rock*, at the narrow entrance to the harbor—eighteen feet below the surface at low water—has been skilfully and successfully removed by the order and at the expense of the company, the largest steamers in the world can with safety pass in and out of that landlocked harbor, which possesses abundant facilities for coaling first-class steamers. Crossing Newfoundland to Cape Ray, the cable is laid down across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape North, whence, traversing Cape Breton Island,

it is carried to Halifax, whence it distributes its messages over the whole continent of North America. Amongst the most remarkable events of the age in which we live will be the changes effected by this new agency of intercommunication.

**HEN PERSUADERS.**

The Springfield Republican, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following: "Blobsbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobsbs had a lovely young Shanghai pullet of boundless ambition. Blobsbs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobsbs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him! Alas, he never saw her come off again! At night, he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment were a handful of feathers, a few toe-nails and a bill. In the lower compartment, were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobsbs saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and fired by young ambition she had laid herself all away."

**THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.**—A country editor received a remittance, with the request to "send the paper as long as the money lasted." He indulged in a bit of a "spree" the next week, got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber that, according to his own terms, his subscription was out.

**HINDOO MARRIAGES.**—Several Hindoo widows have been lately married, instead of burning themselves at the funerals of the "dear departed." When a husband has left a "pile," it is far better to spend it than be consumed by it.

**GREAT PUBLICATION.**—Fifty volumes of hitherto unpublished letters of Napoleon the Great are now being published in Paris by Napoleon the Little. It will cost the treasury \$20,000.

**MEDICAL JOKE.**—A medical gentleman says that those ladies who make it a business to trouble dry-goods clerks and never buy anything, ought to be called counter irritants.

**A BRAVE MAN.**—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—It is better to suspend an opinion than to be compelled to retract an assertion.

## HANDS AND FEET.

The most unobservant know that cold feet and hands are uniform symptoms in those diseases which gradually wear our lives away. The cause of these symptoms is a want of circulation. The blood does not pass to and from the extremities with facility. Nine-tenths of our women, at least in cities and large towns, have cold feet or hands, or both; hence, not one in a hundred is healthy. It is at our feet and hands that we begin to die, and last of all the heart, because, last of all, stagnation takes place there. In the worst cases of disease, the physician is hopeful of recovery, as long as he can keep the extremities warm; when that cannot be done, hope dies within him. It needs no argument to prove that a tight glove prevents the free circulation of blood through the hands and fingers. It so happens, that the very persons who ought to do everything possible to promote the circulation of the blood, are those who most cultivate tight gloves, viz., the wives and daughters who have nothing to do but dress; or rather, do nothing but dress; or to be critically accurate, who spend more time in connection with dressing, than on all other objects together, not including sleep. No man or woman born has any right to do a deliberate injury to the body for a single hour in the day; but to do it day after day, for a lifetime, against the lights of science and common sense, is not wise. We may wink at it, glide over it, talk about this being a free country, that it is ridiculous for a doctor to dictate whether a glove shall be worn tight or loose, but the effect wont be laughed or scorned away; for whatever is done which impedes the circulation of the blood, is done wrongfully against our bodies, and will be as certain of injurious results as the hindering of any law, physical or physiological. Every grain of sand must be taken care of, or the universe would dash to atoms; and so with the little things of the body.

**THE STAGE.**—A Savannah paper says that nothing will puff the drama into popularity in that city, but a *Bellows*—alluding to Dr. Bellows's defence of the drama in New York, which has already raised a bitter outcry.

**MELANCHOLY.**—Melancholy falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink upon white paper, which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning.

**THE CURE.**—A touch of real calamity cures the imaginary sorrows of those who make moun tains out of mole-hills.

## PAINTED FACES.

The natural rose and lily of a fine complexion is an agreeable spectacle; but artificial white and red, daubed over a pallid skin, are always repulsive. Yet in America, England and France, there are many women who persist in the use of whiting and rouge, fancying that they are rendering themselves very attractive by the artifice. In Paris, the rage for painting is carried to a great extent; but there is an Englishwoman there at present, a certain Mrs. W., who wages an incessant warfare against this odious practice. She has never been pretty, but she has preserved to a ripened age a fine natural complexion. She is merciless to women who have the advantage of being younger than herself, of having fine eyes, regular and delicate features, and who seek to add to these privileges a borrowed whiteness. To aid her in her warfare on those painted dames, she had a little Cuban dog, whom she had trained to lick the faces of her lady friends. As soon as she finds herself in company with a painted lady, she places her little dog in the lady's lap, and one touch of his tongue obliterates an hour's work at the toilet. The Englishwoman then exults in her stratagem, particularly if there are numerous witnesses present. Very lately she was at a party where a number of highly-colored beauties were present. She selected for her victim a brilliant baroness. The Creole dog performed his duty thoroughly, the belle's complexion disappeared, and the whole circle was convulsed with laughter. Mrs. W. triumphed; but that very evening her little dog fell sick and expired in convulsions in his mistress's arms. "He was poisoned by the paint!" cried the Englishwoman; and she assuaged her grief by reporting everywhere that the baroness was a dangerous woman, whose false complexion was poisonous and murderous. She's now training a King Charles Spaniel to follow in the footsteps of his unfortunate predecessor.

*[C]* Without pandering to any of the *isms* of the day, *Bellows's Dollar Monthly* comes to us characterized by an independence and manliness of tone quite refreshing. It is unquestionably the cheapest magazine published on either side of the Atlantic, and is destined to reach an immense circulation, having already an edition of eighty thousand regular issue.—*Virginia Advocate*.

**VERY LOVING.**—A couple in Virginia lately eloped, and walked fifty miles to be married, the gentleman's arm encircling the lady's waist the whole distance.

**CONUNDRUM.**—Why is Powers's Greek Slave like the last song? Because it's a nudity (new ditty).

## Foreign Miscellany.

A son has been born to the empress of Russia.

The Swedish diet has given its assent to the big loan of 14,000,000 rix dollars to railways.

Russia is fitting an expedition from Cronstadt as special envoy to China.

Spain will send a special envoy to China to secure a share in the commercial arrangements.

The emperor and empress of Austria have been received very coolly by the Hungarians at Pesth.

In China, Viceroy Yeh had imposed very heavy contributions on the towns and villages under his jurisdiction.

There is an immense number of strangers in Paris, and rents and living continue exorbitantly high.

A correspondent relates that the king of Spain was discovered in conspiracy to dethrone the queen, and is threatened with trial for treason.

It is said that Lord Palmerston has introduced a bill into parliament to amend parliamentary oaths, omitting the words, "In the true faith of a Christian," and thus admitting Jews.

According to the English Board of Trade returns, the exports for March show an increase of over £1,000,000, compared with the same month last year.

The Chevalier de Sekl, one of the functionaries attached to the Ministry of Commerce at Vienna, blew out his brains a few days back in consequence of heavy loss by Bourse speculations.

The Emperor of Japan intends to have the mines on his realm worked in a scientific way, and to that end has requested the Dutch government in India to send him a trustworthy European engineer.

M. Bresson, civil engineer, has entered in to the service of the Emperor of Russia, by permission of Louis Napoleon, to superintend the works projected by the czar in the port of Lieban, Courland.

Secret revolutionary societies exist all over France, and thousands of political conspirators have been arrested; but this is done by the police and government agents with the utmost secrecy, all *clat* being avoided.

The French Emperor has given a proof of his sympathy for French Literature by making a donation of 50000*f*. (£2000) a year to the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, a body whose principal benefactor had hitherto been Dr. Veron.

The English Ministry and the India Company have reversed the project for carrying the telegraph wire from Constantinople to India by way of the Red Sea. It is now decided that the wire shall follow the line of the railway of the Euphrates.

General Todtleben, accompanied by several Russian officers, lately visited the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, where he was received with much courtesy by the staff of that establishment. The general, who speaks French fluently, conversed with several invalids who had served in the Crimea.

In Paris, in some stores, they present a person with his photograph who buys three dollars worth.

The principal papers in Paris now belong to Jew bankers—a significant fact!

Patent iron-spring bedsteads have come into use in England.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the last surviving daughter of George III., died April 30.

Lady Franklin has purchased an Aberdeen clipper for the search of her lost husband, and given the command to Capt. McClintock.

An immense number of railway projects are afloat in Central India. On some of the lines 10,000 natives are at work at one time.

A letter from Venice announces that a painting by Paul Veronese, for three centuries the property of the Pisani family, has been purchased by the British Government for £14,900 sterling.

There died lately in the province of Vilna, Russia, a peasant named Kiawelkis, who had attained the astonishing age of 137 years and six months. An old soldier died in the Russian province of Kieff, in 1844, at the age of 153.

A new river near to and below Calcutta is now being cleared out by an English company and will soon be opened to commerce. It is anticipated that a port will spring up there which will rival Calcutta.

It is reported that in the demolition of an old chateau (in Spain, of course), an antique glass jar was found which contained a large piece of Eve's wedding cake! It had become almost tasteless through extreme age.

The fact that the deaths exceed the number of births in France, and that at present the population is actually diminishing, although emigration has almost entirely ceased, is exciting much discussion as to causes and consequences.

A Vienna letter says great crowds of people go to the Prater to see the empress, who rides there almost every day. Her majesty, who is a first rate horse-woman, wears a black riding habit and a hat with a large black feather.

The French Emperor reviewed several regiments that are about to quit the garrison of Paris. After the firing past, the Imperial Prince was taken in front of the troops in a carriage, and held up to the soldiers by his nurse.

Orders have been given to a well-known Spanish firm in London to purchase timber for the building of three frigates and a schooner. These vessels will be propelled by screws, and the engines are to be constructed by first-rate engineers.

A novel mode of expressing election returns was adopted at the Ayrshire (Eng.) elections. The distance to be travelled was eleven miles, a number of swift-footed boys were placed at short distances on the road, who made the trip in thirty-five minutes.

The individual who gained the price £4000 at the March drawing of the shares issued by the city of Paris, for the loan of improvements, was a scavenger. His wife had always desired that he should possess a higher and more cleanly calling. When she heard of his unlooked-for fortune, she fell dead of extreme joy. Her husband was less affected by his luck, and he has bought the stock and good will of a perfumer.

## Record of the Times.

Three United States Senators from New Hampshire have died within three years.

Palmer, the Albany sculptor, has completed a grand head of Moses, the law-giver.

The eldest son of Gov. Wise, of Virginia, is studying divinity, and will be ordained next year.

"Fidgeting bliss," is the latest definition for love. Not a bad definition, we must confess.

Efforts to make horse-flesh a general food are still vigorously continued in Paris, France.

The annual circulation of newspapers in the United States is about 500,000,000 copies!

The steam frigate Niagara's guns will throw a 130-pound shell a distance of four miles.

The entire amount of public lands sold and located in Wisconsin, is about 10,000,000 acres.

The salary of the mayor of New York city is established at \$5000 a year.

Hang your walls with pictures and let your child have fine engravings, to endear home to it.

A boy died in New York, lately, from eating eggs which had been boiled in Prussian blue.

A cracked character, like a kettle once mended, always requires mending.

The Middlesex Mechanic Association will have a grand exhibition at Lowell, September 10th.

Since January the weekly value of foreign imports at this port has been about \$1,000,000.

About a million of dollars is expended every ten years in widening the streets of Boston.

Joel Preston, of South Hadley, found an ancient turtle near his door the other day, bearing the inscription "W. H., 1781."

Mr. Allen Hiscock of Princeton, Ill., died recently from the effects of chloroform, taken to assuage the pain caused by a violent toothache.

The area of the State of Iowa is ascertained by recent calculations and surveys to be 56,080 square miles, or 5166 square miles larger than had been supposed.

The basquine is a lady's outer garment of a new style. It much resembles a gentleman's single-breasted frock without any collar, and with full skirt to cover the hoops.

A company of firemen recently took a train of cars from Memphis to Savannah, a distance of 750 miles, which was performed without change of cars in fifty-two hours.

A member of the Rev. Dr. Phillips's church, New York, has contributed \$30,000 to endow a Professorship in the College of New Jersey, at Princeton.

The failures in the United States during the year 1856, were 2700; their debts are estimated to have been more than \$50,000,000, and the loss to the creditors is \$40,000,000. Our laws for the collection of debts are not worth a farthing.

The State Normal University of Illinois has been located at Bloomington. The contesting point was Peoria, the offer of which was \$50,000 cash and \$30,000 in real estate. Bloomington subscribed \$95,000 cash and \$45,000 in real estate.

Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much.

Gold mines have been found in Mauray Co., Tenn.

A Yankee genius says the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet is "let her *went*."

Every falsehood is the height of a precipice, the depth of which no human eye can measure.

He declares himself guilty who defends himself before accusation.

A young lady of sixteen is about to marry Marshal Pelissier, who is sixty, sure.

No man on a death-bed ever regretted any act of self-denial or benevolence done by himself.

In China, the stage and the temple are on good terms, and the priests themselves hire players.

Lies are billess swords, which cut the hand that wields them.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, and virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

The Count de Pontecoulant, a French amateur sailor, named his yacht the "Lively Yankee."

We always overrate the happiness of others, and underrate the means of our own.

The number of children who are habitually absent from school in the city of New York is estimated at more than *twenty thousand*.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the leading surgeon of England, enjoys the comfortable professional income of \$85,000 a year.

All the public accounts in Canada are to be kept in dollars and cents. The time will come when the federal currency will be adopted by all enlightened nations.

The dwelling houses, stores, etc., now in process of construction in New York, involve an estimated expenditure of nearly six millions of dollars.

Information has been received at San Antonio, Texas, that a large placer of gold has been discovered in the Laguna de Tacos, about 32 leagues to the north and west of Monclova, and about 300 miles from San Antonio.

Eggs which are now so abundant, can, it is said, be better preserved in corn meal than in any other preparation yet known. Lay them with the small end down, and if undisturbed, they will be as good at the end of the year as when packed.

The Mutual Insurance Company of Allegany county, Md., insured property during the past year to the value of \$187,614. The only loss sustained by fire, for the same period, it is stated, was *three dollars and fifty cents*.

It is designed to erect and endow a German University in Cincinnati. The funds are to be raised by subscription, and the chairs to be filled by importations from Gottingen and Halle. The projectors intend to purchase a college edifice already erected.

A College of Agriculture has been established in Michigan on a handsome farm of seven hundred acres. It has an endowment of \$56,000, and in each of the last two years the legislature has given it \$20,000. Students are admitted without fee, but are obliged to labor three hours each day.

## Merry-Making.

Honesty—an excellent joke—in these days.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge and cannot keep it.

The way to make water taste better than champagne is to eat salt fish about six hours before imbibing it.

What is the difference between killed soldiers and repaired garments? Ans.—The former are dead men, and the latter are men-ded (dead).

"I have passed through great hardships," as the schooner said after sailing through a fleet of iron steamships.

Why is the letter N like the figure 1 used in subtraction? Ans.—Because it makes one none.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Ans.—Because he is secured (secured.)

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable? Because they have got eyes to see what they are doing.

*Rather Personal.*—"You look as though you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a fox who happened to be standing by a donkey.

Why are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Because they gambol about in their youth, frequent turf, are generally black-legs, and are universally fleeced.

*Advice.*—Stodious Boy. "Johnny! I advise you not to be a good boy!"—Johnny. "Why?" Stodious Boy. "Because in books all good boys die, you know!"—Punch.

Punch says: "Last week, when the east wind was at its sharpest, a nursery-maid, walking with her charge in the Regent's Park, had a remarkable fine baby cut into twins."

"An' will ye be afther telling me what kind o' baste ye call this?" said a newly-arrived Irishman, holding up a wasp between his thumb and finger. "Och, murder! spake quick, for he's biting me!"

"Harry," said a young lady, on the seat before us at the theatre, lately, "how I should like to be an actress." "An actress, Henrietta; why?" "O, it must be so nice to be made love to in such pretty words every evening."

A correspondent sends us the following copy of a document in Winchester Cathedral:

"To work done: soldering and repairing St. Joseph, Ed.; screwing a nose on the Devil, putting a new horn on his head, and glueing a piece on his tail, 5s. 6d."

A man named Aaron Bedbug of Montgomery County, Ky., intends petitioning the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, whose name is Oliva, is unwilling that he should be called A. Bedbug, she O. Bedbug, and the little ones, little Bedbugs.

"If I am not at home from the party to night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly—"I won't wait, but I'll come for you!" The gentleman returned at ten o'clock precisely.

Why are troubles like babies? Because they grow bigger by careful nursing.

Mr. Dubois is so skeptical that he won't believe even the report of a cannon.

The man whose feelings were worked up, has ordered a fresh supply.

Why is Louis Napoleon's the most mathematical government in Europe? Because it is established on trigger-nometry.

Law, Mr. Smith, what makes your hair so red? Ma's got some stuff that turns her's such a jolly black.

*A Terrible Reverse.*—No children, now a days, ma'am! All our children are men, and all our men are childish, ma'am!—*Mr. Fogey.*

Simpson says the ladies do not set their caps for the gentlemen any more; they spread their hoops.

What bird is that which it is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up? A swallow.

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities, are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust and rich soup.

Women are called the softer sex because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing and warm heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

A French writer, speaking of Dr. Buckland, the accomplished naturalist, alludes to his celebrated Bridgewater Treatise, saying that Dr. Buckland has published a work "on the construction of bridges."

A decayed gentleman who has been for many years subjected to an attack of creditors, is desirous of making known the means by which he was cured. Letters, inclosing a postage stamp, can be left under his door during the night.

A chicken fancier is trying to get up a new race of pullets by crossing weather-cocks with Shanghai hens. We shall watch his success with much interest. This is a progressive age. Rope walks will yet be made to trot.

It is a question whether being called "the son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well-known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

A western orator haranguing his audience on the vast extent and overwhelming population of the American Republic, exclaimed, by way of climax: "Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but whar shall we find timber enough for its coffin?"

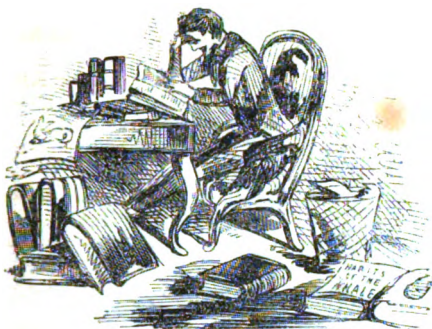
### GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.



# MR. SPOOKS'S SUMMER SPORT.



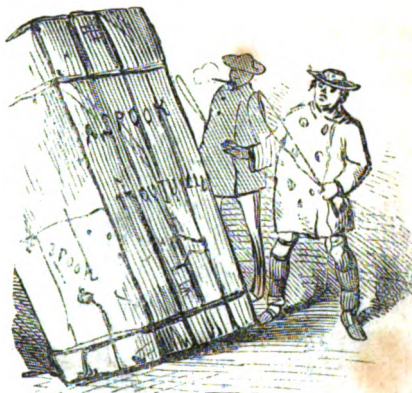
He reads up carefully about fishing generally, and Isaac Walton, in particular.



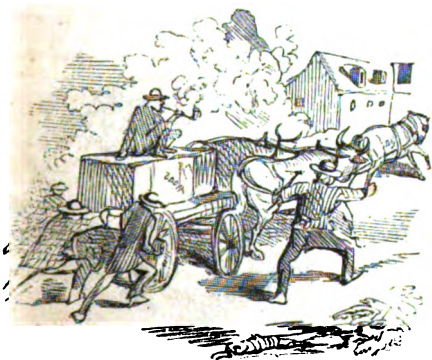
Procures the proper articles, and some flies for bait.



A few "original packages" are deemed indispensable, and so are prepared.



The whole is boxed up, making a small, neat package; and the drayman sent for.



Spooks's fishing apparatus is conveyed from the railroad to the country inn.



Starts off for a day's sport with the requisite attendants

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



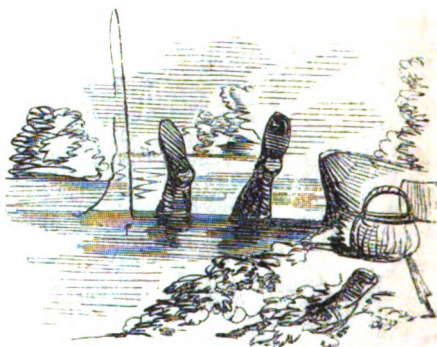
Is very patient, and not easily discouraged.



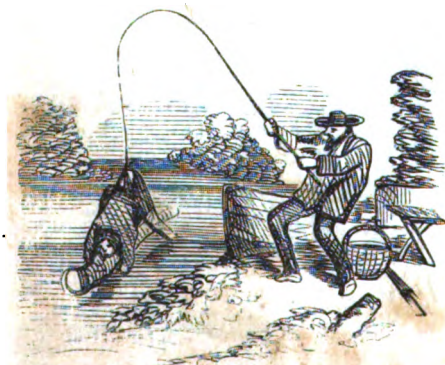
A slight shower does not in the least cool his ardor.



Frantically endeavors to pull up something!



Not equal to the task, and, in his struggles, tumbles in



Is fortunately picked up by one of the anxious attendants, nearly drowned.



Spooks concludes his theory is too limited, and resolves to consult larger books.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.—No. 3.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1857.

WHOLE No. 33.

## AMERICAN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.



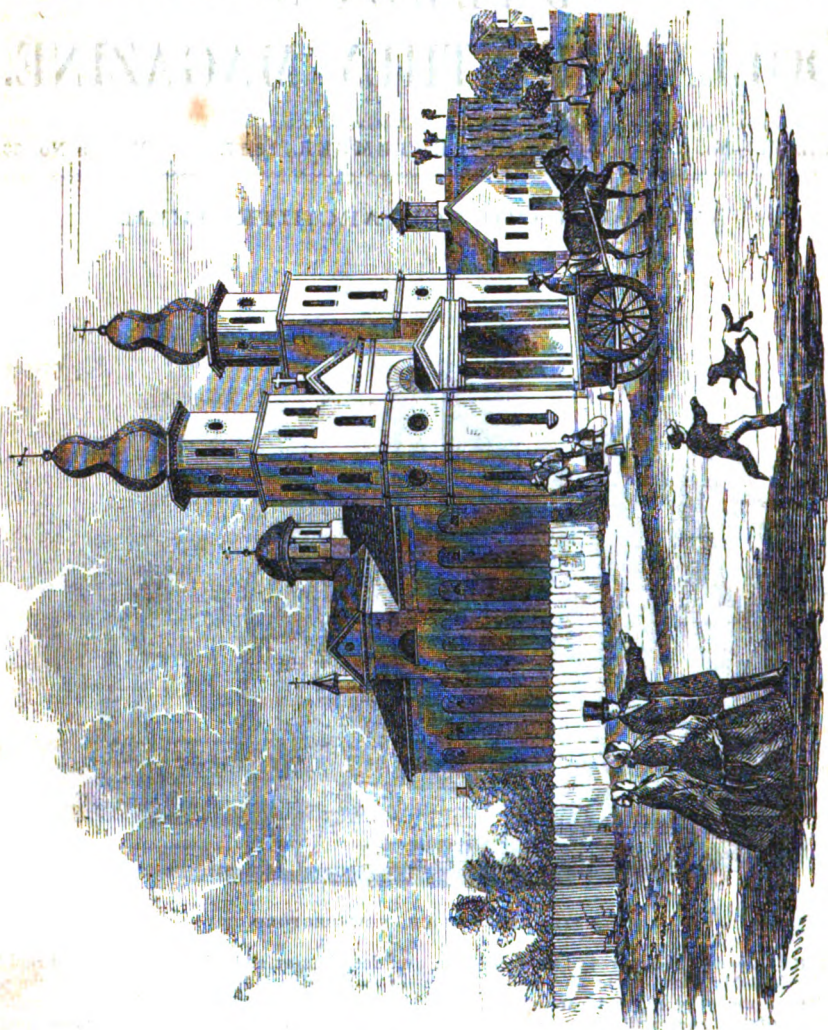
UNITARIAN CHURCH, NEW BEDFORD.

WITH the opening of our present number of the "Dollar Monthly," we present our readers with a series of well-selected, and carefully drawn, and beautifully engraved views, representing some of the finest, as well as some of the most celebrated, modern church edifices in the United States. Within a few years, architecture, and particularly church architecture, has followed the same law of progress which has carried forward the other arts and sciences, and which has kept pace with the accumulation of wealth, and is rapidly elevating the character of our beloved country. Houses of worship were among the first structures erected by the colonists, who came hither to found a new empire; and this is a fact

of deep import, and a key to the magical rapidity of our national development. At first the poverty of the settlers compelled them to build of the rudest materials, and in the most modest manner; moreover, the hostility of savage neighbors compelled them to think of defence even while setting apart places of devotion, and the early meeting-house, in the days of Indian warfare, did not differ much from the block-house erected for the protection of an infant settlement. The sudden warwhoop of the savage was liable at any moment to interrupt the fervent prayer, or the hymn of praise. No Sabbath bell, with its sweet tones, called the faithful together; and the men who repaired to hear the saving words of

grace, were obliged to gird themselves with the armor of the flesh, as well as with the armor of godliness, and to be prepared with offensive and defensive weapons—with steel cap, breastplate and buff coat, with pike, halbert, musketoon and sword, to defend their own and their wives' and children's lives from the arrows of the "heathen salvages," and their altars from the incendiary torches of the painted warriors. Afterwards, when peace and serenity were restored, and

the temples vacated by their builders, still, in the last century, and on this side of the water, we do not think a puritan congregation could have been found willing to erect a *new* house on the model of those churches associated in their minds with antagonistic principles of doctrine. It has remained for later and more enlightened days to sweep away these prejudices, and to permit the builders of churches to choose from the manifold examples of European church architecture such



GERMAN CHURCH, ALLEGHANY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

means were more ample, the puritan tabernacles were not attractive to the eye of taste; for our fathers, while in many respects they were in advance of the age they lived in, were rooted in their aversion to "steeped houses," and to the rich adornment of the shrines of a creed which they abhorred. Though in the old world, the impregnability of Gothic cathedrals, defying the sledges and battering-rams of the iconoclasts, compelled many Protestant communities to adopt

designs as suit their taste, without reference to their origin. And so great is the diversity of tastes in this country, that we find an endless variety of plans and styles in our church edifices. To our specimens of these we now invite the attention of our readers. Our first view is of the Unitarian Church, New Bedford, Mass., which stands in an elevated part of the city, and is built entirely of granite. Its square towers, and battlements, and buttresses and pointed windows,



and the ornamental character of its surroundings, give it an imposing and attractive aspect, and render it the most striking church edifice in the city. The trees planted near it add an additional effect to its picturesque appearance. Buttresses are an important feature in all varieties of church architecture. They are the external strengthening pieces which enable the architect to produce such surprising results; they are generally to be seen running up between the windows on the exterior of cathedrals and churches, and in various other places where they can render strength. Beginning with the Normans, they acquired more and more richness down to the fifteenth century, when they became profusely decorated. In the early English style four varieties of buttresses are used. The first is a plain, flat kind of pilaster, differing very little from the Norman buttress. The second kind, rather later than the

former, is about equal in projection and breadth, and has one or two "set-offs," or receding stages; it has sometimes a shaft at the corners, sometimes paneling on the sides, and sometimes niches and varied ornaments. The third kind is a slender buttress of great projection, occasionally applied to towers. The fourth kind, used towards the end of the style, is divided into many stages, and is terminated upwards with a triangular head.—We next give a view of the German Church, on Liberty Street, Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, which presents a very unique appearance, and forms a pleasing contrast with the usual style of church building. The towers remind us of some of the Greek churches in Moscow, Russia, being somewhat in the Byzantine style of architecture. It is well known that Russia has been a good deal influenced by the Byzantine architecture. At the time when the Byzantine empire was powerful, the country north and northeast of the Black Sea was inhabited by rude tribes of Sar-

matians, who gradually came under the dominion of a chief or czar, having his capital at Kief. These Sarmatians, or Muscovites, or Russians (for the terms may be deemed nearly synonymous), embraced the Christianity of the Greek Church; and when one of their princesses, Olga or Elga, returned in the year 955 from Constantinople, where she had been to be baptized by the patriarch, she built a Christian church at Kief in the Byzantine style. A few years afterwards the Czar Vladimir built at Kief a larger church, which he named after the Santa Sophia, of Constantinople, and which, though afterwards burned, was rebuilt in the same style. After a time, Novogorod succeeded Kief as the metropolis of the czar's dominions; and here another "Santa Sophia" was built in the eleventh century. Ivan, another czar, at a later period transferred the seat of empire from Novogorod to Moscow; and here again were churches built on the Byzantine plan:

Down to the fifteenth century, when the Byzantine empire was finally extinguished, all the Russian churches were built by architects from Constantinople; but after this, the Italian and other architects engrafted other features on the Byzantine, still retaining, however, the general character of the latter. The Greek cross with the square centre, the cupola over this centre, and the smaller cupolas over the side recesses, the tall minarets between the cupolas—all were retained; but the semi circular form of the cupola gave way to a bulbous form, such as characterize the Mohammedan mosques.—St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass., which is next delineated, is a modest building of the Gothic style of architecture, first erected in 1733, and rebuilt in 1833.—St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, Canada, the subject of our fourth engraving, is a fine specimen of the pointed Gothic style of architecture—and this

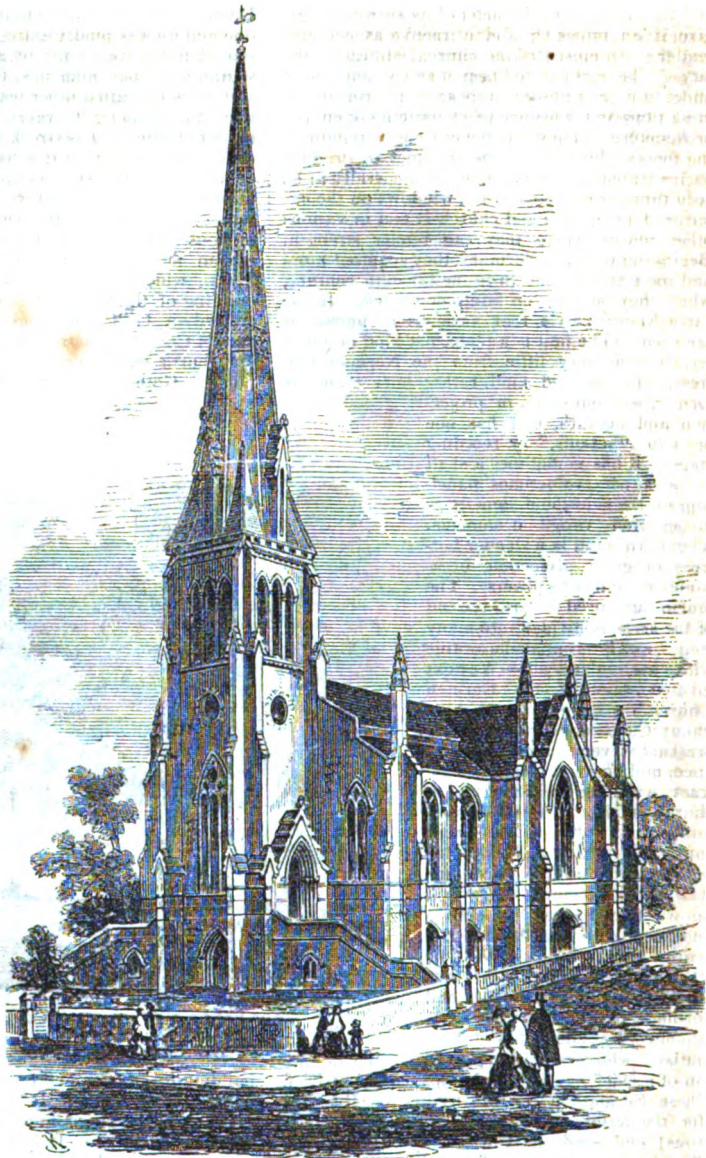


ST. PETER'S CHURCH, SALEM, MASS.

specimen suggests some remarks on early church building in Europe, and on some of the theories respecting the pointed style. Mr. Hope says:—"When, in the kingdom established by the Lombards in the north of Italy, the old cities, by their wise regulations, had become to teem with a new industry, and new cities to arise; but while, nevertheless, the knowledge of certain arts was still difficult to obtain, the exercise of them laborious, and the fruits, slow, rare and uncertain; its kings, its lesser lords, and the municipalities that by degrees arose, were induced, in their wisdom or weakness, at one time from motives of public policy, at others of private advantage, to encourage artificers of different professions." Apprenticeships, licensing, trade privileges and prohibitions, freedom of guilds—all arose out of this system, as a direct inducement to industry and productive art. Very shortly it was either found to be, or supposed to be, conducive to the inter-

ests of these corporate bodies that their art should assume the character of a "mystery," which could neither be learned, nor practised if learned, without the sanction of the governing body of the guild. The earliest "schools" of painting had a good deal of this corporate character about them, although in a far less degree than the more mechanical guilds. Masons or builders were not among the least important of these operatives. In an age when church-building became gradually to be regarded more and more as a religious duty, the architects and masons employed at it were looked upon as being superior to most other workmen. The inhabitants of Como, in the north of Italy, obtained celebrity for their skill in these matters; inasmuch that the appellation, "magistri Comacini," or "masters from Como," became generic to all those of the profession. Whether the "free and accepted masons" were really established at the time when, and in the country where, the Lombard kings reigned, is a

disputed question among those who have written on the subject; but it seems to be agreed that the Freemasons *did* exist in those times, and that they built an immense number of churches in Italy, at a time when the other countries of Europe were badly supplied both with churches and with church-builders. When these Freemasons became more numerous than the wants of Italy required, they crossed the Alps and sought for employment elsewhere. The popes extended protection to them under the character of church-builders; for each new Christian church was, in



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, CANADA.

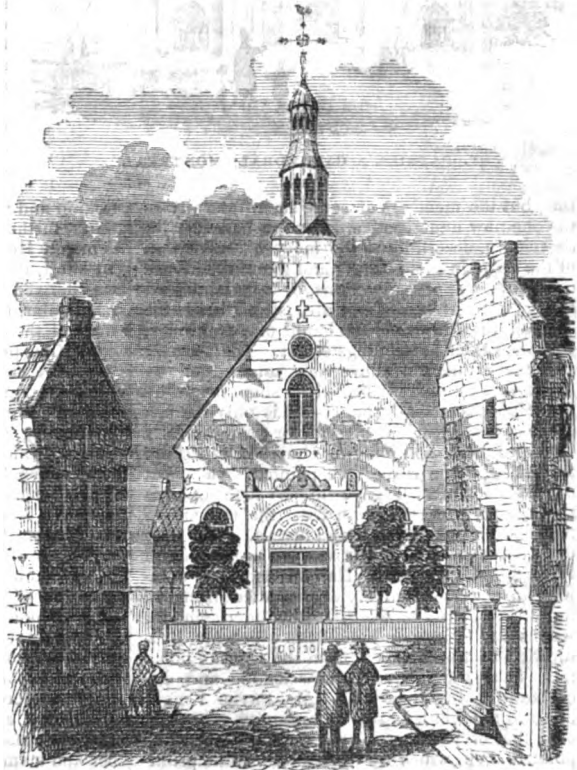
those days, in some sort an addition to the pope's dominions. Mr. Hope thinks that it was about the time when Charlemagne overthrew the Lombard kingdom, that the popes thus chartered the church-builders, on much the same principle that they would have sent out missionaries. The Freemasons, thus favored, "were fraught with Papal bulls or diplomas, not only confirming the corporate powers given to them by their own native sovereign on their own native soil, but granting to them, in every other foreign country which they might visit for purposes connected with their



association, where the Latin creed was avowed, and the supremacy of its spiritual head acknowledged, the right of holding directly and solely under the pope alone, entire exemption from all local laws and statutes, edicts of the sovereign, or municipal regulations, whether with regard to the force of labor or any other, binding upon the native subjects; they acquired the power, not only themselves to fix the price of their labor, but to regulate whatever else might appertain to their own internal government, exclusively in their general chapters; prohibiting all native artists not admitted into their society from entering with it into any sort of competition, and all native sovereigns from supporting their subjects in such rebellion against the church, and commanding all such temporal subjects to respect these credentials, and to obey these mandates, under pain of excommunication." The Freemasons, or church builders, becoming thus a highly privileged body, many persons were desirous to join them. Some of the builders at Rome, and others as far off as Constantinople, did so; and by degrees some of the natives of France, Germany, Belgium and England were admitted members of the fraternity. It appears that ecclesiastics were especially anxious for this honor or privilege—abbots, prelates, bishops and monks being ranked among the "free and accepted masons," and acknowledging the pope as being as much their head in this as in more spiritual matters.

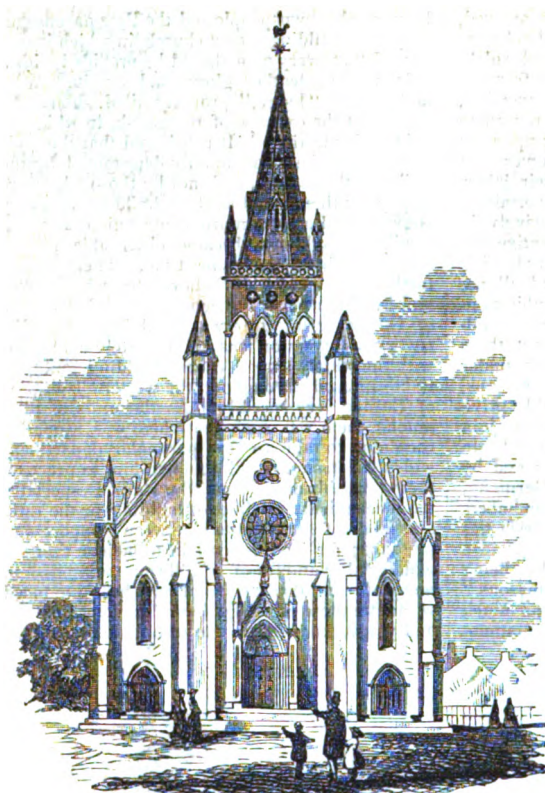
Thus the twofold chain of events led towards the same result—the refuge which the arts found among the religious orders induced the monks to become architects and builders; while the sanction of a church-building guild by the pope, led to a general uniformity in the mode of proceeding. Each country had a "lodge," or headquarters for the Freemasons, which were often chartered and protected by the sovereigns of the country. A very close connection thus arose between Papal power and Christian architecture. The missionaries and Freemasons worked hand in hand; insomuch that "it may be asserted," says Mr. Hope, "that a new apostle of the Gospel no sooner arrived in the remotest corner of Europe, either to convert the inhabitants to Christianity, or to introduce among them a new religious order, than speedily followed a tribe of itinerant Freemasons to back him, and to provide the inhabitants with the necessary places of worship or reception." Each troop consisted of a head architect, with a number of workmen under him; a warden or superintendent being placed to every ten men. They built a "lodge," or group of temporary habitations, near the spot where the church was to be built, and organized their whole community for the time being. At a parish in Suffolk, during the reign of Henry VI., a contract was entered into

between the townspeople and the Freemasons employed in building a new church, in which it was agreed that every man should be provided with a pair of white leather gloves and a white apron; and that a "lodge," properly tiled, should be erected at the expense of the parish, in which to hold their meetings. It is believed that the style of the churches was mainly determined by the builders themselves, and not by those who were to pay for them; and as these builders, in every country, had a close mutual connection, a strong family resemblance became observable in the churches about the same time. There seems furthermore reason to believe, that wheresoever and by whomsoever the general vertical character of Gothic architecture was established, the discovery or invention was so intimately connected with the widely spread church-building guild, as to be diffused throughout the western countries of Europe very speedily. As the unity of plan among them was such that there was scope for each man to take up that particular department which his taste or skill qualified him to practise, there probably arose some who studied especially the mechanical principles of building, or the ratio and mode of arrangement between support and pressure; for it is impossible to believe that the wonderful examples of equilibrium exhibited in many of our cathedrals could have been produced without a close investigation of such principles; and yet we know of no one who *could* have done



BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL, CANADA.





ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

this, but the members of some such fraternity as the one now under notice. Europe had very little science, according to the modern acception of the term, in those times; and the utter absence of documents, plans, sections, or calculations relating to church architecture, strengthens the opinion that it was in the hands of a fraternity, who kept their proceedings secret. It is proper to remark that the above view, touched on by many writers, and illustrated at some length by Mr. Hope, is not a certainty—it is only the best mode of accounting, at present, for the uniformity of plan followed in building churches, especially at and after the rise of the pointed style. Dr. John Milner, in 1798, gave support to the opinion that the pointed arch arose from the mutual intersection of a series of round arches. The present century has not been wanting in theories on this subject. Sir James Hall advanced an opinion, that the pointed style originated from an imitation of wicker work, or the interlacing of wands and twigs—an hypothesis which Mr. Britton thinks arose rather “from the sport of fancy than from the inferences of scientific and discriminating investigation.” Mr. Payne Knight gives to the pointed arch an antiquity exceeding even that of the round arch. He says: “The pointed arch, which we call Gothic, is the primitive arch, of which the earliest instance known in Europe is the Emissarius of the Lake of Albano,

built during the siege of Veii, long before either the Greeks or Romans knew how to turn any other kind of arch; for as this may be constructed without a centre, by advancing the stones in gradual projections over each other, and then cutting off the projecting angles, its invention was obvious, and naturally preceded those constructed upon mechanical principles, of which, I believe, there are no examples anterior to the Macedonian conquest.” There were among the Christians of the middle ages many symbols adopted respecting the Saviour and his attributes. Among these was the *vesica piscis*, a figure in the form of a fish. Mr. Kerrich has offered an opinion that the pointed ends of this figure might have engendered the idea of the pointed arch, in place of the previously used semi-circular arch. Mr. Lascelles, in an essay published in 1830, left all other theorists at a distance, by going as far back as Noah himself for the origin of the pointed arch. He says:—“Pointed architecture was not invented by mathematicians or mechanics; nor by the Goths, Anglo-Saxons, or Saracens. It is plainly not the invention of any artist; still less is it Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman. As for the Orientals, the form reached them, as we see in their temples, in the shape also of the Phrygian and Median bonnet, with something, perhaps, of a symbolical and hieroglyphic allusion; it may be traced, too, in their architecture—just as their Paganism is the mutilated trunk, or ruined

remain and tumulus, of transpired revelation. I think, further, and have no doubt, that its origin is merely Hebraic—of the very highest antiquity.” In short, this writer thinks that the pointed arch was derived from the shape of the ark; the perpendicular, the horizontal, and the oblique sections of the ark affording patterns for three varieties of the pointed arch. Mr. Hope, in the essay which we have often quoted, notices the impropriety of regarding the pointed arch as the single great feature of the pointed style, since it is only one among many. Considering the many countries in which pointed arches of some kind or other have been found, belonging to a period much earlier than the pointed style generally, he thinks it is a useless inquiry to seek the name of the person by whom, or the country in which, this form of arch was first used; nor does he think this inquiry of importance to the general question of the invention of the pointed style. The opinion which Mr. Hope seems to entertain in respect to this invention is, that motives of utility led to it. “In those regions where snow falls thick, and lies long, the necessity of affording to numerous congregations places of assembly ample and spacious—temples which, consuming less solid materials, and presenting a lesser number and a smaller bulk of those masses of masonry which obstructed the vacant spaces, should yet be covered by a roof sharp and lofty, calculated

easily to throw off the wet, yet to weigh lightly on those parts of the building which supported it—the desire of obtaining these advantages induced architects to resume the *groined arch*, known and used by heathen Romans and in the first Christian Basilicas, and subsequently discarded in consequence of the facilities of construction afforded by the profusion of ancient columns which were at hand, and from the readiness with which a timber roof might supply the most urgent necessities." The groined vault being thus employed as a matter of convenience, the intersection of the arches led to a sort of pointed arch, even though the two arches thus intersecting each other were themselves semi-circular. "While the vault did not require much height, but rather lateral expanse, the arches thus crossing each other were made round, in order to give strength; but when more elevation was required, and more scientific knowledge could be commanded, the groined vault, assisted by piers and buttresses, was gradually developed, and grew into the pointed arch. In process of time a desire arose to give to the jambs and apertures destined for doors and windows an appearance corresponding to their tall and slender dimensions, and to the shape of the pointed arch; and the modifications which before had been but partially seen, grew into general favor and estimation. Struck by the combination of strength and lightness, loftiness and space, which this system afforded, artists began to follow up, from motives of elegance and variety, that which had originated in causes of direct utility; and to make every support as slight and distant, every opening as high and as wide, as possible."

—Bonsecours Church, depicted in our fifth engraving, is an old French ecclesiastical edifice, principally remarkable for its antiquity. It is situated at the foot of Rue Bonsecours, near the market, and was built in 1772. On the front is the following inscription:—"Si l'amour de Marie en ton cœur est gravé, en passant ne t'oublie de lui dire un ave," an injunction on the pious to say their prayers, in passing, for the love of the virgin mother.—St. Patrick's Cathedral, shown in our sixth engraving, occupies an elevated position at the corner of St. Alexander Street and Rue La-gauchièrre. It is a striking building in the pointed style.—The Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, is, apart from its neat and solid style of architecture, and the height of its steeple, which makes it a conspicuous landmark, an object of considerable interest from the circumstances of its erection. It originally stood in Wall Street, in the city of New York. When at the call of mammon the edifice was taken down to make room for more *profitable* buildings, the stones, timbers,

etc., were marked and numbered, taken across the river, and erected on the present site, where it now stands, the perfect embodiment of its former self. Upon a tablet over the main door, is the following inscription:—"Presbyterian Church, erected Anno Domini, MDCCCXLIV."—As specimens of the church architecture of Newark, N. J., we have selected two of the more prominent ones as examples of the taste and liberality of the congregations of Newark and the skill of her architects. The first is the High Street Presbyterian Church, on the corner of High and Hill Streets, of which the Rev. D. W. Poor is pastor. It was designed by Mr. Welch, of Newark, and reflects great credit upon all connected with its erection—architect and builders, as well as the congregation, whose munificent expenditure has adorned the city with one of its richest ornaments. The other is Grace Church, Puseyite, situated on the corner of Broad and Walnut Streets, which is also a handsome structure, in the English cruciform style. Both of these structures are constructed of a red sandstone, from quarries in the immediate vicinity.—The next engraving delineates the Jewish Synagogue at the corner of Cerre and Sixth Streets, St. Louis, Mo. It is very peculiar in its architecture, but certainly presents a picturesque appearance. It is very Oriental in its character, and this peculiarity is rendered the more striking by the aspect of the



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JERSEY CITY, N. J.



HIGH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

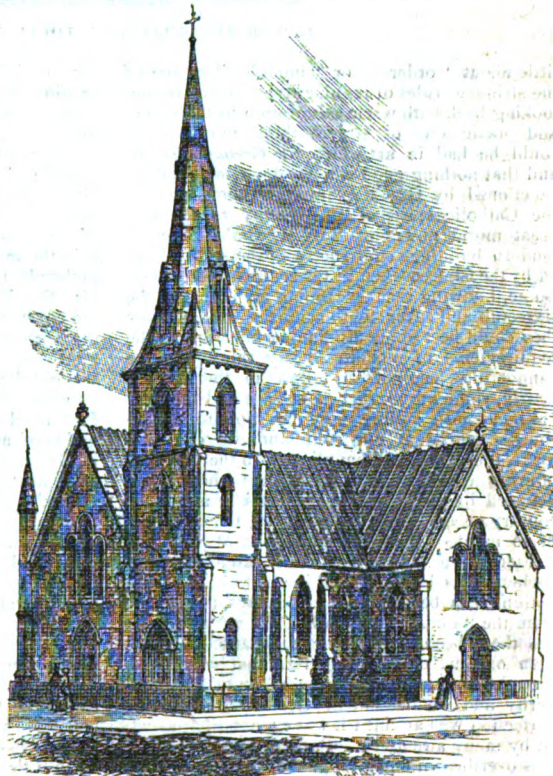
buildings in its immediate vicinity, which are decidedly American in style.—The First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa., is a very elegant structure, in the style of some of the churches already delineated.—Brooklyn, N. Y., contains some sixty-six churches, many of which are remarkable for their beautiful architectural style and finish. The Church of the Pilgrims (Congregational), whose spire forms a prominent object in approaching the city, is an imposing structure of gray stone, situated on the corner of Henry and Remsen Streets. Our engraving is an accurate delineation. The Rev. R. S. Storrs is the pastor. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid July 3, 1844, and it was consecrated to divine service with becoming ceremonies, on the 12th of May, 1846.—The next engraving conveys a correct idea of the pretty Episcopal Church in Brookline, Mass., situated about half a mile from the village, in a secluded and pastoral spot. It is considered a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and was designed by Mr. Upjohn, the celebrated architect of Trinity Church, New York. The material of which it is composed is coarse rubble granite. It is constructed with a view to form a part of a larger church, should such be required, or continue by itself, for which it is sufficiently finished. It was commenced in the spring of 1851, and was completed in the following year, at a cost of about \$25,000. The Gothic style of architecture, now so great a favorite and so closely studied with us, is the modern Gothic, which flourished after the destruction of the Gothic kingdom by the Arabs and Moslem. Old Gothic architecture was copied from the ancient Roman style, and was coarse and heavy, having nothing of the lightness, elegance and boldness of the modern style. The modern style, without sacrificing grandeur and sublimity, add wealthy ornament, splendor and elaborate execution. The modern Gothic originated in the kingdom of

the Visigoths in Spain, from the admixture of the Arabian and Moorish architecture, and flourished from the 12th to the 15th centuries. Towards the latter end of the 12th century important innovations on the old style of church architecture were introduced. For the flat southern gable, says Moeller, was substituted the high northern roof, which brought with it the pointed arch in place of the semi-circular one, being a consequence necessary for the harmony of the parts among each other. With the elevation of the roof and vaulting came a slender proportion of towers, columns, capitals, etc.; and at the latter end of the century the flat pilaster spreads outwards, and is converted into the flying buttress. At this period the edifices were in several respects anomalous, inasmuch as we have a mixture of circular and pointed arches, pillars and vaults intersected by horizontal cornices and the like. The duration of this heterogeneous style was very limited, being immediately succeeded by the universal prevalence of the high pitched gable and the pointed arch. It appears incontestable that the Germans were the first to carry this style to its highest perfection. As early as A. D., 1248, the Cathedral of Cologne was begun upon its present plan, a building which, if finished, would have been the grandest and most beautiful in the world. Erwin Von Steinbach, soon after 1276, built the porch of the minster of Strasburg, a building more, perhaps, esteemed than the last, because nearly brought to a state of completion. The style which we have just been describing wants no other distinctive appellation than the pointed. Imagination seems after its establishment to have been tortured to invent new combinations of ornaments and tracery. It overstepped at length the true bounds of architecture, and was abandoned in the sixteenth century for the introduction and restoration of the Roman, or, more properly speaking, Italian archi-



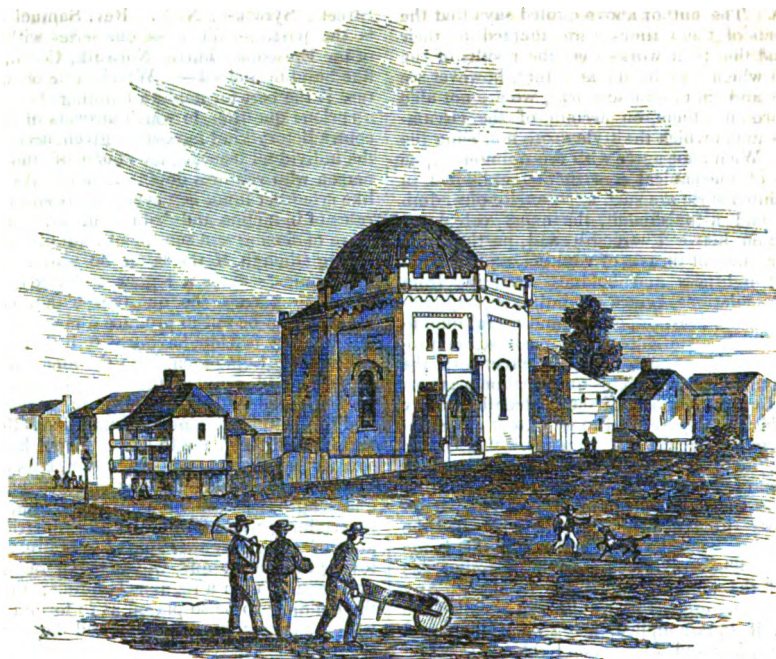
ture. The author above quoted says that the architects of these times were adapted to their age, and that their works were the results of the time in which they lived; and that, however we admire and imitate these works, we are not able to re-produce them, on account of the circumstances under which the style arose not being the same. We do not agree with this opinion. The powers of mechanical construction exhibited in the pointed style are such as to excite our admiration and astonishment, the exact calculated proportion between strength and burthen, the counteraction of thrusts of vaulting, and the consequent lightness and boldness resulting from those calculations, evince an intimate acquaintance with the most important and useful qualification which an architect can possess, the production of the greatest possible effect with the most limited means. This qualification was possessed by the architects of the thirteenth century in the highest degree, and to an extent quite unknown to the Greeks and Romans. "A Gothic church," says Bigelow, "is commonly built in the form of a cross, having a tower, lantern or sphere at the place of intersection. The part of the cross situated towards the west is called the *nave*, the opposite the *choir*, and within this is the *chancel*. The transverse portion, forming the arms of the cross, is called the *transept*. Any high building erected above the roof is called the *steeple*; if square-topped, a *tower*; if long and acute, a *spire*; and if short and light, a *lantern*. The lateral supports on the outside are called *buttresses*, and are necessary to prevent the spreading of the walls from the weight of the roofs." It is only of late years that pure Gothic architecture has been introduced in our churches—Trinity Church, New York, is a fine specimen, and the church in Brookline, by the same architect, is very much admired. It stands in a quiet and secluded spot. Approached from Longwood, through the fields and trees, its spire rising from the valley has a fine effect, and forms a beautiful feature in the landscape. The church is one of the most satisfactory specimens of the Gothic we have among us. This order of architecture, which is now so popular, and considered so befitting the character of sacred edifices, flourishes in Germany. Some of the noblest cathedrals in that land are of this beautiful and imposing style; and among us, its introduction has produced many fine specimens of church architecture, besides that of the church of Brookline.—The next engraving represents the Episcopal Church, situated on Church Street, Taunton, Mass., a very graceful building of the Gothic order, standing upon a terraced platform ornamented with graceful shade trees. The clergyman is the Rev. Edward Anthon.—Our next illustration, sketched for its picturesque appearance, is the Unitarian Church, on the corner of Lark and Burnet

Streets, Syracuse, N. Y. Rev. Samuel J. May is the pastor.—We close our series with a view of the Episcopal church, Norwalk, Conn., a very fine building indeed—"Which style of architecture is the best for modern buildings?" This is a curious question, to which answers of the most contradictory kind have been given, according to the individual taste for the course of study of the person who ventures on an opinion. As art, unlike science, cannot be developed by strict logical rules of induction and deduction, and is a matter more of feeling and sentiment than of close reasoning (though, if the latter be also employed, the result assumes a higher standard), any attempt to narrow the question within confined limits would be apt to produce a mannerism and a temporary fashion, having very little ground to rest upon. Some men, from the tone and habits of their mind, estimate the merits of architecture by the mechanical skill shown in construction, and in the apportionment of supports to the pressures which they have to bear. Some, having an eye for symmetry and proportion, experience a pleasure in observing the relations between height and length, between breadth and depth, and in ascertaining whether there is a symmetrical balance of parts on either side of a centre. Some, loving the picturesque, would much rather have an irregular than a regular building; they wish the building to be so placed as to form a picture with the surrounding country, and they care very



GRACE CHURCH, WALNUT AND BROAD STS., NEWARK, N. J.





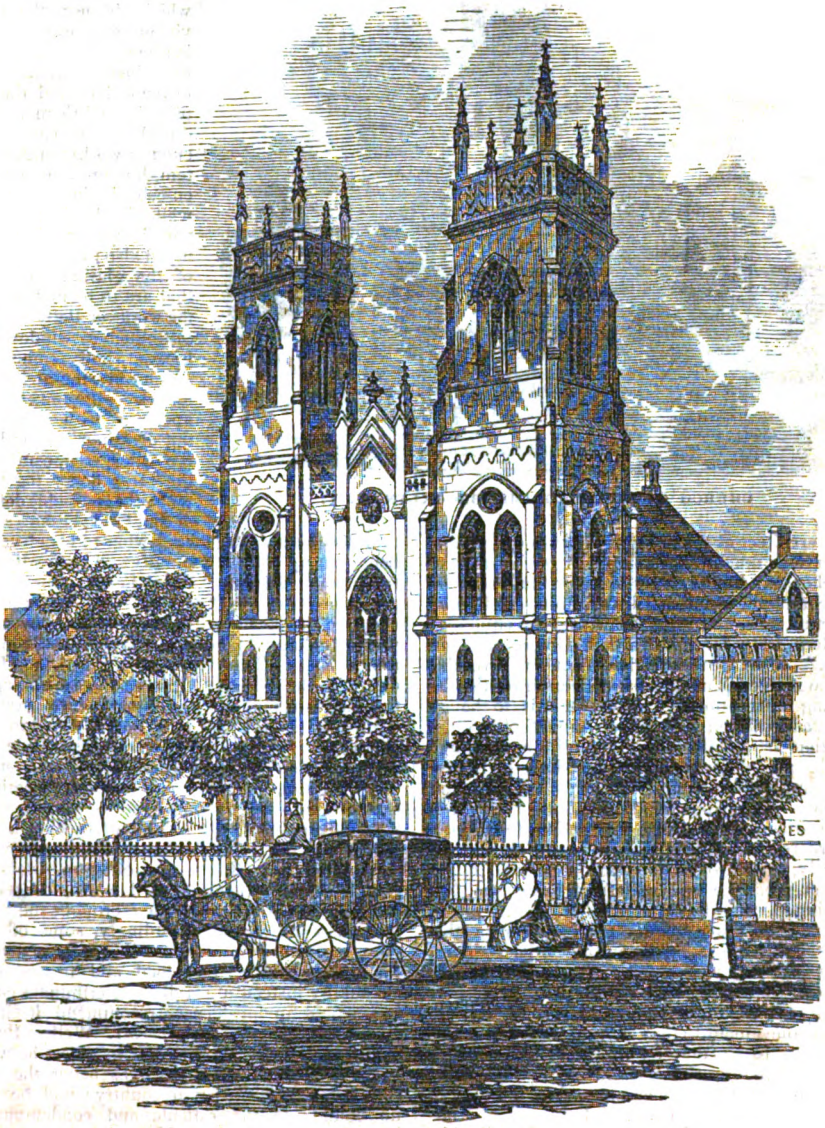
JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

little about "orders," or "modules," or any of the stringent rules of regular architecture. Some, looking back with warm admiration to the heroic and poetic ages of Greece, think that nothing could be had in art which the Greeks effected, and that nothing good can be done but what is sanctioned by Greek example. Some, viewing the Catholic spirit of Christianity as the one great moral power of Europe, would have all modern buildings constructed in the style adopted by the Church when in the zenith of her power. Some, knowing that the Italian architects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries studied how they could best apply Roman architecture to the requirements of modern society, think that we cannot do better than follow in their wake. Lastly, some argue, that as science and industry are incessantly adding more and more to the resources placed at our command, we ought to make those resources applicable to the purposes of art, whenever opportunity offers, without being deterred by the want of precedents in any other country or age. Leo Von Klenze, the architect of so many of the new buildings in Munich, has written a work, in which Greek architecture is spoken of as being the all-in-all, without which nothing can be produced. He says (we quote from the "Foreign Quarterly Review"), "Never has there been, and never will there be, more than one art of building, viz., that which was brought to perfection at the epoch of the prosperity and civilization of Greece. Before this perfection was attained it was necessarily preceded by many attempts; so too, after the art itself was overthrown and trampled upon, both by time and by barbarians, some reverberations of it were

yet sensible. Thus there are many *modes* of architecture after, as well as prior to, its existence as an *art*. Grecian architecture alone is marked by universal propriety, character and beauty; although any mode of architecture is capable of affecting us, and has a certain value of its own, when it is a really national style, and has grown up out of the religious and civil habits of the people. The Grecian architecture, taking it in the most extensive sense of the term, comprehends two leading epochs of its formation, viz., that in which all the apertures and intervals are covered by horizontal lines; and that when the arch was discovered and applied to similar purposes. If we examine into and attend to this twofold development of Grecian architecture in its elementary principles, and, in forming a style for ourselves, keep in view those precious remains of art which are yet preserved to us both in Greece and in Italy, Grecian architecture can and must be the architecture of the world, and that of all periods—nor can any climate, any material, any difference of manners, prove an obstacle to its universal adoption." In the above remarks Klenze speaks of the arch as if it were a Greek invention; he evidently includes the practice both of Greece and Rome when he speaks of Grecian architecture. A writer in the "Quarterly Review," in allusion to the attempt to copy Greek temples in Christian churches, remarks:—"Architecture is quite as much as useful as a fine art; and, the remains of Greece being almost solely of sacred edifices—mere varieties of an oblong cell—what may thence be learned is restricted to little more than the superior beauty of two of the orders. No ideas of composition at all

adequate to our exigencies can be derived from the buildings in question; and those who pretend they are to be compared, in point of utility and practical application, to the great variety of later developments of the art, suggested by the increasing demands of new conditions of society never contemplated in Athenian philosophy, either deceive themselves, or would deceive others. The Greek temples, in the first place, exquisitely beautiful so far as they go, were meant for a worship which did not require the presence of the multitude within the walls. They are all in the interior of very small dimensions; and,

from a similar cause, they are equally poor as regards the means of obtaining light. In Christian churches, where a multitude congregate, ample space is demanded, and also an abundant supply of light to be transmitted through openings in the lateral walls, and not through the roof and doorway alone. These considerations suggested to the Roman Christians the superior advantages of the Basilican over the Temple form. The Roman Basilica is the real archetype of modern churches; and if for such structures the Temple of the Greeks is inappropriate, much more must it be so for all domestic purposes.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PITTSBURG, PENN.





CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The architect of the present day may continue to observe as much Grecian severity of character as he chooses; but he ought to know that he has at his command resources, drawn from old Roman magnificence, and from the happy inventions of modern Italy, far greater than Greece can furnish." That the same writer is not very favorable to the revived Tudor style, appears from the following observations:—"Whether it is to be attributed to the force of fashion—to a foolish opinion that the architecture of the middle ages, and of the period immediately preceding the full establishment of the classical, is best suited to our climate—or to some unaccountable perversion of taste—there is a decided inclination to adopt a disordered, in preference to a beautiful and an orderly, system of architecture. As well might the sculptor take, as a pattern of forms, the dry, inanimate, wire-drawn figures of saints, kings, and martyrs which line the porches of our cathedrals. Whatever favor jutting oriels, quaint gables and fantastic chimney-stacks may find in our eyes, they are, when stripped of the respect which antiquity commands, objects of ridicule and astonishment to the people of other countries. It seems to us that the re-production of such forms in modern times is not more reasonable than to prefer the appearance of an old lady of the last century, powdered and dressed in a fardingale, to that of a graceful maiden." Mr. Leeds, in his "Essay on Modern English Archi-

tecture," draws a comparison between the Italian style as practised by Palladio, and that (distinguished by *windows* rather than by *columns*) practised in Rome and Florence—giving the preference to the latter. He says:—"What is generally understood in this country by the Italian style is little more than one mode of it, namely, the Palladian, which, if not the most vicious and extravagant, is almost the poorest and most insipid—that where in the orders and the application of them are reduced to a convenient enough workmanlike system, but are more or less enfeebled in character, while the details are comparatively mean, and mannered also; to say nothing of the glaring solecisms that are to be met with in the works of Palladio himself—such as windows in friezes, and sometimes cutting into the architrave likewise—the mixture of apertures with and without dressings, not only in the same composition, in the same floors together, with other palpable defects of that kind; besides a certain disagreeable littleness, owing to his elevation being cut up both horizontally and vertically into too many divisions." Mr. Leeds expresses a preference for the "astylar" and "fenestral" (that is, the façade with ranges of windows, but without columns) plan of the Roman and Florentine palaces. The writer of the article "London," in the "Penny Cyclopædia," speaking of the English metropolitan architecture, says:—"Most of the the new churches in London and the suburbs professing to be Greek, are little better than parodies and travesties of the style. They exhibit, moreover, a wearisome repetition of the same stale, hackneyed ideas, or rather the want of any idea beyond that of tacking a few columns to the front of what would else be mere meeting-houses. These and other spiritless as well as mongrel samples of the Anglo-Grecian school, seem at length to have brought the style into disrepute; and, accordingly, some of the more recent buildings show a desire to return to the Italian, which, if purified and treated with originality instead of servile indiscriminate copying, would in most cases recommend itself in preference to the other." Mr. Welby Pugin would have every building, let its object be what it may, in the pointed style, as being the *only* style fitted for a Christian country; and he sets no bounds to the ridicule and condemnation heaped upon all else. He points out (what, however, has been pointed out by many others)

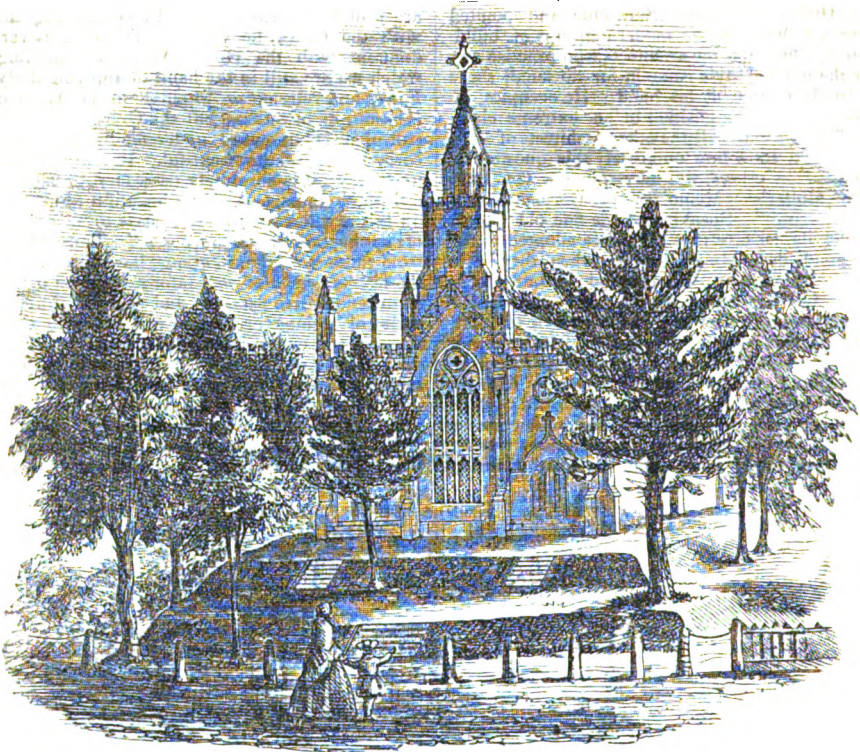


the incongruous mixture of Greek, Roman, Italian, Hindoo, Egyptian, Saracenic and pointed structures which some modern groups of buildings present; and the architects who practise any but the pointed style come in for no small share of condemnation at his hand. He occupies, indeed, the extreme position in an extreme class, aloof from almost all the other architects of England. To show how oppositely this question is regarded by others, we may quote a few lines from Moller's "Memorials of German-Gothic Architecture." Speaking of the fine old Gothic cathedrals, he says that they were adapted to the age, and the state of feeling, when they were built. "We may admire and imitate these works, but we cannot produce the like, because the circumstances under which that style of building arose are no longer the same. If we attempt to apply their detail, their windows, gates, ornaments, etc., to the edifices of the present day, we shall produce an incongruous and absurd composition, because the parts are not homogeneous with the whole; and the disproportions and incongruity would be so much the more striking,

as the originals from which they are borrowed are grand and splendid." In contrasting this with the Greek, he says:—"The case is very different with the Grecian style of building, which we are still in the habit of applying daily. Fancy and religion predominate in the German (Gothic) architecture; but the Grecian is the result of an enlightened understanding, and of a correct sense of the beautiful. It strictly limits itself to what is absolutely necessary, to which it strives to impart the most beautiful forms, and on this account it will never cease to be capable of application to our purposes." Thus we see, from these several quotations, how different are the feelings, even of well-informed lovers of art, as to the relative beauties and value of different styles of architecture. One will insist that the Grecian will ever remain, what it was two thousand years ago, *the style par excellence*, to be imitated as largely as possible. Others advocate the Italian of Palladio, the Italian of the Florentine and Roman architects, the old baronial "Elizabethan," or the pointed style exhibited in the English cathedrals. Our own observation



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLINE, MASS.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TAUNTON, MASS.

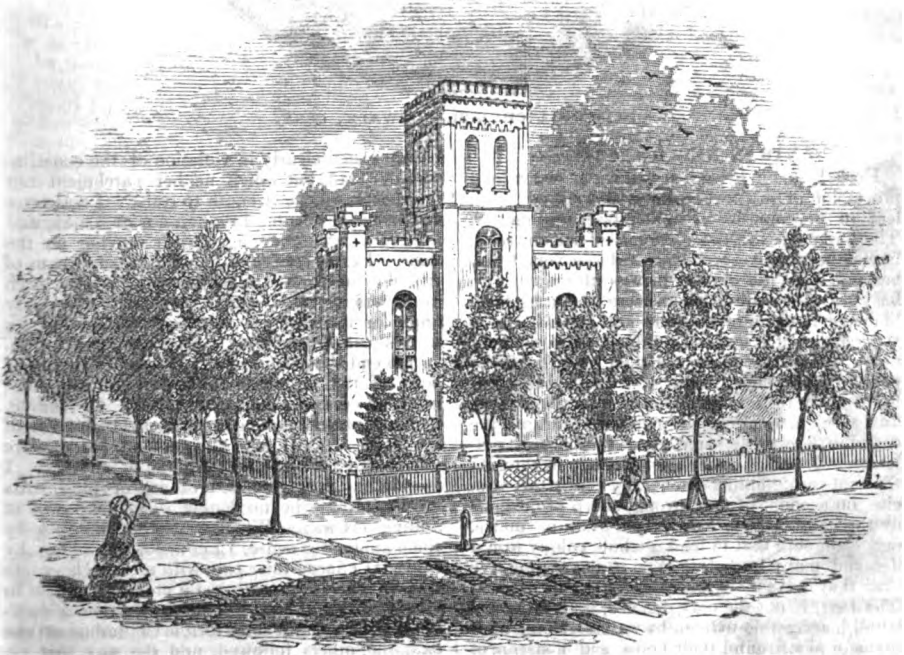
leads us to believe that the pointed Gothic style of architecture is, and for a long time will be, the favorite with the builders of costly American churches. It is to England and France that we must look for the finest models of this style. The Rev. Mr. Dallaway, an English writer, in his "Discourses on Architecture," draws the following comparison between the pointed styles of England and France:—"That regular progress which, in English architecture, appears to form a gradation, is seldom found in France. Here it may be traced from the simple arches of Salisbury to the gorgeous turrets of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. In a general and comprehensive view, we must yield the superiority to France for loftiness both of conception and practice, with a single abatement, that the rich vaultings of our later Gothic far excel anything of a similar description on the continent; and with respect to certain parts of the edifice, the cloister and chapter house have a space and elegance of which no comparative examples are there seen. A greater simplicity prevails in the capitals of clustered columns in the early French style. In this respect a comparison of the nave of Salisbury with that of Amiens will decide this fact, although they will not be found to be strictly analogous. The excellence of the English-Gothic school is seen more conspicuously in certain parts and details. In the best specimens of the French school we are struck with the admirable effect of

comprehension in the architect, both of unity of design and consequent beauty. The elevation of the most celebrated churches rises firmly from the basement, and is composed of very bold and commanding masses. Nor is the whole effect produced by magnitude alone. The facade, which presents broad and imposing members in its porches, buttresses and towers; and the perforated traces in the divisions and openings, scarcely ever practised with us, demand our praise of its admirable beauty. These are slight and general observations, and lead us to a more historical detail concerning the progress and perfection of the art." The same writer, in illustration of the fact that France preceded England in point of time, in developing the style generally, remarks that the twelfth century produced three several revolutions in the architecture of France. At first all was Lombard; then the round arch became mingled with the pointed arch in the same structure; and at length, towards the end of the century, the pointed style was developed and decorated to a degree scarcely attempted in England till another century had elapsed. The highly decorated and florid style originated and reached perfection in Germany and France many years before we possessed any similar demonstration of the change. In those countries the golden age of this style continued from the middle of the thirteenth to the latter end of the fourteenth century; whereas some of

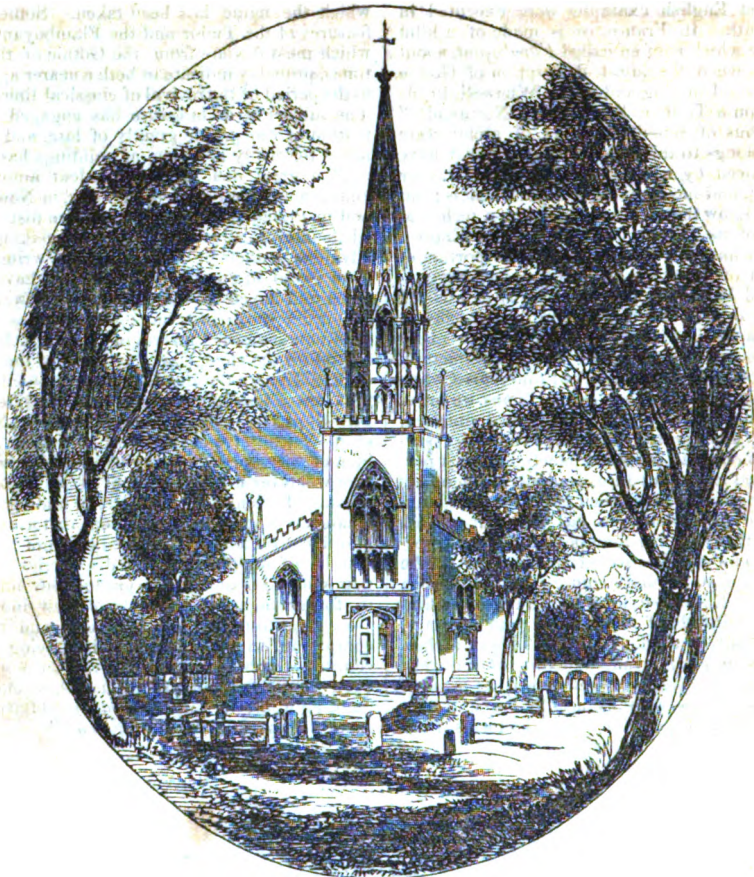


the richest English examples were executed in the fifteenth. In France use is made of a kind of Gothic which is often called *Flamboyant*, about the time when the latest description of Gothic was practised in England. Dr. Whewell, in his "Notes on a Tour in Picardy and Normandy," speaks thus of it:—"The kind of architecture which belongs to this date in France must have been noticed by most travellers, for it is very abundant, and has a strong general likeness; but I do not know that any one has given a technical account of its peculiarities. A learned English antiquary has described a particular portion of this kind of architecture by the name Burgundian; and Mr. Pugin has given many details. I shall speak of it as it occurs in the churches of Picardy and Normandy. It resembles in many respects our perpendicular or Tudor architecture, but exhibits many very marked differences when we compare it with that style. Thus we have, in both these styles, pinnacles crocketed, finialled, grouped, and formed into niche-canopies; surfaces covered with moulded panels; pierced parapets; and as we advance, Italianized members and arrangements make their appearance in both. But while the Tudor style has the four-centred arch peculiar to it, the Flamboyant has the three-centred, and the horizontal line arched at the end. It is also far more common in the French than in the English style, to have in various situations a multitude of niches filled with statuary, and especially in the hollow mouldings of arches. The lines of Flamboyant panelling and tracery are not by any means distinguished, as those of the Tudor times with us are, by the universal predominance of peculiar flame-like forms, from

which the name has been taken. Some of the features of the Tudor and the Flamboyant styles which most deviate from the Gothic of the later times, probably indicate in both a nearer approach to the period of the revival of classical literature." The subject of architecture has engaged the attention of our people greatly of late, and the demand for costly and elegant buildings has developed a great deal of latent talent among our young men. We have in this city, in New York, and in Philadelphia, many who have distinguished themselves already, and who are making rapid advances in their profession. Some writers, who have given attention to the subject, have advocated and hoped for the invention of an American order of architecture; and Charles Fennel Hoffman suggested a style of pillar which might reproduce the stem, leaves and ears of the Indian corn. Though the idea is somewhat fanciful, still it is not altogether unworthy of consideration. Mr. Hope, an elegant writer, says:—"No one seems yet to have conceived the smallest wish or idea of only borrowing of every form of architecture whatever it might present of useful or ornamental, of scientific or tasteful; of adding thereto whatever other new dispositions or forms might afford conveniences or elegancies not yet possessed; of making the new discoveries and the new conquests of natural productions unknown to former ages, the models of new imitations more beautiful and more varied; and thus of composing an architecture which, being in our country, grown on our soil, and in harmony with our climate, institutions and habits, at once elegant, appropriate and original, should truly deserve the appellation of '*Our own*.'"



UNITARIAN CHURCH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NORWALK, CONN.

**ANTS IN NEW GRANADA.**

Here I saw a great curiosity. It was a long procession of ants, every one with a bit of green leaf in his mouth. I understate the matter. There ran through the grass a well-beaten road, like a sheep-path, six inches wide—a very Cumberland road for ants. It was thronged with busy travellers, all of whom were hastening from home, or returning with about half an inch square sheared out of a leaf. I followed on to see their nest. It was curious to see their broad highway passing under logs, stones and brush heaps. I followed it for a long distance into the woods, and then gave up in despair. These ants are called *arrieros*—the same word that means muleteer. They are a terrible pest. It is thought that ant-eating animals generally reject this species, on account of four strong, sharp projections on the body. They can carry a grain of maize, and I am sure that to load a whole colony would demand many bushels. Woe to the orange tree that they have determined to shear of leaves! The best, if not the only defence, is to make the trunk inaccessible to them by water. Some even manage to surround their house with a stream of water, and others are driven to despair by domi-

ciliary visits, clearly in violation of the constitution of 1843, but which neither parchment nor architecture have strength to resist. I was once sitting in the evening in a house near Tuina, and fancied I saw something whitish moving on the floor. I examined, and found a broad stream of rice flowing from a large jar under a bed; each grain was in the jaws of an *arriero*. The only hope for the rice was to hang it up in what the sailors call a true-lover's knot by a hair rope. In the end the jar fell and broke, and the enemy bore off the contents. I saw where the ants' highway crossed a human footpath. Of course, many of them must be crushed under the feet of the lords of creation. There their loads were left, for no ant picks up the load of another. I found that if the antennæ of one of these ants were removed, he no longer had the power of finding his way. Whether it is by smell, or by some analogous sense, I know not, but is not by sight. I effaced their path with a little chocolate oil; on each side gathered a crowd at a loss to find their way, although their antennæ could nearly meet. At length some formic Columbus set the example, others followed, and the way was re-established.—*Holton's New Granada.*

## THE MANIAC LOVER.

BY C. B. HARTLIGH.

Dear Rosy Jane! How sweet that name  
Once sounded to mine ears!  
And still the same, it comes again  
To me, though many years  
Have passed away, since that sad day,  
When last I met with thee.

That rosy cheek; that smile so sweet;  
Those sunny curls of hair;  
Those eyes of blue, like pearls of dew;  
That form so light and fair;  
Once, all to me, O, can it be,  
I ne'er shall see them more!  
Because I'm sad, they call me mad,  
And bar my prison door.

These gloomy halls! these dingy walls!  
These demons fierce and wild!  
For those leafy bowers of fragrant flowers;  
And my Rosy sweet and mild.  
How strange! how strange! What caused the change?  
What brought me to this cell?  
Why am I here, year after year,  
In darkness doomed to dwell?  
O, were I free, how soon to thee,  
I'd make a speedy flight,  
Where, side by side, we'd ever hide  
Together in delight.

O, would my heart were but a stone!  
O, could I drink of Lethe's wave!  
My memory part and leave me lone!  
Or, were I to the silent grave  
In quietness consigned!  
And the cold clods pressed  
To my aching breast!  
Then I might find rest  
To my wand'ring mind.

## BOB WINTER'S FORTUNE:

—OR,—

## THE CLIPPER AND THE FRIGATE.

BY DUNCAN MC'LEAN.

"SAIL, ho!" shouted Bob Winter from the main royal-masthead of a U. S. forty gun frigate, while crossing the south-east trades, bound round the Horn.

"Where away?" demanded the first lieutenant.

"Three points on the lee-quarter, sir, her upper sails just above water."

"Very well," replied the first luff, and turning to the captain, who had just come on deck, remarked that the sail reported had probably been passed during the night.

Half an hour later Bob again sung out, and said he thought the vessel was coming up with the frigate.

"Impossible!" remarked Captain Brag, "we

are going nine knots, and no vessel afloat was ever known to go more upon a bowline. The sun, I suppose, as he rises gives a better view of her, and makes that fellow think she's coming up with us."

Now Captain Brag sincerely believed that all the stories about clippers going fifteen or eighteen knots were infernal lies. He had been in the smartest frigates that ever swam, and he swore he never knew one of them to go more than thirteen knots, even in a hurricane.

"It is a ship, I think," shouted Bob from the masthead, "I can see half way down her top-gallant sails."

"Don't believe it!" bellowed the captain, "come down. Quartermaster, take a glass and see what you can make out of that craft."

The quartermaster, after looking at her ten minutes through the glass, reported that she was a ship standing the same way as the frigate, and was gaining upon her fast.

Although past the prime of life, Captain Brag mounted the rigging himself, and was soon convinced that the stranger was coming up with him rapidly. Flushed with excitement, he descended and ordered the log to be hove; the frigate was reported going nine knots good.

"Mr. Smith," said the captain, addressing the first luff, "the ship is out of trim. Call the hands up, and have the anchors taken off the bows, and stowed one on each side of the mainmast. This will ease her forward; I see she pitches and loses way."

The anchors were brought aft as ordered, and again the log was hove; she went half a knot faster; but still the stranger was rising like a cloud out of the water. Her royals and top-gallant sails could be seen from the frigate's deck.

"Mr. Smith," again said the captain, "our topsails are thin, the wind blows through them; we must shift them, but keep the others aloft till the last minute, the yards must not be lowered. We'll see if that fellow will come up with us."

The yards were kept mastheaded, and the other sails were all ready to bring to, when at the orders, "Cut adrift, take to, bend away," the topsails sank abaft the new sails on deck, and the others were bent in a minute, and set flat as boards. Again the log was hove; she was going nine knots five fathoms.

"We'll do it yet," said Captain Brag, evidently pleased at the increase of speed; "now bring the fire-engine up and wet the sails."

She went ten knots, but still the stranger rose, her topsails were square with the water.

"This will never do," said the captain, "we must not allow that fellow to pass us. Pipe the

hammocks down and make all hands turn in, but a quarter watch. This will make her go another knot; but she goes faster now than I ever knew her go before, by the wind."

When all the men were in their hammocks, she went ten knots two fathoms, but even then did not appear to hold her own.

"Pipe the hammocks up again, and make all hands carry shot fore and aft," ordered the captain, "and see what this will do. That fellow is either the evil one let loose, or the Flying Dutchman." In his heart he hoped it was not the Flying Cloud.

The frigate lost half a knot by the hammocks being piped down again. Water butts were slung in the hatchways, guns were shifted in all directions, the backstays and rigging were slackened, but though she went faster, still the stranger came up hand over hand, and worse than all, if she continued, she would quickly cross the frigate's wake, and pass to the windward of her. The thought of such a beat almost drove old Brag crazy. The sails were set like bands, every yard was trimmed to a hair, every tack and sheet in place, and the frigate was going eleven knots; but all in vain, the clipper was hull out, had crossed the frigate's wake at an angle of thirty degrees, and would pass her full two miles dead to windward.

"What have I done," exclaimed Captain Brag, "that I should live to be beaten by such a basket? She's nothing but a basket, you can see daylight peering through the creel every time she rises. The man who built her, the man who owns her, and the fool who commands her, ought all to be indicted for manslaughter—murder. She must go to Davy Jones the first gale; she's all gingerbread work, like a Mississippi steamer. If the frigate were as loose in the joints she would sail twice as fast. I see it all, the thing is pegged together like a Yankee shoe, and works like a spring-wagon. She's not a ship; she's a coffin, a confounded coffin. I wish she would sink—smash, blow up, go to blazes—go anywhere but ahead of me!"

The clipper, a beautiful vessel of fifteen hundred tons register, with courses, topsails, topgallant sails, royals, both jibs, foretopmast-staysail and spanker set, was now square with the frigate, full two miles dead to windward. Up went the stars and stripes to her mizzen-peak, and from the main was proudly thrown to the breeze her broad burgee, emblazoned with her name—Flying Cloud! It was glorious to behold how majestically she crossed the rolling sea, clear and clean, without throwing a spray aloft, not a ripple appeared to play around her cutwater;

the proud ocean felt her presence and bowed obeisance to her matchless speed. The frigate did not recognize the clipper's courtesy, by showing her colors in return, though it was her duty to show her colors first; whereupon the clipper lowered and hoisted her ensign three times, took in her royals and flying jib, hauled the mainsail up, squared the after-yards, and bore down upon the frigate, with the intention of speaking her.

Captain Brag foamed at the mouth, swearing all the oaths he could remember, and, as if driven to desperation, ordered the pennant to be hoisted at the main, and the ensign at the mizzen peak, hoping the clipper would haul her wind again and pass without speaking. The hope was vain; down came the clipper, heeling gently from side to side, her head sails becalmed, and her foresail shaking—for the head-yards remained braced up as much as to say, "It is a matter of no consequence how my sails are trimmed, I can run you out of sight with half my canvass furled."

The frigate, in addition to all plain sail, was carrying a main royal, top-gallant, middle, main-topmast, and mizzen-topmast staysails, and was going clean pull at the rate of eleven knots, throwing the spray half way up the mainsail. She was doing well, no ship of her model could have been made to do better, but yet she was beaten. Gradually bounded the Flying Cloud before the breeze, her white sails throwing a cloudlike shadow before her, overspreading the frigate as she crossed her stern.

"What do you want," demanded Captain Brag, "that you have run off your course? Are you sinking?"

"To give you the news," replied Captain C., throwing a paper on board the frigate.

"Pass on, if you're not in distress. I don't want your news."

"Brace up the after yards," ordered Captain C., and went to the wheel himself to bring his ship by the wind to leeward of the frigate. It was accomplished in fine style. Side by side the vessels kept their way, the clipper's sails partly becalmed by those of the frigate; but the clipper, though her mainsail, royals and flying-jib were all in, held her own, and sometimes ranged ahead. "Now," said Captain C., jumping into the quarter-boat, "what does Captain Brag think of clipper-sailing?"

"When did you leave New York?"

"On the first instant, crossed the equator seventeen days out, and have beaten you fifteen days already, and will beat you twenty more before you reach San Francisco."

"It's a deuced lie, you did not leave on the



first. It's impossible, we have had good winds, and have made a good passage so far, you could not have beaten me so much!"

"Look at the date of the paper I threw on board, and look at the date of this, and this also," throwing two more on board.

"That thing of yours is a trap—she works like a basket, and leaks like a sieve—she won't hold together off the Horn. I'll report you, so go along. I don't want any more of your slang."

"Wrong again, old Brag. My ship is as strong as yours, never leaks enough to keep her sweet, and will beat you out of sight with half her sails furled. I'll go just when I please, and you can't help yourself. I'm going to describe a circle around you before we part company, to take the self-conceit out of you."

Old Brag swore that he would sink her if she did not clear out; and while he is pacing the quarter-deck, foaming and swearing, we will take a look at Bob Winter, who has just crawled along the forestay, and is now in the foretop.

Poor Bob had been falsely arrested as a deserter in New York, and knew that he would never be permitted to leave the frigate until she was paid off at the end of four years. When he saw the clipper range alongside, his heart bounded with hope; he thought he might drop overboard unperceived, and stand a chance of reaching the clipper's rudder, and hanging on, but remembered that, unlike a man of war, she had no rudder-ropes; and also, that it would be almost impossible to drop overboard without being seen, as the officers were ranged along the frigate's gangway and quarter, facing the crew of the Flying Cloud, so he stole aloft and decided upon another plan. The officers and men of both vessels were too intent, watching the progress of their respective vessels, to look aloft, and besides, the staysails concealed the lee head yardarms of the frigate from the view of the officers.

Bob made a rope fast to the frigate's lee-foretop-sail arm, brought the end down on the foreyards, made a standing bowline knot in it, placing the bight under his arm, and stood ready for a swing, the first favorable chance. At first, the vessels were too far apart; but Captain Brag became savage, swore he would up helm and run the clipper down, if she did not leave. Up went the helm and off flew the frigate, almost grazing the clipper's head yards, and Bob swung; but unfortunately a few turns in the rope wound him round and round, and he bounded back on board the frigate.

"Hard up," shouted Captain C., to avoid the threatened collision, and obedient to her helm, off she went.

There was not a second to spare. Desperate and excited, Bob dashed his heels into the belly of the frigate's topsail, bounded half way along the clipper's foretop-sail, and would have swung back again, but was most fortunately prevented by the foretop-bowline. He grabbed it for dear life, let slip the bowline from under his arms, and hung by the hands before the clipper's topsail. He could easily have reached the foreyard by the weather leach of the topsail, but now all eyes were diverted forward and aloft, and to have done so, would have placed him full in view; the frigate would have demanded him, and a severe flogging would have been the consequence. He seized two reef-points, one in each hand, and hung for a moment undecided how he could escape observation; he was not sure that the points would hold his weight, for they were only sewed in the eyelet-holes, and might draw through. What to do was to him a vital question. He could not hold on five minutes; his arms ached already with his weight; to ease them he held on with his teeth, and tried to knot two points together, that he might rest in the bight, but all in vain. If he let go, his brains would be dashed out on the forecastle. Casting a longing glance to leeward, he at last decided to try and spring from point to point, till he reached the buntlines amidships. He succeeded, but the buntlines were not fast on deck, and consequently he could not lower himself by them. He felt it almost impossible to reach the leech of the sail, but this was his only hope. Nervous and savage by turns he braced himself to the task, and dashed along the points hand over hand, apparently reckless whether he held on or fell. He grasped the lee foretop-bowline with convulsive energy, he was safe! The next second he was crawling along the yard, toward the slings, hid from view.

The frigate had again hauled her wind, and so had the clipper, occasionally backing her mizzen-topsail to prevent ranging ahead. Captain C., having tormented Captain Brag till he beat a retreat into the cabin, set the clipper's mainsail, royals and flying-jib, and passed the frigate in beautiful style. The moment she emerged from the frigate's lee, she sprang ahead, going at the rate of fifteen knots, and leaving a wake straight as an arrow. In less than an hour, she had crossed the frigate's bow and was a mile and a half dead to windward, then hauled her mainsail up, backed the main and mizzen-topsails until the frigate came in range, when once more she kept before the wind and crossed the frigate's stern, saluting old Brag at the same time, braced up the after-yards,

luffed alongside, set the mainsail, and away she went, ahead and to windward, having described a circumbendibus around the frigate. That evening before sunset, the frigate was hauled down astern and to leeward.

Bob all this time was stowed away in by the slings of the foreyard, and did not make his appearance till the next morning. After hearing his story, Captain C. was very kind to him, and when the ship arrived at San Francisco, gave him clothes and money enough to carry him to the mines. The Flying Cloud made the passage from New York to San Francisco in eighty-nine days, a passage which remains to this day unrivalled. The frigate touched at Valparaiso, where she remained a week, but was one hundred and forty days at sea before she reached San Francisco. The Flying Cloud was then at Hong Kong, having crossed the Pacific Ocean in thirty-six days, another unequalled passage.

Let us now tell the story of Bob Winter, for he is our hero.

In the month of June, a boy about six years of age was sitting on the doorstep of a wooden shanty, on the outskirts of the Five Points, New York, playing with a kitten. He had been crying—the tears still lingered on his cheeks—and often he looked westward, and every time he looked, his little heart was strangely agitated. That morning his mother's remains were carried away in a "city shell" for interment. He could not realize that she was dead, but thought she had gone out washing and would return at dinner time to give him something to eat. Dinner time came and passed, he was hungry, but no one asked him to eat. He rose and tried to enter the house, the door was locked, so he sat upon the step, and in the lulls of crying tried to amuse himself with a playful kitten that was purring near him.

"Boy," said a middle-aged gentleman, who had been watching him some time, "where do you intend to sleep to-night?"

"With my mother, sir, when she comes home. She's been naughty to stay so long—I'm so hungry."

"Poor child," mused Mr. Richards, the owner of the shanty, "he does not know that his mother is dead; but he must not be left here to perish. I will take him home with me, though I know Mrs. Richards will be displeased. What is your name?"

"Bob Winter, and I'm six years old."

"Well, Bob, will you come home with me? Your poor mother's dead, she'll never come back."

"Never?" said the boy, looking him full in the

face for a moment, and then bursting into tears; "never come back—dead—never come back!" And he sank upon the ground.

Mr. Richards took him in his arms, and put him in his carriage, which was near the corner of the shanty. Mrs. Richards disliked poor people, because her husband took much interest in them, and well he might, for he had made a large fortune out of the poor by renting them tenements; but Mrs. Richards, though very genteel, was a mother, and had a mother's feelings. She frowned when Mr. Richards brought the boy home; but his tears softened her heart, and she ordered the servants to be kind to him. She had two children, a boy and a girl, both younger than Bob, and as they advanced in years, she was very careful that they should not speak to Bob, who lived with the domestics, and assisted them by running errands. He went to a public school and scraped up a little learning, but was not bright, though very thoughtful and proud. When he comprehended Mrs. Richards's orders to keep her children from him, he would cross the street rather than meet them. When fourteen, he heard Mrs. Richards ask her husband what he intended to do with him.

"My dear," replied Mr. Richards, "he is too young yet to shift for himself, and I am sure he has fairly earned all we have given him; he is very respectful, and the servants say honest and obedient. If he were only a little brighter, I would take him in my counting-room."

"I suppose you would, and in the course of eight or ten years more, give him Emily for a wife. This is the old-fashioned way of making pretty love-stories."

"Marriages, my dear, are made in heaven, otherwise, you and I would never have come together."

"What do you mean, sir? I'm as good as you, sir!"

"Mean, my love, that you're an angel, and that you are too good for me."

"None of your left-handed compliments; I say that boy must be provided for elsewhere, the children are growing very fond of him, and though he tells them not to speak to him, because by doing so they will displease me, yet they won't take no for an answer, but go in the kitchen after him."

"I'll see," said Mr. Richards, who disliked family jars, "what I can do to-morrow."

But when to-morrow came, Bob was stowed away on board of a vessel bound to Canton. He was a pretty boy, fair-haired and full-faced, with a good healthy color in his cheeks. When he crawled from his hiding place, the captain, who

was the redoubted Bob Waterman, looked savage enough to turn milk sour; but casting his eyes aloft, and seeing the wind fresh and fair, instead of pouring out a volley of imprecations, he simply said:

"Come here, and tell me who you are?" When he had finished, Bob said, "Very well, stick by me and I'll make a man of you. Steward!"

"Sir?"

"Take this boy and rig him out of the slop-chest, and then mess him along with the other boys."

Bob went several voyages to South America and China with Captain Waterman, who took great interest in him, and finally made him chief mate. At the end of every voyage, Bob called on Mr. Richards, bringing some presents to George and Emily, but was never invited to enter the parlor. Mrs. Richards was glad to hear that he was doing well, and "hoped he would continue to behave himself."

A great party was given by Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall, in honor of Captain Waterman, who had made the shortest voyage on record from New York to China and back in the famous ship *Sea Witch*. Among the guests were Mr. Richards and his family. When Captain Waterman entered, Mr. Aspinwall led him into the middle of the drawing-room, and by way of a general introduction, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have the pleasure of introducing to you Captain Robert Waterman, who, I am proud to say, is every inch a sailor and a gentleman, and who has made in the clipper ship *Sea Witch*, the quickest passage on record."

"Ladies and gentlemen,"—replied Captain Waterman,—“here's my chief mate, Mr. Winter, Bob Winter, a marline-spike of my own pointing, who is entitled to two-thirds of the credit. As you see, he is the best looking fellow in the room, and I can add, he's just as good as he looks. Come here, young ladies, and I'll introduce you to him personally."

Emily Richards was nearest, and the captain eyeing her said, "Come here, and see if I can't strike a match between you and Bob."

Mrs. Richards was red with rage; but what could she do? Bob Waterman was a privileged character; and to restrain her daughter under the circumstances, would subject her to the sneers of all present, so she let Emily go.

"We are old friends," said Emily to Captain Waterman, "Mr. Winter and I have summered and wintered in the same house many years." She was pleased beyond expression to see Bob

so favorably noticed in such distinguished society, for she had long loved him. They were frequently together during the evening, and before parting had avowed eternal love to each other.

At this time, Commander Crout, of the U. S. N., a gentleman connected with one of the first families of Virginia, was paying his addresses to Emily, with the approbation of her mother. Crout discovered the attachment of Emily to Bob, and had the latter arrested and placed on board the frigate, which was commanded by his uncle, Captain Brag.

Bob soon accumulated a fortune in California, returned privately to New York, and made arrangements with Emily and her brother to have a joke at Crout's expense. The day of Crout's marriage with Emily arrived, and the relatives of both families proceeded to church to witness the important ceremony. The benediction was pronounced, and Crout was turning to his lovely bride to salute her with a kiss, when down fell the dress, off went the bonnet, and *George* stood before them all, exclaiming:

"Sold! Emily's been spliced to Bob Winter more than a week! Sour grapes, aint she?"

Crout swore, Mrs. Richards screamed, the relatives looked bewildered; but Mr. Richards, though annoyed, was not displeased. He liked Bob, and when Mrs. Richards learned that he was rich, she too was reconciled.

Mr. Crout sent Winter a challenge, but Bob gave the fellow who brought it, a sound thrashing, and he was not again troubled.

#### HORTICULTURAL

Once in a while a stupid, pointless communication in an agricultural paper reminds one of Hood's whimsical "letter to the secretary of the Horticultural Society." It will bear republication.

"Sir,—I partly wish the Society to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports. My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a Torture Shell and a Grate faverit, we had Him buried in the Guardian, and for sake of enrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposited under the roots of a Gozberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of a smooth kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berried, the Gozberries was all hairy—and more Remarkable the Catpilors of the same bush was All of the same hairy Discription. I am, sir, your humble servant. THOMAS FROST."

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art counterfeiting those qualities, which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villany; affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.

## DAY DREAMING.

BY ANNA LINDEN.

I stood beside

A dark and troubled stream, that rolling wide  
 Its deep and turbid waters, seemed to be  
 A fit and pleasant resting-place for me.  
 I leaned upon the yielding rail, and gazed  
 Into the silent depths. A wildering mass  
 Of frenzied, tangled thought swept through my brain—  
 A strangely mingled mass of joy and pain;  
 And, half unconsciously, my burning lips  
 Did frame them into language.

"O, let me lie beneath thy cold, cold waves,  
 And rest in quiet sleep;  
 Nor longer toll in this drear, barren world,  
 And dream to wake and weep;  
 Life hath no charms—why should I fear to die?  
 O, 'neath thy passing waters let me lie!

How gently I could rest, lulled by thy voice,  
 In murmurs soft and sweet,  
 While round me water spirits would unite,  
 To chant a requiem meet.  
 The lily roots would wreath my flowing hair,  
 And rest upon my brow, like laying fingers there.

Perhaps thy ceaseless tide would sometimes wash away  
 The load upon my heart,  
 And to this burning pain that's on my brain,  
 Some soothing ease impart.  
 O, could I only think that this might be,  
 Soon, soon thy hurrying waves would close o'er me.

See! angel faces dimpled o'er with smiles,  
 Gaze up from out the stream;  
 They beckon unto me with witching wiles,  
 They charm me as a dream:  
 Yes, yes, I come! I plunge within—but no!  
 Something restrains me, and I cannot go."

A shudder thrilled my frame; I turned away;  
 The spell was broken. Now I linger stay  
 To bear my heavy burdens through the day,  
 That mocks by contrast with its every ray  
 The night within my soul—a night without a star.

## THE MINIATURE.

BY NED ANDERTON.

Look on this picture.—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. JASPER GARNET was standing at his shop door, diving his hands into his pockets; anon rubbing, and causing them to revolve over each other with a leisurely satisfaction; presently introducing his thumbs into the arms of his waistcoat, casting an eye occasionally at the sunny atmosphere around, and, in short, betraying evident comfort with the most perfect composure.

And indeed, as things went, Garnet might very reasonably deem himself well off. Just married to a pretty little creature, who, in addi-

tion to a constant flow of high spirits, and an inexhaustible stock of good temper, had brought him a sufficient dowry; established in a jeweller's shop, which, although small, contained, not to mention that priceless gem, Mrs. G., many others of inferior value and lustre; and blest with an inimitable skill in the adjustment of jewellery, and irresistibly persuasive in the recommendation of plate, what could possibly thwart his advancement in life?

His thoughts had been occupied all the morning by a review of the flattering circumstances of his situation. He called to mind the pithy and profound sayings of his master, old Agate, now deceased, and lying in the adjacent graveyard; by a heedful interpretation of which he had caused himself to prosper. He remembered, with a triumphant smile (for he had now discarded them), his juvenile faults, vices and indiscretions; and above all, he conjured to memory that auspicious day, when, twitching from its congenial cotton, one of his own wedding rings, he insinuated it on the left hand, fourth finger of his Lucy!

To have seen Garnet at this moment, you would have said that he deserved these blessings. There was a seraphic delight in his round and cherubic countenance, as he warbled a soft and sentimental air. He was gorgeously dressed in an open blue coat, a velvet waistcoat enriched by a gold chain, and pantaloons of amazing tightness. He was going presently to an exhibition with Mrs. Garnet. The approach of a young lady dissipated the concluding shake of "Love's Young Dream," and brought signals of recognition into his visage.

"Ha, my dear Miss Lucy Penfold," said he, with kind solicitude, "'tis an age since I saw you! How is your excellent father?"

Miss Lucy satisfied him on that point.

"Mother?"

"Quite well."

"Yourself?"

"Also quite well."

"Why then, 'all's well,'" retorted Garnet, laughing at his own wit. "But pray walk in, the pathway is so narrow, and we have so many accidents from the cabs at this corner. A dreadful accident happened just now. O, there are many lives lost by cabs—this was a young man, very fine young man, too; here's his card—'Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg.' But what ails you, my dear Miss Penfold? You turn pale—sit down—that's right—hillo! what the deuce!—fainted, as I'm alive!"

With these words Mr. Garnet leaped over the counter, and sought to restore the young lady by

the application of salts. As he hung over her, he could not help thinking that he had never seen her look so charming before. Miss Lucy was certainly a very pretty girl; but Garnet had tender recollections that rendered her additionally interesting. He had once sighed for her, and sighed in vain. A desperate thought crossed the threshold of his brain. He quailed at the idea of welcoming it.

"Eh? What? Shall I? Mrs. G. is not in the back parlor. No one will be the wiser. I'll snatch a kiss."

Just as he was about to perform this felonious feat, Miss Lucy revived, and murmured in a faint voice, but with trembling emphasis, "Did you say, sir, that the young gentleman was killed?"

"Killed, miss!" said Garnet, striving to recover his composure, which the surprise of her revival had in some measure disturbed; "killed, miss? young gentleman?—eh—Fogg—O, I—O—killed—no—bruised his elbow, or some such small matter. No, I said dreadful accidents *did* happen; but you're so susceptible, Miss Penfold, pray be calm." And he attempted a glance of tender interest at the invalid with one eye, while he sought to include, with the other organ of vision, a prospect of the back parlor.

"And now, Miss Lucy," resumed the indiscreet goldsmith, "that you are a little recovered, pray take the protection of my arm to your father's; nay, I will not be refused."

"Well, since you are so very kind," said the young lady, "and as I am still very weak, I will defer the business I came about, and accept your offer." And the pair slowly departed from the shop.

"I'll teach Mr. Garnet to pay attention to ladies in the shop!" exclaimed a pretty little woman, as she issued from the back parlor, with a roguish smile upon her rosy lips. "I do believe the man was going to kiss the young person. O, these men! Well, he shall never hear the last of it, I'll take care of that—but what's this lying upon the ground?"

It was the miniature of a young gentleman in a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, white kerchief, and somewhat ostentatious frill; his hair neatly curled for the nonce, and his eyes directed sideways, as though he were looking for the frame, in which ornament, however, the picture was deficient.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Garnet, sitting down on the shop stool, "a very nice young man indeed. I wonder who he can be; how different from Mr. Garnet! Certainly," she resumed, after a pause, looking obliquely at the picture, with her head on one side, the more critically to examine it, "certainly, G.'s face is that

of a griffin's by the side of this; he shall smart for this morning's impudence, the little villain!" So saying, and carrying the painting with her, Mrs. Garnet retired again to the back parlor.

Presently, in runs Mr. Garnet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and drawing his watch from his fob. "My dear Lucy, are you ready?" said he, with forced vivacity, for his conscience smote him, as he popped his head through the opening door of the back parlor; "we shall be too late for the exhibition."

"Not in such a hurry, Mr. Garnet," said his wife, calmly, "we are too late as it is, I'm sure. Pray, sir, come in."

Garnet crept forward with the look of a culprit.

"Who was that young lady in the shop this morning, sir?"

"Who—in the shop—this morning?" faltered the goldsmith. "Ha, ha, ha! that's a secret, Mrs. G., a little private affair of my own," added he, with a rueful pleasantry, as though, by gaily avowing a secret intrigue, he should ward off suspicion; "a secret, I say, not to be divulged," rubbing his hands and looking very knowing.

"Then you should keep your secrets, Mr. Garnet, that's all I know," said the lady; "you think I didn't see you kiss the girl, I suppose? Ah, Mr. G., Mr. G.!"

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Garnet!" cried the jeweller, with a cool confidence worthy of a better cause, yet inwardly quaking at this unexpected discovery, "really you make such strange charges; you're such an eccentric woman;" hardly conscious of what he said; "you are such a little quiz, you know you are, aint you now?" And here he attempted to pinch her waist coaxingly, and began to dance about the room to hide his confusion.

"Well, well, it's no matter, it is a happy thing for me that I have a consolation elsewhere," said Mrs. Garnet, pouting, and looking tenderly, at the same time, at something which she held in her hand.

"What have you got there, my dear?" cried Garnet, with renewed nerve and vigor of speech. "A lock of my hair, eh? Come, come, you must not shear off Samson's hair by stealth, thou fond Delilah!"

"It cannot concern you what I have in my hand," returned the wife, kissing the precious treasure fondly.

"Nay, now, I insist upon seeing what it is, Mrs. Garnet—resistance is vain—ha! what! a portrait?"

"Yes, a portrait, sir."

"Really, madam, this is very indiscreet, not to say culpable," said Garnet, seriously. "I

never had a portrait taken. Let me look at it. Some fellow, I'll be sworn."

"Why, bless me, Mr. Garnet, how you tease," exclaimed the lady, with provoking coolness; "as though it could signify to you whose miniature it is. I have had other beaux in my time, you may be sure."

"The beaux may go to the old Nick!" cried Garnet, with a look of defiance, exploring the remotest corners of his pockets, and striding about the room in a fury.

"For shame, Mr. Garnet, to mention that personage in my presence," simpered the lady, without lifting her eyes from the portrait, at which she was still fondly gazing.

"I will see it!" shouted the jealous jeweller, as, like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, which

"Moves altogether, if it moves at all,"

with a simultaneous spring, like a tiger, he obtained possession of the miniature. "Pretty doings, pretty doings, upon my word!" he exclaimed, with an hysteric chuckle, "this is excellent—upon my word it's good—not three months married, and—capital!—ruin and misery—glorious!—despair and madness!" And the overpowered little man rushed madly into the shop with the portrait.

"I certainly was a great fool," said Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg, a young gentleman of imposing appearance, as he stood musingly at the front of the — House, "to quarrel with Lucy as I did, and to fly in the face of old Penfold, by beating him at cribbage; besides, that trip to Newport was in every respect ruinous; and now I find the door shut in my face, and the servant inaccessible to silver. I'll go down to the little goldsmith, who helped me up after my fall from the cab—he may, perhaps, assist me."

So saying, our soliloquist walked down the street, and soon found himself in Garnet's shop. That distracted man was seated on a stool behind his counter, upon which both his elbows rested, his head having fallen into his extended hands. He was busily engaged in examining something before him.

"I am come, sir," said Fogg, with respectful politeness, "to thank you for your kind attention to me. I am the ex-cab-passenger of this morning."

"Sir," sighed the goldsmith, slowly raising his head, "the unfortunate are ever entitled to such services as—ah! what?" And he fell into a second scrutiny of the counter, and then, tilting himself back upon his stool, leaned against the edge of the glass case behind him, and push-

ing his fingers into his vest pockets, gazed with a woe-begone countenance at the stranger.

"May I ask, sir," said the other, with surprise, "what you have been, and are gazing at, with, permit me to say, such lack-lustre expression? A portrait? Good Heavens! my portrait! How came you by this? Speak, goldsmith, where did you get it? Confess, jewel-setter, confess."

"Where did I get it?" returned Garnet, in a deeply moral tone, as though it were a prelude to a religious discourse, shaking his head, and pointing to the door of the back parlor, "there! my wife."

"Your wife!" shrieked the other, falling into a seat, with all the immobility of the English national debt, and, like that incubus, as though he were never to be removed.

"My wife, I say," repeated Garnet, beating his forehead, "Lucy, there, reluctantly gave it up to me."

"Lucy!" screamed Fogg, burying his face in his hands, "lost, forever lost."

"Lost, forever lost," echoed the goldsmith. "My good sir, do take your elbows off that glass case; if it should give way, they'd play the mischief with the brooches below; lost!—then there's a pair of us—Lord bless my soul!"

"Please, sir," said a man, as he entered the shop, pulling off his hat, and smoothing two inches of straight hair on his forehead, "you promised to wait upon Mrs. Deputy Tomlinas at three, it is now half past."

"By-the-by, and so I did," cried Garnet, as he bustled from his stool, and drew a small case from a drawer. "I'll be with her instantly. Pray, Mr. Fogg, don't stir until my return—this matter must be investigated;" and seizing his hat, and throwing up his eyes and hands, he darted from the door.

Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg remained for a considerable period buried in profound grief; at length, raising his head, he murmured, with a vindictive pressure of his teeth together, "Fool that I was! Idiot, incurable fool, to go to Newport on pleasure. I think I said to myself—on pleasure, ha! ha! and left my Lucy to be snapt up by a mercenary and morose brooch seller. But why, why do I reproach myself? Is she not to blame? Is not perverse Penfold culpable? Then welcome revenge! Come hither immense Rowland, for a prodigious Oliver; the thought pleases me; yet how?—but why?" he resumed; deviating into another train of thought. "Why do I sit here like a fool?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," answered a boy who had been called to mind the shop during



the absence of Garnet, looking from under the enormous brim of a hat six sizes too large for his small skull.

"Peace, mysterious cub! Peace!" cried the distracted one, with a baleful look. "I am ill, faint, weak and woe-begone;" then sitting bolt upright upon the stool, and elevating his eyes, he turned round as on a pivot, till his face fronted the glass door of the back parlor. "In there, in there, boy," darting his finger before him, "a glass of water might be procured?"

"Pray, sir, walk in," said Mrs. Garnet, who had been peering through the linen curtain, for a considerable time, and now opened the door, "you seem unwell—pray come in and rest yourself."

"Ten thousand pardons; but I am indeed indisposed," cried the bereft, as he tottered into the parlor. "I fear, madam," said he, when he had swallowed a glass of water, "that I give you much trouble; but an announcement on the part of your brother, has agitated me."

"My brother, sir?" interrupted Mrs. Garnet, calling up from the depths of memory a little boy who had died of the measles, twelve years before, "My brother! what do you mean?"

"Your brother, madam, I repeat," answered Fogg, impatiently, "just now stepped out to Mrs. Deputy Tomlins—has agitated me by a communication—he is blest with the possession of a lovely wife."

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Garnet, with a soft smile, which, however, was instantly exchanged for a visage of extraordinary gravity, as she recognized the original of the portrait, and noted the strange manner in which he confounded relationships. The wildness of his eyes, also, favored the idea that he was a recently self-emancipated maniac.

"Has he been married long?" said Fogg, with an alarmed start, as a torturing reminiscence shot through his brain.

"O no, sir, a very short time indeed," said the trembling wife, a vision of the incurable department at Somerville intruding itself upon her mind.

"But why do I ask these idiot questions?" he continued, querulously; "my dear madam, you are goodness itself to listen to my ravings; permit me when I am more calm, to call and repeat my acknowledgements of your kindness;" then seizing her hand, and kissing it, "farewell," he cried, and opening the door, stumbled over the couchant form of Garnet.

That blighted goldsmith was, indeed, drawn up into a compendious mass of concentrated misery. His hands were tightly clenched upon

his stooping knees, the neck sunk beneath the shoulders with the lax pliability of a turtle's, and the one open eye was endeavoring to peer through the curtains with a ten Argus power of vision. "Wretch!" he gasped, as the other tumbled over him, but further utterance was denied him.

"Wretch! ah, you say true, I am indeed a wretch," said Fogg, rising, with a grim smile; "but you—O how much the reverse, too happy in the possession of such a wife." And he retired from the shop.

Garnet thought verily that his lot was too much to bear; and, accordingly, applying to a closet just behind him, he drew forth a bottle, and directed the neck to his mouth, leaning leisurely back, that a sufficient portion of the cordial might find its way to the inner man. While in this constrained posture, he was interrupted by the entrance of somebody into the shop, and turning round and hastily replacing the cork, the presence of Miss Lucy Penfold greeted him.

"My dear Mr. Garnet, pray tell me," said that young lady, "do you know the young gentleman who has just left your shop?"

"I do, miss—I do," answered he, with unnatural emphasis, setting down the bottle in the closet. "His name is Fogg—a fog that has obscured my sun of happiness forever; look there, look in that room—it contains my wicked wife."

"Your wicked wife?" said Lucy, confused; "what do you mean? You are surely not so foolish as—"

"I have discovered all!" he roared. "I have discovered an attachment existing between Fogg and my wife!"

"Gracious heavens! Mr. Garnet," cried the young lady, sinking on the stool, "you don't mean"

"I mean revenge!" said he, clenching his teeth and hands.

"O, for mercy's sake, sir, do not talk so; it is I who am the most miserable of human beings." And she sank back faintly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Garnet, "why, you're not going to faint again, I hope. 'You're subject to fainting fits, I fear;' and he scrambled to the closet, and seized the bottle; but, finding that the young lady was recovering, he stealthily placed it to his own lips in a trice, and returned. "What's the matter, Miss Lucy, what is the matter?" he whimpered, wringing his hands. "I have trouble enough of my own, Heaven knows, surely." And lifting his head he caught the reflection of his own face in the glass opposite. A thought flashed across him, he drew up his shirt collar. "Surely," he continued, in a softer tone, "this concern cannot be for me. O, might I hope that in that bosom—"

"O, no, no, no!" cried Miss Penfold, weeping, and pushing him from her.

"O, yes, yes, yes," returned he, "say yes; then at least I shall be blessed."

"You will, will you, Mr. Garnet?" cried a voice, with terrific shrillness in one ear, while the other was seized upon, and wrung excruciatingly. These are your sly ways, are they? To pretend jealousy of me, in order to cover your own designs. O, Mr. Garnet, Mr. Garnet!" And here his partner fell into a passion of tears.

"Something strikes me that I shall go distracted," said Garnet, hopelessly, raising his spread palms to his head, and sitting down on the stool. "O, misery!"

"Misery indeed!" retorted his wife, sobbing with convulsive sighs, "you have made me miserable, you know you have."

"There now," cried Garnet, appealing to Miss Lucy, as he sprang from the stool, with his extended hands sticking out from his side like the fins of a fish, "did you ever hear the like? The woman has lost all sense of shame; didn't I see the man kiss your hand, through the curtain? Didn't I see it, I say, with this eye?" shooting his finger towards the organ in question.

"And didn't I see you this morning, Mr. Garnet—now confess—through the very same window-curtain—"

"Hush, hush, woman!" interrupted Garnet, solemnly, "you know not what you say; deserted alike by reason and virtue."

"I am sorry, madam," said Lucy, interposing, "that there should be any misunderstanding, but I trust that I am in no measure the cause of it."

Mrs. Garnet made no answer, but retired into the parlor.

"I came, Mr. Garnet," she continued, "about a trifle which I fear I must have lost; nothing was picked up in your shop, this morning? not that it is any longer of value to me."

"Nothing, nothing, Miss Lucy," answered Garnet, not heeding the question. "Picked up? yes, information that has distracted me."

"Good morning, sir; I hope to find you calmer when I see you again." And the young lady departed.

"Calmer! yes, in the stiffness of death, perhaps," murmured Garnet, with a bitter grin.

"Mr. Jasper Garnet," said his wife, coming forward with red eyes, a white handkerchief, and a severe placidity of countenance, "we must part, your unjust suspicions of me, coupled with your own shameful proceedings, render it absolutely necessary that we should part."

"Ha, ha, ha! this is too much—this is too

much, upon my soul!" chuckled Garnet, in a stifling and fearfully guttural tone. "Ha, ha, ha!" And now reason seemed to be taking an eternal leave of him; but, as he tossed his head back at the last interjection, it came in contact with the edge of a glass case, with a crash that threatened the cleaving of his skull.

"What need of this violence, Mr. Garnet?" resumed his wife, alarmed at his forlorn aspect; "we can never agree on this side the grave; it is better, therefore, that we should separate."

"O, hour of woe! that it should come to this," groaned the goldsmith, physical and mental pain struggling for the mastery. "Go in, Mrs. G., and we'll talk of it presently. You are right, we can never be happy again." And when his wife was out of sight, he fell into a fit of tears.

In the meantime, Fogg had betaken himself to a restaurateur in the neighborhood, and there (for even despair has an appetite), solaced himself with a beef steak. He, however, found himself, in half an hour, opposite Garnet's shop.

"Yes, I will see her for the last time. I will learn from her own lips the reasons of her cruelty and desertion of me, and then leave this hated country forever."

So determining, he drew himself up before the shop window, and examined with a vacant eye the gold pins and bracelets. Garnet observed him, as he stood at the back of the shop bathing his afflicted head with an embrocation of vinegar.

"O, I am looked upon as a mere cipher in my own house, that's quite clear—the deuce take the fellow's impudence—he's coming in—well, I'll confirm my suspicions at all events—I will not wrong Mrs. G. rashly;" and under the counter dived the goldsmith.

Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg now walked in, and tapping at the door of the back parlor, was admitted.

"I am come, madam," said Augustus, in a melancholy tone, "for a purpose which true lovers must applaud, to take a last farewell of your sister-in-law—lead me to her."

"My sister-in-law!" cried Mrs. Garnet; "O, sir, do leave me; you have been the innocent cause of much misery in this family. Your unhappy infirmity can alone excuse—"

"Madam," interrupted Fogg, "where is Mr. Garnet's wife? fate shall not hinder our final interview."

"She is here, sir, I am Mr. Garnet's wife."

"Gracious heavens! What mystery is this? Propitious powers! who, then, is the young lady I met coming into the shop this morning? O, joy unutterable."

"I know not who she is," said Mrs. Garnet;

"but this I know, that, in consequence of her, I am the most miserable of women."

"How madam?" said Fogg, "what horrible mystery is this? explain."

"Must I confess my husband's shame, and my own despair?" cried the lady, in a state of doubtful perturbation.

"Do, madam, by all means, I entreat—let Garnet's disgrace be made manifest, or anything, rather than my suspense should continue."

"There is something wrong, then?"

"Something wrong? Madam, you tremble."

"An unfortunate and guilty attachment between Mr. Garnet and that young person."

"Ha!" bellowed Fogg, seizing a pair of scissors which lay on the table; "where are the unprincipled pair—even this small instrument would suffice," and he stalked about the room, opening and closing the weapon with demoniac violence; "but, O, why do I rave? Forgive me, best of women, that I have put you to the torture of confessing this degrading fact," and he fell on his knees before her. "What noise was that?" Rushing to the glass door, they were just in time to behold Garnet, as he rose up, strike his head against the counter, over which he scrambled, and rushed from the shop.

"Is Miss Lucy within?" cried Garnet, panting, as the door of Penfold's house was answered, in obedience to his peremptory ring.

"She is, sir."

"Send her here instantly."

Miss Penfold, who, alarmed at the extraordinary noise, was loitering on the stairs, approached.

"Put on your bonnet and shawl and come with me," said Garnet.

"Really, Mr. Garnet, after this morning's—"

"Pho, pho, nonsense," said he, "you're wanted, I say;" then lowering his voice to a whisper, and his fore-finger on the side of his nose, "they're there."

"Who are there, sir? I do not understand you."

"My wife and—" and he swelled up his cheeks as if he would fain enact Boreas, "and Fogg! Come! come!"

Miss Penfold made no further objection, but suffered herself to be hurried by the excited goldsmith to the scene.

"Ha, ha, have we caught you?" cried Garnet, with a triumphant shout, as he dragged Lucy after him. "Miss Lucy Penfold, look there, I beg of you; here's a caution to wives and families."

"Unheard-of audacity!" said Mrs. Garnet, "to bring her into the room with us! Look, sir, do you see? Do you mark the perfect shamelessness of the guilty parties?"

Fogg did indeed look and see; but he seemed to be curiously examining vacancy.

"Come, come, this wont do, Mrs. Garnet," said her husband, "it's discovered."

"It is indeed!" retorted Mrs. Garnet; "and now, sir, I look to this gentleman for redress and protection," turning to Fogg.

"From me, madam," said Fogg, upon his knee, "expect that love which ungrateful Garnet has transferred to another."

"Say you so?" said Garnet, in like manner going upon his knee, and addressing Lucy.

"Deign, miss, to receive assurance of my affection; and if this portrait will avail to impress—"

"My portrait again, by Heaven!" cried Fogg, nervously.

"Which I lost this morning," said Lucy.

"Which I found," said Mrs. Garnet.

"Lost and found! What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," springing into his wife's arms. "My dearest Mrs. G. But how is this? Explain, Fogg, dear Fogg, explain; do you know Miss Lucy Penfold?"

Lucy blushed.

"I do indeed," answered Fogg.

"O, your most obedient! I see how it is." And the joyous goldsmith danced about the room.

"Let's be merry," and he drew out the decanter and glasses; "you shall stay with us, and we'll all go together this evening to see old Penfold."

"Well, there never was such an extraordinary mistake, was there?"

"Never!" answered all, in simultaneous concert with the goldsmith.

#### WORK OF BOHEMIAN WOMEN.

The men walk upright, with unburdened backs, while their women lose all grace, all comeliness, nay, even the very form their Creator gave them, beneath the fardels they bear alone. Not an hour since, we saw from our windows an instance of the merciless fashion, after which they are permitted by their husbands to abuse their feeble powers, in a couple passing beneath our windows. A woman, the heavy basket familiar to all who visit these parts strapped to her back, was bearing therein a more than sufficient load for one stronger than she seemed to be, but on her left arm she carried a pig, no less! which she maintained there with evident difficulty. She grasped the muzzle of the animal with her right hand (thus drowning its cries, in her respect for the repose, or rather for the gentility—"save the mark!"—of those before whose dwellings she was passing, poor soul!) while her own slight frame was shaking and quivering, as she tottered along, with the immoderate exertions she was making. And the man's share in all this, what was it? Why, he carried the rope by which one leg of the pig was bound.—*Travels in Bohemia.*

## THE WONDERS OF LIGHTNING.

Two clouds are not necessary for the production of lightning, which is frequently discharged from a solitary clump of vapor, when a connection can be established with the earth. A French academician, named Marcolle, describes a case where a mere cloudlet, about a foot and a half in diameter, killed a poor woman by dropping a thunderbolt upon her head. It has been shown by Faraday that the electric fluid contained in a single flash might perhaps be supplied by the decomposition of one grain of water alone. M. Arago has divided the lightnings into three sorts. The first includes those where the discharge appears like long luminous lines, bent into angles and zigzags, and varying in complexion from white to blue, purple or red. This kind is known as forked lightning, because it occasionally divides into two branches. Charpentier relates a case where a flash severed into three forks, each of which struck on points several hundred feet apart. Still more numerous furcations have been reported, for it is said that during a tempest at Landerneau and St. Pol de Leon, twenty-four churches were struck, though only three distinct claps were heard. This was eight churches apiece for the three explosions.

The second class of lightning differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash is diffused, and is designated as sheet lightning. Sometimes it simply gilds the edges of the cloud, whence it leaps; but at others, it floods with a lurid radiance, or else suffuses its surface with blushes of a rosy or violet hue.

Lightnings of the third class are remarkable for their eccentricities, and have been made the subject of considerable contention among meteorologists, many of whom have denied their right to be treated as legitimate lightnings, they differ so widely from the ordinary sort of flashes. They exhibit themselves as balls, or globular lumps of fire—not momentary apparitions, but meteors which take their own time, and travel at a remarkably slow rate. It is this incelerity which gives them their doubtful character, as an electrical bolt is supposed to be one of the leading emblems of velocity.

Lightning, when it meets with an obstruction in its course, frequently shatters the non-conducting object, dispersing and bursting substances asunder in every direction, as if they had been charged with gunpowder. The stone pinnacle of a church in Cornwall was struck by lightning, and one fragment weighing three hundred pounds was hurled sixty yards to the southward, another four hundred yards to the north, and a third to the southwest. In 1838,

the topgallant mast of H. M. ship Rodney was literally cut up into chips by a flash of lightning, the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenters had been sweeping their shavings overboard. Sometimes, in striking a tree or mast, the electric fluid will slice it into long shreds or filaments, so that it will appear like a huge broom or a bundle of laths. Lightning bolts will occasionally dash through resisting objects by tearing great openings, as in a Cornish church, where apertures were made in the solid wall of the belfry fourteen inches square and six inches deep, and as truly regular as if cut out by art. In other instances, small holes are drilled which are surprising for their perfect circularity of form. Window-panes have been frequently pierced in this fashion, without affecting the rest of the glass. In forming these apertures, a burr or projection is left upon the edges. Juvenile electricians are in the habit of making holes in cards by passing discharges through them, when a burr or projection will be observed on both sides of the orifice. Sometimes a single discharge will produce two holes in a card, each puncture marked by a single burr, one on the upper and the other on the under side of the card. In some instances, the results are such as to suggest that a flash may be split up into several fiery filaments before it strikes an object. In 1777, a weather-cock of tinted copper was hurled by a thunderbolt from the top of a church in Cremona, and, upon inspection, was found to be pierced with eighteen holes; in nine of them the burr was conspicuous on one side, and in nine it was equally prominent on the other, while the slope of the burr was identical in all.

Among the curiosities of lightning are what is termed "fulgurites," or tubes, which the lightning constructs when it falls upon a silicious spot, by fusing the sand. They may be called casts of thunderbolts. In some hillocks of sand in Cumberland, England, these hollow tubes have been found from one-fiftieth to two inches in diameter, tapering perhaps to a mere point. The entire extent of the tubes may be thirty feet, but they usually separate into numerous branches, and have the appearance of the skeleton of an inverted tree. They are lined with glass, as smooth and perfect as if it had been made in a glass-house.

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**CURIOUS WEAPON.**—In some parts of Russia, which are infested with robbers, travellers carry their pockets full of snuff, to throw in the eyes of the brigands while they get ready their revolvers and poignards. Such a mode of warfare is not to be sneezed at, queer as it seems.

## TIGER FLOWER.

BY L. A. N.

"For once may pride defend thee,"  
While playing a haughty part,  
For once may Lethe send thee  
Some balm for a scornful heart;  
But know that she thou think'st to harm,  
Relies upon a stronger arm.

"For once may pride defend thee,"  
Severe, and proud, and cold;  
For sure I will not bend me  
To thy heart's so treacherous fold.  
O, thou hast wounded all too deep  
The soul that would thine image keep.

Thou'rt right; there's one I'm keeping  
All holy shrouded within,  
Where love and trust lie sleeping,  
That love and mercy win.  
An image! nay, 'tis He who quells  
All sorrow where his spirit dwells.

May constant pride defend thee,  
Lest this provoking one,  
With spiteful charges move thee  
To something best undone;  
For that might spot thy spotless name,  
Might stain thine honor's stainless fame.

Ay, may thy pride defend thee;  
Think not to thee I sue,  
Though meantime I surround thee  
With prayers so warm and true,  
That God himself shall sweetly bend  
To aid thee, comfort, cheer, defend.

He loves the heart that's broken,  
The contrite spirit heals;  
To such sweet word has spoken,  
To such himself reveals.  
And O, beloved, in nightly prayer  
I'll ask for thee sweet blessings there.

## THE CRACKED STAIRS.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

YEARS before the Revolution, there stood in the town of West Roxbury, just as it stands now, a large and imposing-looking mansion. It was erected and occupied by a member of an aristocratic family—a family which has since numbered some distinguished men in its ranks, and which traces its descent directly from one of England's noblemen, who flourished in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Here in this mansion, generations of the Milburn family saw the light—here they lived and died. The old house has rang with the laughter of children who long since passed from the face of the earth, and whose names have sunk into oblivion, save when one comes across an ancient family record and lingers with curiosity over the

scriptural cognomens of the men and women of other days. It is only within a few years that the magnificent estate has passed into other hands.

But our story has to do with the mansion before the Revolution, when it was occupied by Mr. Milburn, his daughter Ruth, and his only son Henry.

Ruth Milburn, with her blue eyes and golden hair, and her pretty, childish ways, won her way to everybody's heart. Even her stern old father softened towards her—the only one out of all his household whom he did not rule with an absolutely iron rod. Mrs. Milburn had been dead many years, and consequently Ruth had been left to follow the bent of her own inclinations. It is true, her ways of doing things were not always the best, nor did the various unaccountable freaks which she played, meet entirely the approval of the old lady, who had been her nurse. But then nobody could muster up courage to scold Ruth Milburn, wilful as she sometimes was.

Bewitching little Ruth Milburn!—there was not an eligible young man in the neighborhood who was not over head and ears in love with her. But Ruth turned from all her rich suitors and secretly favored one who had no riches to commend him. But though Ruth favored Albert Adair, her father had long ago determined that she should never marry any one but Edward Harley, the richest of her suitors.

It was a sunny afternoon in summer, and Mr. Milburn sat in his library, occasionally jotting down a few words upon a paper before him—sometimes referring to a ponderous tome by his side, but more frequently glancing out of the open window upon the field of waving grass and the cool hillside, beyond. Suddenly his fit of delicious laziness was dispelled by seeing, fluttering in the light summer breeze, a white flag, which had been fastened to one of the lower boughs of a tree upon the hillside.

Presently, just the slightest pattering sound was heard upon the stairs, and there was the rustle of a dress against the library door, and then all was quiet. But if Ruth Milburn fancied she had left the house unobserved, she was mistaken. Her father's keen eye had caught a glimpse of the white dress as it fluttered along the path through the grass, and in a moment more, Ruth had disappeared in the valley.

With an air of sternness gathering upon his face, which to those accustomed to read his features was an ominous sign, Mr. Milburn quietly put away his papers and closed the book by his side. Then he slowly mounted the stairs, and

sought a window which commanded a view of the valley. A disinterested observer might have been struck with the picturesqueness of the scene displayed; but it was with far different thoughts that Mr. Milburn regarded it.

Upon a moss covered rock, Ruth had seated herself, and the waning sun cast a glow upon her upturned face and golden hair—and for a moment, the father's heart beat proudly that he had in his possession such a treasure. But it was only for a moment; for leaning against a tree near Ruth, was Albert Adair, whom Mr. Milburn had begun to regard with a feeling of dislike. Besides being poor, Albert Adair did not belong to an aristocratic family, and to none other did Ruth's father propose to ally himself. His anger was consequently mingled with wonder at the presumption of the penniless youth in daring to seek an interview with his daughter, and at the spirit displayed by Ruth herself, who had thus acted in direct opposition to his known wishes.

On the following morning, Mr. Milburn sat in state in his library—awaiting the arrival of Ruth, to whom he had just despatched a message. The stern and solemn look deepened upon his face, as the minutes passed by and his daughter did not make her appearance. Presently she came in, trembling and fluttering like a frightened bird captured by some rough hand.

"Ruth Milburn," said her father, sternly, "will you tell me where you were yesterday afternoon?"

Fluttering more and more, Ruth looked up.

"I was over by the hill, father."

"And whom did you meet there?"

There was no answer; and after a slight pause, Mr. Milburn continued:

"Your face condemns you, and if it did not, I saw you both, and need not to ask you whom you met there. But you will bear in mind, Ruth Milburn, that this idle dream of yours is at an end forever, for I have promised you in marriage to Edward Harley. And as I have always been accustomed to be obeyed, I shall look for implicit obedience from my daughter."

Ruth had covered her face with her hands.

"I cannot, father; I will obey you in anything else, but do not compel me to this step."

"If you fail to obey me in this, you are disobedient in all things," said her father, coldly.

"Have you no pity?" said Ruth, glancing appealingly into that hard face. "I have promised Albert that I will be his wife."

"Such a promise is not valid," said her father. "Once for all, dismiss this young man from your thoughts, and think of what I have

said to you. You will yet be able to see the justice of my course towards you."

"Never," said Ruth, energetically. "In all other matters, I will obey you, but I cannot in this—not in this, which concerns my happiness for life."

Ruth had left the room ere her father had recovered from his astonishment at the energy and spirit she had displayed. He could hardly believe that one of his household would dare oppose his slightest word.

A whole week passed, during which time Ruth was closely watched lest she should continue to hold interviews with Albert. One morning, Mr. Milburn was obliged to set out early for Boston, which journey he accomplished on horseback. But before going, in order to make sure of Ruth for the day, he locked her in a large, unoccupied chamber, the door of which opened at the head of the stairs. Here she was to be a prisoner for the day, and strict orders were given all the household not in any way to attempt to release her.

Away went Mr. Milburn at an early hour towards Boston, inwardly congratulating himself that no interviews could be held that day without his consent.

As he approached the locality now known as Hog Bridge, he encountered Albert Adair, also upon horseback. The two glanced at each other haughtily, and greeted each other with a cold bow. The moment Mr. Milburn was out of sight, Albert put spurs to his horse and galloped away in the direction of Ruth's house, thinking that it would be a good opportunity to see her in her father's absence, never dreaming that the lady was a prisoner.

On he sped, dreaming pleasant dreams all the way, and in an incredibly short space of time he had reached the mansion. In the meantime, Ruth, who had already begun to tire of her solitary vigil, had taken her stand at the window, and was employing the sweet, summer morning in gazing idly out upon the fields, occasionally varying the monotony of this amusement by singing wild selections of old ballads.

Suddenly the sound of horse's feet struck upon her ear, and leaning out, she saw Albert just coming through the gateway.

"Albert! Albert!" cried Ruth, shaking her golden hair from its fastening and causing it to fairly envelope her like a cloud.

Albert came riding hastily, and paused just beneath the window of Ruth's prison.

"Ruth, come down—you have nothing to fear!"

"I cannot come," said Ruth, sorrowfully; "I



cannot move from this room, for I am a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" repeated Albert, wonderingly.

"Father has locked me up and forbidden me ever to speak to you again. And he says I must marry Edward Harley."

"Shameful!" muttered Albert, between his teeth. "But at least, Ruth, I will free you from this disgraceful imprisonment."

And springing from his horse, he passed through the front door and sped up the broad staircase. At the door of Ruth's prison he paused, and to make sure that it was the right door, he cried:

"Are you here, Ruth?"

"I am here," was Ruth's answer.

Albert waited only the sound of Ruth's voice to attack the huge oaken door with furious blows—blows which he dealt out with all the energy of which he was capable. But not the least impression did he make upon the stout fabric—it yielded not a bit. Again and again he attacked it, and maddened and desperate at the opposition, he threw himself against it with almost superhuman strength. There was a slight crack, and for an instant, Albert fancied the door was about to yield—but only for an instant, for it still opposed his entrance as firmly as ever.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he called to Ruth, but there was no answer.

"Ruth! Ruth!" he cried, in gentle tones. Still no sound was heard, save the voices of the servants below.

"Ruth! Ruth!" and now it was an agonizing appeal.

But the cry did not reach the ears for which it was intended, for little Ruth had sunk into a state of unconsciousness, and she lay with her golden head close to the great, heavy, oaken door.

"Dear Ruth, answer me!" And Albert's voice was laden with the horror which an unknown calamity always inspires.

Again he threw himself against the door, and made frantic exertions to tear the fastenings from the wood. But he might as well have attempted to move a granite building from its foundations.

Finding all his efforts useless, in his desperation he stamped upon the stairs with such energy, that the top stair cracked through its whole extent, displaying quite a fissure. Passing up the broad staircase, one sees precisely the same crack to this day; and above it, hangs a portrait of a grim old gentleman in a wig, who forever looks down upon the crack with a stern and forbidding expression of countenance. As

one goes down the stairs, with the story of the crack yet fresh in the mind, other old gentlemen and ladies besides, in curious costumes, look down—some with a threatening, and some with a benign aspect—but there are none so awfully grim as the old gentleman at the top of the stairs.

But as the story runs, Albert, after his vain attempt to burst open the door, fled in despair down the stairs, and mounting his horse, galloped madly away.

About the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Milburn came riding leisurely along, in wonderfully good humor at the success he had met with on his journey. It was not till nearly an hour afterwards, that poor little Ruth was discovered, only partially recovered from the state of unconsciousness into which she had fallen.

Albert Adair was never seen by Ruth after that memorable day, and six months from that time, yielding to the will of her father, sweet little Ruth Milburn became Ruth Harley. There was a grand wedding, and the marriage was celebrated with all the ceremonies befitting the occasion. Whether or not the aristocratic Mr. Milburn felt any remorse at having sacrificed his only daughter at the shrine of his ambition, is not known. But certain it is, that in the course of time he was gathered to his fathers, with appropriate honors, and his household once more breathed free at the removal of the iron rod which had so long been held over them.

Soon after, came the Revolution—such an era in our country's history. It was a sad time to poor Ruth, for disasters came thick and fast upon her. First of all, Henry Milburn, a youth of true nobility, the idol of his sister and beloved by all who knew him, fell fighting bravely for his country. It was a sad time when his comrades bore their solemn burden over Ruth's threshold. But it was the beginning of her troubles—troubles which a woman with a stronger mind might have borne bravely, but not the gentle, timid Ruth.

Edward Harley was also in the army, fighting bravely. And to Ruth, left alone, every day brought fresh anxieties. For a long time, no tidings of her husband reached her, and she believed that he, too, had fallen. But at the close of the war, he came home to die of a painful disease, brought on by privations and exposures. Long and tenderly his faithful wife watched over him and soothed his fearful paroxysms of anguish, and at last, when death had released him from suffering, she reverently closed his eyes.

Added to this trouble, their once large prop-

erty had dwindled away; and finally, a dishonest friend deprived them of nearly all that was left. So that utter poverty threatened the widowed Ruth and her two children.

It was a cold, January night, and the wind drifted the snow in the streets and piled it around dwellings. It seemed to sweep with greater energy around a poor dwelling, which stood in a dreary and lonesome locality.

In a small room in this house, through the cracks of which the wind sifted and caused little snow-banks to form, was Ruth, keeping a solitary vigil over the sick bed of her child. Another child slept soundly by the feeble fire, which imparted only the slightest possible degree of warmth to the room.

Poor Ruth had neither medicine nor food to give her children, and her stock of wood was nearly exhausted. In despair, she threw herself down upon the floor, with an inward prayer for help. Her prayer was answered when she least expected it, for suddenly there was a knock at the door, and on opening it, Ruth beheld two men bearing provisions and wood enough to last for a day or two. To all her inquiries as to who sent them, the men returned no answer, but placing a paper upon the table, they departed as mysteriously as they came. Ruth, on opening the paper, found a guinea, but not a word of writing that could dissolve the mystery.

The next day there came a load of wood, and regularly, once a week afterwards, Ruth received a guinea from her unknown benefactor. Long afterwards, she discovered her generous friend to be Albert Adair, who in the course of years had grown prosperous, but who never forgot his early love. Though Albert watched over Ruth's welfare as a brother might have done, she never saw him, though they lived many a year within a short distance of each other. Such is the story—and a true story it is—connected with

#### Atmospheric Phenomenon.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, writing from Ashtabula county, Ohio, after giving an account of an earthquake in that vicinity, says: "The most singular phenomenon connected with it was the falling of large balls of snow. It was snowing heavily at the time, although the snow was slightly moist. The next morning, several gentlemen in different parts of the town noticed large balls of snow lying scattered around, not only in the vicinity of their dwellings, but in the open fields; those who examined them describe some of them as being nearly as large as a small child's head, and resembling thin layers of snow, rolled together very lightly and dropped down. Where they fell upon the side-hill, they had rolled, in some instances, two or three feet. I mention these facts as scraps for the curious."

#### A HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A room in the principal inn of a country town had the reputation of being haunted. Nobody would sleep in it, and it was therefore shut up; but it so happened that at an election the inn was full, and there was only the haunted room unoccupied. A gentleman's gamekeeper came to the inn, exceedingly fatigued by a long journey, and wanted a bed. He was informed that unless he chose to occupy the haunted room he must seek a bed elsewhere. "Haunted!" he exclaimed; "stuff and nonsense! I'll sleep in it. Ghost or demon, I'll take a look at what haunts it." Accordingly, he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber and retired to rest. He had not lain down many minutes when the bed shook under him most fearfully. He sprang out of bed, struck a light (for he had taken the precaution to place a box of lucifer matches by his bedside), and made a careful examination of the room, but could discover nothing. The courageous fellow would not return to bed, but remained watching for some time. Presently he saw the bed shake violently; the floor was firm; nothing moved but the bed. Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of this bed-quake, he looked in the bed, under the bed, and near the bed, and not seeing anything to account for the shaking, which every now and then seemed to seize on the bed, he at last pulled it from the wall. Then the "murder came out." The signboard of the inn was fastened to the outer wall by a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and when the wind swung the signboard to and fro the movement was communicated to the bed, causing it to shake in the most violent manner. The gamekeeper, delighted at having hunted up the ghost, informed the landlord the next morning of the real nature of his unearthly visitor, and he was handsomely rewarded for rendering a room, which had been useless, now quite servicable. All the ghost stories which are on record, might, no doubt, have been traced to similar sources, if those to whom the "ghosts" appeared had possessed as much pluck as our gamekeeper.

#### THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

The Christian Era was first used about the year 527 by Dionisius, surnamed "Exiguus," but better known as Denys le Petit, a monk of Scythia and a Roman abbot, in consequence of which it is sometimes called "*Recapitulatio Dionisii*." It was not introduced into Italy until the sixth century, and, though first used in France in the seventh, it was not universally established there till about the eighth century. An instance of the use of the Christian era in England is supposed to have occurred as early as the year 680; it was generally adopted in the eighth century, and it was ordained by the Council of Chelsea, in July, 816, that all bishops should date their acts from the year of the incarnation of our Saviour. In Spain, the Christian era, though occasionally adopted in the eleventh, was not uniformly used in public instruments until after the middle of the fourteenth century, nor in Portugal until about the year 1415. In the Eastern Empire and in Greece, it was not universal until after the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453.

## TO LOTTIE.

BY J. B. REYNOLDS.

When approach the shades of even,  
And the stars above  
Deck the mighty arch of heaven  
As with gems of love,  
Then my spirit, ever free,  
Holds communion sweet with thee.

When the breeze is softly sighing  
Through each leaf-bound tree,  
And the lingering sunbeams lying  
On the scented sea;  
Thoughts of thee do throng my breast,  
Robbing me of dark unrest.

As I take my morning ramble  
Through the flowery lawn,  
Climbing over brake and bramble,  
At the early dawn,  
Every zephyr seems to bring  
Thy sweet voice upon its wing.

Thoughts of thee, dear one, shall guide me,  
All life's paths along,  
And thy gentleness shall chide me  
When I think of wrong;  
Ever shall thy memory be  
Kept a sacred trust by me.

## THE OLD MILL BRIDGE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

I AM going to tell you one of the most exciting adventures I ever had, and though I am aware that it is but a trifle in comparison to the "hair breadth escapes," and fearful catastrophes, with which people now-a-days delight to fill papers, yet it may interest some, and amuse others, and it is actually true.

I must not tell the day and date, but it will be sufficient to say that it was summer time, and very warm weather, when a party of us young folks of D——, concluded to go out on the harbor to enjoy the beautiful sunset, and listen to the band playing on board a noble ship of war, lying at anchor opposite our town.

Our boat, a new and nice one, was borrowed for the occasion, and our young men, of whom there were three, talked prodigiously about their "skill in rowing," with how much truth, appeared afterwards. There were six of us in all, and as we were on intimate terms, our party was a merry one. We started from the wharf where the boat was kept, just before sundown, and rowed out into the wide open bay to enjoy the sight at our leisure.

The evening was calm and still, the harbor was smooth as glass, not a breath of air ruffled

its clear surface, and various were the remarks made by our party, each one expressing his or her opinion, until Miss Amelia Fulton wound up by saying that it was "lovely, exceedingly lovely, but for her part she should soon grow weary of a 'cloudless sky.' Give me the storm and the thunder, the wild wave and the lightning's flash," she exclaimed in a voice of enthusiasm, taken from the last novel she had perused, and very much at variance with her appearance just then, her thin muslin dress and kid slippers looking like any thing save a stormy attire.

"Well, now I should think that would be the last thing you would wish for, Mellie," exclaimed her brother, with a laugh. "Don't you know the spray would take out all your curls, besides hurting your complexion?"

There was a general smile, for Miss Amelia's foibles were pretty well known.

"I wish you would try to be a little more refined, William," the beauty replied, and then to change the conversation, she asked if we could not "have some music."

Tom Osborn, the only gentleman of our party who was unemployed, now produced his flute, and amid exclamations of delight, proceeded to play some of his most killing airs for the benefit of Miss Jessie Black, a little dark-eyed flirt, who amused herself by teasing him and young Fulton to her heart's content. I thought that her brother Harry rather liked Fulton, certain it is, he assisted him in spoiling Tom's playing, for never did a boat move so uneasily over a smooth harbor, and never did a poor dandy have such difficulty in maintaining his seat and his temper both.

Miss Amelia was making a "dead set" at Tom, and ever and anon between the pauses she would exclaim, "Beautiful," "Lovely," "Charming," etc., while little coquettish Jessie would bestow on him glances that made his heart beat again. Tom Osborn was certainly in his glory, but Fulton happening to see one of these sweet smiles, contrived to splash his rival pretty liberally with his left oar, making a great many apologies at the same time, and taking his sister's upbraids for his carelessness with great humility. These little jealousies aside, we were a very merry party, and laughed, and sang, and told stories, as we slowly rowed up the harbor, until all of a sudden some one spoke of returning.

"What is that coming up at the mouth of the harbor?" exclaimed Jessie Black, pointing with her hand seaward. "Surely it is not fog?"

We all looked, and for an instant there was silence. Harry was the first to speak.

"It is the fog, boys, and if we don't pull hard it will be in before we are."

Very little more was said, Tom put up his flute, and the other two rowed with all their strength. The boat went rapidly through the water, but three times our speed would not have carried us back to the wharf in time to escape the dense gray cloud which now came rolling in enveloping everything in deepest, densest gloom. One by one the city lights disappeared, the islands at the mouth of the harbor slowly vanished, one moment we could see the large ships, and that part of the bay where we had lately been, the next we were in darkness, cold, damp, impenetrable darkness.

I know not what the feelings of the others were at that moment, my own I shall never forget. We were at least two miles from the landing, with no possible means to find out in which course to steer, and with as much likelihood of going out into the open sea, as of keeping in our own course. Another very agreeable possibility was that we *might* get into the track of the ferry boat, but this thought had barely entered my mind, ere with a rushing and puffing the monster came in sight, looming up large through the fog, its flaming red light looking like a great burning mouth, ready to devour us.

"Pull, Harry, pull, for Heaven's sake, pull hard!" exclaimed William Fulton, while his sister screamed, and threw herself into Tom's arms in a paroxysm of terror, that interesting young gentleman uttering an involuntary "O," at the unexpected assault.

And Harry did pull, and with such good will that just as we got out of the steamer's way his oar broke short off, the long piece disappearing in the foam and froth created by the ferry boat in passing. It was but an instant that her light illuminated our path, and then again we were all in darkness, and now with only one good oar and a short one, which having been in the boat when we started, had fortunately been allowed to remain. We were now in an exceedingly unpleasant situation. William and Harry, not used to rowing, soon grew very weary, but they persevered undauntedly, and for three long hours did we pass up and down and around the watery waste, without seeing one single light, yet knowing all the time that within a mile there were hundreds. At times we imagined that we must have got outside the islands, or else gone up into the "upper bay," either one of which positions would have been exceedingly dangerous.

I felt too uneasy to say much myself. Jessie Black also sat still and silent, but every time that our rowers made a remark, or hazarded a guess as to our "whereabouts," Miss Amelia commenced to sob and moan in the most deplorable

manner, and though we could not see, from the deep groans poor Tom gave, I rather imagined her hysteric plunges were of a violent character. At last, when I had about made up my mind that we should spend the night on the "ocean wave," and was wondering where all the ideas had fled to, of the beauty of this kind of adventure, etc., the boat struck with a force that sent us all flying.

Springing to his feet, Fulton attempted to push off from where he had rested, but his oar touching against the slippery rock, slid along a few inches, and ere he could recover his hold, passed from his grasp and was gone in the water. Something very like despair seized us all at this new misfortune, for though we knew we could not be very far from land now, it was almost hopeless to expect to do much with the one we had left. Nevertheless, it would not do to remain as we now were, and though no one had the remotest idea where we had touched, we all thought it best to keep on as well as we could.

Fulton being the best hand took the remaining little oar, and with great toil contrived to push the boat along the shore, striking every moment against the rocks, yet not daring to go out from them, for fear of getting into deeper water. All this time the fog was if anything growing thicker, but we kept on, and finally brought up roughly against a small vessel lying on her side in the shallow water.

"I know where we are now," exclaimed Harry, joyfully.

"Where! O, where?" was chorused by all, but our satisfaction was materially lessened when he informed us that to the best of his belief we were in the "Back Creek," and not far from the "old mill."

"But, Harry, how are we to cross the old bridge?" inquired his sister, in a tone that showed how anxious she felt.

"Never mind, sis, I'll carry you over, or swim with you, or any way you like best, if we only get there," he answered, in a gay tone and with an attempt at a laugh.

O, Harry, pray don't laugh, think how mother must feel." I knew now that Jessie was weeping, but could think of nothing to comfort her with, so remained silent.

"Just as well laugh as cry, sis; but, Will, old fellow, let me have the oar, I guess I can steer clear of the miserable little mud flats which congregate here."

Fulton gave up his place, and came and took a seat between Jessie and me, while Harry fulfilled his boast by bringing us in contact with at least half a dozen of the small vessels lying along the shore. At last we touched the long-looked-for

bridge, and as Harry still forced our boat along, William assisted by taking hold of the smooth, slimy piles.

The "Old Mill Bridge," as it was generally called, was a decayed and shattered structure, which had formerly been used as a means of communication between the town and the mill, now also, long gone to decay. It would have been a dangerous freak to attempt crossing this place in broad daylight, how much worse then must it have been to make the attempt on such a night as the one I have just described! But cross it we must, for in no other way could we reach our homes. The tide being low, Harry climbed up and then reached down to assist us who remained in the boat, and Miss Amelia quickly arising from her recumbent position was the first one to reach the top. Slowly we all ascended, William remaining until the last to make the boat secure.

The next difficulty was presented by the little "draw" or "swing," as it was called, being open, and as it hung downwards to the water, the boys had no small amount of trouble in getting it up and resting it on the other side. Perseverance, however, accomplished it at last; not securely, however, for the planks of which it was composed had worn away with age, and they barely touched on the opposite side. However, no time was to be lost, and I hesitated no longer, but stepped out on the trembling, tottering planks, all that divided me from the deep, dark water beneath, so deep and dark that I dared not think of it lest my heart should fail.

William and Harry knelt on the bridge, steadying the draw as well as they could, and Jessie followed close behind me. "Tread lightly, girls, pray tread lightly," said Harry, almost in a whisper, but with an earnestness that told his feelings, while his companion's breathing could be plainly heard. I was almost over, in fact I think one more step would have taken me safe, when I heard Amelia Fulton exclaim, "Let me go, do let me go!"

"Don't! don't stir!" exclaimed her brother, but ere they could prevent her, with a scream she bounded upon the frail plank, and with a crash it went down, throwing Jessie Black violently against me, and dashing me against the opposite wood work with stunning violence. I suppose it was the instinct of self-preservation that caused us to cling, Jessie to me, and me to the top log of that old wretched bridge, but we did hold on with fearful tenacity, rendered desperate by the thought of that deep, dark flood beneath. I never knew how they again raised the old draw, but they did get it partly up, just sufficient for

one to cross, and then William Fulton was quickly on the other side, and Jessie and I rescued from our perilous position.

With the aid of the little oar, he now made it secure for the rest to pass, and at twelve o'clock we reached our homes, wet, weary, frightened and wretched, there to find our friends in agonies of distress at our prolonged absence.

Thus ended our excursion; but even yet, in dreams, I sometimes have similar sensations to what I endured at that awful moment, when I felt myself falling, and expected the next instant to be engulfed in those cold, dark waves. It may seem trifling to others, but I have always considered it the most fearful moment of my existence.

### THE TREE KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT.

I ADMIRE to hear old bachelors talk about the weakness of women. I like to hear them tell how *she* brought sin into the world, and about her inferiority to man generally. It is a very interesting theme, coming as it does from their lips, for they do the subject eminent justice. But the poor fellows forget all about the laws of hereditary descent when they get upon their favorite hobby. If men and women started six thousand years ago, the one very far superior to the other, they would be likely to be somewhere near on an equality by this time. Thorn bushes do not bear grapes, neither do weak-minded woman bear strong-minded men.

We wish old bachelors in future would remember this, and also remember, when they are harping their favorite tune, that every sensible woman who listens, *wonders* what kind of a mother, and what kind of an education the poor man had, to take such a one-sided view of his fellow-beings! And the pity he so lavishly pours upon her weakness, she is pouring right back upon his! If such old bachelors wish to have their sentiments appreciated, they must be careful and advance them only before their equals and inferiors; then, possibly, they may stand a chance to be considered wise, prudent, and foresighted men, especially among those of their sex who have caught snakes in the matrimonial net.

Remember in future, my bachelor friend, that a man receives his earliest impressions from his mother's lips, and when you speak so lightly of woman, the inference to be drawn is, that your mother was not a good specimen of her sex. The conclusion is, you cannot "gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles."

Q IN A CORNER.

Finery is unbecoming in those who want the means of decency.

## THIS IS MY HOME.

BY C. G. WRIGHT.

This is my home! the land that gave me birth;  
 I claim thee mine, for thee my fathers bled;  
 For thee a tyrant pledged a nation's worth,  
 For thee a nation bowed a tyrant's head!

This is my home! 'twere hard indeed, to find  
 A land so linked with memories to my heart,  
 So wrought with every vision on the mind,  
 With all the scenes of love and joy thou art.

And I have wandered long and far from thee,  
 And broke the bread of other lands than mine;  
 But still thy name is ever dear to me,  
 And all the yearnings of my soul are thine.

Though fate still bids me o'er the earth to roam,  
 And fortune beckons with a flattering hand,  
 I'll love thee still, my own New England home,  
 Thou chosen spot of freedom's happy land!

## THE LOG CABIN.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

NEAR to a populous city—so near, in fact, that the hum of its busy thousands is borne distinctly to the ear, and its church spires are plainly visible to the eye of him who lingers around it—there stands a time-worn and decaying log cabin.\* It is not an uncommon object, reader; you have often passed by such a structure, stopping, perhaps, to gaze upon it with curious eye, because it excited within you an unknown interest. This feeling is common to all; a love for old ruins and venerable nooks and corners is a second nature to him who retains a spark of poetry in his being.

But the cabin of which I speak is an object of interest on account of its beauty, for there is something beautiful even in those crumbling beams and timbers. You can see by the charred and blackened stumps, peering here and there above the tall grass which is suffered to escape the scythe, that in other years a wild forest surrounded our primitive cabin and laced its branches far above its low roof. The years which have seen the decay of the cabin have also witnessed the fall of the forest, so that now, nothing remains to tell of its former presence save a few scattering maples and that venerable elm which still stands—a patriarch, numbering a century of years.

Everything around bears an aspect of solitude. A pair of swallows have made their home in the

broken chimney, and their noisy chattering is the only sound that breaks the stillness which broods upon the scene. A noisy brook may have held its course over the bed of pebbles upon which I stand; but now the stagnant waters of yonder basin, scooped by the hand of nature, unsheltered from the sun by leafy trees, refuse to move in their wonted manner. Such are the surroundings.

And the cabin—it is a picture in itself.—Time has softened and modified the work of art until it harmonizes with the works of nature which are around it. The roof is covered over with moss, and luxuriant vines have grown from the rich soil and fallen before the doorway as if to form a barrier against intrusion, which the falling door could not afford. Great seams and cracks are visible upon the sides of the hut, and in some places the slabs have partly become loosened from their fastening and swing at every breath of the wind. Were we to enter the doorway, we should perhaps find the floor broken in to trembling planks; the walls veiled by the busy spider, and the rough ceiling crumbling above our heads. We might discover evidences of former dwellers—names, dates or characters, cut by hands long since still, revealing volumes of story. But does not the exterior bear a history, silent, yet comprehensible? There is a voice in every timber, a record in every line which eye has drawn.

Sit, then, with me, upon this fragment of rock, and let us conjecture the history of this cabin. We know that it reaches far into the history of the past; it embraces the years which have witnessed wars and revolutions in the world without; events which rumor never bore to this spot. The oldest edifice in yonder city can lay no claim to age like this. Its story bears no relation to the present, has no connection with the commonplace sentiments of every day existence. It is a tale of stern realities, of actual occurrences which are experienced nowhere but in the log cabin.

And who were the architects of this abode—who dwelt here during those by-gone years? Resolute and indomitable must have been the pioneer, who, years ago, when leagues of forest wilderness stretched between this spot and any settlement, journeyed from an Eastern home to endure the toils and privations of a Western life. But not alone, for with him came a companion, reared, it may be, in the lap of luxury, willing still to follow the husband of her choice in his perilous undertaking. Here, far from the home of their youth, their future was to be spent. The axe of the young pioneer furnished the materials

\* This sketch is a picture from actual life which occurred in Western New York.



for their cabin, and his hands alone accomplished its building.

But those were times of Indian wars and attacks; times when the red man's hatchet gleamed in the forest, and his arrows fell thick and fast upon the lonely settlers. This very spot may have been the "dark and bloody ground" of sanguinary conflict, and our log cabin may have been more than once perilled by the midnight torch of the savage. We can conjecture a part, but not all. We cannot picture to our readers the fearful insecurity of the pioneer—his tearful parting with wife and child, when leaving his cabin in the morning for the field of his labor—the awful suspense of those who remained at home, barred in for their greater safety; the rumors of Indian atrocities in the neighborhood, followed by the spectacle of a neighboring cabin consumed by the brand of the red man; the terrible forebodings, precursors to their own fearful jeopardy; the night attack upon our settlers' home; the frightful war whoops of the hideously painted foe; the brave defence of the pioneer, wounded and exhausted, and the final rescue by the arrival of friendly arms. Histories like these are all unwritten. We find them occasionally in print, but the grave has closed above the actors in these dramas, and the lips which could have uttered thrilling episodes of border life, are now forever closed.

Yes, our log cabin, plain and humble, marked with the scythe of Time though it be, in common with others of its class, is a type of the westward march of civilization. In the pioneer who constructed it we behold the agent ordained to fell the forests, and clear the way for the hosts of emigrants which are constantly pouring from our seaboard cities. We see in the log cabin the germ of future States, the mighty power by which the vast, the boundless regions of the Great West are reclaimed from the hands of rude and cruel barbarians, and converted into homes for the refinements of civilized life.

#### THE CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

The correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune relates the following story of M. Charles de Remusat, a gentleman who made a conspicuous figure during the July monarchy and the February republic:

He acquired a taste for masked balls when he was a student at the law school, and when he quitted the Latin quarter for a more fashionable portion of the town, his student's tastes clung to him, despite the figure he had made among the fashionable young men of the day. Little did the aristocratic drawing-rooms he frequented suspect that the dashing young man was during all carnival one of Musard's Corypheus—the loudest bawler of the Grand Opera—the wildest

dancer of the *cancon*! His disguise was elaborate, he did not even recognize himself in the glass, and he took the additional precaution of renting a room in some obscure street, where he accomplished his carnival metamorphoses. He married in due course of time, for when Frenchmen pass their thirtieth year they begin to think it time "to establish" themselves: that is, to marry a rich wife, with influential friends; for at that period of his life, every grain of wild oats has been sown in grisette or lorette bosoms, and according to French notions they are ready for matrimony. He obtained an excellent place under the government, and he was to all outward appearances, a grave, sober, steady, serious man. But when the almanac said "carnival," when Musard's name flaunted on the walls of Paris, his blood boiled; in vain he resisted the temptation, in vain he thought of wife and office. The first masked ball found him in a *debardeur's* costume, as boisterous and as giddy as when he lived in the Latin quarter. Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—four, five, eight, nine, forty years came and went over his head, he was still the same, heedless, noisy, joking fellow as of yore—between the last Saturday in December and Ash-Wednesday; all the rest of the year he was grave, dignified and severe. Despite the extreme precaution he used, more than once his secret came near being betrayed. One day he entered his wife's dressing-room while she was trying on a new dress; at the sound of his voice, the little milliner gave a shriek, and each recognized in the other's voice, the gay partner of the last masked ball's frolics; both became embarrassed, and the wife furious. Another, he met the minister in whose department he was, bounced up against his master, came nigh knocking him down with the violence of the blow, and discovered, just in time to maintain silence, whom he had assailed; I leave you to conceive with what rapidity he lost himself from sight in the dense crowd. Those disagreeable incidents of a *debardeur's* life ended his wild chorographic career, for one night he became involved in a quadrille where the license of the *cancon* was pushed too far, the police arrested all the quadrille and consigned them to the goal until morning, when they were brought before the commissary of police. He, with the other culprits, was obliged to unmask, and to state his real name and profession; the stare, the astonishment, and the air of the commissary taught him that it did not suit with the position he then occupied in the world to indulge in this annual saturnalia. He secretly vowed he would not again indulge in his youthful follies, he burned his *debardeur's* costume, he surrendered his little room in the obscure street; perhaps the fifty odd years which now lie on his head may also have had some influence in these resolutions, since once past fifty, even Frenchmen's legs stiffen, even French blood cools.

#### THE LEAF.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud,  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green, and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed; and, turning yellow,  
Falls, and floats a-down the air.

TENNISON

## MY HOME.

BY L. B. N.

Beyond the reach of city's dust and din,  
 Where springs the grass, and where the orchards bloom,  
 Where nature's face in every leaf is seen,  
 And wayside blossoms all the air perfume,  
 I have a peaceful home—lowly and neat—  
 Whither I ever turn with hastening feet,  
 Loved ones to greet.

An humble cot—beneath whose sheltering roof  
 Love and contentment—angel-guests, abide—  
 Weaving bright, fadeless pictures into woof,  
 The walls to deck with more than earthly pride;  
 Bidding me hither from temptation come,  
 And never with unfaithful heart to roam,  
 From home, sweet home.

Around the hearth domestic joys conspire  
 To make this spot of all the earth most dear;  
 A husband's love with pure devotion's fire,  
 Burns ever bright, to strengthen and to cheer;  
 When fades the west, and slowly sinks the sun,  
 I list to hear his footsteps, as they come  
 Near home—dear home.

Here, too, a mother's tender care shines forth,  
 In deeds of love and words of counsel sweet,  
 Teaching our untried hearts to know the worth  
 Of Christian faith, with Christian zeal replete;  
 Long may her loving smile our fireside bless,  
 When age has gently robed in silver dress  
 Each raven tress.

And though we have no power to raise the veil  
 Which shrouds the uncertain future from our eyes,  
 And see if fate decrees life's bark should sail  
 Mid storm or calm, 'neath dark or sunny skies,  
 We trust that wheresoe'er our feet shall roam,  
 We'll find one spot where change shall never come—  
 Our heavenly home.

## THE JEW OF BRISTOL :

— OR, —

## THE CASKET OF DIAMONDS.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

MERRILY rang the bells of the various churches, or I should rather say monasteries, of the good city of Bristol one bright morning in the month of May, of the year one thousand two hundred and ten. The burgesses at an early hour, accompanied by their bravely attired wives and buxom daughters, paraded the streets, and from towers and housetops banners and streamers fluttered in the breeze. All trade was suspended by common consent. The merchants hurried not to 'change—not a shopkeeper displayed in his windows the goods in which he dealt, and only a pompous doctor, hurrying along with gold headed cane, or an early milkmaid,

carolling her morning song, gave any indications of business being attended to. In short, the Bristolians appeared to have made up their minds to keep a general holiday.

In those remote days, the visit of a crowned head to cities at any distance from the court was a very uncommon event, and it was such an occasion that had now caused so great a stir among the plodding people of Bristol. Only a few days before, it had been officially notified to the authorities that on the twenty-third day of May next ensuing, King John would pass through that city—then the metropolis of the West, and the second seaport in the kingdom—on his way to Ireland. Accordingly, the Guildhall was fitted up with great splendor for his majesty's reception, and as it was intended by the polite and shrewd corporation of the city to take advantage of the royal presence for asking for some new privileges to be added to their charter, no pains were spared to exhibit as thoroughly as possible the wealth and consequence of the place. As the sequel showed, it would have been far better for them had they clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and sued the king—as the lawyers now-a-days have it—in *forma pauperis*.

Mayors and aldermen, or “eldermenne,” as the latter were styled in those times, were very great men indeed, in civic *parlance*. Accordingly, when Michael Mountjoy, the city potentate, came forth from the Guildhall clothed in the insignia of office—a cocked hat laced with gold, a scarlet robe trimmed with ermine, a golden chain round his neck, and bearing in his hand a silver mace—preceded by the city sword-bearer, and followed by twelve aldermen and twenty-four common councilmen, great was the awe produced. The city trumpeter blew a blast on his instrument, and the crowd falling back, away marched the procession to the Temple Gate of the city, where they were to receive the Norman monarch.

Needless is it to describe the retinue of King John, who after keeping the citizens on the tip-toe of expectation for some hours, at length made his appearance riding on a milk-white steed gaily caparisoned, and followed by a train of gallant knights and gentlemen of high degree. His majesty was a tall, burly, swarthy man, of some sixty years of age. When the keys of the city were, according to custom, handed to him, he returned them to Michael Mountjoy with a grim smile; and emboldened by this act of royal condescension, that functionary thus spoke—not, however, it must be said, without trepidation, for though according to the old proverb a cat may look upon a king

with indifference, mortal mayors are apt to feel a little nervous upon such grand occasions :

"May it—please your majesty!" stammered the mayor. "We, your loyal subjects, intended to fire a royal salute of one hundred guns in honor of this visit."

"Humph!" grunted King John, who loved to stand on his dignity, and had already noticed the absence of the usual welcome.

"There were twenty-four reasons for our not doing so, your majesty!"

Another growl from the monarch.

"The first reason, may it please your majesty!" said the mayor, "is this: We have not a single cannon; the sec—"

"There, that's enough, Mr. Mayor," broke in the king; "your first reason is so good and sufficient, that I don't want to hear the other twenty-three. Let the cavalcade move on!"

On it moved, through old, crooked streets, the houses on either side of them having overhanging upper stories, diamond-paned windows, and grotesque carvings all over their fronts,—on through spacious squares, with green grass in their centres, and fountains playing from the mouths of Tritons, Dolphins and Neptunes—on, until the king alighted at Master Mountjoy's great house, where it had been arranged he should tarry until a fair wind for Ireland allowed of his sailing in the ship now waiting his pleasure in the British Channel.

A magnificent banquet was set before the king—for Bristol has always been famous for the good eating and drinking of the corporate bodies. It might perhaps have been said as truly at that time, as was written a few years since by Lord Byron :

"Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,  
And over bowls of punch prolong the night."

Let that be as it may, King John was so much struck with the lavish display of gold and silver plate on which the viands were served, as well as with the "creature comforts" themselves, that he at once formed a plan of appropriating some of these glittering valuables to his own private and particular use. His coffers were at a rather low ebb at that particular period, and here was indeed a godsend. Kings have never been very scrupulous in appropriating the revenues of their subjects, and King John was as unscrupulous a robber as ever sat on a throne. It was a fortunate thing for England that a step was put to his predatory propensities, not long after, by forcing him to sign the Magna Charta at Runnymede. Had the bold barons done so a few months before, it might have been all the better for the burghers of Bristol.

Great was the astonishment of the good citizens, when, some three or four mornings after the occurrence of the circumstances just narrated, a royal herald, with tabard and trumpet, and mounted on one of the royal horses, richly caparisoned, rode into the open space before the High Cross. A crowd of curious folks soon gathered round him, and Michael Mountjoy the mayor, with his wife and daughters, stood at their bayed window, to gaze on the unwonted scenery and to ascertain the cause of the gaudy herald's appearance.

Not long were they left in doubt. Unfolding a large sheet of parchment, to which was attached by a single ribbon a great wax seal as big as a cheese plate, the herald gave three blasts from his trumpet, and read a proclamation to the effect that as the royal treasury was empty and needed replenishing, his majesty King John graciously commanded the citizens of his faithful city of Bristol to forthwith raise the sum of ten thousand marks, in order to help pay the expenses of his journey to the neighboring kingdom of Ireland. And it was pleasantly added, that in case of failure or refusal to make up the sum alluded to, certain pains and penalties would be enforced.

Well enough knew every subject of King John that that monarch would be as good as his word, and among the citizens reigned the utmost consternation. The mayor was charged with the collection of the tribute, and it having got abroad that that functionary, by the great display he had made at the banquet, had incited the monarch thus to plunder them, the people so pelted him with rotten eggs and other filth, that he presented a pitiable spectacle when he made his appearance at the Guildhall for the purpose of taxing the merchants and tradespeople according to their means.

Seven days passed by, and but one half of the ten thousand marks were collected, though the mayor had done his utmost to procure the money. The enraged monarch then demanded that all the gold and silver plate belonging to the corporation and the chief citizens should be seized, melted down and coined. This done, there was yet a deficit, and the king swore a great oath that unless it was made up within three days, he would hang the mayor, aldermen and common councilmen before their own doors.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the mayor had one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well. And a prettier or pleasanter little lass than Alice Mountjoy, it would have been scarcely possible to find in all the country round for many a mile. Far and near

she was known as "The Lily of Bristol;" and well did she deserve the name, for she was as lovely as that delicate flower, which was at once a type of her modesty and her purity.

Is it any wonder that Alice, possessing such charms, should have been sought by more than one of the city beaux? There was scarcely a handsome young fellow in all Bristol who did not long to obtain her hand. Many a cudgel was flourished among rival lovers, and many a head broken in consequence of quarrels respecting her. But the "Lily" cared for none of these roystering and swaggering blades, though more than once she had been urged by her parents to marry one or the other of them, because they were sons of rich merchants of the city. Michael Mountjoy looked upon matrimony as a merely mercantile matter, and would as soon have speculated with his daughter's heart as with a hogshhead of sugar.

Alice's bosom, however, was not invulnerable, for in one of her evening walks on the banks of the Frome, she had frequently met a tall, dark, handsome young man, who was evidently a foreigner or of foreign extraction. A romantic little lady was the mayor's daughter, and she set down the stranger as an exiled foreign prince, at the very least. He had a dark, flashing eye, a rich, olive complexion, a splendid aquiline nose, and a black, curling beard which matched his black ringlets admirably. And it would seem that the stranger was also fascinated with the "Lily," whose beauty was of the "blonde" character. Love delights in opposites, as we see exemplified every day; it was so in this instance.

Chance and circumstance favoring, the young folks found opportunities of vowing eternal fidelity to each other, and then the lover informed his mistress that he was of Eastern origin, but to her consternation, he added that he was—a Jew! For a time she sank into despair, as the Israelites were then a proscribed people in England, and she knew well enough that her father was as bitterly prejudiced against the "tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast," as any other Christian. But what obstacles will not love overleap? For the sake of Alice, Israel Ben Abraham said he would become a Christian as soon as he had got enough by his trade as a diamond merchant to render him independent of his old sire, who would rather have seen him skinned alive, than desert the faith of his fathers.

The fact that her lover was a diamond merchant went, I fear, far to reconcile Alice to her lover's creed, for then, as now, those precious gems were dear to every female heart. And

Israel always selected brilliants of the first water, and pearls of the purest lustre, as presents to "The Lily of Bristol." Cunning Israel Ben Abraham! he knew well enough that he was only making a profitable investment of the glittering treasures, since Alice had a large fortune in her own right, and when he married the maiden, he would have her, and the diamonds and pearls would then once more be his to sell over again, and "pe ash goot ash new."

It need scarcely be mentioned that this "love passage" of Alice's was kept a secret from her father; but at last it leaked out, as most secrets do, sooner or later. \* \* \*

One of the three days' grace allowed by King John had expired, and Michael Mountjoy had only been able, though he used the most stringent measures, to get together five hundred marks towards the sum total. Harassed in soul and weary in body, he returned to his home, and having hastily swallowed his evening draught of humming ale, he flung himself into his great arm-chair and groaned bitterly. It would have greatly eased him to have sworn a good round oath at the king, but he knew well enough that to do so, in those days, was high treason, and that for such a profane slip of the tongue, the royal remedy would be a halter and a quartering-knife—so he very wisely confined himself to moanings and lamentations, much to the distress of his wife and daughter, who vainly endeavored to comfort him.

"For thou knowest, Alice," he said, as his daughter, whom he tenderly loved, hung on his neck, "thou knowest that if these marks be not forthcoming by the day after to-morrow, thy poor old father will swing before his own gateway." And then he burst afresh into grievous lamentations.

Poor little Alice retired to her own room with a heavy heart. What her father could do to avert his fate, she could not imagine. A thought struck her that she would herself go to the king and implore mercy; but then she remembered that King John was a profligate and a libertine, and therefore at once dismissed that idea. While disrobing herself, her eye fell, as she opened a drawer, on the little casket containing the jewels, which, at different times, her lover had given her. She knew they were of great value, and at once she resolved to dispose of them and place the proceeds on her father's desk privately. But how could she, a young girl, effect the sale of such valuable articles without publicity? Long she pondered, and at last she determined to take a desperate step—one which, if it succeeded, would perhaps serve a double purpose,

assist her father and reconcile him to her Jewish admirer.

Alice was a creature of impulse. No sooner had she determined on this step, than down stairs she ran, with the casket in her hand, and presented herself before her still agonized parent. To his utter astonishment, she placed the diamonds in his hand, with a request that he should dispose of them. Of course, Alice was compelled to disclose their history. Old Michael started, but said nothing: he did not give Alice a kiss, as a receipt for the valuables, but telling her to return to her chamber, he locked them up in his strong box, stroked his chin gravely, and—went to bed. \* \* \*

"I have it," said the mayor next morning, when he woke from a broken sleep; "I have it. Wonderful it is that I never thought of it before." And hurrying over his breakfast of beef and strong ale, he donned his robes of office and demanded audience of the king.

"Well, sirrah," exclaimed his majesty, after he had drained an enormous flagon of Canary wine, "you have brought the money, no doubt, as you come so early."

"May it please your majesty, two thousand marks remain yet to be collected!"

"Collect them, then—or I'll hang you and your beggarly corporation without benefit of clergy!" thundered the king. "Begone!"

"But the sum *may* be raised. We have living here a Jew; he is known to be rich, though he pleads great poverty. He *can* furnish the sum required, and more too, but unless the most forcible measures are resorted to, not a mark will he disgorge!"

"Ha, ha!" said the king; "we'll see, Master Mayor! Let the Israelitish miser be brought before me. By my halidome, he shall bleed. Bring him hither!" And Master Michael Mountjoy quitted the royal presence.

In a dingy, filthy dwelling in one of the most obscure lanes of the city—a quarter occupied almost exclusively by Jews—lived the father of Alice's lover, Abraham Ben Abraham. At the time I introduce him to the reader, he was seated in an inner room near a table piled up with bonds and account-books. Before him was a little open box, and in his hands a small pair of scales. His dress was an old, tattered gabardine, and on his head was a fur cap. From beneath large gray eyebrows, peered serpent-like eyes, and a long beard flowed over his breast. Sallow were his cheeks, large and hooked his nose, and despite his age, his teeth, which were white and sound, glistened as he weighed packet

after packet of precious stones, and noted their weight.

"Ha, ha!" he said, with a low chuckle; "while the king has been fleecing those Christian dogs, poor old Ben Abraham has been let alone! Poor! ha, ha! Why, I could buy up half the city, and—"

Here there came a rap at the door—a rapping seemingly understood, for the old man instantly unbarred and opened the oaken barrier. His son Israel hurriedly entered, with pale face and quivering lip.

"Haste—haste away with the treasure!" he gasped. "The king's messengers—the mayor at their head—are thundering at the outer door—"

Old Abraham waited to hear no more. Opening a secret panel, he thrust into a recess, box, bonds and scales, closed the panel door, placed on the table a book of devotions, and placidly awaited the intruders.

"Abraham Ben Abraham," said the mayor, as he displayed the royal proclamation, "you must go with us to the king, who demands of you ten thousand marks, on refusal to pay which your house will be burned and yourself executed on the city gallows."

Meekly the old man rose, took a staff in his hand, and proceeded to the king's presence. Arrived there, he bowed servilely, and with hands folded over his gabardine, patiently awaited his majesty's pleasure.

"Old man," said the king, "it is to us known that, despite thy appearance, thou art possessed of great riches. Nay, nay, shake not thy head in denial. My need, and that of the state, is urgent; therefore, unless thou payest by noon of to-morrow ten thousand marks, before the next sun goes down, thy Jewish carcass will be food for carrion."

Vain were the Jew's protestations of poverty—his declarations that his wealth had all been lost in various ventures. He was hurried back to his house, over which a guard was placed. The miserable old man put on sackcloth, sprinkled ashes on his head, and determined to resist to the last the king's oppressive and iniquitous demand.

Failing to produce the money, he was next day dragged once more into the presence of King John. Again and again he denied his wealth, and at length, goaded beyond endurance, he uttered a fierce malediction on his sovereign, and admitting that he *had* some treasure concealed, fiercely refused to reveal the place of its deposit.

"Take away the obstinate old infidel, and let one of those white teeth of his be drawn every

hour until he unearths his gold!" exclaimed the king.

Miserable old Abraham! he would rather have parted with his soul's salvation than his wealth. He merely grinned defiance at the monarch, as he was dragged to one of the city dungeons.

Now Ben Abraham still possessed his proper complement of thirty-two teeth—molars, bicus-pids and incisors—and there wasn't an unsound one among them. Even to look at them might give a modern dentist a fit of despair, or a modern lady a fit of envy.

"At the most," thought the Jew, "he'll only pull out half a dozen, or so, and at my time of life, the remaining grinders will answer my purposes."

While he was thus musing, in came the operator on ivories. He wasn't much like the fashionable doctors of our time—dressed like a prince, with a pair of forceps in one hand, and a bottle of chloroform in the other—not in the least. He was a great, burly fellow, with hands each as large as a shoulder of mutton, and instruments to match. Nor was there any dentist's chair; in lieu of that, he held the Jew's head between his knees, in a vice-like fashion, and thrusting a pair of pincers into his mouth, tugged away manfully at a grinder of the upper jaw. It came out, at last, and then the "Dentist to the King" left, saying he should have the honor of waiting on the gentleman again in exactly an hour's time.

He was punctual enough, for while the castle clock was striking, he once more made his appearance, and without a word, out came another molar. And so the hours passed away, and the teeth, too, until the whole of the upper teeth had been extracted.

But still the Jew continued obstinate, and hour after hour "left but the number [of teeth] less." At length, the thirty-first was about to be operated on, and Ben Abraham began to show symptoms of exhaustion. While, however, there were teeth, there was hope, and he once more submitted to the pincers.

With a horrid crash, out came the last tooth but one, and so great was the rush of blood which followed it, that the wretched old man fainted away. Just as he came to himself, the horrid royal dentist once more appeared.

"Stop!" shrieked the Jew. But before he could prevent it, he was in the hands of the Philistine.

Luckily the jailor was near, and knocked the pincers out of the operator's fist—the said oper-

ator having now "got his hand in," rather liked tooth-drawing than otherwise.

"Will you pay the ten thousand marks?" demanded the official.

"Spare me—save me—and I will," gurgled the Jew.

So they gave him cordials and removed him to his house, when he at once satisfied—and more than satisfied—the demand of the rapacious Norman.

"You'll give me a receipt for the monish," mumbled the Israelite to the king's agent. "You know," he added, "they might ask me for it again."

The agent promised to send it; and so he did, for an hour afterwards he placed a packet in the Jew's shaking palm.

"What is this?" he feebly inquired.

"The king's receipt," replied the agent.

Ben Abraham opened the packet, and in it were—*thirty-one as fine and sound teeth as could be found anywhere.*

One terrible oath—a rattle in the old man's throat—and in a fearful paroxysm of rage he fell forward on the floor—*dead!*

#### POLITENESS AND TRUTH.

Many persons plead a love of truth as an apology for rough manners, as if truth was never gentle and kind, but always harsh, morose and forbidding. Surely, good manners and a good conscience are no more inconsistent with each other than beauty and innocence, which are strikingly akin, and always look the better for companionship. Roughness and honesty are indeed sometimes found together in the same person, but he is a poor judge of human nature who takes ill-manners to be a guarantee of probity of character, or suspects a stranger to be a rascal, because he has the manners of a gentleman. Some persons object to politeness, that its language is unmeaning and false. But this is easily answered. A lie is not locked up in a phrase, but must exist, if at all, in the mind of the speaker. In the ordinary compliments of civilized life, there is no intention to deceive, and consequently no falsehood. Polite language is pleasant to the ear, and soothing to the heart, while rough words are just the reverse; and if not the product of ill temper, are very apt to produce it. The plainest of truths, let it be remembered, can be conveyed in civil speech, while the most malignant of lies may find utterance, and often do, in the language of the fish-market.

Physiologists have asserted that every event and every scene in a man's life remains indelibly engraved upon the register of the brain, and that they may again be brought clearly before the mental vision when the impressions of contemporaneous circumstances are shut out, as in sleep or trance.



## THE WANDERER.

BY EDWARD S. HILLIS.

I saw him leaning o'er the gate,  
 I saw the tears of sorrow fall;  
 And on his heart appeared a weight  
 Which turned his pleasure into gall.  
 Long years ago his home he left,  
 And dwelt beneath a distant sky;  
 And when of health and friends bereft,  
 His footsteps homeward turned to die.

And fancy pictured to his mind,  
 His distant home devoid of change;  
 And there he fondly hoped to find  
 No face or form that might be strange.  
 No joyous brother came to meet,  
 No sister met his straining gaze;  
 No happy parents stood to greet,  
 And give a Providence their praise.

The frightened owl flew through the door,  
 And stared in fear to see a man;  
 And, o'er the broken, rotten floor,  
 The mice in fearless numbers ran.  
 And he stood leaning o'er the gate,  
 And still with grief his heart did swell;  
 And, though the hour grew dark and late,  
 Yet still the tears of sorrow fell.

## THE HUNTER'S REVENGE:

—OR, THE—

## FORTUNE-TELLER OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

ROBERT MORGAN was a tall lad of fourteen when his father removed from the settlement of Piscataqua to the northern wilderness; and over the golden head of little Ruth Whipple but ten short summers had blithely passed, when, clinging to the dress of her gentle but brave-hearted mother, she was lifted into the rude cart which bore the little party on the journey toward their new home.

Often on winter evenings they had huddled together with the group of smaller children about the same hearthstone, while their parents alternately told stories of the Indians, the wild war-whoop, and the yell of victory; and then, when little Ruth sat beside her mother in the wagon which bore them on their way through the then untrodden wilds of New Hampshire, half the fear of the Indians—whom she imagined might spring upon them at any moment from behind dark bushes or wayside rocks—was lessened in her eyes when she saw how proudly Robert bestrode his horse, and how valiantly he bore his father's old queen's-arm upon his shoulder.

Eight years went by, and Robert Morgan grew to be the handsomest young man in all the region

of the White Hills, and the bravest hunter, while Ruth was acknowledged the comeliest lassie. Living in those primitive days, and far from the false forms and ceremonies of what is termed society, they had not learned to put a veil on their hearts to hide their emotions from one another's gaze—to deny their mutual affection. Robert was no backward lover, and the pretty Ruth, though gentle and modest as the violets on the hill sides, was neither coy nor unkind. And thus, secure in each other's love, another cabin was in process of erection in the valley, and when the harvest moon stood high in the October sky, he would bear thither his bride.

Every age has its superstitions, its spirit-rappers, its mediums, its seventh sons, its madames or its seers—and even those early dwellers in the mountain fastnesses of the Crystal Hills had theirs. Meg Strong, or Old Meg, as she was commonly turned, was the oracle and fortune-teller of that region.

Was a hunter to depart for game into the gloomy northern forests, he cared not to incur Old Meg's displeasure, lest she should invoke the familiar spirits, with whom she had reputed intercourse, to call down the mountain avalanches on his head, or the thick snows to cover his path.

Was a gude wife to engage in any important domestic undertaking, she inwardly hoped the old witch might not bear her any grudge, and thus thwart her designs, but sought to propitiate her favor by gifts of oat meal and dried venison. Did a disease break out among the farmer's cattle or sheep, he firmly believed that in some manner he had unwittingly incurred her ill will. And last, not least, even as in our day, fair young maidens take a peep into so called magic-mirrors, to behold their future husbands, so the damsels of that region sought the hut of the old fortune-teller; and many a time had pretty Ruth Whipple tripped blithely up the mountain path to the rude mud hovel where the old crone dwelt; not that her Robert's truth was doubted, but because Ruth, possessing the curiosity commonly attributed to her sex, wished to hear the pleasant confirmation from another's lips.

And on a pleasant sunny May morning of the spring before her appointed bridal, she rose early, and, performing her domestic duties betimes, slyly stole from her father's cabin and set forth for the mountain hovel. For her Robert had been long absent at the hunt—many days longer than the period assigned for his stay—and her loving heart beat with fear. She would consult Old Meg, who, perchance would assure her of his safety and speedy return. Let us precede Ruth thither.

In a rude mud hovel, beneath the shelter of low scrub spruce and pine far up the mountain, crouched down before a fire whereon a pot of noxious herbs simmered, mumbling to herself strange gibberish, was the fortune-teller.

Her attire consisted of a loose jerkin of wolf-skin over a linsey-woolsey petticoat, and a broad leathern belt about her waist, from which hung a pocket or pouch of the same material; her skin was withered and parchment-like, her hands shrivelled and trembling; but the thick, wiry, black hair, slightly streaked with gray, escaping from the coarse kerchief that bound her head, her keen, brilliant, glittering black eyes, and her erect, almost stately form, as she rose from her stooping posture over the fire, seemed to betoken that the vigor of early womanhood was still left.

The hut was dark as twilight, without windows or any aperture to admit light or air save the low, narrow door; yet the fire upon the clay hearth leaped up every now and then, and sent forth tongues of flame, illuminating the dark corners of the cabin with all the furniture it contained—a miserable pallet of spruce boughs with a tattered woolen coverlet, a camp stool, one or two earthen dishes and a mug upon a shelf, and a massive, iron-bound chest, which evidently answered the purpose of both seat and table—then flashed full and bright upon the face of a visitor who had found his way thus early to Old Meg's domicile: a dark, repulsive, evil-looking man, of perhaps forty years, with low forehead covered with matted, shaggy hair, and coarse, almost brutal features, who sat impatiently watching the movements of Meg, as she bent over the simmering herbs, or anon walked to the door of the hut, then returned to stir the mixture once more.

"Hang it, Meg," he at length broke forth impatiently, "leave stirring that infernal mess, and come here and sit down. I can't loiter here all day to watch you over the fire, and hear your mumblings."

"'Twouldn't be the first time you'd loitered here all day, Dick Waldron!" retorted Meg, angrily. "You didn't use to be in such a hurry once, when you brought me to this hovel, and spent half your time with me! And now you throw it in my teeth! Beware, Dick Waldron—I'm what you made me!"

"Pshaw, Meg! What do you want to flash up so for?" laughed Waldron, coarsely. "I didn't mean anything; but I'm in a cursed hurry, for the deer are plenty in the Notch as water-cresses in the lakes, and this day I must be far away on the hunt; so be a good girl, Meg, and come and sit down here—will you?" he said coaxingly.

Meg's face relaxed a little, and she obeyed, sitting down on the chest beside the hunter; but still she seemed not wholly appeased, but said in a sullen voice:

"Well, and what do you want? Some infernal business, I'll warrant—that's all you ever did learn me, or ever will!"

"Confound ye, Meg Strong!" ejaculated Waldron, with an oath, "I wont have any more of the sulks, I tell ye, so ye'd better come down a little humbler. Some infernal business, you say? Well, what's better suited to one who has dealings with the devil, as all the folks round about say you have? But that's neither here or there, Meg; I didn't come here to quarrel. I want to know if you will, or no, help me in getting my revenge on that cursed Morgan?"

"Well, what do ye want?" asked Meg, after a few moments' silence. "Don't ask me to poison him, though, for I tell ye at the outset, I can't and wont."

"Pshaw!" sneered the hunter, "how long since you have learned to love Rob Morgan?"

"I hate him—yes, *hate* him!" screamed the fortune-teller, "and you know it as well as I do, Dick! I hate anybody who dares laugh at me, and call me 'old hag' and 'witch,' as he does. But I wont do him any harm, for his mother's and father's sake. They've done me a good many favors first and last, and I wont harm a hair o' Rob's head for't."

"Nonsense!" sneered Waldron again, "you're afraid of him, that's all. You remember how, when the story got afloat that you knew where the buried treasure is hid in the mountains—the gold and silver that was brought from the Canadas years ago—Morgan laughed, and said, 'More likely Old Meg Strong has it hid in her old oak chest, and vowed to have it of her.' You're afraid of him, Meg!"

Meg laughed scornfully—a dry, hard laugh—and her black eyes glittered angrily as she remembered the words the bold young Morgan had spoken; but she replied doggedly:

"Afraid or not, it's nothing to you, Dick Waldron. I know too much to risk my neck for you. I can read ye—for I do believe you'd like to make me the means of your revenge, and have folks think it's *my* revenge for that old grudge, and get that pretty Ruth Whipple into your hands. I tell ye 'tis so! deny it if you can, Dick Waldron!" and with all a woman's aroused jealousy gleaming in her eyes, Meg stood up before the hunter, who cowered under her truthful accusation.

For she had read him aright. That bad man's eyes had fallen on the gentle mountain flower,

Ruth Whipple, and an implacable hatred had sprung up against his successful rival, Robert Morgan. Often had he striven to provoke young Morgan to an encounter; had openly insulted him when they met in the hunt; but only to meet with silent scorn. Often had he laid in wait for an opportunity to shoot him down among the lonely hills where he went to hunt the deer; but Morgan seemed to bear a charmed life, for no such opportunity occurred. And now, the only being he feared on earth—Meg Strong—had fathomed his purpose.

"Ay," screamed Meg, aroused to the fullest height of anger at his silence, which seemed to confirm her accusation, "ay, I've marked ye for a long time, Dick Waldron—I've seen ye hovering about the valley like a kite, watching the going and coming of that gal with her pink cheeks, and doll-baby face, and her curly hair; but mark ye, Richard Waldron, if ye should ever think to put young Morgan out o' the way to step into his place, I'd have your heart's blood to pay for it! I hate Ruth Whipple for her very innocence—yes, *I hate her!* For, years ago—before you ruined me, soul and body, and made me what I am—I, too, was fair and innocent as she. But you came and stole my purity. You brought me to these mountain parts. You learned me wickedness, and put all manner of sin into my head, and then left me; and people called me hag, and witch, and she-devil—yes, Richard Waldron—and *now* you would take that fair gal to your arms? Never! I'd kill ye both first!" shaking her wrinkled hand in his face.

Going up close to the fortune-teller, he laid his hand upon her arm.

"Meg," he said in a hoarse voice, "you are right; that girl *has* bewitched me. Her comely face and flaxen curls have set me wild to have her; but no matter now. If I cannot have her, Morgan *never shall!* Mark ye, Meg, there is *another way.*"

"How?" asked Meg, at length, gazing into a face so pale it almost frightened her—for her habitual cunning was baffled.

Waldron glared cautiously around, then whispered, "Ruth Whipple comes up here often, I dare say, like the rest of the silly fools, for charms, or love-filters, doesn't she, Meg?"

"Ay, ay," nodded the crone, with a laugh.

"Well, she'll come soon, p'raps by to-morrow. I've seen her watch the hunter's mountain path for three days at sunset. But Morgan'll be likely to be gone three days longer, I'm thinking, for the deer are plenty enough; so Ruth'll be up here to ask tidings of him, I dare swear."

"Well?" asked Meg, cautiously.

"Well!" echoed Waldron, boiling with impatience. "Are you an idiot, Meg? Can't you see? When she comes here, give her a bottle of *your* stuff, to make her sleep, and dream of him, you see, and say that when she wakes, he'll be back there. Eh, you understand me? Make it good and strong, Meg, so her nap'll be longer and sounder than any she ever had yet," and with those significant words, all the evil of Richard Waldron's nature blazed from his eyes.

Meg Strong threw aloft her wrinkled arms, and a hideous grin distorted her face. All the evil passions of her nature were fully aroused—hate and jealousy urged her to the deed.

"Ay, that's it!" she chuckled at length. "Old Meg has a good many ways to get rid o' folks she don't like too well; but I didn't know, Dick Waldron, as you'd be the man to come to me for't. Yes, yes,"—and she went to the fireplace, and began stirring the steaming contents of the cauldron—"one drink of this, and stout man or rosy maiden will feel the blood dry up in their veins, and the marrow in their bones."

"Well, give her a potion then, Meg, and have done with it. You won't have reason to feel jealous any more then, I'm thinking. Name your price, girl," and the hunter drew a leathern pouch from the pocket of his hunting jacket.

The fortune-teller struck the proffered gold from his hand. Scorn blazed from her eyes—but it was the scorn of a degraded and fallen nature, rejoicing in the exercise of its own malignant passions.

"Dick Waldron, put up your gold! I tell ye I won't be hired to do this deed. No, I'll do it because I *hate her!* I b'lieve I hate all the young and innocent. I feel at this moment as if I could murder 'em all—everybody! I b'lieve I shall be tempted to murder you, Dick, if you don't keep out o' my way!" and with the frenzy of a tigress she glared upon him.

The hunter drew back affrighted. He had seen Meg in many wild moods; but none like this.

"For Heaven's sake, good Meg, don't look at me so! If seven devils had entered you, you couldn't look more like a fury! There," and he picked up the purse and flung it into the fire; "let it go and keep company with the buried treasure of the mountains, for all I care; only tell me, when I come here again, this day week, that Rob Morgan is a miserable man for life, and I am satisfied. Mind, and give Ruth the mixture to-morrow—not till to-morrow, d'ye hear, Meg?"

"Ay, ay, I'm not deaf!" muttered Meg, sullenly, as Dick paused in the door-way, then, glad to escape from her presence, took his way down the northern side of the mountain, and struck

into the narrow trail leading into the deep unbroken forests.

"Ay, ay, so she will give my pretty Ruth the poison, I reckon!" laughed that dark, evil man as he strode along. "So she will—the old hag. To-morrow, to-morrow, and long before the sun is up in the heavens I will have got the gal into my possession, and hide her where Morgan himself, and a score with him, couldn't find her. That was a good dodge of mine, to pretend I'm willing to lose her. Ha, ha, Meg! you're outwitted this time—ha, ha!"

But woe, woe, for pretty Ruth Whipple! for ere the morning sun had trod one half his upward journey, the young girl blithely trod the mountain path to seek tidings of her absent lover. And Meg Strong, leaving her simmering kettle a minute, to stand in her low door, and gaze down into the valley, caught the flutter of a gown between the dark hemlocks that guarded the mountain path leading to her hovel, and went in again to crouch down by the fire, muttering exultingly:

"Ha, ha! she comes right speedily. And when she goes back, she will carry with her the *love-filter*—ha, ha! It is best never to put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; and besides, who knows but he lied to me?"

The green grass had sprung up, and violets bloomed and faded; soft summer clouds had dropped pitying tears, and sweet west winds had roved over the grave on the hill-slope, where one bright May Day ago, in the pale beauty of death, they had lain down poor Ruth Whipple.

Like a thunder stroke had the tidings of that sweet young girl's death fallen on the valley. They, who had thought to meet her at the bridal ere the snows of winter fell, were called to her burial. The stricken father, mother, and the band of little brothers and sisters clung about the dead with moans and cries; and Robert Morgan bent wildly above her, clasped her fair curly head tenderly to the breast where he had hoped to draw it, his wedded wife—pressed a long, long kiss upon the closed eyes, icy cheeks, and mute lips—and then with hollow cheek, bloodless lips, and one wild purpose in his soul, went forth a lonely, heart-broken wanderer, into the wilderness. Thenceforth there remained for him but the one inflexible purpose of revenge! For in his own soul he felt how his beloved had died, he felt that it was no natural death that had snatched her from his arms.

And wild suspicions were afloat in the valley when Ruth Whipple died. She had sought her own little chamber in her usual perfect health;

and there, in the morning—coming not forth as usual at her accustomed hour—her gentle mother found her, lying pale, cold, and O, so still, upon the snowy pillows. Ruth was dead!

No blue, livid hues were about the sweet young mouth to betray the action of the subtle-working poison; for Meg Strong was too well versed in the noxious herbs of the field to brew her deadly draughts from those which blast life, take away the breath, and leave their traces; but a broken phial was found below the window, where the girl—fearing her mother might enter her room at night, as sometimes the maternal solicitude of Mrs. Whipple's heart prompted her to do—had flung it, when drained of its contents, and thus, though the cause of her death never fully transpired, there were dark suspicions afloat in the valley; and Robert Morgan's heart instinctively divined what others only whispered about their cabin fires. And, as he rushed from the house where his beloved lay so white and still in her death slumber, the one purpose of *revenge* grew mighty within his soul. It seemed as though he could not await the arm more powerful, mightier far than his: the arm of the Great Avenger, that fell mercilessly and right speedily.

One night in the harvest month, that October which was to have brought a fair young bride to a manly lover's arms, a thunder tempest, wild and unusual to the season, fell upon the valley; and blinding, dazzling lightnings lighted up mountain crag, and tree, and swollen waterfall, with incessant glare.

At midnight the storm waxed loudest and fiercest. It seemed as if the demons of the air had reserved all their forces to be called into play in one long, loud, crashing thunder peal; and at midnight ~~when~~ the old clock in Ethan Whipple's kitchen ~~time~~ <sup>rang</sup> forth shrill and clear the strokes of twelve, a crash came, long, loud and terrible.

Had the everlasting mountains fallen? So thought the dwellers in the cabins, startled from their beds whereon they had huddled in their terror, and whispered with white lips:

"The land-slide! the avalanche!"

But no! No rushing masses of earth, trees and rocks, dislodged from their foundations, overwhelmed them. The cabins still stood secure in the valley; the mountains in their old places, and had not sent forth their terrific messengers of desolation. The deafening crash passed, dying away in distant echoes among the hills; and in that wild blast, the fury of the storm was spent.

Morning came, sweet, cool and still. And then a pale, sad mother stood in Ethan Whipple's cabin door, as had been her wont every morning since they had lain her child away to sleep on

the hill-slope, looking toward that grave with tears in her eyes. But as her eye rested on the hill-side grave, a wild cry escaped her.

"What is it, good wife?" asked Ethan Whipple, as he came beside her in the door-way.

"Look! Ruth's grave! The tree—where is it! The lightning has struck it!" and she pointed her trembling finger thither.

Ethan Whipple took his wife by the hand, and led her silently up the gentle slope where they had made Ruth's grave. That spot had been chosen that it might be in daily view of their home; and because there stood a noble oak under whose shade little Ruth had made her playground when they first came to the settlement; but now, splintered and blasted by the preceding night's tempest, that tree had fallen directly across her grave. Its huge trunk had crushed the rude fence they had erected about the enclosure, and now lay like some fallen giant bleeding away his life, with its crimson-tinted foliage trailing far down the hill-side. Silently they climbed the hill, and stood near the little enclosure.

The huge body of the tree had fallen slantwise across the foot of the grave; but what was that dark form lying close beside it? *Was it?—it must be!*—they went nearer: *it was* the form of a man lying there!

"God help us! It is Robert!" shrieked the mother. "The tree has killed him!"

Ethan Whipple went close to the prostrate body, and stooping, raised its face, a dark, blackened face, whereon a broad, livid streak, passing down his throat even to the stalwart, naked breast from which his garments had been burned, showed the lightning's scathing track.

"No, thank God, it is not Robert! It is *Dick Waldron*! The lightning has killed him! Wife, I have often thought that, somehow, may be this bad man had something to do with our poor girl's death; and I've heard others whisper it, too; and if so, God has dealt him a terrible judgment. And upon poor Ruth's grave, too!—dear wife, let us go home now." And, solemnized and trembling, with awed heart and white lips, they went down the hill-side.

It was even so. Haunted by feelings of remorse—goaded almost to madness, that Old Meg had forestalled, by her revenge, his plan of securing Ruth to himself, Richard Waldron had hovered like a restless spirit in the wilderness around the valley, and crept there by night to keep watch over her grave.

There had the wild thunder tempest found him; there the Avenger had righteously sent a tongue of His fire to shiver the mighty oak, and lap up the murderer's life.

Many years went by in the region of the Crystal Hills, years that had left their impress on the bent form of Meg Strong the fortune-teller, wrinkled more repulsive her face, changed her black locks to gray, and almost quenched the fire of her deep-set eyes.

Since the Avenging Hand had smitten down him she had loved with all the fierce passion of her fierce nature, she had abandoned herself to moods of sullen ferocity. Yet the lapse of time had not caused her to wholly relinquish her unholy art. Her days were still spent in culling noxious herbs from the forests, and distilling her baneful mixtures.

A new generation had sprung up in the valley. Maidens who had once climbed the mountain-path to obtain Old Meg's charms and love-filters, now cradled their own children to sleep at nightfall on their bosoms; the fathers and mothers of Ruth Whipple's day had passed away—two graves were beside her own on the hill-slope where Ethan Whipple and his wife slept side by side; new clearings had been made in the forest; the smoke of many cabin fires curled upward on the blue air, and many changes had passed over the valley settlement. But whether this new generation were wiser, or less superstitious than the preceding one, or whether the tales which were told at evening about the hearthstone concerning Old Meg the fortune-teller, were discredited, we know not; but certain it is, that of late years but few visitors found their way to her hut.

But one pleasant morning "in the fall of the leaf," her solitude was broken. Five visitors, headed by a gloomy-browed, stern, middle-aged man, stood in her door-way, then entered—the leader throwing himself on the old oaken chest in the corner.

"Well, and what sent ye here? and what do ye want now with the 'old witch?'" she sneered in a fierce, growling tone, standing before the man who sat regarding her with a blaze of scorn and anger in his dark eyes, an equally defiant look in her own. "I know ye, Robert Morgan!" and she stepped nearer, "and I know what ye've come for, every one of ye!—to get me to point out the buried treasure! Ha, ha! I haven't forgot how ye laughed once, Robert Morgan, at the very thing ye're doing now; but ye're glad enough to ask my help now!" And she gave a distorted grin.

"Hold your tongue, Meg Strong, and tell us, will you help us or not? It is said that evil spirits guard the spot—of course I don't believe such stuff, but these men here pretend they do, and want me to lead 'em on—and if this is the case, why shouldn't your good friend, the prince

of devils, aid you in leading us to it? He's helped you in a good many deeds in your day, I b'lieve;" and he bent his keen eyes full upon her face.

"Beware! beware!" she could only gasp hoarsely.

"Don't provoke her, for Heaven's sake, Morgan," whispered one of the men, "or we shall lose all!"

Again that unutterable look of hate and scorn, as if he would have given worlds to annihilate that woman, passed over the hunter's face; but prudence conquered, and he exclaimed:

"Well, Meg, we wont quarrel. Let alone about his satanic majesty; folks say that your magic stone and divining rod can point out the buried treasure: will you lead us thither?"

The old hag deliberated before replying. Had she followed the dictates of her revengeful nature, she would have refused; but a fear lest she should forfeit her reputation with the superstitious men before her, impelled her assent.

"To-night I will study the stars. Come hither early to-morrow, in readiness for the journey, if bidden."

Morning came, and again the same group gathered in the old fortune-teller's hovel. Attired for the journey in a strong suit of linsey-woolsey, the wolf-skin jerkin, and thick, leathern shoes; with all the paraphernalia of her art—an apparatus for burning drugs, and phials of strange mixtures, contained in the leathern pouch, and with the divining rod in her hand—Old Meg led the little band forth on their expedition. And shouldering their pick-axes, spades and bars, the men followed her up the mountain.

We will not linger to detail all the wayside incidents of that journey. We will only say that the gloomy Robert Morgan strode on apart from the others, with a rifle on his shoulder, a sharp knife in his belt, and a spade in his hand; and, as he went moodily onward, dark thoughts took shape in his mind, and remembering the stroke which had darkened his whole life when sweet Ruth Whipple died, and associating the evil woman before him with Dick Waldron, he grasped his rifle, and eyeing her fiercely, muttered between his shut teeth:

"Why have I not killed her ere now?"

But the new-born purpose was strangled in his brain; he still followed on, and on, up rocky steep and through tangled wilderness, led on by the divining rod Old Meg swayed to and fro before them, till, when the sunset shadows fell, the crone assured them they were in the vicinity of the buried treasure, and bade them tarry until night, when the favoring star should culminate

to the precise position denoting success. And at midnight it came. Turning to the men who breathlessly awaited her summons, exclaiming:

"Now!" and snatching up a blazing pine torch, she rushed down the rocks. "Here!" she cried, pausing in a ledgy hollow. "Now dig, men! dig deep! and speak no word to break the spell!"

For an hour they toiled unremittingly in utter silence, Old Meg gliding among them, holding her pine torch aloft, and urging them on by violent gestures. Suddenly they paused, and gazed around. There were but four of them—where was *Morgan*? Meg comprehended their inquiring looks. She, too, had missed him long ago, and was not sorry, for she had begun to fear his sullen mood and frequent glances of boding hate. But there was no time to lose; she gesticulated violently, that they might not, in their delay, lose the lucky moment when the hidden treasure should be reached. Meantime, a storm which had set in sullenly at nightfall, rose wildly. Lurid blue lightnings flashed from crag to crag, thunder peals rattled hoarsely, and suddenly a crash came louder than any preceding: a thunder crash, as though rock and tree and waterfall were involved in the general ruin, and startled the diggers from their toils. Dropping pick and spade, they sank down in terror.

"Fools! cowards! I will dig alone for the golden treasure!" shouted Meg, scornfully, seizing a spade and leaping down among the loosened rocks. "Fools! cowards!" and she fell wildly to digging, uttering loud yells of rage and scorn.

But suddenly came a loud cry—a human voice—as if in answer to her rage; and then a yell of terror, blended with a shrill cry of mocking, exultant triumph, resounded from the ledgy hollow; and while a line of blue lightning played from cliff to cliff, the affrighted men cowering among the rocks, beheld a stout, stalwart form, holding a shrivelled, struggling one in its grasp, leap lightly from crag to crag, till, reaching the topmost peak of a high precipice, they fell sheer down its brink—Meg Strong, the fortune-teller of the mountains, locked in the deadly embrace of Robert Morgan! Horror-stricken, those treasure-seekers rushed from the spot; and with hasty strides, sometimes falling in the darkness, and sometimes lighted down the rocks by the lightning flashes, they paused not, till, bruised and exhausted, they reached the valley.

And the morrow's sun, lighting up peak and lake of the gleaming Crystal Hills, shone on two mangled forms, lying pale and stark, still locked in that fatal death embrace, in the Amonoosuc Valley.



## THE OLD MAN'S REVERY.

BY G. E. HAMMOND.

The sunlight gleamed on his silvery hair,  
As the old man sat in his oaken chair  
By the cottage door one day,  
And his gray old pipe, as he sat, smoked he,  
And looked through curling smoke to see  
Some children bithie at play.

Their ringing laugh was a mournful chime,  
For it seemed to speak of the olden time,  
Now dim and far away;  
And he thought of the joyous hours and free  
That dawned on his sunny home, when he  
Was a little boy at play.

And he roamed o'er the grassy hills again,  
In the pensive vale, on the blooming plain,  
And through the woodland gray;  
And to memory's tones then murmured he,  
"Ye golden scenes come back to me,  
And chase this dream away."

And the fleecy smoke in graceful wreathes,  
As it rose aloft, by a peaceful breeze  
Was softly borne away;  
And he gazed as it waved by the old elm tree:  
"Alas, on the wings of time," sighed he,  
"Thus fled my youthful day."

"Laugh on, ye young, ere the dew of youth  
With its tender hopes and earnest truth  
Is sipped by strife's fierce ray;  
For soon shall the waves of reality's sea  
Efface these traces of innocent glee,  
And dash thy hopes away."

"Like fragrance brought on the gale from afar,  
Is the memory of early days; but ah,  
How dim life's morning ray  
Compared with the glory that soon shall be  
When youth is renewed, and the soul may see  
The light of heaven's noonday."

The sunlight gleamed on his silvery hair,  
As the old man sat in his oaken chair  
By the cottage door one day;  
But only awhile did the sunbeams smile,  
For they went to rest in the golden west;  
And thus he passed away.

## AN ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

I AM neither old nor young, poor nor very rich, and live on a moderate income. My blond hair is silvered, here and there, by a few threads a little too light, but which, thanks to the premature color, are as yet almost imperceptible. I have doubtless, like everybody else, great defects; but I have but one very prominent one, if it is a defect; a certain weakness for the most beautiful, most interesting, and the most industrious half of the human race. Seven or eight well-numbered lustrous should perhaps shield me from this

tender error but what would you? I cannot help it.

The other Sunday, therefore—it was a rainy day—I had taken shelter, with a number of other promenaders, surprised like myself by a shower, under the friendly refuge of a *porte cochere* of the Boulevard. A young girl was leaning against the wall, of the rarest apparent simplicity; sixteen at most, a charming face; the smallest foot, imprisoned in a pretty, stout shoe; a little hand, somewhat purple with the cold, half hidden, for want of gloves, under a thin and scanty shawl; a very thin dress, and a bonnet trimmed with blue ribbons. I looked involuntarily at this young person, and perceived, not without a certain pleasure, that she did not avoid my eyes. That flattered me; I passed to questions and expressions of solicitude on the state of the atmosphere. She replied to me in a very sweet voice, that she had come from St. Denis to do some errands, but that a certain aunt whom she had hoped to find at home being absent, she had found herself greatly embarrassed, complicated by the inclemency of the weather and her perfect ignorance of the streets of Paris. I gallantly offered to call a carriage, which was refused. This reserve pleased me; finally the rain ceased, and behold me guiding the interesting villager—on foot, since she would have it so—through the vast labyrinth of streets called the capital. Certain shops were beginning to observe religiously enough the repose of Sunday, and those where our young orphan had business, were closed.

"Well!" said she to me, "I must return to-morrow morning."

"And where do you go?"

"I return to St. Denis."

"What, so soon?"

"I shall just have time enough; it will take me two hours to go."

"Ten minutes, you mean."

"By railroad, yes, sir; but I shall go by the public road."

"Is it possible? What, with those little feet, and in this bad weather?"

"I always go and return on foot."

"Ah, mademoiselle, this once, at least, I will not suffer it. I will conduct you to the cars, in which you will permit me to offer you a place."

"Sir, you are very good."

Behold us on our way to the Northern station.

"You have no money then?"

"Not much, sir; I am obliged to be saving. Work is not plenty at present."

"You are a seamstress, then?"

"Yes, sir, a corset-maker."

"You live with your family?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is?"

"Ernestine."

In this word, I seemed to see the Ernestine of Madame Riccoboni. She had her charm; there was no reason to doubt that she had also her virtues. The absence of gloves, the coarse shoes, four leagues on foot in one day, seemed to me satisfactory certificates. I am not a Don Juan, and I began to be ashamed of my mode of action, respectful as it was. Meanwhile, I felt a certain secret desire to have another interview with her.

"Mademoiselle," resumed I, "you have told me your name, do you wish to know mine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here is my card."

"Thank you, sir."

"Do not lose it, and if you have need of me at any time to guide you again, or for any other service, you know how to write?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will write to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Or you will come and see me?"

"O, no, sir."

"Why not?"

"For the same reason that I would not allow you to get a carriage for me."

Well replied—I went on.

"At what hour shall you return hither to-morrow morning?"

"At ten o'clock."

"By the railroad?"

"No, sir, on foot."

"I oppose it formally. Here is a ticket for St. Denis. Here is the price of another for your return to-morrow. But why do you go so soon?"

"Because if I am late, I shall get a scolding. My mother wishes to go to see the play this evening."

"At St. Denis?"

"Yes, sir. They are to play *The Marble Girls*. It is said to be so pretty."

"And your mother depends upon you, doubtless, to accompany her."

"No, sir, no, no! to keep house."

Poor little girl! how affecting is her resignation! How simply is it expressed! Can I have found at once an Ernestine and a Cinderella?

I resumed in these terms:

"And why, mademoiselle, do you keep house?"

"Sir, my mother pays for her seat, and she says I may do the same, if I can."

"You have then a purse of your own?"

"Yes, sir, I have seven francs."

She is charming, upon my word. "And how much will it cost to go to the play?"

"Forty sous; it is very dear."

"Undoubtedly; but of your seven francs a hundred sous would be left."

"That is very true, sir; but I prefer not to spend them."

"Bravo!" said I to myself; "she is economical; so much the better! Mademoiselle, here are the forty sous; I don't wish you to stay at home."

"Ah, sir, you overwhelm me."

Poor girl; it is easy to see she is not of marble. Will she always be? That is the question.

"Well, mademoiselle," said I to her, we were approaching a delicate subject, "since you manifest so much good will towards me for a trifle, will it please you that we meet again to-morrow?"

"Doubtless, sir, that will give me pleasure."

"I will be here, then, at ten o'clock, and will wait for you at the depot."

"What for?"

"To pilot you again about Paris, if you need; and then, as it will be early enough, if you have not breakfasted, we will breakfast together."

"At a restaurant?"

"Precisely."

"Ah, what happiness! I have never breakfasted at a restaurant."

"Well, this will be a beginning."

"But my aunt?"

"You shall go to see her afterwards."

"But if they want me to breakfast at home?"

"You will say that you are not hungry, or make believe eat."

"It is difficult to make believe."

"Is it agreed?"

"At the restaurant! How amusing that will be! Well, sir, I will try to be here."

The whistle, precursive of departure was heard, and my village beauty, my idyl in a blue bonnet sprang lightly as a fawn into the car.

The next day, I was there at the appointed hour, but not relying much upon the punctuality of my artless friend, and only wishing, as it is said, to have a clear conscience, and not to be wanting in the laws of chivalry which I had always respected. To my great surprise, young Ernestine was punctual, and I saw her appear one of the first, at the head of the wave of travellers thrown every quarter of an hour, on the macadamized streets of Paris, by our ten or twelve railways.

"Make haste!" said she, taking me by the hand. "Some one from St. Denis is directly behind me."

O, innocence, is that thy voice, or rather is it not a frightful lure?

When we were at fifty paces from the terminus, we took breath, and I hailed a cab.

"Enter this time," said I; "I am fatigued, and the place of breakfast is at a distance."

She entered without much urging, and in order to re-assure her entirely, I lowered the red blinds which a preceding traveller had hermetically closed.

"Where shall we go?" said the coachman.

"To Passoir's Faubourg du Temple."

When the young person found herself on cushions which seemed very soft, she leaned back with a careless grace which would have done credit to a marchioness.

I enjoyed her pleasure, and at her request pointed out the public buildings, as they came in sight.

"But, apropos, where are we going?" said she, suddenly, as awakening from a dream and starting up.

"To breakfast, you know very well."

"O, not yet," said she, "I must be at the Rue Grenier St. Lazare before eleven o'clock, at the shop of the merchant who furnishes us with cloth for our corsets. My aunt owes us some money, and I was told at home to get it from her before making my purchases."

"Where does your aunt live?"

"Faubourg St. Martin, Number — But if I go there she will detain me."

"True; what shall we do then?"

"I do not know."

"How much is she to pay you?"

"Twenty francs at least."

I do not believe in aunts, in general; this one seemed to me to be a little apocryphal. I immediately comprehended the meaning of the apologue, and, drawing from my pocket a piece of twenty francs, slightly marked it with the point of a little penknife which I carried in my pocket-book. She looked at me with astonishment.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "I have made a cross upon it." And I presented to her the piece.

I believe she comprehended in her turn; for she blushed slightly, stammering:

"I will repay you this evening."

I made a gesture of skeptical denial which she interpreted, and with reason, in the sense of a refusal, for she exclaimed with a sort of earnestness, "Ah, sir, you are too good!"

My goodness was not very great; she had not cost me very dear.

"Coachman," cried I, "Rue Grenier St. Lazare, number—"

"Seventeen, I believe," said the artless Ernestine; "but tell him to stop at the corner of the street, for I am known at the shop, and I do not wish to be seen descending from a carriage."

The direction was given, and, ten minutes afterwards the equipage stopped at the corner of the Faubourg St. Martin, and the Rue Grenier St. Lazare.

"Shall you be gone long?" said I to the amiable villager.

"A quarter of an hour, perhaps. It will be necessary for the merchant to cut off and number the pieces."

"That is a long time."

"But I will try to make haste!" said the charming child, with the sweetest smile.

As I saw her alight, I had a presentiment that I had committed a folly. But it was too late to reflect, she had already sprung out, and turned the corner of the two streets.

I threw myself back in the carriage, and lighted a cigar. I smoked one, two, three, and the innocent Ernestine had not re-appeared. I looked at my watch, it was just half an hour since she had alighted. I began to think she had not made haste, notwithstanding her fine promise. I waited patiently five minutes longer, after which I paid my coachman largely that he might not laugh in my face, and alighted in my turn. I went to number seventeen; there was no appearance of a cloth merchant, the only shop was that of a hair-dresser.

I must do myself the justice to say that I soon took my part and went to breakfast alone as stoically as possible. "After all," said I to myself, "it is, with one louis saved, one fault, or at any rate, one imprudence the less. Let us look on the bright side." And though alone, I breakfasted marvellously well.

If the story ended here, it would be commonplace enough. A pretty girl who takes twenty francs and refuses breakfast, has been and will be seen. But the adventure has a sequel, and it is this which renders it novel and singular. The next evening I had almost forgotten the artless sorceress, when I received a letter post-marked St. Denis. I opened it with some curiosity; it was from young Ernestine herself, passably well written, of doubtful orthography, and covering five or six pages. It contained in substance the detailed narration of the most piteous adventure.

At first, it was not at number seventeen, but at number twenty-seven, that the cloth-merchant kept. On her arrival there, the young countrywoman had made her purchases and was preparing to withdraw, when the fatal aunt made her appearance in person. To interrogate her niece, to insist upon knowing where the suspicious money came from, to treat her harshly, to drag her to the foot of the stairs, then home, had been with her but the affair of a moment. Thence,

the same severe guardian had conducted this touching young person to the omnibus of St. Denis, had entered it with her, and carried her back to the maternal dwelling, where she had been compelled to explain the source of her unusual wealth. The replies having appeared unsatisfactory, sequestration, bread and water, seasoned with blows, had followed. In short, the catastrophe was complete. All this was related with eyes bathed in tears; I was entreated to reply quickly, addressed to Miss E.; she hoped to see me before long, and terminated by this truly pretty sentence, "please accept all that my heart has traced in these lines! Please accept my troubles, and let me know if you share them, that I may suffer a little less!"

The vanity of forty is a weakness from which I shall not pretend to be exempt. At the first perusal, I felt myself agreeably moved by these fly-tracks, as earnest as incorrect. But reason soon recovered her sway, and reflection opened to me a terrific view of the abyss of perversity unknown. Beneath these demonstrations, so full of tenderness, I thought I perceived an insidious provocation to a reply which might compromise me, a commencement of *written proofs*, a plot to ensnare me. I therefore replied very laconically, and by a note without signature to the address indicated, in which I declared that I did not believe a word of all that had been told me, and desired that the subject might be dropped there. Hardly had this dry epistle been despatched when I was seized with remorse of conscience. "For after all," said I to myself, "there are aunts in the world fewer than is generally supposed, but there are such. She had mistaken the number, and this might have happened to the most honest girl in the world. The adventure is improbable, I confess, but it is possible. I will ascertain the truth." I took my hat and cane, and set out for the Rue Grenier St. Lazare, I stopped before number twenty-seven.

"Where is the gentleman going?" exclaimed the *concierge*, in a sharp tone.

"To the cloth merchant's in the first story."

"The first story is inhabited by a nurse."

"And the second?"

"By a retired captain."

"And the third?"

"Do you want to keep me here all day?" said the female Cerberus, shutting the blind.

Decidedly there was no cloth merchant at number twenty-seven. The snare therefore became evident; I had escaped it by good fortune. It had been laid with such perfection, that I do not doubt it was one practised daily, and usually with complete success.

INA.

BY EL BRL.

Ina was a lady fair—  
Glossy locks of raven hair  
Parted on her brow!  
Eyes as dreamy as the night—  
Dreamy as the summer's night,  
Look upon me now!

For I see my Ina fair  
Seated by my lonely chair,  
As I did before—  
Ere they told me she was gone!  
Ina with an angel gone,  
To return no more.

But they know not that I see,  
Seated all the day by me,  
Lady Ina dear;  
With her glossy locks of hair,  
Raven locks of glossy hair,  
Like an angel near!

O, I am not weary now,  
Looking at her marble brow,  
Ever there to be;  
Others cannot see her smile—  
Cannot see her angel smile,  
Only given me!

### THE STEP-SISTER.

BY MARTHA T. FOSTER.

BRIGHT memorials of my youth! how ye come trooping, with gilded footstep, into the more sober and calm realities of my riper years; awakening feelings which I thought slumbered forever, and illumining my soul with the gay fancies, the wild romance, the high, too high aspirations, and the old fond affections of thy changeful, fleeting days! I sit as in a dream, and there comes a form and takes its seat beside me, puts its hand caressingly within my own, lays the head with its soft, silken hair, upon my shoulder, and whispers the name fraught to me with the tenderest affections and emotions—sister.

Entwined with my heart's holiest and truest love was that young step-sister. When a little creature of some six years of age, she had been deprived of a mother's care, and I had resolved, as far as lay in my power, I would be as that mother to the little bereaved one. I remembered the time when my gentle step-mother first folded me in her arms, and called me her child. I was very young, then, but O, how the words, the tone, the action went home to my heart, and filled up the great void the absence of a mother's love had left. I had yearned for something, but was too young to know what that something

was until my little chilled heart grew warm, and expanded itself in the generous love of my kind, beautiful step-mother. Yes, she was beautiful, and I used to sit at her feet, and gaze up into her lovely face, and fairly worship her beauty. Hers was a noble soul, into which the narrow, contracted selfishness of the world entered not. Her spirit comprehended not the mysterious pleasures of a self-interest. If she succeeded in securing the happiness of others, her own happiness was complete. Her love acknowledged not the confines of a worldly boundary, but warmed and brightened for all the children of the one great Father; for all the manifestations of His handiwork. She exhibited the most perfect example of that love and charity taught in holy writ that I have ever seen among mortals. Never shall I forget her expression of face, and voice, as I knelt beside her, gazing for the first time on the little babe that lay on her bosom, while she said :

"The Lord has given me two children now, and may this little one give me as great cause for happiness as you have, my daughter."

I took the hand that lay upon my head, and pressed it to my lips, still I was all the same—my daughter—though there was one now who could claim that endearing title before me. How the words lightened my heart. And yet, when I gazed into those dear eyes, I wondered that a momentary doubt should have arisen to sadden me. As they beamed upon me, there was the same old love and tenderness in their light, and I leaned over the tiny babe to hide the tears of reproach that trembled in my own eyes.

Six years did we love that babe together. As it grew in beauty, so its spirit, under the sweet influence of its gentle mother, expanded in pure affections and impulses. Never once in those six years, was I made to feel that sweet child was dearer to its mother than was I. We were both inconceivably, though equally precious to her; and while she fondled and caressed the little one, she turned to me as her dearest and most trusted companion. How deeply I felt her trust. And I look back upon that companionship, as upon something precious, holy.

O, disease, how relentless art thou in thy grasp! How mercilessly thou blightest the flowers of earth! Will none but the beautiful, none but the fair, none but the lovely, satisfy thee? Reaper, whose name is Death, does not thy sickle quail and tremble as its keen edge approaches the blossoms which bloom, as it were, but to purify the earth whose bosom they brighten? Mortal eye cannot penetrate thy mysteries, dread Reaper.

Ere the mother died, she committed unto my

love and care the little one she was to leave as she had found me, motherless.

"Take her, my daughter," said she; "to your love I can safely entrust her; and God bless you both, my dearly beloved children."

I drew my little step-sister close to my heart, trusting the action to speak for me, for, though my soul vowed to keep safely that trust, my emotion was too great for words. I bowed my head upon the cold hand that lay in the grasp of my own, and when I again raised it, to gaze upon that dear face, a change had gathered upon those beloved features, and I knew the Reaper had passed over us.

And Marion, how close I clasped thee to my breast, and it seemed as though each year that swept its changes over us, found thee dearer. The seed a gentle mother planted in her infant's breast, had taken deep root; and as the young child grew to bewitching maidenhood, so, within her soul did rare graces develop their beauties, until I beheld Marion altogether lovely.

Our Cousin Maria was to be married, and Marion was to be her bridesmaid. It was a bright, bracing morning in October that we left B——, for Vauxhall; and, as our boat carried us swiftly over the glistening water, our spirits rose high, exhilarant with the beauty of day and scene, the gaiety of our little party, and the anticipation of the festivities in which we were to engage. Many were the guests assembled at the old hall to celebrate the nuptials of the young heiress; from far and near they came, and the long unused rooms were once more made to resound to the voice of festivity.

The locks of the long deserted chambers were once again withdrawn. Fresh, snowy linen glistened upon the high and heavily draped old-time bedsteads. Youthful faces peeped timidly into grand old mirrors, as though they feared to meet some grave, dark visage of the olden time, but fear changed into merriment, as the eyes met but their own bright reflection. Grim, dark portraits frowned down from their places on the walls; but now and then a kind or beautiful face would beam upon the group below, and remind us there had been youth and beauty once before in that old sombre hall.

We had arrived several days before the wedding, and our duties of planning and fixing were manifold. Maria knew scarce more of the hall than ourselves, for her life had been spent at a boarding school, or away among her relatives, her father and mother having died during her infancy; and her grandfather being several years deceased, she had considered the old family home

too lonely even to visit. She was to live there now, but she no longer dreaded its solitude, for there would be some one to chase away the shadows.

What searching into closets, and unlocking of drawers, and diving into chests; what rattling of plate, and ordering of servants; what racing up and down the old staircase; what shouting and laughing, and joking! With what freshness I recall the memory of those days. Such periods occur but once in a lifetime.

The wedding day arrived, and the evening bade fair to be as bright as the day, for innumerable lights glittered from silver branches which seemed to have grown miraculously from the walls and ceilings; and bright faces and brighter eyes beamed everywhere. But of all beautiful things that graced that wedding scene, Marion was the loveliest. I, myself, wound the jewels in her raven tresses, and clasped them upon her snowy arms. Her large, dark, brilliant eyes glowed with excitement, and on her cheek lay the roses of some eighteen summers, in their own tinted beauty. From her beautiful lips flowed the rippling laughter of light-hearted, joyous youth. How I exulted in her beauty, as she swept, with the bridal train into the saloon.

For two weeks gaiety reigned in and throughout the vicinity of Vauxhall. No one dreamed of a departure. Riding, the hunt, excursions of every kind, employed the day; music and the dance the night. Good cheer flowed bounteously from the laden board; and feasting and merriment claimed that fortnight solely as their own.

Marion was the acknowledged belle of the occasion, and I trembled, as the flatterer laid his offering at her shrine of beauty, lest she should bend from the pinnacle whereon I placed her, to listen to the false wooer. Why did I not know thee better, Marion?

It was a lovely morning, when my young sister and I crept softly down the old staircase and closing gently the great front door behind us, found ourselves in the open air. We were bent upon an early morning walk, and drawing our shawls around us, for the air was cool, though bracing, and charming to those in perfect health, as we were, we walked down the broad gravel road, and passing through the great gate, directed our steps towards the path which led past a beautiful and romantic little spring, whose waters gushed up from their rocky bed in rare purity. The sun had just risen; the dewdrops were still pendant, like jewels, from leaflet and bough; and the birds of the woodlands were just sending forth their first songs of praise, on their re-awakening to life, and the glorious light.

But hark! the discharge of a gun not far distant caused us to start, and we soon became aware that we were not the only ones who had risen early to enjoy the beauties of the morning. A rustling of the bushes near us, and we recognized young Harland, one of the wedding guests, in the early sportsman. Equal surprise was evinced at the encounter, and the offer of the young hunter to conduct us up a neighboring height, where we could obtain a fine view of the surrounding country, was eagerly accepted. We were fully rewarded for our rather rough walk, when at last we stood upon the hill, and looked over the beautiful country around us, glistening in the golden light of the early sun. Even the brown old hall below us was not altogether sombre, for its great glass windows reflected brightly the sun rays that fell upon them, and the trees that surrounded it, tinged with the shades of autumn, boasted many a bright hue.

Marion had climbed upon a rock, which elevated her still higher than the level ground upon which we stood, that she might possess herself of the farthest extent of scene, and looking down upon us, playfully exclaimed:

"See how I look down upon you mortals."

"Take care you do not fall from your height," I answered in gay retort.

"My foundation is sure, for it is upon a rock," she replied, with mock gravity.

"You occupy your true position, Miss Marion," said young Harland. A shade passed over Marion's face, she despised flattery.

"There, I see you have misinterpreted my words," he added quickly, for he, as soon as myself, had detected the impression they had made. "To woman ever belongs the highest station in the ranks of purity and influence," he continued, "and I never see her step from her height, but I feel she is a being out of her sphere, and therefore, to be commiserated."

"You believe that some do this," said Marion, the shade having vanished, as she seated herself upon the rock.

"Some, yes, some few," replied Harland, "but not those who cultivate the virtues, and employ the gifts as God has bestowed them. When is it her influence fails to have its effect if exercised with gentleness, with affection? When is it her virtuous firmness fails to excite respect, or her religion has not its followers?"

"I always thought woman's sphere of action much more contracted than man's, and therefore her position less worthy of exaltation," said Marion.

"Is it not woman who exalts man to the very station he occupies?" added Harland. "From

his infancy is it not her aim to calm his passions, to inspire him to deeds of virtue, and to imbue his soul with love for the promoter of all virtue, and the essence of all love? What more exalted office than this?"

Marion had risen, and we began to retrace our steps towards the hall.

"Your words have tended to make me more satisfied with my station as a woman, than I have heretofore been," continued Marion. "I have always longed to be something more than I am; I have thought man possessed a position enviable, because of its wider sphere of action."

"Ay, of more physical action," said Harland, "but how often may not woman be the motive for the action?"

I remarked, "perhaps it is often the case, that woman regards her influence of such light weight that she many times fails to exercise proper care in the use of it."

"Yes," said Harland, "and the consequences are such as she would shrink from believing herself the cause of promoting. O, that she would truly understand her position, and be the willing instrument of all the good for which God has created her!"

This conversation impressed Marion deeply, and I saw she was determined it should influence her actions. She never allowed wrong, though it exhibited itself in forms calculated to amuse, even the well intentioned, the encouragement of a smile; and her words, even when spoken in a spirit of jest, never jarred with a principle of right. Noble Marion, all who felt the sway of thy gentle influence, will ascribe to thee all that is due to the virtue and loveliness of woman.

Whilst thy sweet traits so knit my heart unto thee, gentle sister, did I deem that others would be blind to thy perfections? Well, Ernest Harland knew where glowed the "pearl of price," and I read in Marion's eyes for whose possession that pearl was destined. When we left Vauxhall, he was our companion to B—. There was a feeling of security in his presence, and a something about his bearing which inspired trust and confidence; and during the terrible storm which marked our return, I felt the influence of his calm nature in its full force. The vivid lightning which accompanied the storm, rendered more vivid by the darkness of night, threatened each moment to shiver our vessel, and angry tossing waves were lashed to a height of fury truly terrific. Marion sat pale and speechless. Our hands were tightly clasped in each other's, and our companion stood at our side, speaking at intervals, in a voice calm in its utterance, words of encouragement and tranquil-

lity, and appearing indeed as a protector. During the raging of that storm, I would not have had him leave us for worlds; and when its fury had been spent, and our journey was at an end, my words were sincere, as I invited him cordially, to visit us at our home, though I knew he would come but to steal away Marion.

It had been a frosty, though perfectly clear afternoon, that Marion had gone out for a walk with Harland, and, as the twilight drew on, I laid aside my work, and drew up before the bright fire to muse. I was just fairly in dream-land, when a peal at the hall bell brought me back to earth, and the next moment I heard voices bidding cheerful adieus. Marion then bounded into the room, and throwing herself before the fire at my feet, loosened her wrappings, and permitted them to fall loosely about her. Her cheeks were brilliant from their late encounter with the frosty air, and her eyes were filled with an unusual light, I could see by the flickering flames. I asked:

"Marion, have you had a pleasant walk?"

"Yes, I believe so," she replied, and a mysterious smile came to her lips, as she continued, "Sister, do you think you could make up your mind to give me away?"

"Shall I ever have to do that, Marion?"

"Some one else is begging for me," she replied, in rather a hesitating tone, while she averted her eyes, feeling I was fast interpreting their mute, unmistakable language.

"Then it will not do for me to put in prior claims; I guess it would be useless," I said, patting gently the little hand that lay in my own.

"Dear sister, you know how I love you," Marion added quickly, in a half reproachful tone, as though she could not bear me to think I had no right to exert an authority then. Her eyes were once more gazing lovingly into my own, and I could no longer resist their expression, so pressing the little hand closely in both mine, I said, "May your future be sunny and bright, dear one, and may you ever be loved as fondly as I have loved you. Yes, Marion, I feel the time has come, when I must give you away; but you must not wonder if I grumble a little about it, and even if a few wilful tears persist in having their way, you must not scold."

I felt them already filling my eyes, but there was a well-known footstep in the hall; we both rose, Marion to disrobe her of her wrappings, and I to call for a light, and endeavor to make home cheerful for our father. Yes, this was to form my duty and happiness now; and as I noted, that night, the tear that glistened in the dear parent's eye, as he folded his young daugh-



ter in a fond embrace, I felt there would be one who would sadly need comfort and cheering when Marion was gone, and there was a silent prayer in my heart, that I might fulfil this office aright. That night, it was long ere I slumbered, and my soul was living over again the scenes of my childhood. Doubly dear to memory seemed those precious hours spent in companionship with my beloved step-mother. Then, too, was Marion's birth; and then the shadow of death fell upon us, and for a time, the brightness of my life seemed extinguished. But years of sunshine had followed, and Marion was the sunbeam that ever gilded my path. I was to lose it now, but I prayed that light might be given me from above, to see clearly my duty, and strength to perform it faithfully and cheerfully. When at last I slept, it was to dream that my beautiful step-mother smiled upon me, as in olden time, and called me her "dear daughter."

Marion's wedding was a gay scene, and like some bright star she moved, pre-eminent in beauty and loveliness, among those gathered to sympathize in the joy of those two happy beings.

Ah, Marion, many miles and many years have separated us, but yet, dear sister, thine image lies as fresh within my heart as when we parted; and if we meet no more on earth, in our Father's kingdom we shall be re-united, and God himself will smile upon our re-union.

#### IMPORTANCE OF SUNLIGHT.

Sunlight has many mysterious properties, and exerts upon the material world influences the most various. It is the life of plants; and animals, like plants, apart from it become colorless and languid in development. It stimulates and gives a healthier and firmer tone to the whole body, colors and purifies the blood, puts better life into the nerves, and through them sends, as it were, shocks of health to the inmost recesses of the body. All the functions of life, when disposed to flag, tend to become more regular and healthy when the body enjoys freely the stimulus of light, and there can be no doubt that a noticeable part of the benefit derived from a sea-side residence, is due to the width of the horizon, and the flood of light, which not only comes down from a wide heaven, but is reflected back into it also by the mirror of the sea. "For pale-featured children or adults, those who have any tendency to scrofula or are weakly, with swelling of the limbs, free exposure to solar light," wrote Pereira, "is sometimes attended with happy effects. The observation of Dr. Edwards led him to conclude that in climates where perfect nudity is not incompatible with health, exposure of the whole surface to light is favorable to the regular conformation of the body." Pestilence will sometimes run along the shady side of a street, and not touch that on which the sun shines.

#### USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small—  
The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
He might have made enough, enough,  
For every want of ours—  
For luxury, medicine, and toll,  
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine  
Requirth none to grow;  
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
To make the river flow.  
The clouds might give abundant rain,  
The nightly dews might fall,  
And the herb that keepeth life in man,  
Might have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light—  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Up-springing day and night:  
Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,  
Then, wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight in man,  
To beautify the earth.  
To comfort man—to whisper hope  
Whene'er his faith is dim.  
For whose careth for the flowers,  
Will care much more for him!—MARY HOWITT.

#### WHO ARE ESQUIRES?

The present use of the distinction "Esquire" conveys not the remotest idea of its origin, or appropriation in past ages. The esquire originated in chivalric times, when the sons of gentlemen, from the age of seven years, were brought up in the castles of superior lords—which was an inestimable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could hardly otherwise have given their children the accomplishments of their station. From seven to fourteen, these boys were called pages, or varlets; at fourteen, they bore the name of esquire. They were instructed in the management of arms, in the art of horsemanship, in exercises of strength and activity, so as to fit them for the tournament and the battle, and the milder glories of chivalrous gallantry. Long after the decline of chivalry, the word esquire was only used in a limited sense for the sons of peers and knights, or such as obtained the title by creation or some other legal means. Blackstone defines esquires to be all who bear office or trust under the crown, and who are styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments; and being once honored by the king with the title of esquire, they have a right to that distinction for life. These distinctions are now almost totally disregarded, and all gentlemen are generally termed esquires both in correspondence and in deeds—except solicitors and attorneys, who, in course of business, are called gentlemen.

#### BEAUTY.

A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,  
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,  
A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,  
That did love beauty only (beauty seen  
In all varieties of mould and mind),  
And knowledge for its beauty, or its good,  
Good only for its beauty.—TENNISON.

## THE MISER'S WIDOW.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

It was a long, low, rambling sort of a house, and looked as though it might have been, what indeed it was, the work of successive generations, who had added to the main structure as their wants suggested, with no regard to architectural beauty and embellishment. Still, until Martin Aubrey, the last male heir, succeeded to the place by the death of his grandsire, the mansion, rude as it was, wore even a cheery and inviting look. It was pleasantly located on a rise of ground which sloped in natural terraces to a rippling stream, fringed with the most beautiful of drooping willows, and which space was ever blooming from the earliest days of spring time to the latest one of autumn with a wealth of flowers, ranging in hue from the pure white of the snow drop and the sky-blue of the violet to the most gorgeous of golden lilies, and the richest of crimson dahlias. Tall, wide-spreading oaks with the years of a century and more ringed on their trunks, cast beautiful shadows over the lawn that stretched off to the north and south, while in the rear a multitude of thrifty fruit trees now showed their bloom of snow-white and pink-tipped buds, and again bent to the earth with their weight of rich, rare fruit. Fragrant and flowery vines trailed over the narrow windows and clung lovingly to the rude porches, birds sang in the tree-tops, and built their nests in the eaves, while the music of happy hearts stole out of the old house from sunrise to sunset, sweeping the air all round about it as with the soft, rich tones of an *Æolian* lyre, whose strings were breathed upon by angel voices. And even in the desolate days of the year, when the wind howled in tempest-tones, and the snow lay piled all about it like giants' graves, even then there was an inviting look to the quaint old place. The smoke curled cheerily from every chimney, the Yule log blazing not only on Christmas but every eve of the winter time; the windows were bright with monthly roses and flowery geraniums, through which the sunshine of laughing eyes was peeping every hour; the pathway to the road was always kept open, and the gate swung, while the joyous faces of every inmate beamed a welcome to the weary traveller ere his feet had traversed half the distance to the wide front-door. Aubrey Place was indeed one of those rare old houses whose sun is in itself—a little world so like to Eden as to make one fancy the millennium had come.

But when the old man, who for fourscore years had dispensed its generous hospitalities lay

cold in his coffin-bed, then the inner light went out of that ancient mansion, and when they carried him to his resting-place in the family vault, it seemed as though Satan, in his grandson's shoes, stepped into the inheritance. Martin Aubrey became within a year as niggardly as his ancestors had been profuse; rich friends ceased to visit him, while beggars turned despairingly from the locked gate. And as years rolled on, his heart grew stonier, and his fingers still more rigid. Everything, even the most sacred of the household gods, was desecrated to his love for gold. He cut down the noble trees, beneath which generations of happy children had been sheltered in their sports; he ploughed up the flower-garden, turned the singing-brook into a mill-stream, made a cow-yard of one lawn and a sheep-pen of the other; tore down the vines which his mother's hands had trained, and knocked the young birdlings from their mossy nests. The fruit trees survived his vandal hands, because they showered coins into his purse, but no longer did the village children gather in the old orchard in the autumn, there to pluck the bright cheeked apples, and woe to the unlucky ones who should climb the paling to taste of the forbidden fruit. The fences were kept up, because of the greater loss which would accrue if down, but instead of being neatly mended as in the olden time, they were patched with the rubbish of falling sheds, while the house, stripped of all floral charms, and left to mourn itself away, lost all its picturesque look, and seemed soon what indeed it was fast becoming, a ruinous old shell, from which the soul had crept forever. Room after room went to decay, till three only remained for human habitants, the long, low kitchen, the bed-room in which the miser slept, and the dark closet into which the old house-keeper crept, when the day's slavish labor was all over. The servants had been dismissed, one after another, till she alone remained; and she too would have been discharged, but that from the memory of the kindness shown to her by his grandsire, when she tottered to his door, a beggar, vile with sin, she offered to stay for the poor pittance of her food and clothes. Tilling the land, gathering in his harvests and changing them into ringing gold, was the work of Martin Aubrey through seven months of the year; warming his shivering limbs over the few coals beside which old Norah knelt as she cooked their scanty meal, and counting over his heaped-up treasure, the portion of the remaining five. Every beautiful and holy aspiration was crushed by the all-absorbing love of gain, and indeed so miserly did he become in every way, that he only

thought of the better land, of the heaven above him, as a place whose gateways were of gold, and whose streets were paved with precious stones.

The simple villagers wondered how this all could be, for never in all the annals of the Aubrey family had there before been one of covetous heart. They did not know that away back in the line upon his mother's side, had been an ancestor whose every thought was gain, and that his narrow heart and pinching fingers had come down to his great grandson, as sometimes into the child of the most vicious will lodge the pure and beautiful soul of distant kin. \* \*

Years passed on, till one morning Martin awoke and found himself forty years of age, and what discomfited him much more, that old Norah was cold in death. Like all misers, he disliked a change in his household, and so giving the dead body a pauper's funeral, he returned to his desolate home, determined hereafter to live alone. His wants were few, he argued, and he could easily supply them, and thus save the pittance he had doled out to the aged woman. As it was winter time he managed pretty well, for to make his scanty fire, cook his mess of porridge or roast his potatoes in the ashes, and shake up his narrow bed, were all the domestic duties to which his hands were called. But when the spring opened, and there were young calves and shivering lambs to care for, when there were cows to milk and butter to make, puny chickens to look after, and feeble goslings and weak ducks to coddle; when he found himself out of linen, and saw that his last summer's clothes were too ragged to be patched by his awkward hands; when he found that his broad fields would suffer unless he gave his whole time to their tillage, then he concluded to get him a wife—a wife rather than servant, because, and he clutched a gold coin as he said it, “she would want no wages!”

It might seem at first thought to be no easy matter for a man of such a stamp as he to win a fair lady to his heart and home. But it was not so. Although his miserly character was as well known as his person, there were yet many things to counterbalance that defect. He had come of a gentle lineage, his family being the oldest and one of the most respectable and influential in the county; he was the owner of broad fields and a tract of woodland that was itself a little fortune, and moreover he had untold quantities of gold and silver hidden somewhere in that old ruinous house, and was yearly adding to his wealth. And therefore many a wrinkled spinster, many a buxom widow, ay, and many a blooming maid-

en stood ready to accept his offered hand, each one confident that as his wife, she would find some means to make his money minister to her wants. But the ready ones were all passed by when Martin Aubrey sought a mistress for the old place, and to the only gentle girl in the whole village who had never once given him a thought, the only one who would have shuddered at the prospect of such a husband, to her he offered himself, his olden home, his beautiful farm and his golden treasures.

Pretty Margaret Ray, sweet, broken-hearted Maud—so the villagers called her, she was the lovely maiden whom he would feign take for a help-mate in his life's crooked ways. Not for her beauty, once radiant as the half-blown roses of June's summer mornings, and even now bewitching as the pale petal of a valley lily, not for her pure, womanly heart, with its wealth of buried love; no, not for these, but because of her rare household virtues, because she was the fleetest spinner and weaver in the township, because of the high price her lamb's wool socks, mittens and comforters ever commanded in the market, because of her success in raising poultry, pigs and calves, because of the golden butter she ever so neatly stamped and the rich, mellow cheeses which lay like harvest moons on her pantry shelves, and mostly because she was no gad-about, home being ever the centre of her hopes and joys. Poor Margaret! after thy deep sorrow, it was enough to crush thee quite, that thy very virtues should prove thy curse, by giving thee to the arms of one whose nature was too base and earthly to command even the respect which a menial gives her master. God help thee, gentle one!

Margaret was a cotter's child, but her mother had nursed the daughter of an earl, one of England's proudest scions, and in their guileless infant days, a love had grown up between the two fair girls which not all the discrepancies of rank, even when manifest to both in after years, could blight or cause to fade. Weeks at a time did the little Maud spend at the olden castle, studying the same books as the Lady Elinor, and imbibing from the companionship which there surrounded her, a passion for the beautiful in art, and that higher range of studies and subjects which her own lowly lot in life could never foster. To gratify the wishes of their only child, the earl and his countess gave every advantage to the little peasant girl. Her voice, naturally sweet as the lark's which sang in her father's field, was cultivated with assiduous care; her slight fingers were taught to sketch exquisitely and picture in tincturing colors the flowers of her own small garden,

and the rich, rare buds which were the pride of the garden of the castle; her slender, graceful form was the admiration of all beholders, as it threaded the mazy dance, or whirled so lightly in the exhilarating waltz; her mind was expanded by communion with the storied volumes and minstrel songs of the great, the good, and the pure of her own and other lands, while her soul, revelling in an atmosphere of love, became daily more beautiful and womanly. And thus, dividing her time between the turreted home of her foster-sister and the low white cottage of her gray-haired parents, for Margaret was the child of their old age, the little angel that came like a dove to their hearts, when the grass was rank over the babes that had blessed the summer of life, thus passed away like the bloom and the breath of a rose, eighteen sweet years. Then came her sorrow, her first great sorrow. Pale and passionless, with white hands folded over her still heart, lay the Lady Elinor one morning as the loving girl stole to the canopied bed to gently wake the sleeper. And even then the luxury of a wild abandonment to the grief which crushed her was not allowed the poor suffering one, for the mother of the sleeper, ere yet the pale daughter was lain in the household vault, became delirious with her sudden woe, and no hand could charm the demon from her brow but the soft pulse of Margaret, and no voice but hers still the frenzied cries. For a year did she dwell at the castle as the nurse of the childless woman, and then sadly turned away, her labor of love closed by another hand, even that of the angel which parts us from earth to show us our heavenly home. The earl, broken-hearted, wandered away to sunnier climes, and the old castle, deserted and lonely, was left to the owl and the bat.

For a little while, Margaret abandoned herself to the grief which she had nursed so long in her heart and spent her days in wandering about the old churchyard, within the shadows of whose mossy towers lay the little graves of the babes whose hearts had been crimsoned from the same source as her own, and in sitting in statue-like repose on the sculptured marble which marked the last resting-place of her foster-sister, and her gentle mother-friend. But her nature was too true to indulge long in so sweet a selfishness. She saw her father and mother bending beneath their weight of years, and hastened to help them bear the burden of their lives. And two years thus passed away in a round of those duties which pertain to the peasant's daughter. Love, the little cherub which hath a smile alike for cottage or castle, he was the dear invader of her lonely home.

A regiment of England's finest soldiers was stationed on the coast which lay a few miles westward of Margaret's home, and among the officers was one whom she had met at the earl's castle in other days, and upon whose young, romantic heart the beauty of the cotter's daughter had made an impression which not even four years' hard service in the New World could at all efface. Eagerly now did he seek to renew his friendship, and soon too did he cement it into warm and beauteous love. He was the younger son of a lord, it was true, but Margaret, in all things save rank, was equal to himself, and caring nothing for his proud friends' scorn he sought only his own joy in gaining her betrothal vows.

Months of happiness succeeded—months in which the days were as sunny as though they had come fresh winged from Eden, months in which all was hope and ecstasy. But a soldier's life has ever a shadow on its path, and on the morrow of the very eve in which the lovers had set the bridal hour, there came a summons to the brave troops. The white shores of Albion were to vanish from their sight and the hot sands of India to glare upon their visions.

"In three years, my own, my beauteous Maud, I will return," whispered the young soldier, as he strained the weeping girl to his bosom in a last embrace, "and then there will be laurels on my brow, and I shall clasp gems about your white neck and your slender fingers, and with the gold that shall then glitter in my purse, we will seek a home in that fair New World over the sea, where no haughty father or proud mother dare to stand between the love of two youthful hearts, where the pride of lineage shall be merged in the credit of noble deeds, and a pure, true life. Maud, dearest, most loved of all to whom I cling, you will be true to your Ralph and he to you—ay, God only shall part us," and pressing an hundred kisses on her pale lips, he tore himself away, warned by the martial strains which echoed over the quiet vale.

There were two years of alternate hope and fear. Now the rose deepened on the maiden's cheek, and her eyes wore the light of heaven, as the brimful letter from the foreign strand assured her of her young soldier's life, and told of the glory fastening to his name. Then the paleness of death spread over the fair face, and the frigid look of hope deferred stole between her down-cast lids as vessel after vessel was announced, and yet no tidings came from the Eastern camp.

"I shall hear by this last mail, I feel it in my heart," exclaimed Margaret, one sunny morning in the third summer of her lover's absence, as at

early dawn she wandered amid her roses, and abandoning herself to happy dreams, she wiled away many a blissful hour. The summons: "A soldier waits to see you," roused her at length, and hurrying to the cottage, she recognized in the crippled form before her, one who had left the village when Ralph did—left it in the glory of young manhood, but returned a maimed and helpless creature, dependent no longer on the strength of limb, but the paltry pension of the disabled private. One glance assured the maiden that he bore sad news, tidings that would blast the hopes of her springtime, and ere he could tell them in words broken by his sorrow for her, one of his dearest child friends, she lay at his feet in a swoon which lasted for hours.

Wearily did she again take up life's duties and go about her daily tasks. Gladly would she have lain down in the old churchyard, with the gory lock which they had severed from her lover's head after the fatal sword stroke, folded on her heart, that a portion of his precious dust might mingle with her own, while her spirit joined his in the brighter land. But her aged father and her care-worn mother yet lived to claim her reverence and her love, and for them she bore quietly her sorrow; ay, with all her calmness, all her rigid adherence to her sense of duty, so deeply did the lines of grief mark themselves on her brow and cheeks that even the little children would pity her, and say in low tones, "Sweet, broken hearted Maud!" \* \* \*

The time at which Martin Aubrey offered himself to the gentle girl was opportune in the extreme for him. Her father had been disabled from all labor for a twelvemonth by a partial paralysis; her mother was bed-ridden; a flood had swept off their autumnal harvest, and starvation had carried away the remnant of their stock. Back rents were due on their little farm and cottage, and not all the labor of the daughter could keep keen want from their threshold. Still, when first the thought of bettering herself and her infirm beloved ones was urged upon her by a marriage with Squire Aubrey, she spurned it as a suggestion of the evil one. Was not her heart buried in that India grave? Yes; and she could bear hunger, cold, suffering of every kind, but she could not yield up the remnants of herself to such an unhallowed touch. And not until her father and mother had pleaded with her hour after hour, and day after day, to think of their wants; not until the old pastor who had laid his hands in the christening rite upon her infant brow, and knew all her trials, had besought her to become a wife; had told her it was sinful in

the sight of Heaven for her to throw away such offered chances of ministering to the poor by the miser's gold, that it was selfish to cherish so earnestly her human grief, that life was given us not to weep, but work in; not until she was so beset on all sides that she was half bereft of reason, did Margaret Ray consent to be wedded to Martin Aubrey.

"I do not love you," said she to him when she gave the promise. "I cannot if I would, but I will be to you all that you care to have a wife. I will be faithful to the letter, not the spirit; but to the letter of the marriage covenant. I will take care of you in sickness and in health, I will be frugal and industrious out doors and in, and I will be a keeper at home." And then she named the terms on which he should comply with, for she had much prudence mingled with her spiritual nature, and having consented to sacrifice herself on the filial pyre, resolved that it should not be in vain. He should repair completely and furnish neatly one of the pleasantest sitting-rooms in the old place, one that opened on to what was once the terraced garden, and this should be the home of her parents during their lives. A certain proportion of everything raised upon the land should be appropriated to their benefit, and a weekly stipend in money also allowed them, and when they died, they should be buried in a style worthy the dwellers of the Aubrey mansion.

The miser winced at all these terms, but Margaret was inexorable, and he finally complied, confident that Mr. and Mrs. Ray, from their infirmities and age, could not be long a burden, while Margaret, with but twenty-seven years on her head, would last many a year, and save in a single one all he should spend on them!

And so they were married, quietly and without parade, for the bride's heart was too sad to care for flowers or bridal gems, and the groom only too glad to be free from the expense which had hitherto attended an Aubrey wedding. But the many that envied her would have pitied the new wife, could they have seen her in her own little chamber, the night before the marriage. From sunset till sunrise she did penance on her knees, crying in anguish to her heavenly Father.

"Thank God, I give him only my hand—my heart he does not want—that is and over shall be my own true lover's, my buried Ralph's."

Once installed mistress of Aubrey Place, Margaret, firm in her sense of right, devoted herself thoroughly to the performance of her duties, and though never a loving, was yet a faithful wife. Her parents were ever her first care, and no remonstrance of her husband could

persuade her to neglect them, though the old folks, grown childish with age and pain, would often harrow her feelings to their keenest nerves, by telling her how proud she should be, that she, a poor cotter's daughter, was the Lady Aubrey, and then add, it was a blessed thing and the Lord knew so when he took him, that Ralph should die, else she would have been wandering the world over, and they starving in a hut, while now they lived like gentlefolks. Poor Margaret never answered them, though her heart was bursting. Only in the solemn hour of midnight, and on Sabbath eves in the little churchyard, did she commune with her silent griefs.

On week days, and far into the night, too, she was to all appearance a bustling, busy housewife, and under her management, stunted as she was by her miserly companion, the old place resumed somewhat the look of happier days. The dilapidated condition of that portion of the house known as the stone part was hidden by a luxuriant growth of ivy, while the little birds were wooed back to build new nests in the mossy eaves. The fluttering clapboards on the wings were nailed up by her own hands, and beautiful flowering vines taught to trail over them. The garden was planted anew, and young saplings nurtured where once the trunks of the aged oaks had stood. The crumbling walls of the kitchen were plastered up by the same delicate hands, and whitened till they rivalled a snow-bank in hue. The dust of years was washed from the small casements, and they were draped with linen from her own loom and brightened by pots of blooming flowerets. The old oaken furniture was mended up and polished till she could see her own white face in it. Closets showed once more a goodly store of those webs which are ever the pride of a housekeeper. Bedrooms were opened to the sunlight, and the musty mattresses and pillows freshened anew, and then made fragrant with sweet-scented herbs. Pantries were bountiful again with rolls of new-made butter, hoops of rich cheeses, pans of amber-hued cream, boxes of fresh-laid eggs, jars of delicious jellies, and jugs of exhilarating mead. And though the miser groaned inwardly and outwardly whenever Margaret went to these stores to lay their own table, and with whimpering voice said that a few potatoes and salt, or some coarse bread and skim-milk were good enough for such poor folks as they, she was undaunted.

"I am the lady of Aubrey Place," she would say, with bitterness in her tone, "and it shall never be said that I was unequal to those that sat here before me. My table shall befit my rank."

Nor would she have the beggars, who tremblingly now and then came to the door, turned off with empty hands. In vain did Martin rave and even curse. Calmly would she say:

"I am the lady of Aubrey Place, and it shall not be said that I am unequal to my rank. I want not your gold and silver, and care not where you put the profits of your toil in field and woodland, but the earnings of these hands shall be in part, at least, my own."

And then she would turn from him with such a queenly air, that he was cowed into submission—for the time only, though, and he would retaliate by stealing her frugal savings; little silver coins, which she had laid up to give the poor of the town, would be grasped by his itching fingers and hidden where she could not find them. Often, often would she murmur, "I am weary, I am weary, I would that I were dead."

But it was not until her parents passed away, that she realized fully her martyrdom. True, she performed afterwards as faithfully as before all her duties, but the consciousness that now she had nothing to love, hung over her heart like a nightmare in one's dreams, and she lived and moved like the ghost of her former self.

There were two years of this automaton life, and then a sunbeam gladdened her way. A babe, a fair, beauteous babe, as the old nurse said, "not a bit like its father, but with the old Aubrey look in its eyes and the Aubrey smile on its lips, and a boy-baby, too," gladdened her heart.

"God is very merciful!" breathed she to herself, as she held its tiny hands and felt its soft breath on her bosom. "I will never murmur more. O, it is blissful, this having a little angel for my love!"

For a time it did seem as though the babe was in reality the pure spirit its mother called it, for Aubrey, proud of so noble a young heir, and with something akin to love budding in his heart, relaxed somewhat the severe discipline he had ever strove to maintain in his household, and for a few weeks allowed the old place to maintain its hospitable profusion. But it was not long. The sin of avarice is not easily repented of, and when, one day, after witnessing the death struggles of a valuable horse, he came in fretful and wayward and feeling so very poor, and fell to counting up the costs of the last two months, his miserly nature was so scared that he dismissed at once nurse and maid and visitors, and left his gentle wife to care for the babe and everything else beside. But happy in her newborn treasure, her womanly nature fully developed, nothing came hard to Margaret now. She

washed and ironed, spun and wove, churned and baked, cleaned and rubbed, and never thought of the fatigue. A little voice was ever cooing in her ears, little hands pressing her cheeks, little lips suckling her breasts, little eyes laughing back to her smiles, and a little heart brimful of love beating for her alone.

But as years passed on, and the little son proved weakly and delicate, preferring rather to sit beside her and listen to her songs and stories, than to go out and assist his father in his toils, then the bitterness came back to Margaret's cup. Her husband, grown more miserly with years, taunted her with coddling the boy, and declared he would no longer have the "brat" about, unless he fell to and earned his bread; and he would rouse him up long ere the sunrise and set him a task which only a strong man could do, and when at night it was unfinished, as it had to be, he would send him supperless to bed in a cold, dilapidated attic-room, and locking the door, hide the key, that the mother might not refresh her darling with some food, and what was sweeter far, some dear carresses.

The effect of this brutal treatment was soon visible. The child lost his fair, bright face, and becoming prematurely aged, wore a haggard and gaunt look that was fearful to behold, and finally sunk down fairly exhausted and sick, too. Margaret had restrained herself till now from any open expression of her feelings. She had shuddered at the idea of teaching her child to hate its father, as she felt she should, if she took his part in all the ways her heart suggested, and she had striven to satisfy conscience and maternal instinct by silently and quietly ministering to the poor boy as often as occasion presented. But when she saw the little Ralph, then only six years old, stagger under the load his father had swung upon his shoulders, and fall on the snow, faint and almost breathless, she was roused and fought for him as a lioness for her young.

"He is all I have to love, and you shall not kill him!" screamed she, as Aubrey, seeing him lie there, hurried "to came him up," as he roughly said. "Go to, sir; work yourself and me, too, to death, if it please you, but this boy you shall not." And she bore him to the house as though he had been a babe.

A fearful sickness followed, and in vain did the mother plead for a physician. She dared not leave him to seek one herself, lest her husband's ire should vent itself on the poor child; and there remained nothing for her to do but to nurse him as tenderly as her heart suggested.

There came one wild and terrific night, that winter, and with the fury of the storm, the death-

ly symptoms of the little Ralph seemed to increase in number and ghastliness, till convulsions of the wildest kind racked every muscle in his slender form. Then the mother humbled herself to her husband, and on her knees begged of him to run for help.

"It will cost gold to get a doctor out to-night," said he, fiendishly clutching the gains paid to him that very day; "and when he comes, he'll only put the child in warm water and wrap him in hot blankets, and you can do it as well as he."

"God pardon you, Martin Aubrey, if your boy passes away to-night. A fearful retribution awaits you. You shall cry for help, and none shall hear; you shall plead for mercy, and receive only vengeance. Your gold shall be your curse!"

There was a fearful prophecy in these words, wrung from her heart by its maternal agony, and she would have shuddered had she known how near its fulfilment was at hand. Busying herself with renewed activity about the child, she had the joy of seeing him, after an hour of terrible suspense, sink into a calm, sweet sleep.

"There," said her husband, "did I not tell you, you could do as well as any doctor? The child is saved, and the money too."

And taking up a lantern, he went out into one of the long, dark corridors.

Fairly exhausted by her nights of watching and her days of toil, Margaret threw herself on the cot beside little Ralph, and with one arm thrown over him, that his slightest motion could be felt, allowed herself to doze and finally fell into a sound sleep. A weird dream, in which nothing was distinct, where everything was horrible, awoke her, and just then the clock struck twelve. She rose quickly, and lighting a new candle, for the other was dying in the socket, she looked eagerly at the child, but his breath came yet in sweet and measured tones. Then she re-kindled the fading fire, and haunted by her vision, ran to the bed-room. But the bed was yet uncovered, and there was no trace of her husband there or in the keeping-room.

"Can he have been all this time counting his gold?" whispered she to herself. "He is not wont to be so long."

And with a presentiment of evil in her heart, she hastened to search for him in the old dilapidated rooms of the place. But he was nowhere to be found, and with a shudder, she turned to descend into the damp, vault-like cellar. It was a spot to which she did not often venture, for although naturally very courageous, there were such troops of hideous rats, and such



an army of creeping vermin, enclosed in its crumbling walls, that she ever shrunk from disturbing them.

Accordingly she crept down the rickety stairs, and screaming wildly to him at every step, hastened to search for him in some of its dark corners. Hurrying back from what seemed a fruitless look, she stumbled over a block of stone, and on rising and wiping the blood from her knee, for she had gashed it severely, she noticed an iron ring in the granite.

"This then, is his secret," said she. "Curses or no curses, but I will know now, after all these perils." And with a strength born of the moment, she drew it aside.

A deep, well-like hole was visible. "Martin!" There was no reply. Putting her candle down, she descended a ladder of ropes, and hardly conscious of the feat she was performing, descended into the abyss-like place.

There was the gold, in kegs and bags and piles, and there, too, was her husband—a glittering coin clutched in his fingers, and his keen gray eyes bent eagerly upon it. "Martin!" She shook his shoulders. He did not stir. She lifted the gray hair from his forehead; it was cold, and had a clammy touch that thrilled her nerves. She felt his pulse; there was no flutter there. She put her hand upon his heart; it was at rest. Martin Aubrey, the miser, was dead—buried in a golden grave.

As the truth forced itself on her mind, Margaret was conscious of a singular faintness stealing over herself, while her light began to flicker and wane. She had barely strength to return to the room where slept her child, ere she fell prostrate on the floor, half-poisoned with the malaria of the well. It was long ere she could recover sufficiently to stagger into the open air, and even then and after swallowing reviving cordials, she felt weary and sick.

But the night's trials were not over.

"Mother—mother dear," whispered a faint low voice from the cot.

She hastened thither. The little slender arms of the sufferer were folded about her neck, in a passionate embrace.

"Mother, I am going—going to that sweet place you've told me of, where the children are all angels. Don't cry for me, mother—it is best, you know, for I was getting so tired down here. Kiss me, and come to me by-and-by."

Whiter and colder grew the little hands and the baby lips—then the pulse was still, and the breathing hushed. Margaret was a widow and childless. \* \* \* \*

"And now I hope she will take the good of all

that gold," said one and another of the villagers; and they looked for new things at Aubrey Place.

But matters for a year went on about as usual, save that the falling fences and leading gateposts were all replaced by substantial stone and iron structures, and the farm work done more thoroughly, under the superintendence of the lady's eye, by the two efficient laborers which she hired. Old friends found a cordial welcome when they came, while the poor wayfarer was fairly loaded with benefactions. A haggard, motherless boy, whose father terribly abused him, and a little orphan girl, whose only relative half-starved her, were taken for companions.

In the spring-time of the second year, however, there was a great change at the old place. From attic to cellar, all was thoroughly and tastefully repaired.

"Now she is going to take her comfort," said her friends; and they looked for the revels of the olden time.

But Margaret still worked on in the same busy way, sitting ever in the old kitchen, save when company summoned her to the other luxurious rooms. People began to call her a strange, queer woman, and to fear that her trials had wrecked the better portion of her nature, and some even said, "she was broken-hearted Maud as a girl—God grant she be not crazy Maud in her old days."

The trouble was, none understood her fairly. They did not know that she shrunk from touching the miser's gold, as though Heaven's bag were on the coin—for had she not pleaded for one only to save her dying boy, and it was refused her? They did not know that she had consecrated all those treasures to a high and holy purpose, and was only striving by her own labors to accumulate enough to carry her gently down life's decline.

\* \* \* \*

She was sitting one evening, in the second winter of her loneliness, beside the kitchen fire, deep in a reverie—not with folded hands, however, for she was never idle, even in her saddest hours. There was always some poor one in the village who needed a pair of her warm stockings or mittens, or one of her soft hoods or comforts, and ever as she thought, her fingers plied the shining needles. A low, tremulous rap at the porch door roused her. Opening it, she saw crouching in the snow, which had drifted on the threshold, the figure of what seemed an aged man, for his white locks and long gray beard were streaming in the wind. The remnants of a martial cloak were muffled about him, and as Margaret aided him to rise, she saw that he

seemed crippled in an arm and leg. As dutifully and gently as though he had been her own dear grandsire, she led him to a comfortable seat beside the blazing fire, and hastened to fill a tray with the daintiest of food.

"You are kind, lady," said the wayfarer, when he had ate and drank sufficiently; "very kind. Take an old man's blessing." And he pronounced a fervent benediction, and then gathered up his cloak to leave.

"You are aged and feeble, father, and for such, especially, is Aubrey Place a refuge. There is ever a bed ready for such as you, the worn and weary. Stay, then, and rest."

"Thanks, lady, thanks! I am old, indeed, and to the aged rest is precious. I will abide till morning." And then he drew his chair close to the fire and commenced talking in the garrulous way of an old man. "I have seen many a pleasant clime, but none so lovely as old England, and I have come to lay my bones here."

"You have travelled, then?" said Margaret, out of courtesy.

"Ay, many an hundred mile. I was a soldier, lady, and fought for my king in the new colonies; fought against right that time, but I did not feel it then. Afterwards I came back to my old home and wooed me a gentle girl, and we had set our bridal morn, when I was hurried off to another land. Ah, lady! if you have never parted from your lover, if thousands of miles have not lain between you and him, you can never dream of what I suffered. O, I could tell a tale that would make your gentle heart pity the poor stranger. I could tell you of a fearful battle, in which hosts of my brave men were slain; of a sword-stroke that so nearly dashed out my own life, that they left me with the dead; of a captivity of years among wild men; of a rescue to freedom, when hope was nearly dead; of a return to my native land, only to find that my heart's fondest wish was blighted—that the maiden whom years before I had won, was a wife and mother. It is a long, sad story—*Maud*, will you hear it?"

As in a trance, had Margaret sat for the last few minutes—riveted by something, she knew not what, in the old man's eye and quivering tone; but with that pet name, a wild, strange thought came to her, and as he repeated—"Maud, will you hear it?" she fell at his knees.

"Tell me—tell me, if I dream alone by the fireside, or whether the dead, the buried, my own lost love comes back?" she cried:

"Maud!" the tone was no longer that of an old man, but it was rich and mellow as a strain of music. "Maud, look at me!" There was a

fluttering of the martial cloak, and of the long white hair, and then an officer in splendid uniform, a man in the prime of life and glory, stood before the amazed and trembling woman.

"Do the dead look at thee with eyes so eloquent of love?" whispered the stranger, as he bent his glance upon her; "do the dead fold thee in an embrace like this?" and he clasped her to his heart; "do the dead give thee kisses so full of love as these?" and he pressed a hundred soft, sweet touches on her lips and cheeks.

"Ralph! Ralph!" The words were breathed only, and then she lay lifeless on his bosom.

But a great joy seldom kills, and when, the long swoon over, she sat beside him all through the dim night, and heard in full the story he had hinted, she felt that she could again take up her life, not as the weary load it had been so many years, but a bright, God-given blessing.

"I promised thee a name of honor, gems for thy brow, thy neck, thy fingers, and a purse of gold," said the lover, when the winter sunlight streamed again into the old house. "And I have brought them all. Old England has no prouder name than that of the Earl de Lisle; and for jewels, here are they."

And he clasped a coronet of diamonds amid her yet glossy hair, fastened a chain of brilliants over her widow's kerchief, and on the wedding finger, slipped a golden ring.

"And as for wealth," he continued, "my castle, with all its treasures, awaits the coming of my bride. One month I give thee, Margaret, to scatter the gold of Aubrey and donate his lands. Then thou art wholly mine."

And when the four weeks were up, the plans of the Lady Aubrey were complete. From the wayside, the poor-house and the hovel, were gathered English peasants, old men and women, and little tottering children; and Aubrey Place, henceforth their home, the miser's gold which the widow would not touch had the curse removed from it by the prayers of those it blessed with shelter, food and raiment.

And then, life's shadows all behind it, and only sunshine in the future, came Margaret's wedding-day, and this second time there was no mockery in the marriage, for the bride gave not only her hand but her heart to the noble groom. Once only on that beautiful day did tears fall from the eyes of the Lady of De Lisle. One moment, on her passage from the church door to the carriage, she paused beside a little grave. When she then turned away, the snow-drop that had blossomed there was moistened with some pearl-like drops—such dew as Heaven itself might weep over the early called.

## ADDRESS TO MOSQUITOES.

BY MACE MAURICE.

O, ye horrid, cruel creatures!  
How ye bite with poisonous sting;  
And contort your "pointed" features  
To such wry attempts to sing.

Thieves ye are both rich and rare—  
Steal my patience and my sleep,  
Whirling, buzzing in the air:  
Nightly vigils I must keep.

And without an invitation  
Noiselessly ye light on me,  
Suck my blood with vulture rations,  
Or like greedy lawyer's fee.

Lifting quick my hand on high,  
Bent on mingling in the fray,  
Vengefully I let it fly—  
Ecce! there ye are away!

THE LADY FORGER.  
A PAWN-BROKER'S STORY.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

MANY years ago, while spending a few days at the beautiful country seat, formerly the home of Pierpont Edwards, in Connecticut, I was much interested in a story told of a lady forger, by a pawn broker of New York, returning in the same steamboat from Bridgeport. I give it, as near as memory recalls, in his own words:

"I was brought up in a remote inland village of Connecticut, and served three years, on quitting the district school, in an attorney's office in Waterbury, passed a tolerably fair examination at the New Haven Law School, then went to Bridgeport and put out a shingle on my own hook. My success was not much to boast of, and so, in partnership with a former associate in the law office where I studied, Moses Abrams, I opened a pawn-broker's and exchange office, in New York. By discounting bills to fast young men, at extra high interest, we soon were enabled to remove from our first dingy locality on Chatham Street, to a more aristocratic thoroughfare, where my business was pretty nearly divided between fools and spendthrifts.

"One morning I was busied with three of my clients. A crack-brained patentee, a gentleman horse jockey (he used at that time to drive a pair of stylish greys, he has since died, the gate-keeper of a hospital), and a handsome young fellow with a rather vacant countenance, a splendid moustache, elaborate chain, and Kemble walking cane. I was despatching each in his turn, with as few words as possible, sentient forming

no item in my stock of trade, when Abrams put his head in, to say a lady was in the back office desiring to see me, hinting at the same time that her time was limited.

"It immediately occurred to me, it might be 'La belle Rosalie,' of the — Theatre. I remembered her the petted favorite of the opera, with an immense salary. The *furor* had subsided, and *la favorita* was now designated as "fat old Mrs. —." Fully expecting to meet the slipshod prima donna, who could not possibly contrive to subsist on five hundred dollars a week, I went into my private office, into which Abrams was just ushering the lady—but not the actress. Gracefully as a swan, she swam into the room, dressed in the extreme of fashion, yet richly and in good taste. She had fine eyes, good teeth, a splendid figure, dark, luxuriant hair, and a fashionably modulated voice.

"She threw herself languidly into the chair I placed for her, uncoiling the purport of her visit, by saying that she had called to consult, and see if she could raise a sum of ready money, 'having been unfortunately involved, just then, in pecuniary difficulties.' According to my custom, I let her talk on, only putting in an occasional question, or random word, to help her along, while I noted the cool, passionless gray eye, and thin, hard chiselled lips, true index of tricky, selfish calculation. A proud, selfish woman, indifferent to all things save the disgrace that would affect her rank and influence, in the high position she occupied.

"How much would you require?' I asked.

"She seemed a little taken aback in her string of high-flown phrases, by this direct, matter-of-fact question, passed her white, jewelled hand, from which she had drawn her glove, across her brow, as if calculating the necessary amount, then with a look meant for childish helplessness, and an assurance perfectly marvellous, replied, 'about a thousand dollars.'

"And what security do you propose to give?"

"For the first time, her firmness seemed to waver, her face flushed, her fingers twitched at her watchchain, but her self-possession immediately returned, and assuming a tone of *hauteur* she asked, 'Is security necessary? have you a right? is it customary to ask other than my own note?'

"I laughed at her assurance, I could not help it. Gradually her grand manner became subdued, her lip quivered, 'she would give me Mr. —, as security,' insinuating thereby that she was on terms of intimacy with a gentleman whose name stood high in Wall Street, while I knew perfectly well that he would not endorse a note for any one, on any consideration. I saw

at once that she meditated passing a forgery on me, and so brought the conference to a close by asking, 'Will you permit me to call on Mr. — ?'

"But this she had no intention of; so rising, with an air of offended dignity, remarked, 'that though as an old and familiar friend of her family, she could rely on Mr. — endorsing her note for the amount required, still, it would look like undue liberty in a pawn-broker to call on him.' And out she walked with the air of an empress.

"It might have been about a week after this visit, when a jeweller whom I had often met, and knew by reputation to be a worthy man, unfortunately burdened with debt, and a large family, introduced himself as Mr. Jacob Brown, entering, though, with evident hesitation on his business by saying, 'I hear, Mr. Sharpe, that you discount bills, and I have one I have brought for that purpose.'

"I glanced at it. It was drawn by Mrs. Dashfort (the lady who had called on me), and accepted by Mr. Tubbs, of the great Wall Street firm of Finnerty, Tubbs & Co. I looked at it scrutinizingly, and could have sworn it to be Tubbs's signature; but that I knew the terms of his partnership with the firm of Finnerty & Co., precluded his signing any such note. I handed it back. There must have been something in the expression of my face, or manner, that struck poor Brown as singular, for he said, 'It is surely safe, is it not?'

"I replied by asking, 'From whom did you get it, Mr. Brown?'

"'From Mrs. Dashfort, herself. She deals largely in my store, runs up extravagant bills, but is excellent pay.'

"'Has she ever before offered you a note drawn and accepted, as this?'

"'Yes, one about a month ago. I at that time, knowing she owed Smith & Hatch, jewellers, a considerable amount, paid it away to them; there was a small difference remaining, which they handed me.'

"'The payment has not come round yet of that note. How long has it to run?'

"'It was drawn at sixty days; it will be due in a fortnight.'

"'You endorsed it, I presume?'

"'Yes, Smith & Hatch required. A mere form, they said, to show that it came properly into their possession.'

"'For what is this present note of Mrs. Dashfort drawn? She cannot surely owe you another three hundred dollars for jewelry?'

"'No, but she is desirous to raise the wherewithal for finery for Saratoga. The truth being,

she is a most extravagant woman, only, after all, excellent pay.'

"'When does she leave for Saratoga?'

"'Next week.'

"'She will then be absent when the note you paid over to Messrs Smith & Hatch becomes due. Now, Mr. Brown (and I looked him steadily in the face), could you pay that note if she fails, when it becomes due?'

"'Me! I, meet it! Why, Mr. Sharpe, it would ruin me!' and he mopped the perspiration with his red cotton handkerchief from his moist, cold forehead. The bare possibility of such a contingency was distraction. I thought it best to be explicit.

"'Mr. Brown, this note is a forgery! The sooner you get her to take it up, the better, and then the sooner you enter upon the cash system in your future sales to Mrs. Dashfort, the safest for yourself.'

"He turned deadly pale.

"'This is her handwriting, I know it well, and she never disappointed, having always hitherto been punctual in her payments.'

"'Still, I saw he felt alarmed and anxious. I said, 'you seem very positive, Mr. Brown, that this note is all correct. Now this,' and I laid my finger on the endorsement, '*this is a forgery.*'

"The perspiration oozed in large drops to the poor man's forehead. He protested his innocence of any hand in such a swindle. My experience showed this, from the first.

"'Now, Mr. Brown, take it more coolly; do nothing to injure yourself; make no threat about police and exposure; but just take the note back to Mrs. Dashfort, simply saying that you cannot get it discounted, yet. For the other, that you paid off to Messrs Smith & Hatch—just leave that to me. I think I can contrive that, instead of going to Saratoga, Mrs. Dashfort remains to take it up.'

"Somewhat re-assured by this, poor Brown departed; yet still nervous and woefully changed from the hesitating, yet hopeful man who had come to me within the hour. No sooner had he left, than I wrote a note to Mrs. Dashfort, having ascertained her address by the directory, to be No. —, Le Grand Place. The note ran:

"'MADAM,—I have been offered a note this morning, purporting to be drawn by you. From circumstances that have transpired since you did me the honor to call on me, I have examined the bill presented for discount closely, and feel convinced there is something wrong about it. I take sufficient interest in you to advise that you get it back immediately; and that if you have any others of a like stamp out, that you endeavor to get them into your own hands as soon as possible.

SAMUEL SHARPE.

Mrs. Algernon Dashfort, Le Grand Place.'

"The fact was, I did feel interested in the case. Interested in poor Brown, a conscientious, worthy man with a large family; and interested (do not laugh), in the beautiful, fascinating woman, whom I looked on as giving way to extravagance and temptation she had not force of character to resist. If the case had been a man's, I doubt if I should have felt the sympathy I did for this magnificent creature, led into so fatal an error through pecuniary difficulties. An hour later, a colored servant in livery brought me a perfumed note, that, the embossed envelope opened, filled the office with rose odors. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir:—As a stranger to you, I cannot too highly estimate your kind consideration in the matter of the note, of which I, too, have just heard. Can you not come to me for a few minutes, to confer respecting a loan I am most anxious about? I should like much to see you, when I doubt not to be able to explain all about it, satisfactorily. Again thanking you for the interest you have taken in the matter, begging you to call, if possible, I shall remain at home to await you, all morning.

MADALENE DASHFORT."

"Rose-scented, rose-tinted, its very *nonchalance* redolent of rank and fashion, the contents were nevertheless an implied confession of forgery. Why else thank me? or why write at all? Silent indignation would have been given the matter by an innocent woman. My verbal reply sent through the liveried servant, therefore, was, that while much engaged that day in my office, on urgent business, yet if she would call in the afternoon, I should be happy to advise in any matter in which I was consulted. The liveried footman stared as he bowed himself out. Much the fellow doubtless marvelled that such slight notice was taken of any behest of his magnificent mistress, by a bill-discounter—a broker.

"In my active pursuit, battling against the trickery imbibed as *fast* people squander their property, I had forgotten all about Mrs. Dashfoot, when an elegant baronche drove past, stopping at a fashionable millinery establishment, next door; the steps were rattled down, and the next moment the magnificent figure of that stylish, beautiful woman, closely veiled, entered the hall leading to my office, she having just sent up her card by the colored footman.

"Throwing herself gracefully in a chair, and fixing her keen, dark gray eyes in a scrutinizing glance to observe their effect, she began uncoiling a set of fashionable phrased expression of thanks 'for the kindness I had shown in her unpleasant little pecuniary dilemma.'

"But I cut her short with, 'You must not suppose it a trifle, madam, or that your husband's or family's position could save you from a pen-

itentiary if once caught in this transaction. In fact it would go against you with a jury, that you could descend from your high vantage ground, to inveigle a poor man, Mr. Brown, into acting as an accomplice. He brought me your last note for discount. I saw at once it was a forgery. The other he has himself endorsed, taking up the debt due Messrs Smith & Hatch. This becomes payable in a fortnight, but I advise you to lose no time in taking both notes up, and getting them into your own possession.'

"The grand manner with which she had entered, all melted away as I spoke. Her lip trembled, her breast fluttered, and tears coursed down through the vermilion so charmingly blooming on her cheek. She had drawn off her pale, primrose kids, and now wrung her white and jewelled hands in well acted helplessness.

"What can I do! How can I raise the money to take them up? Mr. Dashfort does not dream of how much I owe. O, cannot you help me?"

"Now people of my profession are said to have assurance. I suppose I am not without my share of it; but Mrs. Dashfort's sublime effrontery surprised me. Without responding to her proposal that I should fork over the needful, I said:

"Should Mr. Brown suspect the true position of affairs, his fears would ruin you irretrievably; for he has a large family dependent on him for bread, and under all the circumstances, would not hesitate to arrest you at once.'

"I saw her start when I said this, but sinking back with an admirably assumed look of infantine helplessness, she said, in a pleading, fashionable drawl:

"What can I do? I have brought my diamonds, though I cannot see how I am to appear without them at Saratoga.'

"That essentially alters the case, madam. I can lend you any amount you require on good security.'

"Then,' she replied, without a trace remaining of the tearful, trembling pleading of the previous moment, 'be so good as to summon my servant, he will bring my jewel casket.' Then smoothing out her flounces, and raising her eyes in a survey of the ceiling, she sat tapping her gaiter with the ivory handle of her sunshade, until he appeared, bearing a small box, beautifully inlaid, of rosewood and ebony. Withdrawing a tiny key from her reticule, Mrs. Dashfort opened it, and taking out a *papier mache* marvel of a casket, touched a hidden spring, when the lid flying open, discovered a glittering set of diamonds, necklace, bracelet, pin, ring, and earrings, with a waist clasp and sprig for the hair. I held it a moment in the light. Closing down

the lid I handed it back. 'Madam, I cannot assist you.'

"Her face flushed through its roseate *rouge*, she saw that my practised eye had discovered at a glance that the set of diamonds substituted in the costly casket, were but paste; the real brilliants being doubtless pawned elsewhere to take up previous notes as they had fallen due. She saw herself foiled, and again wept and entreated me not to see her ruined.

"O, Mr. Sharpe! only save me from exposure! do but lend me three hundred dollars; I will go somewhere in the country, and retrench until I have paid you back!"

"I was long accustomed to assurance, but this capped the climax, actually took away my breath. For a moment I looked at the unabashed, beautiful woman, pleading in her fashionable drawl, and looking supplicatingly with eyes that longed to command.

"Really, Mrs. Dashfort, you pay but a poor compliment to my experience, when you ask me to lend you three hundred dollars, after having tried to palm off a forgery on me, and but just now essayed to impose some worthless bits of paste and copper tinsel, as a security for the same. No, I am too conscientious a trustee of the gains I intend for my family, to place so considerable a sum in the hands of a lady who shows herself so expert a swindler as yourself."

"At this she rose with a look of injured dignity, assured me Mr. Brown's note, as well as that paid Messrs Smith & Hatch, should be duly honored, without any assistance from me.

"I am glad that you can save yourself from pending disgrace, by other means than the treacherous return you premeditated making me for my timely warning."

"Coldly acknowledging my attention in seeing her to the door, she left, with a deeply offended air. Still the impression on me was too great to let me sit quietly by, while poor Brown, to save himself, would resort to threats and the police. Under my recommendation he called upon her husband, the result of the conference being that both notes were immediately taken up. Thankful for her escape, and earnestly hoping that she had had enough in her fright, as well as the anguish of her noble-hearted husband, to stay her from any further attempt of like dangerous nature, I had forgotten these events, when at the close of the season, a discount agent came to me to get a bill discounted for a lady, it being accepted by a well known, and wealthy auctioneer, of Chamber Street. I glanced at it—I felt he was not the sort of person to entrust with so weighty a secret, but advised him to take it back,

and tell the lady he had offered it to me, and that I feared there was something wrong about it. I now every morning look over the police reports with a strange foreboding for the fate of the magnificent woman who drew it; for you have already guessed that the lady trafficking with the discount agent, was none other than Magdalene Dashfort, the graceful lady forger."

#### A HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT.

The pious John Newton was once in much perplexity about providing for his family, being thrown out of employment. A friend of his tried to obtain for him an office, but failed. Quite unexpectedly he received an appointment he had not sought. Speaking of the occurrence, he says:

"I found afterwards the place I missed would have been very unsuitable for me, and that this, which I had no thought of, was the very thing I could have wished for, as it afforded me much leisure, and the liberty of living in my own way. Several circumstances unnoticed by others concurred to show me that the good hand of the Lord was as remarkably concerned in this event as in any other turn in my life."

A similar fact was recently related to us by one of the most successful book publishers in this country. He had completed his classical studies, and had strong recommendations from some of the professors for a situation in a school. A trifling objection prevented his securing the place. Greatly mortified, he resolved to come to the United States. He came, and his success and his usefulness have been extraordinary. Under God he owes it all to a painful and mortifying disappointment.

There are few Christians, we are persuaded, who if accustomed to observe the providences of God toward them, could not relate similar facts. We certainly can. And if we shall reach that better world, where that which is in part shall be done away, and our knowledge shall be perfect, we shall see that all our disappointments were ordered for our good—that our Heavenly Father led us by a way that we knew not, for our eternal advantage. "For we know that all things do work together for good to them that love God."

Such facts as those we have stated, ought greatly to relieve the troubles of the pious, when their plans or hopes are disappointed. The hand of God is in it; and though it may seem to be most unfortunate—even unmixed evil, there is a blessing in it.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace:  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower."

—St. Louis Republican.

Sydney Smith said of Lady Murray's mother, who had a most benevolent countenance, that her smile was so radiant that it would force a gooseberry bush to flower.

A STORY ABOUT AURORA.

BY LENA LINDER.

Darkness reigned o'er all the land,  
And brooded o'er the sea,  
Encircling with its gloomy band  
Dim, drear immensity.

No twinkling star illumed the world;  
The earth was void and waste,  
And goblin shapes their wings unfurled  
In the silence deep and vast.

Grim Chaos with his darkling train  
Held revel wild and mad,  
Strange sitting o'er the troubled main,  
In storms and darkness clad.

Death, Sorrow, Walling and Despair  
With visage wan appeared,  
And Horror, with her unbound hair  
Upbraided with fear and dread.

But hear! now list! the restless sea  
Has stilled its deep-voiced roar,  
And the haggard forms of darkness flee,  
To come again no more.

For each spectral, gaunt and goblin form,  
And the moaning, heaving sea,  
Have heard a voice above the storm—  
The voice of Deity.

"Let there be light!" the Ruler says,  
And lo! before him stands  
A maiden clad in golden rays,  
With beauty in her hands.

She smiles, and glimmering through the night  
Bright beams of sunshine fall,  
Robing the earth in garments bright,  
At her sweet, rippling call.

No longer does the darkness brood  
Unmingled with fair hope and cheer,  
For God hath said that light is good,  
And he hath sent Aurora here.

SELLING A BROKER.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"HELLO, Tom Tompkins, how's yer health, old feller?" inquired Captain Booth, in a large tone of voice, as he swarmed into the office of the first mentioned gentleman.

"Most dead, thank you," replied Tompkins, mournfully raising his eyes from his desk and gazing upon his visitor with no expression of countenance whatever. "How are ye yourself?"

"Rugged. But what are you studying over so busily?"

"A stiffikit," returned Tompkins, handing his visitor a small half sheet of paper, partly written and partly printed in red and black letters.

"O, a certificate of stock!" said the captain,

running his eyes over the paper. "Three hundred shares in the Lake Inferior Humbugging and Copper-Mining Company, eh? Well, that's nothing to look so salky about, provided you got it cheap enough. What did it cost you?"

"Ten dollars a share."

"Ten dollars!" echoed the captain, in evident amazement. "When did you buy it?"

"Yesterday."

"Tom Tompkins, are you a fool, or aint you?"

"I'm afraid I am," returned Tompkins, very meekly.

"So am I," said the captain, severely. Then bracing his back against the wall and getting on an expression like an indignant school-ma'am, he proceeded: "Do you happen to know, Mr. Tompkins, that the shares of the Lake Inferior Humbugging and Copper-Mining Company are as dull as a hoe, this very day, at five dollars?"

"Yes."

"And have been for a month or more?"

"I know it."

"And notwithstanding your knowledge of that fact, you mean to tell me you paid ten dollars, no longer ago than yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Tompkins," continued the captain, with the air of a man who wishes to wash his hands of all responsibility, "it's none of my business how you get rid of your cash, not a bit of my business—of course not—still I consider it my duty to suggest to your friends the propriety of a commission of lunacy on your case. Perhaps you may have no objections to giving me the reasons for acting in this insane manner?"

"I would have done so before, if you had given me a chance," returned Tompkins, with a faint show of spirit.

"Well, you've got a chance now; let's see you do it."

"Well, you know that about four months ago I was hard pushed for funds, and in a mighty tight corner. I was compelled to raise the wind somehow, and no way seemed easier than to sell that big corner lot of mine down by the courthouse, which I did to old Scratchard, the banker, for his four months note for three thousand dollars. I endorsed the paper, got it discounted, and thought no more about it, supposing it would be taken care of at maturity of course. Well, day before yesterday old Scratchard came down here and told me that it would be utterly impossible for him to take up the note, and offered me this stock, if I would take it up and call the business settled between us. As the stock at the market price was worth only fifteen hundred dollars—just fifty per cent.—I objected,



of course; whereupon he informed me that if I did not accept his proposal, he would be compelled to go into chancery, when his assets would not divide above twenty-five per cent.—that all the rest of his creditors had agreed to similar terms, and referred me to Squire Johnson, his principal creditor. 'Telling him I would give him an answer next day, I went to see Squire Johnson, who told me that he held something like twelve thousand dollars of Scratchard's paper, and from the knowledge he had of his affairs, he considered himself remarkably lucky to get fifty per cent., and advised me as a friend to close at once with the offer. Under these circumstances, I took up the note, had the stock transferred to my name, and gave a receipt in full. So you see it has cost me ten dollars a share, and I am out of pocket just fifteen hundred by the operation."

"Mr. Tompkins," said the captain, with much dignity, after having listened scornfully to the narration of his friend, "what fool ever told you that you knew how to do business? You've been sold—you have—and served you right, too! You're flatter than a pancake, and softer than a sun-fish—you are—or you'd never have been swindled by such a cock-and-bull story as that! Old Scratchard is worth fifty thousand dollars to-day—all of which he has made out of such greenies as you! This Squire Johnson is another of the same sort; they play into each other's hands, are always each other's principal creditors, and always advise the goose that's to be plucked, as a friend, to settle for the most he can get. If you had been smart enough to have refused anything less than a hundred cents, the note would have been taken up the day it became due—don't you see?"

It is probable Tompkins did see, for he opened his eyes wide enough.

"Old Scratch is mighty smart, there's no mistake about that," continued the captain; "but I think I know a game that will take him down a peg or two." And drawing his chair close alongside that of his friend, he entered into a lengthy explanation, but in so low a tone that the reader will not be able to overbear what he says.

It must have been something very amusing, however, for they both laughed fit to kill themselves, and when they separated, Tompkins went to his desk in much better spirits than he had manifested for several days, and Captain Booth went whistling down the street in search of a certain man whose surname was Jinx, which individual he found in his own apartment and his shirt sleeves, busily engaged ironing the wrinkles out of his cravat on the hot stove funnel.

Another long conversation, accompanied with much snickering, resulted in Jinx's seating himself at a table and scratching off a page of manuscript, which being submitted to the inspection of the captain, met with his unqualified approbation, and he took his hat, gloves, cane and departure; while Jinx, keeping the paper and his own counsel, hurriedly decked himself out in gorgeous array and hastened to the railroad station, where he took the Pugwash special train for the city. Arrived at the metropolis, he marched boldly into the office of the Daily Evening Scissors, and drawing the mysterious manuscript from his pocket, laid it before his friend the editor. That tremendous and awe-inspiring plural individual picked up the written word, read it from beginning to end, grinned, tapped his nose, winked, promised it should appear in that day's issue, and requested Jinx to clear out, as he was cruel busy and did not wish to be interrupted. Jinx, as requested, cleared out of the sanctum and into the printing department, where he patiently waited until the paper went to press, when possessing himself of the first half-dozen copies, he glanced with a satisfied air at an article, headed, "Discovery of an immense mass of native copper;" then running his finger still further down the column, he paused at "sales of stock this day," and finding a line that read as follows, "Lake Inferior H. and C. M. Company, —5," he took a type of the figure 2 from the case, and having inked it, he made a careful impression on the paper, altering the line so as to make it read, "Lake Inferior H. and C. M. Company, —25," a very material advance upon the market value of the stock. Having effected a like alteration in all the papers, he folded them nicely, tucked them under his wing, and pulled foot for the depot to catch the first return train. He was just in season to take a flying leap into the door of the baggage car, as the locomotive coughed and sneezed itself out of the station. The first person his eye rested upon within the car, was the young gentleman who distributes the city papers in Pugwash, who, with a big bundle of sheet literature under his arm, was seated upon a butter-firkin, smoking "a center."

"Hello, Bob! just the chap I was looking after."

"You came within half a second of having to look after me a good spell longer," returned Bob. "What is't you want of me?"

"Do you want to make a five-spot?"

"Does a pig love mud?" asked Bob, in evident amazement at the absurdity of the question.

"Well, then—listen!" said Mr. Jinx, seating himself upon an adjoining firkin. "You deliver

the Daily Scissors to old Scratchard and most of the other occupants of the same building?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want you to deliver them till an hour later than usual to-night."

"That's easy enough," said Bob.

"And I don't want you to deliver your own papers at all," continued Jinx, drawing a bundle of Scissors from his pocket. "I want you to take these papers and put one of them into old Scratchard's office, one into the office opposite, and distribute the rest in the store underneath."

"Is that all?" asked Bob.

"That's all."

"What's the game?"

"Never mind the game—will you do it?"

"You'll give a five, you say?"

"Yes."

"It's a bargain. Let's see the toad-skin!"

Slowly and reluctantly Jinx drew from his pocket the required toad-skin, which Bob seized and thrust where no human eye could see it.

While these things were transpiring, Mr. Scratchard, broker, sat alone in his office, at his desk, looking over many a note and bond and mortgage. Presently a heavy step is heard on the stairs, the door opens, Captain Booth enters.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Scratchard!"

"Good morning, Captain Booth; take a seat."

"Thank you. Fine weather, this?"

"Ye es, quite pleasant," said Mr. Scratchard, hesitatingly, as though unwilling to commit himself upon a subject of such vital importance.

"Anything moving in the stock market?"

"No, nothing; I never knew such stagnation."

"Flat as dish-water, eh?—the bears having it all their own way. But it can't remain so long, Mr. Scratchard—there must be a change soon—must be—*must be*!" And the captain brought his hand down upon his right leg, with a loud spank at every word, as though striving to convince his knees that a change was inevitable.

"There certainly is room for a change for the better," returned the broker, glancing over the top of his spectacles at the captain, to see what occasioned his unusual enthusiasm.

"By the way, Mr. Scratchard, I believe you have a little lot of the Lake Inferior stock?"

"Why yes, I have, as you say, a few shares," lied the broker, who knew he hadn't a share of that stock in the world. But a chance for a trade justified, in his eyes, any number of lies.

"What do you hold it at?"

"Why, really," returned Mr. Scratchard, evasively, "I can hardly say, just now, how I could afford to sell—the market is so unsettled at present, you know!"

The captain didn't know anything of the kind. On the contrary, he had just been informed that the market was flat as a flounder, and nothing at all unsettled about it. He didn't say anything of the kind, however, but merely asked:

"Not above six and a half or seven, I suppose?"

The broker pricked up his ears. A brilliant idea flashed into his mind. He thought—indeed he was sure, he could buy back the three hundred shares from Tompkins at five, and if he could put them on to Booth at six or seven, a good thing could be made of it. So he made haste to answer:

"Really, Captain Booth, it seems to me you put it rather low. I don't know, myself, what the going price is, but what shares I have are in the hands of my broker in the city, who I have limited to nine as the lowest mark. How many did you think of purchasing?"

"O well, two, three or four hundred, or somewhere in that vicinity," replied the captain, carelessly. "But if nine is your lowest figure, there's no use talking, for seven is my highest; and if I buy, must buy to make something—don't you see?—to make something—to make something!" And again the vigorous slaps assured his knees that it was absolutely indispensable that he should make something.

"As I said before, it will be difficult to say to-night what I can do, but if you will look in to-morrow morning, I will let you know about it."

"It must be pretty early in the morning, then," returned the captain, as he rose to go, "for unless I make some sort of an operation with you, I shall go to town by the first train and purchase there; for if I buy at all, I want to buy at once—don't you see?—at once—at once!" This time the argument was addressed to two inkstands and a sand-box, and emphasized with a whalebone cane.

"Well, you'll drop in as you go down, at all events, wont you?" said the broker, anxiously, rising and following his visitor to the door.

"O yes, I'll call in—yes, of course," replied the captain, as he vanished down the stairs.

"Now what the deuce can this Booth want of copper stock, I wonder?" soliloquized the broker, as he re-entered his office. "He is a fellow who has always kept what little money he has got in good, safe, paying securities; and what possesses him to dabble in fancy stocks, is more than I can understand. However, if he speculates, it's at his own risk, and if I can sell him at seven, I shall make more out of it than he can. That puts me in mind to call upon that Tompkins this evening, and see if he will sell at five, which of course he will be glad to do."

The broker having settled in his mind what course to pursue, again seated himself at his desk and pored over his papers for an hour or two, when the door once more opened, giving entrance to another gentleman.

"Ah, how d'y'e do, Mr. Jinx?—how d'y'e do? Take a seat, sir," said Mr. Scratchard, with a bland smile; for Mr. Jinx was a gentleman who was almost continually borrowing divers sums of money at a staggering and most low-spirited rate of interest, and was accounted a good customer. "Been in town to-day?"

"Yes, I was in for an hour or so."

"Much doing?" he asked, with as much apparent interest as if there was a possibility of the answer to this somewhat indefinite question being in the negative.

"Why, yes, little something stirring. But I say, Mr. Scratchard, how's money with you to-day?"

"Money?" said Mr. Scratchard, puckering up his countenance, as he always did upon such occasions; "money's hard—very hard—very hard to be got hold of indeed. It's tight!"

"I've got to have some at any rate," returned Jinx, decidedly.

"What on?"

"Jiggerfoot, Quillwheel & Co.'s paper for five, fifty, sixty-two. No one paper, you know."

"Why, yes, it's *called* good. I've got no money myself, but I suppose I could get it for you to-morrow, if you was willing to pay enough for it."

"How much?"

"Why, call it the even five hundred, and two per cent. a month thereafter."

"O, murder! I can't go that! That's altogether too close a shave," ejaculated Jinx, rising from his chair.

"You wont get it done much cheaper, these times."

"Well, then, if I can't, I'll give up the speculation altogether."

"What speculation's that?"

"O nothing, much, only I thought if I could get hold of the money easily, I'd try my luck on a few shares of the Lake Inferior—"

"Eh, what?" exclaimed the broker, with interest. "Why that stock in preference to other?"

"Well, it seems to be a good deal thought of, and talked of, just now."

"Heard of any transactions?"

"Some. I knew of one lot of several hundred shares changing hands at ten and—"

"Ten? You don't say so."

"Yes; and it has been inquired for to-day in large lots. Good day, Mr. Scratchard!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the broker, when

the door closed behind his customer. "What has got into the confounded stock? Selling at ten, and rising! I must get those three hundred shares out of the hands of that Tompkins to-night, before he hears of it, at any risk. Deuce take it, why don't that paper come? It should have been here an hour ago. Ah, here it is! Now let's see what it says," he muttered, as the paper was thrown in at the door.

Spreading the open sheet upon his desk, he ran his eye over the sales of the broker's board, until it rested upon, "175 Lake Inferior H. and C. M. Co., —25."

"Astonishing! prodigious! impossible! Yet why is all the world trying to get hold of it, just at this time?" Raising his eyes a little further on the column, he saw an article headed:

"DISCOVERY OF AN IMMENSE MASS OF NATIVE COPPER.—We learn, from undoubted authority, that a mass of pure copper, exceeding in size anything ever seen or heard of before, has just been raised at the works of the Lake Inferior Humbugging and Copper-Mining Co. This enormous block has been estimated by competent judges to weigh not less than one hundred and eight thousand tons, eleven pounds, and three ounces! This fortunate mine is now, confessedly, the richest in the world, and we congratulate the lucky holders of stock, as the shares will undoubtedly rise to an almost fabulous price in a few days."

"That accounts for it!" exclaimed the broker, in a high state of excitement. "And I have been fool enough to put off for nothing, as I may say, stock that would make my fortune! Confound that sneaking Tompkins! Yet stop! he may not have heard of it! By Jove, I'll soon find out!" Seizing his hat, he darted out.

A few minutes later in the day, three gentlemen "might have been seen" seated around a table, in the apartments of T. Tompkins, Esq., drinking cigars and conversing pleasantly, when their ears caught the sound of the front-door bell.

"Stick your skillet out the window, Jinx, and see if that's him," said Captain Booth, hastily removing all unbusinesslike traces from the table.

The superior portion of Mr. Jinx's person vanished from sight for an instant, and then reappeared with the announcement: "Yes, that's old Scratch—I can see his tile and specs!"

"I thought we should fetch him!" said the captain, exultantly. "And I say, Tompkins," he continued, turning to that individual, "now mind you play your part right straight up to the handle, or all is lost! You must act kinder simple, you know—there's no use giving you any such instruction as *that*, however. But you must be firm as well as simple, you know—a sort of foolish obstinacy. You understand?"

"Yes, yes, I understand fast enough," said Tompkins. "Clear out, or he'll catch you!"

A step on the stairs occasioned Messrs. Jinx and Booth to hurriedly remove their ears into an adjoining room, when they forthwith applied them to a crack in the door, while Tompkins had just time to seat himself at the table with a pen in his hand, when the door opened and Mr. Scratchard entered.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Tompkins—good evening! As I was round this way, I thought I'd just drop in. Ahem! that is, I thought I might as well drop in, as I was round this way."

"Delighted to see you, sir," said Tompkins, dismally. "Sit down!"

"Thank you! I don't care if I do sit down just for a minute or two."

A pause of several minutes ensued, during which Mr. Tompkins made listless, unmeaning scratches with his pen on the paper before him, and the broker nervously twirled his thumbs and attentively examined the toes of his boots, the legs of the chairs, the spittoon, the coal-scuttle and everything else in the room that was not as high as Tompkins's eyes. He evidently was at a loss how to introduce the subject that was uppermost in his mind. At length, in despair of hitting upon any better method, he blurted out:

"About that little business transaction of ours, the other day, Mr. Tompkins! Although I have been very unfortunate, and lost a good deal of money, and did as well by you as I possibly could under the circumstances, still, for all that, I have felt very uncomfortable to think that you should lose anything by me, and am naturally anxious that you should not lose any more. Now it has come to my knowledge, through a reliable source, that the stock that I turned over to you is likely to fall very materially in a few days; and, as I said before, I don't wish you to be involved in any further loss, I am willing to take it off your hands at the market price—five dollars—as I know where I can dispose of it for that, or nearly that sum. You see I have your interest at heart, Mr. Tompkins!"

It is to be presumed Mr. Tompkins didn't see anything of the kind, for he only shook his head and said that he shouldn't sell for five dollars.

"Why, that is the highest selling point, you know?" said the broker, rather anxiously.

"I know it."

"And it is sure to fall."

"That may be. But as it cost me twice that, I intend to hold on to it till I get the cost or lose the whole."

"That seems to me a very unwise decision."

"Perhaps so; but it is my decision neverthe-

less, and if that is your only business, Mr. Scratchard, I must request you to excuse me, as I have considerable to do this evening, in order to go to the city by the first train to-morrow."

The broker was in a quandary. It would not answer to let Tompkins go to the city before the bargain was made—indeed, it would not do to let him leave the room, even, for he might learn the true state of the case at any minute, and then all would be lost. "Suppose I do pay him ten dollars," he thought to himself; "I am sure to double the money, and perhaps a good deal more." And seeing Tompkins putting on his coat preparatory to quitting the room, he resolved upon a bold stroke.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, hysterically. "Sit down, Tompkins, my dear fellow—sit down, my boy. I've got something to say to you. I'm going to surprise you—I'm going to astonish you—I'm going to convince you that there is some honor left in the mercantile community yet. You must know, my dear fellow," he continued, pulling Tompkins down to a seat beside him, "you must know that in settling up my affairs, I find I am not so badly off as I thought I was—not half so bad. Indeed, I find myself so well off, that I am going to pay you every cent of the three thousand dollars I owe you, and take that confounded stock off your hands. How's that, my boy?"

"Mr. Scratchard," exclaimed Tompkins, grasping that gentleman's hand, evidently much affected, "you have indeed a noble heart!"

"And what's more, you dog, I'm going to give you the money this very night—this very hour. I've got to run over to the office to get it, as well as the necessary papers for the transfer of the stock, and as a man, when he's made up his mind to do the right thing, likes to go through with it without delay or interruption, I want you to promise me to sit right here and not stir a step till I get back. Will you do it?"

"Certainly; of course I will."

"I won't be gone ten minutes." And the broker hurried down the stairs.

"Bravo, Tompkins! You've done tip-top!" exclaimed Jinx, poking his head out from his hiding-place. "The rascally old swindler suspects nothing."

"He, he, he!" chuckled the broker, as he almost ran along the street. "The credulous fool suspects nothing."

"There, Mr. Tompkins," said Mr. Scratchard, upon his return, "just sign those papers, and give me my note and the certificate, and here are three thousand dollars."

"There you are, sir!" said Tompkins, putting

his name to the papers and beginning to count the money.

The broker folded the documents into his pocket-book with a satisfied air, and with a triumphant "Good evening, Mr. Tompkins!" departed,

Soon after the first train left Pugwash for the city, next morning, a bright eyed boy approached Mr. Scratchard with "Paper, sir?" He selects the Daily Scissors, and opens it. Why does he start and change color? His glance falls upon the line—"175 Lake Inferior H. and C. M. Co., —5." A little further on, he sees an item similar to this:

"CORRECTION.—In mentioning the discovery of a large mass of copper, in our issue of yesterday, we erroneously stated that it was raised at the works of the Lake Inferior Humbugging and Copper-Mining Co., when, in fact, the big block was gotten out at the Swindleville mine. The affairs of the former company, we regret to state, are in such a deplorable condition, that the Hon. J. Smith, in despair of ever extricating the company from its present difficulties, has resigned the office of president and gone to driving a milk-cart; while the able and efficient treasurer, finding himself a defaulter to a very large amount, has also become discouraged and resigned, and is, we learn, employing a few months of relaxation from business cares in the erection of a palatial villa on the luxuriant and romantic banks of the Atlantic Ocean."

An audible snicker from the seat behind him, caused Mr. Scratchard to look round just far enough to get a glimpse of three grinning faces. He knew to whom the faces belonged. With a savage snort, he turned again to his paper and tried to read. But it was no go; the broker felt himself sold.

#### STUDENT LIFE.

It is an error to suppose that a studious life is unfavorable to longevity. Wordsworth, Southey, Moore and Montgomery lived to an advanced age; Rogers at his death was over ninety; Walter Savage Landor, Humboldt, and De Quincey, though past threescore years and ten, are still alive and at work; and so in this country are Benton, Silliman, Irving, Halleck and Pierpont. These are only very "modern instances." Among the long-lived students of the ancients we find Homer, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Plutarch, Xenophon, Plato, Thales, Carneades, Zeno, Galen and Democritus. Among the modern lights of learning and literature, we encounter the names of Locke, Newton, Galileo, Boyle, Leibnitz, Buffon, Olbers, Blumenbach, Hahnemann, Swedenborg, Sir Edward Coke and Fontenelle. Some of these men were intensely laborious. It appears that in all ages of the world, philosophers, divines, naturalists, statesmen, and other men whose studies and avocations were calculated to develop and maintain the supremacy of the moral and intellectual powers, were proverbially long-lived.

#### MAY OF POMERANIA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

A THORNY thick wood, without other paths than those made by cattle and wild beasts, separated the province which has always been known for that reason as Transylvania, from the western districts, and many centuries ago it was more vast and intricate than at present. Conrad, the Lord of Swabia, had been delayed upon the way, and his retainers having advanced a day's journey and now waiting for him beyond, it happened that he was traversing this vast forest alone, and at midnight, and doubting somewhat if on the path he had intended. Now and then his frightened beast gave a low whinny at the savage noises of the wood, a pine cone dropping down sharply would startle him from the path, and the low, hanging boughs of the forest, wet with perpetual dew, brushing continually across his face, caused him to be controlled with difficulty by his fearless rider. Suddenly, faint and vibratory, a single toll of a bell fell on the air, a moment's pause and then another and another, slow and distant. It sounded as if some human life must be near, but then it was a "passing bell," and there must be death also. The ground he was crossing had been very marshy, so that he had frequently felt it impossible to advance or retire, and the thickest darkness surrounded him. As he proceeded now, the wood grew gradually thinner, the soil firmer, and he seemed to be issuing on a bowery lane. The sound of the bell struck close and dead upon his ear, as if opposed by some solid mass; at last, wherever the chapel might be, he had passed it, and this amphitheatre of open space in the heart of the forest, could not have exceeded a rod, ere a torch flashed up before him, and steadily descended; in a moment a tall groom stood beside his saddle.

"Come," said he, "he has need of thee!"

Rather wondering, the Lord of Swabia said:

"And who is he, my friend?"

"The Baron Stahl, my master. Hush! he dies. Come!" and taking Conrad's bridle he led the horse on.

Now they seemed to be entering beneath an arch, the way sounded hollow like a bridge, now the hoofs rung on pavement, and alighting at a sign from the groom, he entered a wide, gloomy hall, whose sole occupant was an old seneschal, wringing his hands over the dying embers on the hearth, and the groom re-appearing, took him by the hand and led him, in the dark, up long flights, through echoing corridors and suites of rooms. At last, opening one other door he left him, and Conrad found himself standing in a

room at first equally dusty and gloomy, but soon appearing sufficiently robbed of blackness to present every object in a false, gray light, by means of a holy candle burning in a far corner. Stretched on a low, stone pallet, lay a man who though past his youth would have been in the prime of manhood, if not thus lying wasted and dying of pain. A long figure, and though so shrunken that the former armor rattled and clashed upon him, yet still persistently clad in it, while his bare head lay on a block of stone, with the helmet beside it.

"Thou art come," said he, in a deep, hollow voice.

"And thou meetest two accounts at once," said Conrad, not less deep and stern, as he advanced with a quick, haughty tread.

The dying man moved uneasily on the hard stone and steel of his bed.

"Penance enough, Conrad of Swabia, without taunt of thine!" said he.

Conrad looked down, with folded arms, on the man below; contending emotions were at variance within him—the fierce revenge of manifold injuries, the Christian pity that prompted forgiveness. He was to face, in a few moments, a sterner Judge than Conrad.

Let us go back with the Lord of Swabia two years, during which this dying man had worked him bitter teen. We shall see Conrad the Knights in his first battle, fearless, skilful, and bearing away the palm from elder knights whose bravery could not be contested. We shall see the leader of the enemy his opponent, horse to horse, man to man, his gauntlet seizing the other's corselet; already his sword flashes in the air above him. As it descends, all Germany will be rid of a tormentor whose raids have given rise to perpetual warfare, when the Baron Stahl close by his side, at the instant, with devilish treachery, fiercely lunges Conrad's horse, who, leaping up in pain, falls over, crushing the almost victorious rider, and rolls in agony upon him, while the enemy escaped. But the guile of the baron did not so effectually ruin Conrad as he meant it should, for the Duke of Pomerania who had observed his valor, and who was himself wounded as well, had him borne to his own fastness, and carefully tended through the long illness ensuing on his wounds. There in the freelight of every evening, the most beautiful face that had ever crossed his vision haunted him, and the long fair hair and radiant brown eyes of the Duchess May, the duke's wife, drooped over him in tender pity. She had learned stories of southern magic and northern fays, and with these, adding a charm by her recital, she beguiled long mornings. She

had a wild, dramatic talent, and with her women and the hunters, enacted for the invalid's amusement, tiny dramas and comedies. Her heralds coming home from wanderings through the kingdom, brought news which entertained them all in duller hours. She had learned music before coming from her more southern home, and frequently with her redundant yellow tresses streaming over it, she drew pathetic melodies from her great harp and charmed all tedium away. She was beautiful, and Conrad had a keen perception of loveliness; she was young, not nineteen, and Conrad also was in the first fire of youth; the duke was old; but if these thoughts crossed the minds of either, respecting themselves, they courageously repressed them. One night there had clanged outside the gates, the retainers of the Baron Stahl; he had entered with a certain sarcastic ease and received his welcome, and at midnight, when Conrad had been assisted away by his squire, and the duchess had withdrawn with her maidens, he remained alone with the feeble old duke, who reclined in his great chair, propped up by pillows.

"Ah," said the Baron Stahl, "they go together?"

"Who?" asked the duke.

"The Lord of Swabia and thy wife!" he returned with a bitter sneer on the last words.

"Sir, I respect the rights of hospitality!" thundered the duke. "Otherwise," and his eyes fulfilled the threat.

The whereabouts of Conrad were quite unknown abroad, many fearing him to be dead, and others thinking him to have sought other adventures. This, of course, the Baron Stahl knew, but he raised his eyes without any discomposure, saying:

"His highness doth not then know that the beautiful duchess and Conrad are coupled in rumor most unpleasantly."

The duke kept a moment's silence.

"Baron Stahl," said he, then slowly, and raising his fiery eyes, "thou art a liar!"

The baron sprung to his feet, and would have seized the old man's throat, had not a couple of his knights at that moment entered.

"Craven hounds!" cried he, "listen while I challenge your master! I lie, Duke Rolf? Thou dostard! I challenge thee to meet ere twenty days in mortal combat, and prove that thy wife is not a—"

A stunning blow on the ear, from the old man, who, endowed by his anger with sudden strength, leaped to his feet, stretched him on the floor with an unfinished sentence, and almost as lifeless, the duke fell back into his seat. That hour the

baron left the castle, and next day the challenge was proclaimed through the district by his myrmidons. It was against the rules of chivalry for the duke of so vast a province to descend and encounter any petty noble, even had his strength been sufficient, but the baron had cause to tremble when he knew that Conrad, who also took precedence in rank, would take up the gage in the duke's stead, for weak as the latter might be, his strength, through skilfulness and innocence, were an adamant panoply against so vile a slanderer. And thus before half Germany, with all the beauty of the land gazing down into the arena, ere the twentieth day the two met. The duke occupied a conspicuous place, sitting surrounded by cushions, and the brown eyes of the duchess where she stood by her husband's side, smiled down on Conrad as he entered the lists, but shouts of execration greeted his opponent though none knew the real cause that provoked the contest.

Perhaps this general confidence gave Conrad more strength than at that moment belonged to him, for at the first tilt, the lances were shivered and the baron dismounted. Conrad's squire courteously offered him the stirrup, which he angrily refused, and Conrad springing down to meet him, in a few seconds had overpowered him, and stood with his foot on his breast and his sword-point at the liar's throat.

"Retract!" said he, low and hoarsely.

"Never!" returned the baron, while quickly lifting his hands he wrenched the sword from Conrad's grasp, and tossed it away.

Quick as light, Conrad, stooping, snatched the baron's and presented it. In the instant, a deadly fear blanched the baron's face, his lips quivered, and great veins started out, purple and swollen on his forehead. Conrad perceived the advantage gained.

"Poisoned, is it?" said he. "Retract! or by the Lord I will bury its venom to the hilt in thy lying throat! Louder!" he added, as he saw the baron's lips forming for the words. "Rise and let all hear thee!"

The baron rose, stood erect a moment, with folded arms and gazing on the ground; then boldly sweeping his eyes round:

"Nobles of Germany," said he, "I am conquered," and then remained silent.

"Further!" demanded Conrad, with the weapon still in his hand.

A rumor had already spread of the baron's stratagem.

"You poisoned your weapons!" cried one at a distance.

"I always do!" he returned, scoffingly.

"Further!" demanded Conrad again. "Speak and retract."

The baron stooped and detached his golden spurs.

"Nobles of Germany!" said he, then rising, and insolently throwing back his head. "The duke says true. I lied!" And fiercely flinging the spurs into the duke's face, he turned on his heel and disappeared.

Conrad returned to the castle with the duke, and a week had elapsed through all the old pursuits, and no one had spoken a word of the combat. One day they had been sitting silent for a long time.

"May," said the duke, "come hither, child!" And taking her hand when she came, he gazed earnestly into her innocent eyes. "Dear, I have never doubted thee, nor do I now," said he. "I did wrong in wedding thy lovely youth to my old age. I am about to repair it. Thou art young, thou hast been a sweet wife to me, thou shalt be a sweeter to him. I know where thy heart lies, and that thou hast never once swerved from thy duty. He can love thee no better than I have done, but thou canst love him. Conrad!" and he rose from his recumbent position, seeking Conrad with his eyes, who coming forward gave him his hand. "Conrad, thou art worthy of my trust. See, I reward thee, and God bless you and me!"

And with a hand of either in his own, he fell back and quietly closed his eyes. Thus died the duke, and the Duchess May was a widow. The funeral over, Conrad bade her a stately farewell and departed.

A year's time saw him constantly in Swabia, attending to his dependents, fortifying his strongholds, cultivating his broad lands, and introducing peaceful arts among the warlike people. Often meantime had the baron's face sneered at him with a sardonic grin in highway and palace-hall, and many a kindly plan for others' benefit had his malignant influence destroyed. But of late the baron seemed to have retired from the world, and a report gained belief that he had withdrawn to end his shameful days in a monastery. At the end of the year, the Lord of Swabia took a journey, and alighted in the hall of the Duchess of Pomerania. Ushered into the room and left there, he at first thought himself alone, but in a moment he saw her fair head bent over her black dress, and her hands folded on her knee, as she sat abstracted and mournful in one of the deep windows. As he strode rapidly forward it aroused her, and she started up, advancing with outstretched hands; but in an instant she remembered all that had passed, and the de-



corum due on such a meeting, and she remembered, too, his solemn farewell a year ago, when she half expected other words, then dropping her hands to her side, she stood still, awaiting him. All this he noticed and acted accordingly, saluting her with a grave cordiality that brought the tears to her eyes in longing that she had acted on her first impulses.

"I hope," said she, after an hour's talk, "that the Lord of Swabia has not come to tantalize me with swift departure."

"Not so. My squire waits below. I but called, in passing, to present my compliments, and re-assure myself that I possessed that friendship most valued by me of all the world's treasures."

"Thou hadst no need. I am no chameleon."

"And is thy highness happy now?" He was sitting by her side, almost too happy for speech in the intoxicating joy of her sweet presence.

All the lonely longing of this year in Swabia seemed repaid as, with his head resting on his hand, he steadfastly gazed on her beautiful face.

"My highness? No," said she. "Myself—I might be."

"Conrad were bold if he questioned how!"

She was silent, with her eyes on the floor.

"Tell me, May, is it thus?" said he, as folding his arm round her, he caught her quick breath on his lips and held it with one passionate, long-forbidden kiss.

"Thus and thus," she murmured, clinging to him with a quick rain of joyful tears. "O never leave me!"

"Mine," he said. "Long loved, long longed, sighed and waited for! mine at last!"

A happy, happy month slipped by on fleetest feet, and he left Pomerania to prepare Swabia for its bride. When he returned one night some few weeks after, no hospitable lights gleamed from the deep windows, no columns of smoke curled from the vast chimneys, no gay sound of voices rose from the court and hall. Only the warders sat inside the gate, and in answer to his quick, vehement demands, told him how, five days before, when walking on the mountain with two of her women, a troop of light horsemen led by a powerful man, dashed over the brow of a rocky spur, snatched all three into their rude arms, galloped off in separate directions, and were seen no more, though her retainers had scoured the country round, and had not yet by any means abandoned the search. A messenger despatched to him had been found that day slain, and thus word of the dreadful event had never reached him. In vain Conrad, with his own and her followers, and the gay band of sovereign lords

who had accompanied him to the wedding, ransacked the great pile of masonry from turret to vault. In vain all the south of Germany rose to arms in his behalf, and ranged the country through. In vain his labor and despair, the Baron of Stahl was nowhere to be heard of, and no vestige of the Duchess May could be discovered.

Another year, and still with unremitting vigor he was searching, when one day he met a page.

"Is it the Lord of Swabia?" the boy asked; and on being assured of it: "Does his highness recognize that?" he said, producing from his vest a kerchief of the finest texture, and wrought with the initials of the duchess, although sodden and torn with briars.

"Where got you this?" exclaimed Conrad.

"In the forest between her highness's dominions, and the next province; it has lain there long."

The purse of Conrad rewarded him, and that very day with his band he set out for the forest on the path thus opened to him. On his way a message from the emperor who was marching across this region of the empire, summoned him to the royal camp, and detained him what seemed an interminable time, and thus we find him, having lost the track of his retainers, coming upon the lonely castle of the Baron Stahl, who is dying, and hearing those words in his ear:

"Penance enough, Conrad of Swabia! lying in steel and on stone, without any taunt of thine!"

Words, in the passion that at this moment devastated the soul of Conrad of Swabia were impossible; he curbed himself with an iron will, or stooping, he could have torn the dying wretch to atoms. At last a great sigh throbbing up in his breast, relieved him, and bending on one knee beside the pitiful couch, he hoarsely muttered:

"Death, so thou hast come to it!—and then judgment! the great gulf of fire—the eternal agony. God forgive thee, Stahl! Baron Stahl, as thou hopest mercy, as thou prayest the flames do not utterly shrivel thee, speak truth! *Where is she?*"

The baron laughed as bitter a sneer as if sitting in buoyant health at his wine.

"Gone before," said he. "She's dead!"

Conrad seized his shoulder.

"Dog!" he thundered, "the truth! Palter not—I could utterly annihilate thee! She is not dead. Where then?"

The baron writhed in the force of his grasp.

"No, no," moaned he. "No, no," in the intervals of a hollow cough. "I lied again. Not dead. But where? By my Judge I know not!"

"Thou art dying, Baron Stahl! I want the truth!"

"I know I am dying—dying of a wound—"

"What! do others fight with poisoned weapons?"

"Scoff now, it is thy turn. A year in this castle has May of Pomerania, with her women, been my prisoner. If she became my wife, then all her property, that vast wealth, became mine too. It required her consent for our marriage." He saw how his words tore Conrad's heart, and how, while he listened perforce, every nerve was racked, yet he persisted. "A year tirelessly have I sought her love, willing to beg where I might command. Vain, vain!" he said, falling back with a louder cough. "I might as easily have called the angels out of heaven, if there be such. One day, two months since, I pleaded with her. She snatched my dagger. 'I will die first!' she answered."

"It was poisoned?" cried Conrad.

"Poisoned. I snatched it. I could easily have crushed her, so tender a thing, in my hand. But I feared lest the dagger should scratch her, and used care, and in the hurry of the scuffle, its point entered deep into my chest. See, I die of it!"

"And she?"

"Gone. Whither, I know not. Fled in the night, and never since seen! My groom saw thee in the wood hours ago. I called thee hither that thy pardon might ease me!"

Conrad waited a bitter moment. He was not perfect, but a man of stormy feelings, strong passion, warm love, fierce hatred. And to forgive this enemy who had all his life thwarted and stung him! Better to send him to death loaded with his unforgiving curse. But gently a memory stole over him of a mother at whose knees kneeling, he said: "As we forgive those who trespass against us." And in the midst of his anger, his grief and hate, a soft pity stole out and enveloped this guilty and miserable man. He took his cold hands in his. The words cost him a struggle:

"Friend, I forgive thee. May God do likewise!"

A smile, a peculiar smile, crept over the baron's face.

"I was born for better things," said he, "and now but two in the world weep for me—my father's old seneschal and groom. All my wealth is divided between them and removed from here. One last request, my lord. This castle is fired now. When the breath leaves me, its flames will be past quenching! Conrad of Swabia! let one noble of Germany behold my burial. Watch, I

pray thee, outside on the hill till it be ashes above me!"

He had partly risen on his arm as he spoke, and his face white and ghastly grew more livid as he obtained the promise, and then melted into a sneering laugh. Conrad thought him in a paroxysm of delirium. Loud and long it rung up the vaulted chamber, and its echoes had not subsided when the clashing armor sank down, tenantless of life, plate rattling over plate, above the shrivelled corpse, the eyes were fixed, the breath still, the lips drawn tightly apart from the grinning teeth. In the horror of the moment, Conrad had forgotten the last words of the baron, till the warder, entering solemnly, composed the features, covered the body with linen, and poured a flask of fragrant oil over it, then motioning to Conrad, passed down with him a single flight of wooden stairs, which brought them to a postern, and joining the wailing seneschal outside, they all three walked up the hill behind the castle, Conrad seating himself on a half-way rock, with his battle-axe and his horse's bridle in his hands, and the others proceeded to the summit. Already through the great arches of the vaults, and along the dungeon grates, a bright light streaming out attested the baron's truth, and whirls of ascending smoke wrapped the building now in dimness, now in lurid light. An hour of tedious watching; thick grew the columns of smoke, longer the intervals, when the fire breaking through devoured them, the light sparkled through the loopholes a story higher, a fierce heat was felt by Conrad where he sat, yet some fascination kept him there. The further wing was already enveloped and out of the arrowy slits in the main building tongues of flame darted licking the ivy and the quantity of carved wood-work there. Another hour: the hungry flames had sped fast. One tower was yet untouched—in this the baron lay. The portcullis was down, the drawbridge open, everything left just as when they issued thence.

Suddenly, from the topmost region of this tower, a loud, wild shriek burst out, followed by others sharper and more agonized. It seemed to say:

"Help! help! O God, help!" And another voice called, perhaps to his imagination, "Conrad!"

He sprang to his feet. Was he mad? Was he the sport of his senses? Had Stahl obtained his revenge? had the dying baron lied? Like a flash, leaping from rock to rock, he dashed down the hill to the plain path, sprang across the drawbridge to the postern and up the stairs to the baron's room, which filled the whole of one

floor of the tarret. The warder had locked it! Pitchy blackness reigned here, but a sulphurous smoke filled every avenue, and almost choked his breath. Had he been superstitious he might have died on the spot, but raising his battle-axe with a swift strength he broke the door in. The holy candle just flickering in its socket showed him the motionless tapestry, and the sounds from above came louder and shriller. He tore the curtains away from three of the walls, there was no door on either; the fourth—none there; but evidently a square space in the stone had been recently walled up on this side. Like a Titan he swung his axe with terrible strokes, and stone after stone fell shattered to atoms. Still the sounds from above, still the flames gaining ground, and still layer after layer opposed him. One dreadful blow, than which he could give no mightier, and with the stones that fell round his feet, a couple of great oak planks shivered down and he saw indistinctly, by the light growing from within, and reflected from without, a hollow, vacant space, extending into the room above.

"Who is there?" he cried. "Hasten! swing yourselves down, or leap, and you are safe!"

"Conrad, Conrad!" cried a voice that had never joined the shrieks. "O, my love, hast thou come?" and in an instant the Duchess May stood at the mouth of the opening. "My women," she said. "They first," and with two shawls tied together and held by the Duchess May above, they were separately and instantly lowered and sped on their way.

"Haste, May!" he cried hoarsely, for already he felt the hot breath of the flames, and even now a fearful death might rob him of what he had so dearly gained.

"O, I have nothing, there is nothing to fasten these on!" she cried.

"Leap, then, I will catch thee!" and he extended his arms.

An instant, and she sprang; his arms closed round her—ah bliss! and he turned. A burning beam fell on his path, the floor crushed after him and emitted sparks and smoke as he darted along with his precious burden. All the tower below was on fire; the narrow passage, on both sides, hissing hot and crackling; the staircase quivering as he touched it. A reel and swing under his feet ere half-way down; giving a strong leap, not one moment too soon, he gained the door, and was scarcely a rod distant, when, with a roar that shook the hill, every wall crashed in, and left a burning, undistinguishable heap of ruins that still shed a strong glare into the blackness of the night, now far advanced towards

dawn. The two servants of the baron had held it all, vainly gnashing their teeth, for when they would have run down and closed the post-culis even at loss of their own lives, there had surrounded them, with evident surprise to both parties, the retainers whose way Conrad had missed, and who were seeking him. Too thankful for utterance, Conrad stood folding May to his bosom. She looked up first.

"O, my preserver! only God could have measured thy time!" she said.

"Saved! Saved, dear heart!" he returned. "Only thy faith in my coming could have been so constant. Never to part again. Mine! inseparably mine!"

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#### DO IT YOURSELVES.

Why ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that problem? Do it yourselves. You might as well let them eat your dinner as "do your sums for you." It is in studying as in eating—he that does it gets the benefit, and not he that sees it done. In almost any school I would give more for what the teacher learns, simply because the teacher is compelled to solve all the hard problems for them, and answer the questions of the lazy boys. Do not ask him to parse all the difficult words, or assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourselves. Never mind, though they look dark as Egypt. Don't ask even a hint from anybody. Try again. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even though at first the problem was beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded after six hours of hard study, perhaps. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy, as he marches to his class. He reads like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up after the first trial, now looks up to him with something of wonder as a superior. The problem lies there—a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upwards, and, what is better still, has gained strength for greater efforts. The boy who waited to see others do it, has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up school and study forever.—*The Teacher.*

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#### Voracity of a Cod.

As a fishing boat, belonging to Barra, was lately putting out to sea, the men picked up a dead lamb, and having skinned it, threw the skin into the sea. They then proceeded, with a sharp breeze, right aft, out into the Atlantic, till they lost sight of land. Having at length reached the fishing place, they dropped their lines. The first fish taken up was a large cod, whose belly was distended to such an extraordinary size as to excite the curiosity of the crew. They cut open the fish, and, to their astonishment, found the selfsame skin, wool and all entire, which they had thrown overboard in the morning, after leaving the shore.

## THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We are constantly in receipt of the most cheering intelligence of the religious, moral and commercial progress of this interesting group of islands, so largely settled by our countrymen, and whose destinies are so associated with the field of labor of our business men. One of the very handsomest papers on our list of exchanges is the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, an elegantly printed journal, and edited with great ability. It is curious to contrast the evidences of culture, refinement and progress, exhibited through this medium, with the barbarism that not very many years ago reigned supreme in these islands of the Pacific. Very erroneous notions prevail with regard to the normal condition of the islands prior to their discovery by Captain Cook, and their contact with Europeans and European civilization. They are depicted sometimes, as having been "islands of the blessed," the inhabitants a gentle, inoffensive race, living under mild laws, and leading lives of Arcadian innocence until the white man intruded, like the serpent in *Paradise*. Such notions may suit poets and romancers, but they are lacking in the somewhat important element of truth. The mass of the inhabitants, at the time of Captain Cook's discovery, lived in abject subjection to the will of a little band of aristocratic chieftains and an autocratic sovereign. Their condition was that of the serfs of Russia at the very worst period, and under the worst form of Russian serfdom—the only difference in their favor being that made by the bounty of Nature, and not the good will of their oppressors.

Captain Cook's discovery was made in 1778, but there is little doubt that the group of islands was visited by Spanish vessels in the 16th and 17th centuries. Cook was well treated by the islanders, because he was believed to be a benevolent deity of former times whose return had been predicted by the prophets. He was, however, harsh and severe in his treatment of the islanders, and was consequently massacred in revenge. One of the ablest rulers who ever flourished in the island was the old warrior king, Kamehameha, who united them under one government and reigned from 1780 to 1820. In war and peace he commanded the respect of his subjects, and his good and great deeds are still cherished in respectful memory. Soon after the accession of his son, Liholiho, the people, at the instigation and following the example of the new sovereign, burned their idols and renounced their religious belief. It was at this juncture, when the nation was without a religion, that Christian missionaries arrived among them, and

their efforts at converting the natives were crowned with complete success. From that time forth, their condition has been improving, though, from the operation of various combined causes, the numbers of the native population have rapidly decreased. The successors in sovereignty to King Liholiho, who died in England, have been Queen Kaahumann, as regent, Kamehameha III., and Alexander, son of the preceding, who is now king. Americans exercise a powerful influence in the governmental affairs of the island. They form a majority of the members of the cabinet; though numerically small in parliament, they yet control its proceedings, and they stand at the head of the agriculturists and traders of the group. It will be remembered that in 1854, the project of annexing the islands to the United States was started, but it has since been permitted to die.

The islanders have not been permitted to progress peaceably by those European powers who must have a finger in every pie. In 1839, France, through the medium of Captain Laplace, who visited Honolulu in a French frigate, compelled the native government to accede to some exorbitant demands—the chief of which were that French brandies should never pay a higher duty than five per cent., that a site should be granted for a Catholic cathedral, and that all Frenchmen should be tried by a jury of foreign residents, *selected by the French consul*, \$20,000 being deposited in his hands as a guarantee of the performance of this treaty. In 1849, the notorious consul Dillon got into a dispute with the government, and invoked the aid of a French war steamer which blockaded the harbor of Honolulu, and sent men ashore to occupy the fort. The remonstrances of the American commissioner and of the British consul, induced the French commander to raise the blockade and take his departure.

But if on this occasion the representative of Great Britain took the part of the islanders, it was not so in 1843. In that year a British vessel of war, summoned by the British consul, took possession of the islands, and for five months they were governed by British commissioners. Commodore Kearney of the U. S. navy, however, interfered, protested against the king's yielding to the British, and finally the British government disclaimed the acts of the consul and of Lord Paulet, the agent in this disgraceful business, and formally recognized the independence of the islands—an act of justice honorably performed and gratefully appreciated. It is quite impossible that the English or French flag will ever wave over the Sandwich Islands.

TRUTH.

BY W. G. GAYLORD.

There is a holy light  
Shines on us from above,  
That should our hearts unite  
In unity and love.  
It is the star of truth,  
That heavenly heritage—  
And guarded in our youth,  
It lights the path of age.

It makes our duty plain,  
And leaves us nought to fear;  
It smooths the bed of pain,  
And dries the sorrowing tear;  
'Twas given to bless mankind,  
While smarting neath the rod,  
To elevate the mind,  
And turn the soul to God!

But in the field of life  
Its mandates are forgot,  
Engaged in constant strife,  
We pass and heed them not.  
Could truth to hope extend,  
And hope to God be given,  
The strife would have an end,  
And earth would be like heaven!

ESCAPE OF CHARLES EDWARD.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"Come through the heather—around him gather—  
You're all the welcomer ariy—  
Around him cling, your rightful king!  
For wha'll be king but Charlie?"

"SHAME on the traitors who would betray their  
rightful prince! Shame on the coward hearts,  
too, that would not risk life itself for his safety!"

These words were uttered in the hall of the  
chief of Clanranald; and the speaker was a  
young girl of scarcely eighteen. There was an  
earnestness and decision in her language that  
would have done honor to mature manhood.  
Coming from the lips of one who seemed form-  
ed only for the gaieties of life, they were most  
remarkable.

"Why, what a brave spirit you have, Cousin  
Flora," said the chief, looking up from the Eng-  
lish newspaper, which he had been studying for  
the last half hour, and from which he had read a  
sentence that elicited the burst of indignation  
which the girl had displayed. "I wish to Heaven  
that some of the craven-hearted deserters of  
Charles Edward, could hear our little cousin here,  
Kingsburg! They would learn that true patriot-  
ism is not altogether banished from Scotland." //

The young man thus addressed, was Mac-  
Donald of Kingsburg, and at that time acting as  
steward or factor to Sir Alexander Macdonald,

but who was now on a visit to Ormacdale, where  
he had often seen and admired Clanranald's  
cousin, Flora MacDonald.

He was looking earnestly at Flora, his coun-  
tenance suffused with a glow of intense pleasure  
and admiration; for he, too, participated in the  
interest which the romantic and melancholy for-  
tunes of the prince inspired, notwithstanding the  
opposing influence of Sir Alexander MacDonald,  
with whom he was some way connected by birth.

There was no one in the room excepting these  
three persons. Clanranald looked cautiously  
around, closed the doors carefully, and listened to  
detect any wandering footstep near. He then  
approached him whom he called Kingsburg, and  
drawing Flora to a seat near, he said:

"There is no danger, I suppose, of intrusting  
two such loyal people as you two, with the secret  
of the prince's hiding-place?"

"O, do you know it, cousin?" asked Flora,  
quivering with excitement.

"I can answer for myself," said Kingsburg,  
proudly. "I ask nothing more in this life, than  
to see the rightful prince seated on the throne." He  
paused and looked at Flora, as if there would  
be one thing more that would secure his happi-  
ness. Flora blushed beneath his ardent gaze.  
Clanranald smiled mischievously, and with plea-  
sure too, for he liked the two young people, and  
would have gladly seen them united.

He was the more impressed with the beauty of  
their sentiments, as both were exposed to op-  
posing influences which, however, only seemed  
to strengthen their affection for the prince. Kings-  
burg, being so fully under the surveillance of Sir  
Alexander MacDonald, was peculiarly liable to  
have his principles assaulted; and Flora's step-  
father, being one of the clan of MacDonald, and  
in the immediate command of the militia of that  
name, then in South Nist, and himself an enemy  
to Charles Edward, made it in some sort likely  
to affect her patriotism, which had proved hitherto  
incorruptible.

"The prince is now at Corrodale Mountain,  
in a poor forester's hut, and actually suffering  
from necessity. He must be taken from thence  
speedily, in order to save his life, already threat-  
ened by the privations and hardships which he  
has undergone. But how to do this, I confess,  
is past my cunning to devise. Cannot your wo-  
man's wit, Flora, project some plan of rescue,  
by which the sagacity of your step-father can be  
defeated, and the prince placed in safety where  
his health may be cared for and restored? This  
house is no secure place for him—if it were, we  
should think ourselves honored to receive this  
last scion of the house of Stuart."

Flora meditated a little while before she answered this question. At length she said :

"Promise me, Clanranald, that you will not think me presumptuous or vain, if I assert that I can save the prince. I believe truly, that I can do so."

"I promise, Flora," said Clanranald, "and I think I can answer for our friend here."

"Well then, I am confident that I can procure a passport from my step-father, for myself and two servants. One of these servants shall be a man, the other a woman. In these times, he will not object to my having a sufficient guard when I travel, and the maid-servant will be an indispensable adjunct. Describe to me the prince's personal appearance. I can then judge whether he will answer for my maid."

"Bravo, Flora!" said Clanranald. "I knew that you could suggest something; but I fear that the prince's height will be an objection. However, you are of noble stature yourself, and so is John Ker, whom I presume you intend as your man-servant; so that the height will not be noticed. His fair complexion is now somewhat spoiled, and his noble and melancholy expression of countenance will hardly answer as a servant," he added, musingly.

"Leave that to me, my cousin. I will find means to elude my step-father's vigilance. He does not even know of my devotion to the prince, and of course, will not suspect a girl like me of any attempt to impose upon him."

"Then lose no time in securing your passport, and selecting your clothing for the prince. One suit will be sufficient; and once on the coast, he can easily find passage to France."

"Is the danger to the prince actually increased?"

"So far, that General Campbell has searched the islands, even to St. Kilda, and is already here in South Nist, and with the MacDonalds and MacLeod of MacLeod, the united forces amounting to two thousand men, is still hunting the fugitive. I am told that the inhabitants of St. Kilda knew nothing of the war in Britain, except that there was some difference between their master and a woman on the continent! This probably meant the Queen of Hungary."

Before the next day at noon, all Flora's preparations were completed. A full suit of women's clothes were procured, of the requisite size, the passport for "Flora MacDonald, John Ker, a man-servant, and Betty Burke, maid-servant, signed and in Flora's possession; and each one equipped to go forth.

Clanranald carried the clothes to the forester's cave, on Corrodale, and helped to dress him, and

soon he appeared at the foot of the mountain, where Flora awaited her strange-looking waiting-woman. Charles bowed gracefully upon the hand of the intrepid girl, and whispered a few words of grateful thanks. Flora bent her knee, as she would to royalty upon the throne, but Charles raised her.

"Nay, my kind protectress," he said, in that winning sweetness of tone which so few could withstand, "you must accustom yourself to command me, or no one will believe that I am the true Betty Burke."

Amid hair-breadth escapes and dangers, the strangely assorted party succeeded in reaching Kilbride; but here the danger was by no means abated; for Sir Alexander MacDonald was still at this portion of the Isle of Skye, and the forces were yet in active search.

One only resource remained to Flora; but it was attended with danger, and she hardly dared to think of it. This was to appeal to Lady Margaret MacDonald, the wife of Sir Alexander, whom she knew had once been favorable to the prince, and hoping that her Highland blood and womanly compassion would induce her to afford some aid, she resolved to disclose the secret to her ladyship.

"And what do you expect me to do, my dear young lady?" asked Lady Margaret, when she had listened in mute alarm to her relation.

"I expect you, dear lady, to find me a refuge where I can place the prince, until I can get him out of the country altogether."

Lady Margaret hesitated. Her husband was absent, but the house was filled with the officers of the militia, and it would require more than woman's wit to palm off Betty Burke, with her grenadier height and long, striding steps, as a waiting-maid to one of Flora MacDonald's well known good taste.

"I think, my dear," she said, at length, that MacDonald of Kingsburg has a house in which he sometimes resides at this season, not far from here. He is, I know, privately attached to the prince, although he prudently says nothing to my husband of his preferences. He will shelter you all, I am confident; and he can do it with as little risk as any one, for his whole establishment consists of one old woman who is half-blind and wholly deaf."

Flora would have blushed at any other time, at the idea of entering the house of one who was so nearly a lover as Kingsburg had shown himself; but the present occasion was one in which all other considerations were to be wholly merged. The sole object, for the present, must be the safety of the wanderer; and to this end, she

conducted Charles in safety to the house of Kingsburg, although trembling in every limb at the strides which his womanly apparel rendered so conspicuous. In vain she pleaded, and John Ker remonstrated. His ludicrous manner of walking stopped several, and it was not until Flora represented her attendant as being insane—a class of persons whose misfortune entitles them to the most perfectly tender treatment in Scotland—that she could keep Betty from being assaulted and carried away.

MacDonald of Kingsburg rejoiced in this opportunity of proving his fealty at once to his prince and his lady-love; and made almost superhuman efforts to get Charles out of the island. At his house, Charles resumed his masculine attire; and dressed as a Highland servant, he attended Kingsburg to Raza.

There was no shelter for him here; and after imminent danger, often without food, fire or shelter, his clothes torn in tatters by the rocky passes through which he had wandered, and upheld only by the hope of hearing of a French vessel on the coast, he at length reached the mountains of Strathglass.

Here he found refuge in a cave, where several outlaws were living; who readily recognizing the prince in whose interest they had before periled their lives, again vowed eternal devotion to his cause. Never had royalty a band of more truly attached subjects, ready to sacrifice their own or others' lives for their prince. Two of them, in their zeal to supply him with fresh clothing, actually killed a poor young man, the servant of an officer, and took a quantity of baggage from him, amongst which was his master's clothes, which he was taking to him at Fort Augustus.

For three weeks Charles remained in this situation until he was thoroughly restored from the effects of his hardships. He then took a grateful leave of the attached outlaws, excepting two of them whom he took as his guides.

Cluny and Lochiel, who had been lurking at Badenoch, and who were the most faithful and devoted of the prince's adherents, were met by him in a forest on Cluny's estate. The three took up their residence in a hut called the Cage, and lived here sometime, in security and plenty. A letter to Cluny, promising a "grateful return" for his devotion, was written by Charles, dated at "Dìralagich, in Glencamyier of Locharkaig, 18th Sept. 1746," is probably still in possession of the heirs of Sir Walter Scott; as Sir Walter had preserved it until 1829.

\* \* \* \*

The melancholy fate of most of the adherents of Charles Edward, is one of the darkest clouds

resting upon the past. One shudders to contemplate the wholesale murders committed under the name of justice. Let us turn from these to a brighter page.

Though imprisoned for a short time, in the tower, for her part in the escape of the prince, she was soon released, and found herself the object of the highest admiration for her courage and daring. The name of Flora MacDonald circulated far and wide—wider indeed than her modesty found agreeable. Some, perhaps, who felt as though they might have done more for the exile, were particularly attentive to the heroine who had distinguished herself by such courage.

At the house of Lady Primrose, where an almost triumphant reception awaited her, and where the guests were those of rank and station, her beauty, dignity and modesty were the theme of all. She had retired from attentions that had become almost too oppressive, to a conservatory, which, dimly lighted, and full of fragrant scents, was a grateful retreat from the glare and glitter of the vast rooms she had left. She sat down under a group of sweet scented shrubs, and a shower of leaves fell soft and fragrant around her, and covered her white dress. Through the open door, she saw the guests clustering about the hostess, and heard her own name spoken in terms of affectionate admiration. She could hardly believe that this was all in honor of the simple Scottish maiden, whose calm life had passed so gently among her native hills. All seemed strange and unnatural to her unambitious spirit.

She heard, during her stay in this little room, of one circumstance connected with herself that gave her intense pleasure. It was that Prince Frederic of Wales expressed the highest approbation of her conduct, notwithstanding it was on account of so dangerous a rival as Prince Charles. Lady Margaret MacDonald had been presented to the princess, and she had remarked to Frederic that it was the same who had assisted Flora in planning his escape.

"And would you not have done the same?" he asked. "I know—I am sure that you would."

There was another person, too, who had assisted Flora; but since that eventful night, she had never once seen him. That person was MacDonald of Kingsburg; and Flora experienced a sensation almost like resentment, that he had seemed not to care either for her imprisonment or release. She felt that when they had met at the house of Clanranald, he had given her sufficient reason to suppose that he was not indifferent to her; and she feared too, that she had betrayed more of her heart to him than he deserved, since she found him so faithless.



She was thinking deeply of all this, when she felt a light touch upon her arm, and Kingsburg stood before her, the shadow of his former self, pale, weak and emaciated, like one who steps from a bed of sickness.

She started as from a painful dream, and the slight feeling of resentment vanished in a moment. There had been suffering here, not forgetfulness, for the pale face was lighted up with a smile, and there was a love-light in the eye, that told Flora she was still dear and unforgotten.

"I have been very ill, Flora," said Kingsburg, "and only that I wished so much to see you, could I have left my room this evening; but I could not withstand the temptation of witnessing your triumph."

"My triumph! do not say so. I am not conscious of doing anything that these good people seem to think so remarkable. At any rate, if it was so, you well deserve to receive more praise than myself."

"Indeed no! but never mind, I am willing to share that or anything else with you, Flora! life itself, fortune, happiness—only say that I may hope—"

"Hush! some one comes this way. Let us go. Lady Primrose is looking for me."

There were voices approaching the conservatory, and the young people were calling Flora. But MacDonald of Kingsburg would not resign the hand he had taken, until Flora had promised to see him again the next day. They entered the room together, and there were words of whispered approbation from almost every lip; and Kingsburg caught sentences that brought the rich blood into his pale cheek, and a thrill of pleasure to his heart. \* \* \*

Two years from that time, MacDonald of Kingsburg and his beautiful wife were seated together in their pleasant home. A child lay near them in his little cradle, and as the blue eyes opened upon the mother's raptured gaze, she called it by the still honored and beloved name of Charles Edward.

#### Remarkable Animalcule.

There are facts and analogies tending to show that a peculiar state of activity may enable infinitesimal quantities of matter powerfully to affect the senses and the health. We eat animalcules by millions (as Ehrenberg has shown), at every breath, and they neither affect our senses nor do us appreciable harm. Yet there is an animalcule which haunts cascades, sticking by its tail to the rocks or stones over which the water rushes, and which, when put into a vial with above a million times its weight of water, infects the whole mass with a putrid odor, so strong as to be offensive at several yards distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water is changed so often.

#### GOOD STUFF FOR A BISHOP.

The oldest bishop in France is Monsieur de Prilly, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne; he is in his eighty-second year. The career of this venerable prelate is somewhat out of the common line. On the 8th of February, 1807, the day of the battle of Eylau, the Emperor Napoleon, in order the better to ascertain the movements of the enemy, ascended to the summit of the church steeple, and thence swept the field with his telescope. After he had been a short time on the look-out from this observatory, he all at once perceived a column of infantry, which was moving rapidly to the church in the belfry of which he had taken his position. Napoleon descended quickly, mounted his horse, and galloped to a French corps which was close at hand; it was the 15th regiment of dragoons, which filled a distinguished place in the annals of the imperial army.

"Look at that mass," he said to the colonel; "charge it home. The fate of the battle depends on your doing so."

The men put spurs to their horses and dashed forward in the direction the emperor pointed. The enemy, taken in flank, were in a short time broken and sabred under the Emperor's eye. When the work was done, and the dragoons were getting into order, Napoleon presented himself among them. The captain of the troop *d'élite* held a color in his hand, which he had taken from the Russians.

"Captain," said the emperor, "that flag is the best proof of your bravery; I give you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

"The honor of the act is not mine, sire," said the captain, bowing; it belongs to Lieutenant D—."

"No, sire," said the lieutenant, "it was my captain who took the color from the enemy, and it is he who merits the cross."

"Well, well, messieurs, all I can say is that you are as modest as you are brave," said the emperor, smiling; "you shall both have the cross."

The captain and his lieutenant contracted on that day a friendship which still subsists in all its force. The captain was known to be of a serious character and of austere morals, and he was, like Bayard, without fear and without reproach; and the younger officers respected and feared him more than they did those of higher authority over them. At the peace of 1814 many officers renounced the military profession, and sought their fortunes in another career. The captain of dragoons in question, under the influence of a call which he could not resist, entered the ecclesiastical seminary of Avignon. His friend, the lieutenant, remained with the army, rose to the rank of general officer, and married and settled in Versailles. The captain took orders, was named superior of the seminary, subsequently vicar-general of the diocese, and is now the Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, to which see he was appointed in 1824 by the government of Louis XVIII.—*Napoleon and his Times.*

The liberal spirit feeds in pastures of perpetual greenness, and basks in heaven's own sunshine, and bathes in crystal streams of pleasure.

## Curious Matters.

### A Domesticated Blackbird.

The Somerset (Pa.) Democrat says, that some time last fall a blackbird came to Mr. Joseph Snyder's in that borough, and has since lived constantly with the chickens. It has been thoroughly domesticated, and comes regularly for its food. Instead of roosting as the chickens do, it takes a position on the rooster's back, who bears the weight of his little friend with great good nature. But the most singular of all is, that it has learned to crow like a cock, and crows regularly more frequently than the rooster, and seems to be vain of its accomplishment.

### Physiological Fact.

If sheep are carried from either of the temperate zones to the burning plains of the tropics, after a few years material changes take place in their covering. The wool of the lambs, at first, grows similar to that in the temperate climates, but rather more slowly. When in a fit state there is nothing remarkable about its quality, and when shorn, it grows out again, as with us; but if the proper time for shearing be allowed to pass by, the wool becomes somewhat thicker, falls off in patches, and leaves underneath a short, close, shining hair.

### Singular Incident in Shot Manufacture.

Previous to 1782, shot were made by dropping lead into water, and they were invariably flattened on one side. In that year, Mrs. Watts, the wife of a shot maker, who had been earnestly bethinking of some method of making the shot perfectly round, is said to have dreamed that it could be done by dropping the lead from a great height. She and her husband tried it in the shaft of a coal mine with perfect success, and took out a patent, realising a fortune thereby.

### Living on Tea.

A Jamaica (L. I.) paper says that Mrs. John Watts, a widow, living on the Merrick Plank Road near Valley Stream, about five miles southeast of Jamaica, has not eaten a particle of solid food for more than seven weeks. She has taken nothing but liquids, and almost to the exclusion of everything else, drinks nothing but tea. She is around and in good health.

### An Odd Custom.

In France, during the reign of Henry III., sugar plums were considered as requisites which no lady or gentleman could dispense with. Every one carried his box of sugar plums in his pocket as he does now his snuff box. It is related in the history of the Duke of Guise, when he was killed at Blois, he had his coffin-box in his hand. Small comfort indeed for a dead man.

### A Freak of Nature.

The Southern Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences states that a boy in that vicinity, eight years of age, has his lower extremities turned completely round. There are no knee pans; the joint bends backwards, so that when he kneels, the lower legs are in front of the body. The heels are in front and the toes behind.

### A Curious Law.

In the middle ages of France, a person convicted of being a calumniator, was condemned to place himself on all fours and bark like a dog, for a quarter of an hour. If we had such laws in force in this country, we should have some rich scenes occasionally.

### Strange Occurrence.

A juror who was recently engaged in the trial of a capital case at Brooklyn, N. Y., says while the trial was progressing, he was asked by some person in female apparel, when riding home in the evening, for the privilege of a ride. The juror suspecting all was not right, dropped his whip, after the person had thrown a muff into the wagon, and requested the stranger to pick it up. While reaching for it, the juror drove off at a rapid rate, leaving the stranger on the road. On examining the muff he found in it a brace of handsomely mounted pistols.

### Ridiculous Superstition.

There is a girl in Grenada, Miss., who labors under the impression that she is bewitched. She wears a gold chain about her neck, and if it is not watched it will twist up and strangle her; remove it and she strangles; burn a lock of her hair, no matter at what distance from herself, and she shows signs of pain; shoot at the picture of a person who (she says) is the cause of her sufferings, with a lead bullet, and she is easy—present a gun with a silver bullet and she is in spasms, but shoot the gun and she is calm again.

### A Gigantic Bird.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has been presented by M. Lartet, Professor at Auch, with three fragments of the shoulder of an unknown bird, dug up in the department of the Gers. The three fragments placed end to end measured fifty-eight centimeters, or nearly twenty-three inches, which is alone about a third more than that of the albatross, which of all known birds, has the largest humerus. Fossil birds are comparatively rare.

### Strange Illness.

Margaret C. Nye's parents, in Westfield, Mass., have received a letter describing a singular illness which has befallen their daughter. Her limbs are swollen, and the blood has settled in them till they are black; her fingernails have the appearance of a dead person's; the gums have separated from the teeth, and between the teeth and gums clotted blood is constantly oozing into her mouth. She seems to be gradually undergoing a process of decomposition while life still inhabits her body.

### Singular Death Scene.

Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Bronte," relates the following incident at the death of Patrick Branwell Bronte, only brother of Charlotte's. "I have heard, from one who attended Branwell in his last illness, that he resolved on standing up to die. He had repeatedly said, that as long as there was life there was strength of will to do what it chose; and when the last agony came on, he insisted on assuming the position just mentioned."

### Miniature Cattle.

His Majesty, the King of Portugal, has just sent over to Queen Victoria, a bull, two heifers and a bull calf. The animals are of the most perfect symmetry, and very diminutive, standing scarcely forty inches high; of a dun color.

### An Odd Fatality.

Mrs. Phoebe Kellogg, 65 years old, went from Marietta to Syracuse to visit her son-in-law in his fine new house, when she slipped, fell down stairs head foremost and was killed.

## The Florist.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet wildings of nature, I dote upon you,  
For ye wait me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me, with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and butter-cups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.—CAMPELLE.

### Flower Culture for Ladies.

Gardening was anciently considered the second of the fine and agreeable arts, ranking next to architecture. It is a beautiful occupation for a leisure hour, giving to those who have a taste for the beautiful and valuable, delight and gain. It should be a favorite occupation for a lady, who should have her plants and shrubs, and occupy herself one or two hours a day with them. The mind will be agreeably exercised in contemplating the beauty of the flowers; but more so still, if the study of their respective parts, natures, and structures, in a botanical and physiological point of view, be at the same time attended to.

### Gentiana Saponaria.

This is a beautiful native plant, found on the borders of streams. Grows from one to two feet high, bearing curious barrel-shaped flowers, of a deep, ultra-marine blue. It flowers in September, and may be transplanted into the garden without difficulty. There is another species very common here, and even more beautiful, called Fringed Gentian, for the corolla is of a paler blue, four-cleft, and the segments finely fringed.

### Deutzia Gracilis.

A slender, beautiful new shrub, growing about three feet high, with a slightly pendant habit in the branches; the leaves are about an inch long; the flowers are star-shaped, white, produced in great profusion through May and June. It grows readily from cuttings in rich, light soil.

### French Tamarix.

An elegant, hardy shrub, which unaccountably has received but a small share of attention in New England, though well worth a place in the garden. The foliage is very graceful, resembling the beech. Produces lateral spikes of delicate pink flowers in July and August.

### Gillyflower.

An elegant, showy, fragrant plant, of two kinds, biennial and annual. The annuals are called Ten Weeks' Stock. Of these there are several varieties, red, white, purple and scarlet. Every garden should have them.

### Cypress Vine.

Every person should have this elegant annual, either in the garden or vase. It is particularly well adapted to a hanging vase, for the foliage is delicate and the flowers very beautiful.

### Coronilla Emerus.

This is a small shrub, with deep, yellow flowers, blooming in June and July. Sometimes called the Scorpion Senna.

### Whitlavia Grandiflora.

An elegant annual, from California, with blue, bell-shaped flowers. Produces its flowers in continued succession from June to October.

### Poisoning Vermin.

Pour boiling water upon a quart of corn, and let it stand an hour; then turn it off and put in it three grains of strychnine and three drops of oil of rhodium, stir well together until ready for use. Then scatter this corn about your garden or fields. It will kill all your crows, squirrels, rabbits and other vermin that may prey upon your crops.

### Gooseberry Bushes.

To prevent the gooseberry from being attacked by mildew, cover the soil around the roots with a stratum of salt hay, two or three inches thick, and allow it to remain through the season. Irrigation once a week with soap suds, taking care to sprinkle all the foliage with the fluid, will also be beneficial.

### Evergreens.

If you have an Evergreen, or Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, American Spruce, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, just pinch out the bud from every leading branch, all around and over it. Repeat this process again next year, at this time, and your evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thickly.

### Wall Flower.

There is a tradition concerning the crimson wall flower. A beautiful maiden, climbing a garden wall to converse clandestinely with her lover, who was outside, fell to the ground, and her blood sprinkled the flowers at the base of the wall, mottling some, dyeing others wholly crimson. From that day, the wall flowers, before only yellow, have been crimson and yellow spotted.

### Perennial and Biennial Plants.

Now is the time to examine the perennial and biennial plants; cut off all dead, broken or decaying shoots. Propagate double sweet williams and pinks by layers and cuttings or slips. Take up all bulbs and anemone roots, etc., as the flowers and leaves decay.

### Lysamachia.

Commonly known as Moneywort; an ornamental, creeping perennial, with yellow flowers produced all the season, suitable for rock-work, or a hanging vase in a weather exposure. It is very pretty, and valuable on account of its great hardiness.

### Abronia Umbellata.

A beautiful, new annual, with long trailing stems, bearing clusters of elegant flowers in dense umbels; color, delicate lilac, with white centre, very fragrant.

### Clarkia Pulchella.

A hardy annual of great beauty, discovered by Captain Clark, on the borders of the Columbia River.

### Zauschneria Californica.

An herbaceous perennial plant. The plant grows in bunches; the flowers are brilliant scarlet, trumpet-shaped.

### Clintonia Elegans.

A tender annual, very beautiful, delicate foliage, and rich blue, flowers in great profusion in July and August.

## The Housewife.

### Potato Rissoles.

Mash and season the potatoes with salt, and white pepper, or cayenne, and mix with them plenty of minced parsley, and a small quantity of green onions, or eschallots; add sufficient yolks of eggs to bind the mixture together, roll it into small balls, and fry them in plenty of lard or butter over a moderate fire, or they will be too much browned before they are done through. Ham, or any other kind of meat finely minced, may be substituted for the herbs, or added to them.

### Washing with Soda.

This method can only be pursued with white clothes (that is, linen and cotton): it is injurious to woollen, and to colored articles of every description. If done with great care, it answers very well for bed-linen, table-linen, etc., making them white and clean without the labor of rubbing, except in a few places that may be particularly soiled. The things to be washed must all be laid in soak the night before, in cold soft water.

### Tincture of Lemon Peel.

A very easy and economical way of obtaining and preserving the flavor of lemon-peel, is to fill a wide-mouthed pint bottle half full of brandy, or proof spirit; and when you use a lemon pare the rind off very thin, and put it into the brandy, etc.: in a fortnight it will impregnate the spirit with the flavor very strongly.

### Cure for Neuralgia in the Head.

A tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, two tablespoonfuls of camphorated oil, and a quarter of a pint of rum. Shake the mixture well, and rub the part affected; while using this, let the patient be kept warm. This is also a sure for rheumatism, lumbago.

### French Pomade.

White wax, half an ounce; lard, quarter of a pound; beef suet, two ounces; palm oil, half an ounce. Simmer these ingredients together in a water bath for a quarter of an hour, stirring them well together, and when cool, add a little of any agreeable scent.

### Lavender Water.

Essence of musk four drachms, essence of ambergris four drachms, oil of cinnamon ten drops, English lavender six drachms, oil of geranium two drachms, spirits of wine twenty ounces. To be all mixed together.

### A Caution.

Silk articles should not be kept folded in white papers, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will impair the color of the silk.

### To remove Stains.

Medicine stains may be removed from silver spoons by rubbing them with a rag dipped in sulphuric acid, and washing it off with soap-suds.

### To clean a Carpet.

Beat it on the wrong side first, and then more gently on the right side.

### To clean Cane Chairs.

Sponge them till soaked with soap and hot water.

### Good Family Cake.

Take two pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, half of white-sugar, one pint of milk, three eggs, one gill of yeast, half a spoonful of mace, or other spice to your taste. Mix well, half your flour with the yeast and milk, and let it stand till perfectly light. Add the butter, eggs, sugar, and spice together, and stir in the remainder of your flour; then gently pour this to the first mixture. Let all stand till perfectly light; then put it in your pans and bake.

### Lemon Jelly.

Set on a slow fire a pint of water, with one ounce of rinsed isinglass, in small pieces, and the rind of six lemons; stir constantly till the isinglass is dissolved; add a pint of lemon juice, and sweeten it to the taste, with loaf sugar. Boil all, four or five minutes; color with the tincture of saffron, and pass it through a flannel bag, without squeezing it. Fill your jelly glasses with it when partly cool.

### Mutton.

Mutton is in its greatest perfection from August to Christmas. For roasting or boiling allow fifteen minutes for each pound. The saddle should always be roasted, and garnished with scraped horse radish. The leg and shoulder are good roasted; but the best way of cooking the leg is to boil it with a bit of salt pork. If a little rice is boiled with it the flesh will look whiter.

### Baked Cod.

Clean the cod nicely inside and out, flour it, and cut thin slices of pork, which secure to the fish at equal distances with silver skewers. Make a stuffing for the belly of grated bread, beef-suet, sweet marjoram, thyme, pepper, salt, and, if you have it, one anchovy. Make an anchovy-sauce for it, or serve with drawn butter. Macaroni may be dressed in the same way.

### Cherry Pie.

Stone your cherries, that you may be sure they are free from worms. Lay your paste in a deep dish, and add a good quantity of fruit; fill the dish with molasses, with a handful of flour sprinkled over, then a nice paste, and bake more than half an hour. If sugar is used, you will need water and flour. This makes the gravy very rich, and the pie delicious.

### Cure for Poison.

If a person should be stung by a bee or any other insect, rub some spirits of turpentine on the place, and the pain will cease in a few minutes. It is said that the pain arising from the bite of a copperheaded snake may be arrested in a few minutes by the continued application of this article.

### Iron Stains.

Iron stains may be removed from marble by wetting the spots with oil of vitriol, or with lemon-juice, or with oxalic acid diluted in spirits of wine, and, after a quarter of an hour, rubbing them dry with a soft linen cloth.

### Beef Heart.

Wash it very carefully; stuff it the same as you would a hare; roast or bake it, and serve with a rich gravy and currant jelly sauce; hash with the same and port wine.

### A sure Test.

Copper in liquids may be detected by spirits of hartshorn, which turns them blue.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

Reader, did you ever note the difference in the machinery of clocks and watches, and compare their peculiar features? We ought to be familiar with the mode of measuring time, which some employ so well, and others are always intent on killing. A watch differs from a clock in its having a vibrating wheel instead of a vibrating pendulum; and, as in a clock, gravity is always pulling the pendulum down to the bottom of its arc, which is its natural place of rest, but does not fix it there, because the momentum acquired during its fall from one side carries it up to an equal height on the other—so in a watch, a spring generally spiral, surrounding the axis of the balance-wheel, is always pulling this towards a middle position of rest, but does not fix it there, because the momentum acquired during its approach to the middle position from either side carries it just as far past on the other side, and the spring has to begin its work again. The balance-wheel at each vibration allows one tooth of the adjoining wheel to pass, as the pendulum does in a clock; and the record of the beats is preserved by the wheel which follows. A mainspring is used to keep up the motion of the watch, instead of the weight used in a clock; and as a spring acts equally well whatever be its position, a watch keeps time although carried in the pocket, or in a moving ship. In winding up a watch, one turn of the axle on which the key is fixed is rendered equivalent, by the train of wheels, to about four hundred turns or beats of the balance-wheel; and thus the exertion, during a few seconds, of the hand which winds up, gives motion for twenty-four or thirty hours.

“BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.”—Certain parties seem to be greatly troubled at the vast circulation which our Dollar Magazine is reaching. Don't worry, gentlemen!—the people know their own wants and tastes best.

SOUND MAXIMS.—A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost, than a mine of gold.

JUVENILE STARS.—Mr. George Vandenhoff and Mr. Manager Barry, have each a “blessed baby” to receive their paternal care.

## WORD-PAINTING.

It is very difficult to paint by words a scene so vividly that an artist can form an adequate conception of it and transfer it to canvass. Yet a few gifted writers possess this rare art—this happy faculty of seizing the exactly fitting words, and of absolutely painting the landscape that presents itself to their vision. Take the following from Hawthorne, and admire its power and beauty:

“Gentle and unobtrusive as the river is, yet the tranquil woods seem hardly satisfied to allow it passage. The trees are rooted on the very verge of the water, and dip their pendant branches into it. At one spot, there is a lofty bank, on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream, with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge. In other places, the banks are almost on a level with the water—so that the quiet congregation of trees set their feet in the flood, and are fringed with foliage down to the surface. Cardinal flowers kindle their spiral flames, and illuminate the dark nooks among the shrubbery. The pond-lily grows abundantly along the margin; that delicious flower which, as Thoreau tells me, opens its virgin bosom to the first sunlight, and perfects its being through the magic of that genial kiss. He has beheld beds of them unfolding in due succession, as the sunrise stole gradually from flower to flower; a sight not to be hoped for, unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to a proper focus with the outward organ. Grape-vines, here and there, twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water, within reach of the boatman's hand. Oftentimes, they unite two trees of alien race in an inextricable twine, marrying the hemlock and the maple against their will, and enriching them with a purple offspring of which neither is the parent. One of these ambitious parasites has climbed into the upper branches of a tall white pine, and is still ascending from bough to bough, unsatisfied, till it shall crown the tree's airy summit with a wreath of its broad foliage, and a cluster of its grapes.”

GLUTTONY.—A great many human beings dig their graves with their teeth—they over-eat.

### THE GRANARIES OF CHICAGO.

The city of Chicago is the great entrepot of the prodigious grain trade of the West, and is, without a question, the greatest primary grain depot in the whole world. The Chicago Magazine for June contains some statements in reference to the grain trade which will doubtless surprise and interest our readers.

There are already twelve grain warehouses in Chicago, capable of storing upwards of *four million bushels* of grain, and flour counted as grain. Or, their actual capacity for grain besides flour, is 3,315,000 bushels. The lowest capacity of each is as follows: 700,000 bushels, 650,000 bushels, 600,000 bushels, 325,000 bushels, 300,000 bushels, and 200,000 bushels, all completed within two years; and 150,000 bushels, 125,000 bushels, 120,000 bushels, 60,000 bushels, 45,000 bushels, and 40,000 bushels, among the older elevators. Another is being erected to contain 650,000 bushels, which will make the actual aggregate grain capacity about four millions of bushels. In the construction of one of these it required two millions, and in another a million and a half of Milwaukee brick. A still larger one was constructed of plank, by nailing one flat upon another. Two others, those of Messrs. Munger & Armour, and of Messrs. Gibbs & Griffin, are constructed mostly of oak, and were built in the dead of winter. The greater part of the oak timber of which their frames were composed, was growing in the woods of Michigan the November preceding the spring they were completed!

Messrs. Munger & Armour's building cost \$65,000, or including the fixtures, \$75,000. It can receive grain from cars, teams and canal-boats, and ship by lake vessels at the same time, having capacity to receive 40,000 bushels per day from cars and teams, and 20,000 bushels at the same time from four canal-boats; and it can ship with a fair chance, and has done it, 65,000 bushels a day, on board of lake vessels. There are other warehouses that can receive more grain from cars, but not from canal-boats. The largest one, for instance, the Rock Island Railroad warehouse, can unload 300 cars (or about 100,000 bushels) per day, and can ship into two lake vessels at a time, out of four shipping spouts, 12,000 bushels of grain per hour. This latter can only receive by railroad; another one near it, besides its capacity to receive 20,000 bushels per day from cars, can take in 15,000 to 20,000 bushels from canal-boats, and ship 25,000 bushels per day by lake craft.

The shipments by way of the lake alone, are prodigious. They amounted, in 1847, to 32,538

barrels of flour, 1,974,304 bushels wheat, 67,315 bushels corn; in 1856, to 169,516 barrels flour, 8,114,353 bushels wheat, and 11,079,490 bushels corn. Reducing flour to bushels of wheat, and adding wheat and corn, we have the following receipts of those staples at Chicago, for three years. In 1854, 11,334,843 bushels; 1855, 17,344,323 bushels; 1856, 22,466,571 bushels. The exports of the same article, during the same period, were: 1854, 9,465,207 bushels; 1855, 14,589,900 bushels; 1856, 20,086,616 bushels.

It has been estimated that the average amount of grain transported each season, between Chicago and Buffalo, is 150,000 bushels by a good propeller, and 80,000 by a brig. At this rate, the above amount of grain required a marine equal to 50 propellers and 150 brigs, to transport it to the eastern markets. The above, however, is only the grain in *gross*. Chicago received and shipped large quantities of grain in another shape—as pork, beef, whiskey, etc. A considerable falling off of the grain trade is anticipated this year, much being required for consumption in places where it was raised. The above figures, however, will convey an idea of the immense business done in the lake city.

### RAINY DAYS.

In general, Johnson tells us, the number of rainy days is greatest near the sea, and decreases in proportion the farther we penetrate into the interior. On the eastern side of Ireland, it rains 208 days of the year; in the Netherlands on 170; in England, France, and the North of Germany, and in the Gulf of Finland, on from 152 to 155 days; on the plateau of Germany on 131; and in Poland on 158 days; while on the plains of the Volga, at Kasan, it rains on 90, and in the interior of Siberia, only on 60 days of the year. In Western Europe it rains on twice as many days as in Eastern Europe; in Ireland on three times as many days as in Italy and south of Spain.

ANGER.—We are told, "let not the sun go down on your wrath." We have heard of a very choleric but conscientious old gentleman, who, in order to "nurse his wrath to keep it warm," went to Archangel, where the sun does not set for six months.

SLEEP.—If a man will insist on cheating Sleep, her "twin-sister, Death," will avenge the insult.

THE GREEK PRESS.—There are eighteen newspapers in the city of Athens. McKalopot-hakes is the editor of the last started.

## DIAMONDS.

These most peerless gems are worthy of all the admiration that the world have lavished on them; they are terrestrial stars, imprisoned rays of sunshine. There is scarcely any simile or figure too bold to express their beauty. To obtain a definite idea of their money value, we have the authority of Mr. Tennant, who, in a paper read to the London Society of Arts, stated that diamonds are generally weighed by the carat, which is equivalent to 4 grains. A diamond of 1 carat is worth \$40; 2 carats, \$80; 3 carats, \$360; 4 carats, \$640; 8 carats, \$1000; 10 carats, \$1500; 20 carats, \$16,000; 30 carats, \$36,000; 50 carats, \$100,000; and 100 carats, \$400,000.

The very dust of the diamond is precious. The demand for diamond dust within a few years has increased very materially, on account of the increased demand for all articles that are made by it, such as cameos, intaglios, etc. Recently there has been a discovery made of the peculiar power of diamond dust upon steel—it gives the finest edge to all kinds of cutlery, and threatens to displace the hone of Hungary. It is well known, that in cutting a diamond (the hardest substance in nature), the dust is placed on the teeth of the saw—to which it adheres, and thus permits the instrument to make its way through the gem. To this dust, too, is to be attributed solely the power of man to make brilliants from rough diamonds; from the dust is obtained the perfection of the geometrical symmetry which is one of the chief beauties of the mineral, and also that adamantine polish which nothing can injure or effect save a substance of its own nature.

The power of the diamond upon steel is remarkable; it is known to paralyze the magnet in some instances—and may there not be some peculiar operation upon steel with which philosophers have not yet taught us to be familiar? How is it that a diamond cast into a crucible of melted iron converts the latter into steel? Whatever may be said, it is evident that the diamond dust for sharpening razors, knives and cutlery, is a novelty which is likely to command the attention of the public, whether or not it is agreed that there is anything beyond the superior hardness of the dust over the steel, to give that keenness of edge that has surprised all who have used it.

**HAPPINESS.**—We must have within us the elements of happiness, and then the heart's sunshine will cross our threshold, whether it be a palace or a cottage.

## LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Rude were the manners then; a man and his wife ate off the same trencher; a few wooden-handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great—candles unknown. A servant-girl held a torch at supper; one or two mugs of coarse brown earthenware were formed all the drinking apparatus in the house. Rich gentlemen wore clothes of unlined leather. Ordinary persons scarcely ever touched flesh meat. Noble mansions drank little or no wine in the summer; a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage portions; even rich women dressed extremely plain. The chief part of a family's expenses was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which, however, were either very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre, and to use less assiduity in spinning and playing distaff. What is only a symptom of prosperity in large, is the sure sign of ruin in the small tastes. So in Florence we might very well deplore what in London or Paris would be praised, or cause a smile. Wretchedly indeed plebeians hovelled; and if noble castles were cold and dreary everywhere, they were infinitely worse in Italy, from the horrible modes of torture and characteristic cruelty, too frightful to dwell on. Few of the infamous structures built at the time treated of, stand, at present, yet their ruins disclose rueful corners.

**RATHER DOUBTFUL.**—A Frenchman once saw a gentleman walk up to an open snuff-box in the hands of another, and take a pinch of snuff, having prefaced the act with the words—"May I take the liberty?" On the next day the Frenchman went into a tobacco-shop, and asked for half a pound of liberty!

**WESTERN NEW YORK POETRY.**—A Buffalo poet wishing to say that the follies of his friend shall be forgotten, while his virtues ever remain in liveliest remembrance, expresses himself in this wise:

"Thy virtues I'd paint in colors of light,  
Thy follies I'd engrave on the sand."

**DREADFUL ACCIDENT.**—A man attempted to seize a favorable opportunity a few days since, but his hold slipped and he fell to the ground considerably injured.

**ASTRONOMICAL.**—Forty-four planetoids have been discovered, orbitally circulating between the planets, Mars and Jupiter.



## ROTUNDITY OF THE EARTH.

The truth of this doctrine says Maltebrun, is familiarly illustrated by the phenomena of the heavens, as well as by terrestrial appearances. Indeed, the spherical form of the earth is the fundamental principle of all mathematical geography. But it has been asked how the earth can remain suspended in the air without any support? Let us look upon the heavens, and observe how many other globes roll in space. The force which supports them is unknown to us; but we see its effects, and we investigate the laws according to which these effects take place. Let us, then, lay aside all uneasiness concerning the *antipodes*, that is, the people of the earth whose feet are turned towards ours; there is upon the globe neither high nor low; the antipodes see, in like manner as we do, the earth is under their feet, and the sky over their heads.

Homer supposed that under the earth was placed a range of columns guarded by Atlas; the Scandinavians believed the earth to rest upon nine pillars; and the worshippers of Bramah thought our globe supported upon four elephants. Upon what would these elephants or these columns rest? Our thoughts, however far they proceed, must always at length stop short, and affrighted, recoil from that infinity which surrounds us on every side, and which it is folly to attempt to comprehend. But some more reasonable observers will say: Do not the Andes and the Alps make it evident that the earth is an irregular body, and not all round? We answer: one of the highest mountains known is Chimborazo, in Peru, which rises to 21,424 feet above the surface of the sea. This height is nearly one-six-thousandth part of the earth's greatest circumference, or of one nineteen-hundredth part of its axis. Upon an artificial globe of twenty-one feet in circumference, or of six and two-fifths feet in diameter, Chimborazo could only be represented by a grain of sand less than one-twentieth of an inch in thickness. Irregularities so imperceptible do not deserve to be taken into consideration.

**A FAIR HIT.**—President of a country bank rushes up to his friend: "Charley, can't you give me change for a dollar? I see the bank superintendent is in town, and I want some specie in the vault to make a show."

**THE LAST CONUNDRUM.**—Why is a peg in a new boot like a pang of conscience? Because it is apt to pierce the sole.

**THE WEALTH OF LOVE.**—A loving heart encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden.

## EDITING.

The man who once becomes a journalist must also bid farewell to mental rest or mental leisure. If he fulfils his duties truthfully, attention must be ever awake to what is passing in the world, and his whole mind must be devoted to the instant examination, discussion, and recording of current events. He has little time for literary idleness, with such literary labor on his shoulders. He has no days to spend on catalogues, or in dreamy, discursive researches in public libraries. He has no months to devote to the exhaustion of any one theme. What he has to deal with must be taken up at a moment, be examined, tested and dismissed at once; and thus his mind is ever kept occupied with the mental necessity of the world's passing hour.

**DOCTORS DISAGREE.**—At the time the cholera was so bad in Prague, Dr. R. was called out of a warehouse suddenly to see a patient. At the time he entered the sick room, the family physician did the same. The two doctors found their patient in a strong perspiration, and put both their hands under the bed-clothes, in order to feel his pulse, but by accident got hold of each other's. "He has the cholera!" cried Dr. X. "No such thing!" said the other; "he's only drunk!"

**MODERN TRAVELLING.**—Pilgrimages to Jerusalem have become within late years very frequent in France and Germany, where they are organized on the same principle as pleasure trips from London to Herne Bay and back. New York and Boston are only thirty days' journey from the Holy City.

**HUMAN AFFECTION.**—It is a beautiful thought that human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day, they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature!

**LAGER BEER.**—Wine is getting to be so dear in Paris, that the people have become quite Germanized, and Bavaria ale is their favorite beverage.

**COMPLIMENTS.**—When two persons compliment one another with the choice of anything, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

**GALLANT.**—The Cincinnati city fathers are widening the street crossings so as to accommodate the crinolines.

## RIGHT OR LEFT ?

The question has sometimes arisen whether, to secure dexterity in the various purposes of life, we should cultivate the use of the right or left hand ?—whether the preference given to the right is not arbitrary ? In Bell's famous Bridge-water treatise, we find this point deemed worthy of special consideration.

For the conveniences of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is pretty evident that there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used, or which foot is to be put forward ; nor is there, in fact, any such indecision. It must be observed that there is a distinction in the whole right side of the body, and that the left side is not only weaker, in regard to muscular strength, but also in its vital or constitutional properties. The development of the organs of action and motion is greatest upon the right side, as may at any time be ascertained by measurement, or asking a tailor or shoemaker ; certainly, this superiority may be said to result from the more frequent exertion of the right hand ; but the peculiarity extends to the constitution also, and disease attacks the left extremities more frequently than the right. In opera-dancers, we may see that the most difficult feats are performed by the right foot. But their preparatory exercises better evince the natural weakness of the left limb, since these performers are made to give double practice to this limb, in order to avoid awkwardness in the public exhibition ; for if these exercises be neglected, an ungraceful performance will be given to the right side. In walking behind a person, it is very seldom that we see an equalized motion of the body ; and if we look to the left foot, we shall find that the tread is not so firm upon it, that the toe is not so much turned out as in the right, and that a greater push is made with it. From the peculiar form of woman, and the elasticity of her step resulting more from the motion of the ankle than of the haunches, the defect of the left foot, when it exists, is more apparent in her gait. No boy hops upon his left foot, unless he be left-handed. The horseman puts his left foot in the stirrup, and springs from the right.

We think we may conclude that everything being adapted, in the conveniences of life, to the right hand—as, for example, the direction of the worm of the screw, or of the cutting end of the auger—is not arbitrary, but is related to a natural endowment of the body.

O, DEAR !—An English nobleman has trained two red deer, and drives them in a pony-carriage.

## THE WATER TELESCOPE.

This instrument, for seeing under water, consists of a tube to enable a person looking over the gunwale of a boat to rest the head on one end, while the other is below the surface of the water—the upper end being so formed that the head may rest on it, both eyes seeing freely into the tube. Into the lower end is fixed (water-tight) a plate of glass, which, when used, is to be kept under the surface of the water ; so that the spectator, looking down the tube, sees all objects at the bottom whose reflective powers are able to send off rays of sufficient intensity to be impressed on the retina, after suffering the loss of light caused by the absorbing power of the water. In clear water the bottom may thus be seen at the depth of twelve fathoms. This contrivance is much used in seal-shooting along the northern and western islands of Great Britain, where, sometimes in the form of an ordinary washing-tub with a piece of glass fixed in its bottom, the shot seal is looked for, and the grappling-hook let down to bring him to the surface. The Norwegian fishermen also often use this telescope when their anchors get into foul ground, or their cables warped on a roadstead.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Not a bad joke is told of a newly-arrived Irish servant-girl, who had obtained a place at a splendid mansion in the Fifth Avenue. On the day after her arrival, her mistress observed her coming down the grand staircase backwards, and naturally inquired the reason of this crab-like movement. "Lor bless you, mum," was the answer, "we always came down that way aboard ship."

CHEERFULNESS.—Physicians and philosophers both agree that cheerfulness prolongs life. We have no doubt that hand-organs and street monkeys have saved many a man's life, by banishing the blues when he was meditating suicide.

CHARACTER.—A man's character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first to come out the brighter afterward. Let the slandered take courage !

AN OLD MAID.—One of the favored subjects for exercising the courage of cowards, and the wit of the witless.

SWEET SENTIMENT.—The best disinfecting fluid—the milk of human kindness.

Now.—One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

## RECEIVING COMPANY.

We were reading, the other day, of the simple manner in which a fair hostess, who had a large number of guests to receive at a ball, acquitted herself—a task which at the first glance seemed a most formidable one. To those arriving, she said: "What! come so late!" and to the departing guests: "what! going so early!" These words, accompanied with a genial smile and cordial tone of voice, satisfied and enchanted the five hundred guests. Never was party more successful. "What a charming hostess!" "What a lovely woman!" were the exclamations from all lips, as they went away—for each guest was made to believe that his or her coming or going, were of importance to the happiness of the hostess. It requires very little capital *pour faire les frais* of a large society; a small reunion is a severer tax.

The grand duke in Vivian Gray receives his company with a similar slight expenditure of intellect and words. Standing at the door of his saloon, with his staff, he does the honors of his entertainment most successfully.

"Madame Von Furstenburg, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Madame Von Furstenburg, I trust that your amiable and delightful family are well. (The party passes on.) "Cravatscheff!" continued his highness, inclining his head round to one of his aid-de-camps. "Cravatscheff! a very fine woman is Madame Von Furstenburg. There are very few women whom I more admire than Madame Von Furstenburg."

"Prince Salvinski, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Poland honors no one more than Prince Salvinski. Cravatscheff! a remarkable bore is Prince Salvinski. There are few men of whom I have a greater terror than Prince Salvinski."

"Count Von Altenburgh, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. You will not forget to give me your opinion of my Austrian troop. Cravatscheff! a very good billiard-player is Count Von Altenburgh. There are very few men whose play I'd sooner bet upon than Count Von Altenburgh's."

Exiled John Dean! take heart of hope. It is not so difficult to play the part of a brilliant man of fashion, and the very next season may witness your triumph in Fifth Avenue!

LONG-WINDED.—Hazlitt is said to have written a single sentence of a hundred and ten lines.

## CIVILIZATION.

By one historian, it is said nations that coin money may be considered civilized; another, that hospitals for the insane, which were found in Mexico at the conquest, give that character to a nation. A new one is proposed—that we call that State of the Union the most civilized which has the most pleasure carriages and pianos. Ohio will rank high; she has taxed two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one pianos the last year. Gentility was defined "keeping a gig." In Ohio, there are no fewer than two hundred and sixty-one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine pleasure carriages and wagons, valued at five million five hundred and thirty thousand eight hundred and sixty-three dollars!

MARBLE.—The tract of country lying between the Adirondac mountains on the east, and extending from the northern part of Vermont south, into Connecticut, contains the finest specimens of marble in the world. The Parian marble, so long celebrated as unsurpassed in quality and variety, is exceeded in every respect by that of New England.

THE PUFF INDIRECT.—A contemporary says he once heard a minister puff a doctor in a prayer at a funeral, thuswise: "And in thy infinite providence, O Lord, not all the care and skilful attention of her learned and experienced physician has been able to save our sister from the remorseless grave!"

LONG SERMONS.—It is rare in England for a preacher to deliver a discourse less than fifty minutes in length. Our national impatience would revolt against such "linked sweetness long drawn out."

BEAUTY BY WEIGHT.—Rubens's beauties are all Dutch beauties—that is, very stout. He had no idea of a handsome woman under two hundred pounds weight.

OUR GREAT MEN.—A writer in the Christian Examiner thinks the three names that will last the longest on this side of the Atlantic, are Washington, Hamilton and Webster.

SEVERE JUSTICE.—A magistrate in Chicago fined a man, recently, because one of his eyes were black and the other blue.

ENGLISH POST-OFFICE.—Nearly three millions of book parcels passed through the English post last year.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Two of Wouverman's pictures were lately purchased by Louis Napoleon for 50,700 francs.

The number of suicides in France for the last fifty years, amounts to 300,000! Frightful.

The luxury of Paris surpasses that of any former period.

The British admiralty lately advertised for a supply of 6000 gallons of rum.

In Scotland, lately, two women were seen yoked to a plough, a man driving.

During the last seven years India has drained the world of nearly 400,000,000 of silver rupees—or £40,000,000 sterling.

Gutta serena, in plates as thin as paper, is said to have been found highly beneficial in cases of gout and rheumatism. Slight irritation of the skin is somewhat induced, but is temporary.

A great number of the Hungarian political refugees located in London, have applied for passports at the Austrian Legation, having embraced the emperor's act of clemency.

A regular service of screw steamers is now established between the ports of Kiel (Holstein) and St. Petersburg, the departures from either port taking place every Saturday morning.

Baron Marochetti is engaged on a colossal monument to the Duke of Wellington, which will be raised in St. Paul's, if the design meets the approval of the government.

The scarcity of houses is so great at Vienna that, according to the Austrian Gazette, a large number of families are without shelter. Many are lodged in prisons and ships.

It is rumored in London that Sir Robert Peel rashly and wildly backing his own horse Anton, at the Derby, lately, lost £70,000, and is in a state that might be expected in consequence.

Marshal Vallant is said to have communicated to the French Academy the discovery that anæsthetics (ether, chloroform, etc.) have the power of destroying all kinds of insects inimical to the preservation of corn.

According to Mr. Phillips of London, the chances of an ordinary felon's escape from punishment in 1000 trials, are 270; and the chances of a murderer's escape from punishment in 1000 trials, 712.

The mayoress of Liverpool is about to be presented with a silver cradle (in accordance with a custom of that municipality), to commemorate the birth of a child during her husband's year of office.

In the county districts of Bavaria, Sunday schools are to be established this autumn for giving instruction in rural economy, the best way of keeping farmers' accounts, and also introducing these branches of education into the primary schools.

The number of packages of earthenware shipped from Liverpool to the United States for the last six years averages about 100,000 crates per annum; the entire shipments from Liverpool to all parts of the world average about 170,000 per annum; the United States, therefore, receive more than one half of all that is exported.

The British steamer *Hornet* has destroyed seventeen piratical junks on the China coast.

Thirteen hundred houses have recently been destroyed by a great fire in the Turkish capital.

A terrible accident in Berne occurred lately. The Hauenstein tunnel caved in, and nearly fifty laborers lost their lives.

A French railroad journal has been threatened with suspension for daring to assert that the French government stimulated stock speculation.

Mr. Charles Green, son of the great English aeronaut, proposes to explore the interior of South Australia by means of his great balloon.

The business of the Bank of England is conducted by about 800 clerks, whose salaries amount to about £190,000.

The growing grain crops in France are magnificent, and wheat and flour were declining in nearly all the French markets.

The Emperor of Austria has not only granted an amnesty to the Hungarian political refugees, but will restore their sequestered property.

Twenty-seven cases of Mosaics and other interesting relics of antiquity, discovered at Carthage, have just been forwarded to England.

The London Times advocates the abolition of slavery in Cuba, as the only effectual means of checking the slave trade.

The Empress Eugenie of France recently appeared at a ball wearing jewels whose value was estimated at \$900,000, and having flounces of lace on her robe that cost \$120,000.

Prussian papers say that the Emperor of Russia is about to reduce his army; and it is stated at Vienna that the St. Petersburg government has made advances to Austria.

The kingdom of Hanover, Germany, according to a recent census, has 1,819,777 inhabitants, divided into 376,868 families, occupying 206,015 dwellings.

The King of Bavaria is about to visit France and England. The question of the succession to the crown of Greece is said to have impelled him to this step.

At a sale of pictures in London, John Martin's "Belshazzar's Feast" brought 136 guineas; "A Seashore," by Collins, 435 guineas; "The Prodigal Son," by Teniers, 810 guineas, etc.

General Stalker, commanding the English army in Persia, and Commodore Etheridge, commanding the English naval forces in the Persian Gulf, had both committed suicide, both, it is reported, being insane.

A concrete, in which ashes are a principal ingredient, has of late been advantageously used in Paris. The inventor says he can make his concrete as hard as the best stone, and that it can be used in all parts of the house with decided advantage, and without using wood or brick.

A chancery case has just been decided in London, by which a number of American citizens have been declared the lawful heirs to the property of a Mrs. Shard, who died in England in 1819. The amount involved is believed to be about \$250,000, which for several years has been invested in British securities. Some of the heirs reside in Vermont.

## Record of the Times.

It is stated there are four thousand men at work in the lead mines of Western Missouri.

Two diamonds of the first water were lately taken from an artesian well in Indiana.

Garments woven of the silk produced in North China will last, it is said, eleven years.

The drama, previously to the era of Shakspeare, was exclusively in the hands of the church.

The importation of tea into the U. States has declined 16,000,000 of pounds in twelve months.

A well-known silver-smith says that housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it with soapsuds.

According to the State Register, California contains 507,067 inhabitants.

The amount of eggs consumed in Boston is immense, enough to allow an average of half-a-dozen to each family, daily.

The valuation of the town of Somerville, Mass., real and personal, amounts to \$5,566,600, showing an increase of about half a million over last year.

A writer in Blackwood says that every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or another.

Mr. Ralph Ellingwood, of Frankfort, Me., who died in April at the age of eighty-one, had lived with his wife on the same farm for sixty-four years.

Athens, in Greece, has now a population of 86,000 and seventeen newspapers. A protestant journal is about to be established under missionary influence.

Several years since, no pickerel were to be found in the waters of Canandaigua Lake. Some gentlemen transplanted a number from other streams, and now pickerel are quite abundant.

This year steamers fitted with the screw have for the first time been engaged in the Greenland fisheries. Recently, an iron vessel of six hundred tons, fitted with a propeller left the Tyne, England, for Davis's Straits.

During the four years of the late administration, more land was ceded by the general government for internal improvement and other legitimate purposes, than a third of France, and still we retain a public domain equal to the entire area of Europe.

In Chicago, the other day, a broker lost the key of his safe. The lock, door, sides, and top and bottom of the safe defied gunpowder and steel. The means of meeting his engagements were inside the tight thing. But so much time was lost in the effort to open it, that the broker could not borrow or "carry over," in the last half hour, and his credit was ruined.

Two watchmen in Philadelphia recently set a few old papers on fire, at midnight, on the stairs of a large building, and when they were nearly burned out, extinguished them. The next morning one of them reported it as a fire which they had discovered and extinguished at great personal trouble, but the other not being "up to snuff," the whole affair leaked out.

The circumference of the ocean telegraph cable is exactly that of a half dime.

Marble, iron and brown stones are the principal building materials now used in New York.

Ordinary schools are now called "colleges," and a drinking-saloon in Cincinnati is so styled.

A monument is to be erected to Baron Steuben—a most valuable officer of our Revolution.

The splendid Tacon theatre at Havana was recently sold for \$690,000.

Kimball has just obtained a shell washed up by the "tide in the affairs of men."

Buildings in Chicago, it is said, now rent for about fifty per cent. on the cost of erection. Such a state of things cannot exist long.

Between Zanesville and McConnelsville, Morgan county, there are twenty five salt furnaces, which manufacture thirty thousand barrels annually. The quality is excellent.

Ten-minute meals, bolted under continual apprehension that the train will start and leave you before you have eaten enough, are among the miseries of modern travel.

The culture of grapes has been introduced with success in the vicinity of Fort Madison, Iowa. The wine made from the Iowa vineyards is described as equal to Longworth's best.

The appropriations made from the Connecticut State treasury, during the past five years, for benevolent, literary and patriotic purposes, show the handsome aggregate of \$268,966 96.

It is rumored that the last and greatest curiosity of the age has just been received at the Museum. It is the gun with which the question is popped. A large supply will soon be manufactured for the use of bashful young men.

Besides their papers published in Utah, the Mormons have one in New York, one in San Francisco, one in England, one in Wales, and one in each of the countries of Denmark, Switzerland and Australia.

The most colossal piece of railway work in existence will certainly be the tunnel which it is in contemplation to make through Mount Cenis, in Sardinia, as it will be not less than 12,700 metres in length.

A very fine article of oil, closely resembling olive oil, is manufactured in New York, from African pea-nuts, which are imported for the purpose by the cargo, in bulk, and sold at \$1.25 per bushel.

Medical statistics appear to prove that consumption, where prevalent, originates as often in summer as in winter, and the best authorities declare that it is more common in hot than in cold climates. There is more consumption in the Tropical Indies, both east and west, than in the almost Arctic Canadas.

The editor of the Portsmouth Chronicle says: "Being in York, Me., a few days since, we had the pleasure of sitting in a chair six hundred years old, which formerly belonged to one of the Doges of Venice—has stood on the Bridge of Sighs, and is now the property of Captain Putnam of York, who brought it from the seat of its faded glory. It is of oak, quaintly carved, much worm-eaten, and with rude inlaying."

## Merry-Making.

A medical gentleman defines winking to be an "affection of the eye!"

Why is a pair of spectacles placed on the nose like a ship going out? Because they are put to see—*sea*.

"What is the best attitude for self-defence?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

A down-east editor advises his readers if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice crames?" "Thrath I can; don't they bake them in cold ovens, to be sure?"

At a spiritual meeting, a short time since, Balaam was called up and asked if there were any jackasses in his sphere? No! replied he, indignantly, they are all on the earth.

The Boston Post's "Quilp" says the following of preachers who turn lawyers:

"When preachers turn lawyers, the fact is, They leave off preaching for practice."

A builder at Taunton, having some ground to let, has stuck up a board with the following, "This good and desirable land to be let on a lease one hundred and twenty yards long."

It is related of a certain stenographer fond of his nips, that he is an excellent reporter, and in proof it was shown that if a man were to talk brandy and water for two hours and a half, he would take it all down.

A lady's maid hooked one of the best of her mistress's dresses the other day, but the affair was passed over because it was done behind the lady's back—so there was nobody to testify to the fact.

Nothing was so much dreaded in our school days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education. In after years we learned to submit to such indignities without shedding a tear.

A gentleman advertising for a wife, says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

In the Malay language, the same word signifies women and flowers. So far so good. But Hunx, the old bachelor, says—"It is a delicate way of intimating that each is remarkable for its (s) talk." Sly old varmint. Deserves a broomstick!

A woman, examined recently at the Sessions, said: "I live by peddling. I sell all sorts of needle work to ladies. I never does such low things as lucifer matches!" Thus, it seems, there is an aristocracy of peddling—that eschews brimstone.

When Judge Shaw, of the Supreme Court, was told that Worcester was about to publish a dictionary containing ten thousand more words than any other dictionary in the English language—"Heavens!" he exclaimed, with visible alarm; "pray don't let Choate get hold of it."

Why is a crack in the wall like Izaak Walton the angler? Because it's a fissure.

The sieve through which the man strained every nerve is for sale at less than first cost.

It is said that the "pillars" of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American Eagle.

Why is an organ-grinder like a clergyman? Because he discourses from his "barrel."

Why are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy? Kaze there are three scruples to a dram.

An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend, because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back!

Punch says experience is like a flannel waistcoat, that we do not think of putting on until we have caught cold.

Never marry until you can face the music of the butcher, grocer, dress-maker, twenty-three cousins, and several babies.

There are two diseases never known to prove fatal, viz., *Enlargement of the heart*, and *Information of the brain*.

Why are country girls' cheeks like well-printed cotton? Because they are warranted to wash and keep color.

The botanists tell us that there is no such thing in nature as a black flower. We suppose they never heard of the "coal black Rose."

"Who's that gentleman coming up-stairs, Nelly?" Nelly: "Dat no gen'leman, mar; dat's par."

An Irish sailor once visited a city, where, he said, they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead.

Punch goeth it thus.—"Did you ever see the like of Barnum? Yes; you have seen a locomotive. It runs to and fro puffing."

A suit is about to be instituted against a physician. He prescribed the use of ale and beer for a patient, who is now going to sue him for maltreatment.

A person pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied, "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"

A fellow just returned from a fight, in which he came off second best, was asked what made him look so sheepish. "Because," said he, "I've been, and got *lamm'd*."

"Do you mean to tell us," said a lawyer to a doctor, whom he was cross-examining, "that if a person lived in a horse pond, it would not be injurious to him?" "I think not," said the doctor, "if he lived for sixty or seventy years in it."

"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to a drowsy audience, "whilst that poor idiot," pointing to an idiot who stood staring at him, "is awake and attentive." "Perhaps," said the fool, "I would have been asleep, too, if I had not been an idiot."

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of *BALLOU'S PICTORIAL*, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.  
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.



# MR. MULLINS'S ADVENTURES IN A MATRIMONIAL WAY.



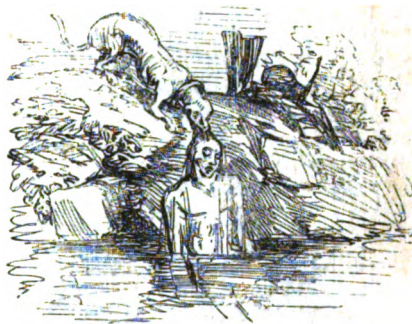
Goes out a hunting, and meets a pretty little dear in a hay-field.



His flinty-hearted parents refuse their sanction, having mercenary views.



Musing on his disappointment, loses his flesh—his dog wastes away from sympathy.



Leaves his clothes and a heart-rending confession on the bank, but is rescued from suicide by his faithful dog.



Recovers more flesh than he had lost, and goes to court a lady of wealth.



Is not particularly smitten by Miss Crinoline, the million heiress.

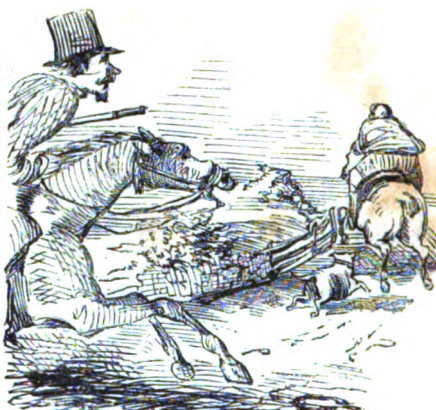


# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Strictly guarded by the family of his intended, he lets himself down from the window, and escapes by night.



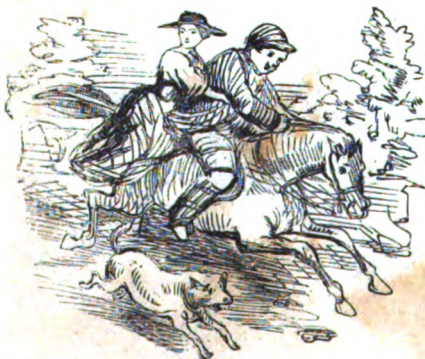
And is pursued by her infuriated brother.



A stumble saves him—the infuriated brother rides on without noticing him.



Infuriated brother sees him hiding in a cornfield—shoots him, and goes home satisfied.



Mullins meets the damsel of the hay-field, and comes the Young Lochinvar.



Father and mother consent—love before money—the rites of hymen are celebrated—Mullins happy.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.—No. 4.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1857.

WHOLE No. 34.

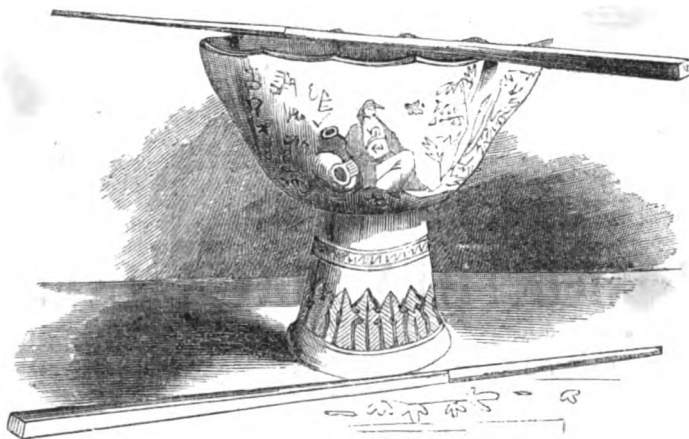
## CHINA AND THE CHINESE.



RICE MILL.

WE inaugurate the present number of our Magazine by a series of engravings illustrating the arts, manners and customs of the Chinese people; and our text, after passing serially in review our little picture gallery, will glance at some of the peculiar features of that far-distant empire, which has subsisted for so many centuries midst various political changes, and yet resisted European example and influence with singular constancy. In the compass of a magazine article, a full historical and statistical account of China will be neither expected nor welcome—and we shall not attempt it, but endeavor to select such salient traits of the “Celestials” as will interest our readers. Fortunately, the materials are not wanting; for though for ages China has been a sealed book to the nations, yet light is now dawning on her darkest recesses. Mr. Huc, an enterprising and self-devoted French missionary, who has travelled over Tartary, Thibet and Chi-

na, is one of our latest and most reliable authorities, and we shall freely employ the results of his labors in compiling our sketches. The attention of the world is now fixed on China, for events of the highest importance to the human race are there transpiring. Shaken by an internal revolution, which had been eating into its heart, like a cancer, for years, threatening to subvert the imperial throne and religion, the tottering empire has again been so unfortunate as to provoke war with England; and while domestic revolutionists are committing their ravages within, English cannon are doing their bloody work without. The results of this simultaneous movement, however fatal to the supporters of the dynasty will probably throw open the celestial empire to the world, and prepare a new era for a realm which was the cradle of civilization, and should never be its grave. With these prefatory remarks, we pass to a consideration of our illustrations. The



RICE-BOWL AND CHOPSTICKS.

first is a Chinese Rice-Mill, an important machine, since it prepares the grain on which millions of the people subsist. It is worked by hand with a lever, but has two stones, like a corn-mill. Another grain-mill, delineated on page 313, is a sort of pestle and mortar, a simple but effective contrivance, worked with a treadle. In another engraving, we have a representation of an opium smoker. The opium pipe of the Chinese bears some analogy to the tobacco pipes of other countries. The dignitary with the peacock's feather seems to highly enjoy his deadly and forbidden luxury. We have also illustrated the method of preparing cotton employed in China. The carder uses an elastic bow with a tight string. He places it in a heap of the material, and having pulled the string with some force, allows the bow to recoil; the vibration of the string scatters the cotton about, and separates it into fibres, freed from knots and impurities. Other engravings, in the present article, delineate the craft employed by the Chinese in navigation—the "cargo-boat," the "flower-boat," and the Chinese trading-junk. A Chinese trading-junk under sail is a cumbersome contrivance, and yet not unlike, in the build of the hull, the European vessels of the 16th century. These junks are caulked with a putty composed of burnt gypsum and oil, and have flat, unwieldy sails of matting, and flat keels. The cargo-boat, shown in our next illustration, is used for the conveyance of grain on the great canal. They are about one hundred tons burthen each. The Chinese flower-boat, or hwa-chow, is employed by the wealthy classes for pleasure-sailing on fine evenings. It rides high on the water, and has the same quaint peculiarities as the other boats. In the larger kind of pleasure-boats, intended for the accommodation of mandarins and distinguished persons, there are latticed windows to admit light into the interior; and these, being decked with shrubs and flowers, give the whole an elegant appearance. Mr. Davis, speaking of one of these boats, says the travelling-barges used by mandarins and opulent persons afford a degree of comfort and accommodation quite unknown in boats of the same description elsewhere; but it must be repeated, that

speed is a quality which they do not possess. The roof is not less than seven or eight feet high, and the principal accommodations consist of an ante-room at the head for servants, a sitting-room about the centre of the boat, and a sleeping apartment and closet abaft. All the cooking goes on upon the high overhanging stern, where the crew also are accommodated. There are gangways of boards on each side of the vessel, which serve for poling it along the shallows,

by means of very light and long bamboos, and which also allow of the servants and crew passing from head to stern without incommoding the inmates. The better boats are very well lit with glass windows at the sides, or by the thin interior laminae of oyster-shells. Others have transparent paper or gauze, on which are painted flowers, birds, and other devices; while the partitions, or bulkheads, of the apartments are varnished and gilded. The decks or floors of the cabins remove in square compartments, and admit of all the baggage being stowed away in the hold. Everything in their river boats is kept remarkably clean—and this habit presents a strong contrast to their general neglect of cleanliness in their houses on shore, which have not the same ready access to water, and are besides often very ill-drained. In short, their travelling-barges are as much superior to the crank and rickety budge-rows of India as European ships are to the sea-junks of the Chinese, who seem to have reserved all their ingenuity for their river craft, and to have afforded as little encouragement as possible to maritime or foreign adventure. The junks have no keel whatever, the bottom being flat; and although the general construction is adverse to speed, and even to safety, the inveterate prejudices of the natives prevent them from introducing improvements. As long as the junks confine themselves to the neighborhood of the coast, their course is pretty certain; they generally stand boldly across between the most prominent headlands, and are guided along the whole line of coast by a tolerably accurate directory, in which are noted the harbors, currents, shoals, and other particulars. The Chinese seamen are acquainted with the use of the compass, and avail themselves of it when necessary. Many of these trading-junks are owned or hired by a sort of copartnery, every partner having the privilege of putting a certain quantity of goods on board for sale or barter at any port where they may touch. The chief object of those on board, being trade, the navigation of the vessel is made a subordinate matter, and the captain is by no means so influential a person as he generally is in other countries. The crew exercise full control over

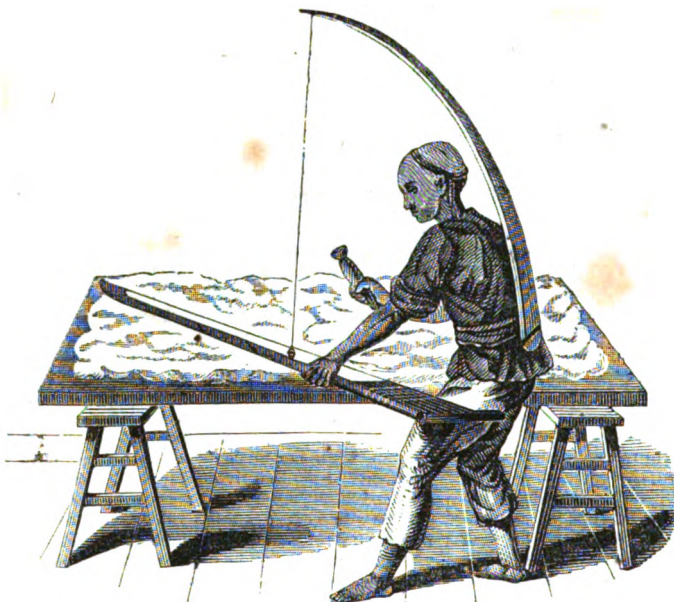
the vessel, and oppose every measure which they deem injurious to their own interest; so that the captain and pilot are frequently obliged to submit to them. In time of danger, the men often lose all courage, and their indecision, with the confusion that attends the absence of discipline, not unfrequently proves the destruction of the junk. The Chinese *tsau-chuen*, or cargo-boat, is used on the great canal for the conveyance of grain. Boats of this kind are very numerous, there being said to be no fewer than one thousand of them belonging to the government. They stand very high out of the water, and have a burden of about a hundred tons each. The chop-boats are a kind employed as lighters in transporting cargoes up and down the rivers, to and from ships anchored in the bays. There are also mandarin-boats, or revenue cutters, which, besides having masts and sails, are rowed by thirty-two oars, and are therefore by far the swiftest of all the boats. Each of these contains about a hundred soldiers, whose round shields are placed round outside the gunwale in regular order; there is a poop at the hinder end, covered with a handsome rattan awning, and appropriated to the mandarin and officers. But perhaps, of all others, the boats most characteristic of the Chinese people are those on which many thousands of the population live and sleep. There are said to be about forty thousand *sanpans*, or small family boats, on the river near Canton, containing a population of two hundred thousand persons. These persons make the boat their home; the husband finding work on shore during the day, and the wife taking care of the floating habitation, or perhaps earning a trifle by conveying passengers from place to place. It is one particular tribe who inhabit these boats, and they are licensed by the government. The boats are from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and are kept remarkably clean. Another of our pictures illus-

trates the Chinese mode of irrigation by a sort of tread-mill, which keeps in motion a chain on which are fastened a number of square boards running in a trough which hold and draw up the water. The principle is the same as that of the chain-pump so extensively used in this country. The Chinese pay great attention to watering their fields, to manuring them, and to every process by which the fertility of their lands and the excellence of their crops may be secured. Chinese agriculture is, from the great division of territorial property, seldom conducted on a large scale. There are, indeed, in the north, farms of considerable extent, but whether the cultivation be on a large or a small scale, the Chinese use only the most simple instruments. Their ploughs are frequently without any forewheel, and only turn up the earth a very little way. In the south, the rice-fields are usually tilled with buffaloes, called "aquatic oxen." In the north, domestic oxen are made use of, as well as horses, mules and asses, and sometimes a plough is drawn by a woman, while her husband walks behind it and guides it. Small cultivators in China often employ spade husbandry, and it is impossible not to admire the neat condition of their fields, from which they remove every weed with the most invincible patience. The ground must be bad and sterile, indeed, if they cannot succeed in making it produce something. In places too dry for the culture of rice, they sow the sweet potato, hemp and cotton; and if there is a corner quite unproductive, they plant in it some useful trees—the mulberry, the tallow-tree, or at least some pines for turpentine. The Chinese farmer is incredibly anxious about his harvest; if he dreads that a violent wind may shake out the grains of rice by lashing the ears one against another, he binds several stalks together into a kind of sheaf, so as to make them afford each other a mutual support, and check the ravages of the wind. In irri-



OPIUM-PIPE AND SMOKER.





PREPARING COTTON FOR MANUFACTURE.

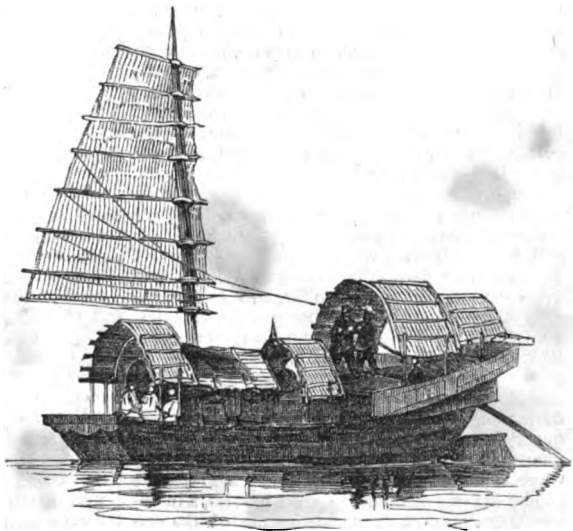
gation also they display great industry, often carrying the water through bamboo tubes up the side of mountains, which are cut into terraces, and cultivated to the very top. They have a thousand contrivances in times of drought, to spread the waters of rivulets and ponds over their fields, and enable them to flow off again when the inundation is too great. They make use chiefly of chain pumps, which they put in motion with their feet, and which send the water from one reservoir to another with great rapidity. Sometimes they fix at the edges of streams large wheels of extreme lightness, which a very slight current is sufficient to turn. These wheels are most ingeniously constructed, and surrounded with vessels that take up the water from the rivulets, and pour it into large wooden tanks, whence it afterward runs through little rills over the fields. Many provinces are so fertile, and cultivated with so much care and skill, that three harvests a year are regularly gathered. When the first is pretty well advanced, they sow the second in the intervals between the ridges, so that there are two different crops in the same field at the same time. All the cereals known in Europe are found in China, and even exhibit varieties not found elsewhere. In the north, barley and wheat are more especially cultivated; and in the south, rice, which is the principal food of the lower classes, and the basis of aliment for all. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that throughout the empire the Chinese live chiefly on rice; in the north and west it is not much used. It is only seen on the tables of the rich, and then mostly on grand occasions. Wheat, buckwheat, barley, Indian corn, millet, form the daily food of the people, except in the province of Kansou, where bread is made precisely as in Europe; everywhere else they spoil the wheaten flour, eat-

ing it in the state of unfermented, half-done paste, sometimes in the shape of a bun, sometimes pulled out in ribbons like macaroni. Little loaves about the size of a man's fist are occasionally made, but they are merely boiled in steam. Besides possessing the cereals, fruits and vegetables of Europe, China has also, in her vegetable kingdom, a rich variety of other productions. Among the most celebrated is the bamboo, the numerous uses of which have had great influence on the habits of the Chinese. It is no exaggeration to say that the mines of China are less valuable to her than her bamboos; and, after the rice and silk, there is nothing that yields so

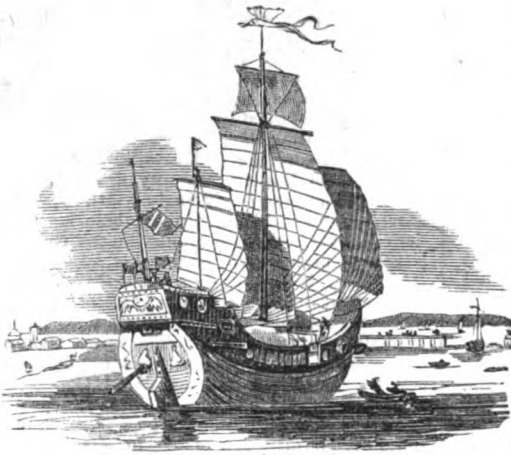
great a revenue. The uses to which the bamboo is applied are so many and so important, that one can hardly conceive the existence of China without it. It issues from the ground like the asparagus, of the diameter that it afterward remains when grown. The dictionary of Khang-hi defines it as "a production that is neither tree nor grass (*fei-tsao fei-mou*)," that is an amphibious vegetable, sometimes a mere plant, and sometimes acquiring the proportions of a tree. The bamboo has been known from the remotest times in China, of which it is a native; but the cultivation of the large kind dates only from the end of the third century before the Christian era. Sixty-three principal varieties of the bamboo are counted in the empire; they differ from one another in diameter, height, the distance of the knots, the color, and the thickness of the wood, in their branches, leaves and roots, as well as in peculiar and whimsical conformations which are perpetuated in certain species. A forest of bamboos will yield a considerable revenue to its proprietor.—The engraving on page 312, represents a Chinese husbandman, in a curious Robinson-Crusoish sort of dress, well calculated, however, to protect him from the weather.—Among our illustrations will be found a Chinese lady in her palanquin, carried by four bearers, a mode of travel very common in the East. Though the women of the higher ranks are sumptuously attired, and surrounded by luxury, yet their condition is not to be envied. They, like all the women in China, are slaves to the sterner sex. Suffering, privation, contempt, all kinds of misery and degradation, seize on her in the cradle, and accompany her pitilessly to the tomb. Her very birth is commonly regarded as a humiliation and a disgrace to the family—an evident sign of the malediction of Heaven. If she be not immedi-

ately suffocated, she is regarded and treated as a creature radically despicable, and scarcely belonging to the human race. This appears so uncontested a fact, that Pan-houi-pan, celebrated, though a woman, among Chinese writers, endeavors, in her works, to humiliate her own sex, by reminding them continually of the inferior rank they occupy in the creation. "When a son is born," she says, "he sleeps upon a bed; he is clothed with robes, and plays with pearls; every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born, she sleeps upon the ground, is merely wrapped up in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously. She has nothing to think of but preparing food, making wine, and not vexing her parents." In ancient times, instead of rejoicing when a child was born, if it happened to be of the inferior sex, they left it for three whole days on a heap of rags on the ground, and the family did not manifest the slightest interest in so insignificant an event. When this time had expired, they performed carelessly some trivial ceremony, strikingly contrasting with the solemn rejoicings that took place on the birth of a male child. Pan houi-pan refers to this ancient custom, and vaunts its propriety and wisdom, serving so well to prepare woman for the proper feeling of her inferiority. This public and private servitude of women—a servitude that opinion, legislation, manners, have sealed with their triple seal—has become, in some measure, the corner-stone of Chinese society. The young girl lives shut up in the house where she was born, occupied exclusively with the cares of housekeeping, treated by everybody, and especially by her brothers, as a menial, from whom they have a right to demand the lowest and most painful services. The amusements and pleasures of her age are quite unknown to her; her whole education consists in knowing how to use her needle; she neither learns to read nor to write; there exists for her neither school nor house of education; she is condemned to vegetate in the most complete and absolute ignorance, and no one ever thinks of, or troubles himself about her, till the time arrives when she is to be married. Nay, the idea of her nullity is carried so far, that even in this, the most important and decisive event in the life of a woman, she passes for nothing; the consulting her in any way, or informing her of so much as the name of her husband, would be considered as most superfluous and absurd. The young girl is simply an object of traffic—an article of merchandise, to be sold to the highest bidder, without her having the right to ask a single question concerning the merit or quality of her purchaser. On the day of the wedding there is great anxiety to adorn and beautify her. She is clad in splendid robes of silk, glittering with gold and jewels; her beautiful plaits of raven hair are ornamented with flowers and precious stones; she is carried away

in great pomp, and musicians surround the brilliant palanquin, where she sits in state like a queen on her throne. You think, perhaps, on witnessing all this grandeur and rejoicing, that now, at last, her period of happiness is about to begin. But, alas! a young married woman is but a victim adorned for the sacrifice.—The engraving following the palanquin, delineates that curious character, the "Chinese Street Juggler." The Chinese jugglers are very dexterous, and the people are amazingly fond of their performances, as well as of theatrical exhibitions. Over the whole surface of the country, in the eighteen provinces, in the towns of the first, second and third order, in the burghs and the villages, rich and poor, mandarins and people, all the Chinese, without exception, are passionately addicted to dramatic representations. There are theatres everywhere; the great towns are full of them, and the actors play night and day. There is no little village that has not its theatre, which is usually placed opposite to the pagoda, and sometimes even forms a part of it. In some circumstances the permanent theatres are not found sufficient, and then the Chinese construct temporary ones, with wonderful facility, out of bamboo. The Chinese theatre is always extremely simple, and its arrangements are such as to exclude all idea of scenic illusion. The decorations are fixed, and do not change as long as the piece lasts. One would never know what they were intended for, if the actors themselves did not take care to inform the public, and correct the motionless character of the scenes by verbal explanations. The only arrangement that is ever made with a view to scenic effect, is the introduction of a kind of trap-door in the front of the stage, that serves for the entrances and exits of supernatural personages, and goes by the name of the "Gate of Demons." The collections of Chinese dramatic pieces are very extensive; the richest is that of the Mongol dynasty, called the *yuen*, and it is



FLOWER-BOAT, CANTON RIVER.



CHINESE TRADING-JUNK.

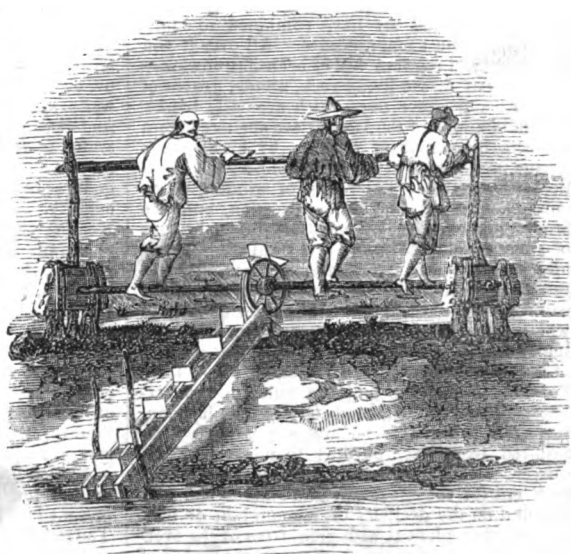
from this repertory that various pieces, translated by learned Europeans, have been taken. With respect to their literary merit, we may quote the judgment pronounced on them by M. Edouard Biot. "The plot of all these pieces," says that learned Chinese scholar, "is very simple; the actors themselves announce the person they represent. There is seldom any connection between the scenes, and very often the most burlesque details are mingled with the gravest subjects. In general, it does not appear that these pieces deserve to be rated above our old booth plays; and we may believe that the dramatic art in China is still in its infancy, if we can trust the accounts of travellers who have been present at theatrical performances at Canton, and even at Peking. It may be that its imperfect state depends, in a great measure, on the degraded condition of the Chinese actors, who are mere servants, hired for wages by a speculator, and who have to please an ignorant mob, in order to earn their wretched subsistence. But, if we find little intrinsic merit in the Chinese *chefs-d'œuvres* which have been presented to European readers, they cannot but be curious, regarded as studies of manners; and, in this point of view, we sincerely thank the learned men who have introduced them to us." The companies of Chinese actors are not attached to any theatre in particular; they are all of the itinerant class, going wherever they are wanted, and travelling with an enormous apparatus of costumes and decorations. The appearance of these caravans is very peculiar, and recalls the picturesque descriptions of our gangs of gypsies. You often meet with them on the rivers, which they travel on by preference, for reasons of economy. These wandering bands are usually hired for a certain number of days; sometimes by mandarins, or rich private persons, but more frequently by associations formed in the various quarters of towns and in villages. There is always some pretext for getting up a play—the promotion of a mandarin, a good harvest, a lucrative speculation, a danger to be averted, the cessation of a drought, or of rain; every event, whether fortunate or unfortunate, must always be

celebrated by a theatrical performance. The heads of the district assemble, and decree that there shall be a play, lasting so many days, and then everybody has to contribute to the expenses in proportion to his means. Sometimes this is done by one person, who wishes to offer a treat to his fellow-citizens, or to obtain for himself the character of being a generous man. In commercial transactions of importance, there is often a stipulation that; over and above the price, there shall be a certain number of dramatic entertainments given by one or the other party. Sometimes disputes arise concerning this article of the treaty, and he who is declared by the arbiters to have been in the wrong, has to pay one or two representations by way of fine. The lower classes of the people are always admitted gratuitously to the theatre, and they never fail to profit by the permission. Some theatre or other is always to be found open at every hour of the day or night in the great towns. The villages are not so favored, and as they have but few subscribers, they can only afford to have the actors at certain periods of the year. If they hear, however, that there is a play to be performed anywhere in their neighborhood, the villagers will often, after all the toil of the day, walk five or six miles to see it. The spectators are always in the open air, and the place assigned to them has no precise limit. Every one chooses the best post he can find, in the street, upon the roof of a house, or up a tree, so that the clamor and confusion prevailing in these assemblies may easily be imagined. The whole audience eats, drinks, smokes, and talks as much as it pleases. The small dealers in provisions move about incessantly among the crowd; and whilst the actors are exerting all their talents to revive before the public some great national or tragic event, these merchants are howling themselves hoarse to announce the bits of sugar-cane, sweet fried potatoes, and other dainties contained in their ambulatory shops. It is not the custom at theatres in China to applaud or hiss. Women are forbidden to appear on the stage, and their parts are played by young men, who imitate so well the feminine voice and dress, that the resemblance is perfect. Custom does, however, permit the women to dance on the rope, or perform equestrian feats; and they show, especially in the northern provinces, prodigious skill in these exercises. One can hardly conceive how, with their little feet, they can dance on a tight rope, stand firmly on horseback, and perform many other difficult feats. A curious practice of the Chinese, that of "fishing with birds," is the subject of one of our engravings. The cormorant, an aquatic bird of China and other countries, is an excellent swimmer and diver, and also flies well. It is very voracious; and as soon as it perceives a fish in the water, it darts down with great rapidity, and clings to its prey firmly by means of saw-like indentations on its feet. The fish is brought up with one foot, the other enables the bird to rise to the surface, and by an adroit movement, the fish is loosened from the foot and grasped in the bird's mouth. Le Comte, an old French writer,



describes the mode in which the Chinese avail themselves of this angling propensity on the part of the cormorants. "To this end," says he, "cormorants are educated as men rear up spaniels or hawks; and one man can easily manage a hundred. The fisher carries them out into the lake, perched on the gunnel of his boat, where they continue tranquil, and expecting his orders with patience. When arrived at the proper place, at the first signal given, each flies a different way, to fulfil the task assigned it. It is very pleasant on this occasion to behold with what sagacity they portion out the lake or the canal where they are upon duty. They hunt, they plunge, they rise a hundred times to the surface, until they have at last found their prey. They then seize it with their beak by the middle, and carry it without fail to their master. When the fish is too large, they then give each other mutual assistance—one seizes it by the head, the other by the tail, and in this manner carry it to the boat together. There the boatman stretches out one of his long oars, on which they perch; and being delivered of their burden, they then fly off to pursue their sport. When they are wearied, he lets them rest for a while; but they are never fed till their work is over. In this manner they supply a very plentiful table; but still their natural gluttony cannot be reclaimed even by education. They have always, while they fish, the same string fastened round their throats, to prevent them from devouring their prey; as otherwise they would at once satiate themselves, and discontinue the pursuit the moment they had filled their bellies." Among our illustrations will be found a Chinese scribe engaged in his occupation. The Chinese set a great value on fine writing, or rather letter-painting, for it is executed with a brush; and a good calligrapher, or, as they say, "an elegant pencil," is always much admired.—Another engraving shows us a cobbler at his work.—The "rice-bowl and chopsticks," delineated in our second engraving, are Chinese institutions; the first is made of the beautiful porcelain ware, for the manufacture of which the Celestials are so renowned, and the second a substitute for fork and spoon, which forms one of their peculiarities. Mr. Davis states that the government of China, for more than a thousand years past, has paid much attention to the manufacture of porcelain, and especially to that at King-te-chin, which pertains to the chief city Jaou-chow-foo. The Emperor Kieng-loong sent a person from Peking to make drawings of the whole process in its details. In a voluminous Chinese work, the subjects of these drawings, which were twenty in number, are described at length. They commence with the process of procuring the materials and making the paste; then is represented the business of preparing the ashes for the glazing, and mixing them with the silica, so as to form a thick liquid. Earthen cases are provided in which to bake the

ware, the round portions of which are turned in a lathe, and the others made in a mould. The subject of another picture is the selection of the "blue material," which is supposed to be cobalt. After being turned in a lathe, or formed by a mould, the unbaked "biscuit" (as workmen call it) is finished by smoothing and paring off all inequalities by the hand, the bits taken off being pounded and worked to a milky consistence, to be used by the painters. In painting the ware, one set of people design the outline, and another fill in the colors; and the Chinese say that this division of labor is to "concentrate the workman's hand, and not divide his mind." It is said that, previous to baking, the same specimen of ware passes through twenty hands, and that, before being sold, it has gone through more than double that number. The pictures proceed to represent the baking of the ware in open and in close furnaces; and, when it is completed, the process of binding it with straw and packing it in tubs for sale. The whole series of drawings concludes with the ceremony of sacrificing and giving thanks to the god of the furnaces; and this god, according to D'Entrecolles, owed his origin to the difficulties encountered by the workmen in executing some orders from Peking on account of the emperor. Several models were sent from thence of a shape and size which defied all the efforts of the people to imitate them; and though representations were made to that effect, these served only to increase his majesty's desire to possess the specimens required. With a view to meet the emperor's inclination, much money and labor were spent, and both rewards and punishments held out to the people employed, but all in vain; when one of the workmen, reduced to despair by the result of his unavailing efforts, threw himself into the red-hot furnace, and was instantly consumed. The story says that the specimens then baking came out perfectly fine,



CHINESE MODE OF IRRIGATION.



CHINESE HUSBANDMAN'S DRESS.

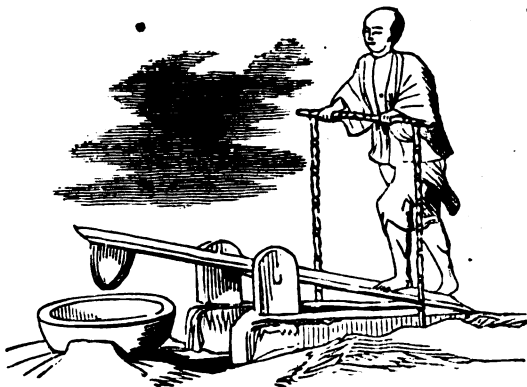
and conformable to the model; and from that time hence the unfortunate victim passed for a divinity, becoming the god of the furnaces.—Our last engraving delineates a Chinese idol, a curious specimen of the distorted and extravagant fancy of the Celestials. M. Huc presents a deplorable picture of the spiritual condition of the Chinese, from which we gather that a large majority of them have no settled faith, most even of the lettered men being skeptics. But if they have rejected a false faith, they may be brought, under favorable circumstances, to accept a true religion. We will add to our desultory sketches, by presenting the interesting account which M. Huc gives of his visit to Pou-tou, an island of the great archipelago of Chusan, on the coasts of the province of Tche kiang, the seat formerly of extensive religious establishments. More than one hundred monasteries, more or less important, and two of which were founded by emperors, are scattered over the sides of the mountains and valleys of this picturesque and enchanting island, which nature and art have combined to adorn with their utmost magnificence. All over it you find delightful gardens, full of beautiful flowers—grottoes cut in the living rock, amidst groves of bamboo and other trees, with aromatic banks. The habitations of the Bonzes are sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun by umbrageous foliage, and scattered about in the prettiest situations imaginable. Thousands of winding paths cross the valleys in various direction, and the brooks and rivulets, by means of pretty bridges of stone or painted wood, and form the communications between the scattered dwellings. In the centre of the island rise two vast and brilliant edifices—Buddhist temples—the yellow bricks of which announce that their construction is due to imperial munificence. The religious architecture of the Chinese does not at all resemble ours. They have no idea of the majestic, solemn, and perhaps somewhat melancholy style, that harmonizes so well with the feelings which ought to be inspired by a place devoted to meditation and prayer. When they wish to build a pagoda, they look out for the most gay and smiling site they can find on the declivity of a mountain or in a valley; they plant it with great trees of the ever-green species; they trace about it a number of paths, on the sides of which they place flowering

shrubs, creeping plants and bushes. It is through these cool and fragrant avenues you reach the building, which is surrounded by galleries, and has less the air of a temple than of a rural abode charmingly situated in the midst of a park or garden. The principal temple of Pou-tou is reached by a long avenue of grand secular trees, whose thick foliage is filled with troops of crows with white heads, and their cawings and flapping of wings keep up a continual clamor. At the end of the avenue is a magnificent lake, surrounded with shrubs, that lean over its waters like weeping willows; turtle and gold-fish gleam through them, and mandarin-ducks, in their gayly-colored plumage, play over their surface, amidst the splendid water-lilies, whose rich corollas rise majestically upon tender green stalks

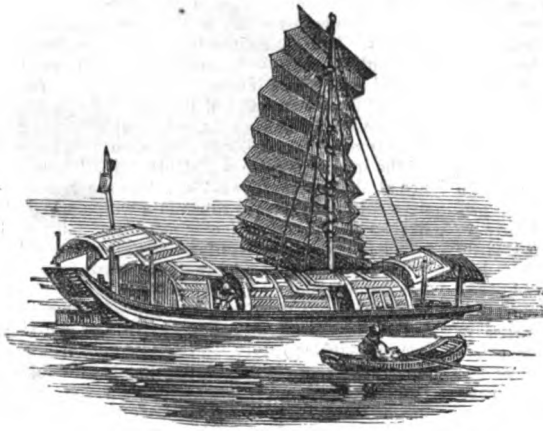
spotted with black. Several bridges of red and green wood are thrown over this lake, and lead to flights of steps, by which you ascend to the first of the temple buildings—a kind of porch, supported upon eight enormous granite columns. On the right and left are stationed, like sentinels, four statues of colossal size, and two side gates lead to the vestibule of the principal nave, where is enthroned a Buddhist Trinity, representing the Past, the Present, and the Future. These three statues are entirely gilt, and, although in a crouching posture, of gigantic dimensions—at least twelve feet high. Buddha is in the midst, his hands interlaced, and gravely placed on his majestic abdomen. He represents the Past, and the unalterable and eternal quiet to which it has attained; the two others, which have their arm and the right hand raised, in sign of their activity, the Present and the Future. Before each idol is an altar covered with little vases for offerings, and cassioles of chiselled bronze, where perfumes are constantly burning. A crowd of secondary divinities are ranged round the hall, the ornaments of which are composed of enormous lanterns, of painted paper or horn, square, round, oval—indeed, of all forms and colors, and the walls are hung with broad strips of satin, with sentences and maxims. The third hall is consecrated to *Kouang-yn*, whom the greater number of accounts of China persist in regarding as a goddess of porcelain, and sometimes also of fecundity. According to the Buddhist mythology, Kouang-yn is a person of the Indian Trimourti, or Triune God, representing the creative power. Finally, the fourth hall is a pantheon, or pandemonium, containing a complete assortment of hideous idols, with ogres' and reptiles' faces. Here you see, huddled together pell-mell, the gods of heaven and earth; fabulous monsters, patrons of war, of the silk manufacture, of agriculture, and of medicine; the images of the saints of antiquity, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, literary men—in a word, the most heterogeneous and grotesque assembly conceivable. This temple is divided into four parts. Its building and decoration must have cost enormous sums; but at present it is in a complete state of dilapidation. The rich roof of gilt and varnished tiles is broken and defaced, so that when rain falls, it washes the heads of the poor idols, who seem to need an

umbrella more than the perfumes that are burning at their feet. The other pagodas are in no better condition; some are falling entirely into ruins, and the gods lie prostrate, with their faces to the ground, and serve sometimes for seats to the curious travellers who visit this holy isle. The vast monasteries of Pou-tou, where once dwelt multitudes of Bonzes, are now entirely abandoned to legions of rats, and great spiders, which peacefully weave their enormous webs in the deserted cells. The cleanest and best preserved place is the library, and the Bonze in charge of it desired that we should pay it a visit; but we found it very inferior to those we had seen in Tartary and Thibet. It possessed about eight thousand volumes, enveloped in yellow satin, carefully ticketed and ranged in order in cases surrounding a vast saloon. They relate exclusively to the theology and liturgy of the religion of Buddha. Most of them are translations; but some are simple Chinese transcriptions of Indian books, which the Chinese can read fluently, without understanding a word of their contents. We hinted to the librarian that books of this kind could not be particularly instructive to the Bonzes. "The religious family of Buddha," he replied, "finds now no more attraction in books. The Bonzes of Pou-tou read none—no more those they can understand, than those they cannot. They never set a foot in the library. I see none but strangers, who come to visit the place out of curiosity." The religious Buddhist, who made this confession, did not seem to partake of the indifference of his brethren; on the contrary, he was a true type of the bibliophile. For eighteen years that he had resided at Pou-tou, he had scarcely quitted his library. He passed in it the whole day and a part of the night, continually occupied, he said, in sounding the unfathomable depths of the doctrine. Some books, that were lying open on a table in the corner, attested, in fact, that he was doing something else than merely keeping the place; and if we had been disposed to listen to him, he was quite ready and willing to favor us with a review of the collection, accompanied by a little analysis of the contents of each volume. He did, indeed, begin with wonderful enthusiasm, and it was easy to see that he did not often find visitors complaisant enough to listen to his dissertations on what for him had become a true worship. But want of time compelled us to deprive him and ourselves of the pleasure of this learned oration. We paid a visit to the superior of the island, whose habitation was situated near the principal temple. The apartments he occupied were almost clean, and it might even be seen that certain notions of luxury had formerly presided over the arrangement. This superior was a man of about forty years of age, whose language did not indicate any great skill in literature or theology, but whose cunning eye, and brief, emphatic speech, denoted a man accustomed to business and command. He told us that for some years past he had been endeavoring to get the pagodas of the island restored, and that almost all the Bonzes under his authority

were now in the interior of the empire, in quest of the funds necessary to the realization of his project. The collections made, however, he said, had hitherto been very small; and he did not fail to add many long lamentations over the decay of zeal for the worship of Buddha. As he knew that we were missionaries, we thought we might frankly express our own opinion on the subject of the indifference he was deploring. "We are not at all surprised," said we, "to see the Chinese cold and careless towards a worship including so many contradictory articles of faith, and which darken and confuse common sense." "That is the thing," he replied; "your marvellous intelligence has seized the true point of the difficulty."—"Men may be seduced for a time by vain superstitions; but sooner or later they perceive their futility, and easily detach themselves from them."—"These words are full of clearness and precision."—"A religion which has no root in truth cannot satisfy the heart and mind of man. The nations may put faith in it for a time, but their faith is neither firm nor desirable."—"That is the true explanation. The central nation has no more faith, and that is why my Bonzes come back with empty hands. It is known that religions are numerous, but that reason is immutable."—"False religions, based upon lies, have, indeed, only a certain time; but truth is eternal, and consequently for all times and place. The religion of the Lord of heaven, which is the expression of the truth, is for all men—it is immutable as its foundation." This chief Bonze was tolerably well acquainted with the Christian doctrine; he had read several books concerning it, and among others the celebrated one of Father Ricci, upon the "True Knowledge of God." He had the politeness to tell us that our religion was sublime—incomparable; and that as for his own, it had not even common sense. And then he added the formula customary among the Chinese—*Pou-tou-kiao tou-ly*, "Religions are many, reason is one;" and with this deplorable conclusion, he abruptly changed the subject, and began to talk to us of the fine plans he had in his head for the restoration of the pagodas. Among the singular customs and opinions of the Chinese, none are more curious than those relating to the dead. In the authority more than once referred to, we find the following



CHINESE TREAD-MILL.



A CHINESE CARGO-BOAT.

interesting account of their views and usages. During our residence at Ou-tchang-fou, in the establishment called *Si-men-yuen*, or Garden of the Western Gate, we happened to be witnesses of an occurrence which shows how possible it is to reconcile the most superstitious practices with the total absence of any religious conviction. Opposite to the apartment assigned to us, in a spacious court, there was another wing of the building, in a rather elegant style. This was occupied by a retired mandarin, with a numerous family, who had held formerly a high office in the magistracy, and who had delayed for two years his return to his native province, in the hope that his influence with the first functionaries of the town might obtain for his eldest son a small mandarinship. This aspirant had as yet only the grade of bachelor, though he was married, and had three children. During these two years of expectation, the hopes of the old mandarin had not been realized, but his son, instead of being promoted to a public office, had fallen ill of a malady that seemed likely to carry him to the tomb. At the time of our arrival we found the family plunged into great grief, for the state of the sick man was so alarming, that they were already preparing to make him a coffin. The death of this young man would, it is evident, be regarded by the whole family as a terrible event, for he was its hope and support. On the very first night we passed in our new lodging, the Garden of the Western Gate resounded with cries and the letting off of fireworks, which were heard, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, but almost without interruption. The purpose of all this clamor was to save the dying man. The Chinese think, as we do, that death is the result of the definitive separation of the soul from the body; but they also think that the degree of illness is in direct proportion to the number of attempts the soul makes to escape, and when the sufferer experiences the terrible crises that endanger his life, it is proof that the soul has been momentarily absent, that it keeps going away to a certain distance, but returns again—the distance being so small that it is still able to exercise considerable influence on the body and keep it alive, although it suffers dreadfully from this

transitory separation. If the dying man falls into the last agony, it is evident that the soul has gone with the firm resolution not to come back again. Nevertheless, all hope is not yet lost, and there is a method of making it take up its abode again in the unfortunate body that is struggling with death. They try first the effect of persuasion, and endeavor by prayers and supplications to induce the soul to change its resolution. They run after it, they conjure it to come back, they describe in the most moving terms the lamentable state to which they will be reduced if this obstinate soul will not hear reason. They tell it that the happiness of the entire family depends upon it—they urge it, flatter it, overwhelm it with entreaties. "Come back, come back!" they cry. "What have we done—what

have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away? Come back, we conjure you!" And as no one knows very well which way the soul is gone, they run in all directions, and make a thousand evolutions in the hope of meeting it, and softening it by their prayers and tears. If these mild and insinuating methods do not succeed—if the soul remains deaf, and persists coolly in going its own way, they adopt another course, and try to frighten it. They utter loud cries, they let off fireworks suddenly in every direction in which they imagine it might be making off, they stretch out their arms to bar its passage, and push with their hands to force it to return home and re-enter the body. Among those who set out on the chase after a refractory soul, there are always some more skilful than others, who manage to get upon its track. Then they summon the others to help them, calling out, "Here it is! here it is!" and immediately everybody runs that way. They then unite their forces, they concentrate their plan of operations, they weep, they groan, they lament, they let off squibs and crackers of all kinds, they make a frightful *charivari* round the poor soul, and hustle it about in all sorts of ways, so that if it does not give it up at last, it must really be a most stubborn and ill-disposed spirit. When they are setting out on this strange errand, they never fail to take lanterns with them, in order to light the soul back, and take away any pretence it might make of not being able to find it. These ceremonies mostly take place during the night, because, say the Chinese, the soul is in the habit of taking advantage of the darkness to slip away. This opinion seems to be somewhat akin to that expressed by M. de Maistre, in his *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*. "The night air is not good," he says, "for the physical man. The animals teach us this, when they all seek a shelter in the night; our maladies teach us this, by raging most during the night. Why do you in the morning send to ask how a sick friend has passed the night, rather than in the evening to know how he has passed the day? It must be because there is something bad in the night." In the Garden of the Western Gate there was, as we have already said, a fine pagoda, dedicated to Buddha, of whom a

gilt statue stood on the altar. The gate of this temple was open day and night, and the relations, friends and servants of the patient were continually passing through it, and before the statue of Buddha; but no one of them ever stopped to say a prayer, to burn incense, or to implore the cure of him who seemed so dear to all. This was because these people were really without faith or religion; they did not seem to have any suspicion of the existence of an all-powerful being, the Master of life and death, who holds in his hands the destinies of all men. All they knew was, that when a person was in danger of death, it was customary to run this way and that in pursuit of his soul, and try to bring it back; and they adopted this practice simply to do as others did, without ever asking whether the custom was reasonable or absurd, and probably also without having any great confidence in it themselves. The whole night long we were kept awake by these extraordinary manoeuvres of the poor Chinese for the arrest of the fugitive soul of their dying relative. Now and then they stopped under our windows, and we heard them addressing to it such strange burlesque applications, that the scene would have been perfectly amusing and laughable, if we had not known that a numerous family was overwhelmed by grief, and in momentary expectation of a cruel domestic calamity. Absurd as it was, there was something heart-rending in hearing the voice of that old man and those little children, calling with loud cries on the soul of a father and a son. On the following morning, as we were going towards the apartments of the sorrowing family, in the hope of being able to speak some words of consolation to them, we were met by a servant, who informed us that the sick man had just died. The Chinese have a number of circumlocutory phrases to indicate the fact. They say the person exists no more, he has "saluted the age," he has "thanked the world," he has "ascended to the sky," etc., all so many expressions, more or less elegant, to be employed according to the quality of the individual of whom you speak. When the question is of the emperor, they say that he has "fallen or given away;" for the death of the head of the empire is regarded as so immense a catastrophe, that it can only be comparable to the fall of a



CANTON PALANQUIN BEARERS.

mountain. We soon saw persons going to and coming from the house of the deceased, clothed in habits of mourning, that is to say, wearing caps and girdles of white linen. For complete mourning, the dress must be altogether white, even to the shoes, and the little silk cord with which the hair is plaited and knotted up. Chinese customs being always in opposition to those of Europe, as we wear black, they of course will wear white. It is the custom in China to keep the dead a very long time in the house, sometimes even to the anniversary of their decease. In the meanwhile, the body is placed in a coffin of extraordinary thickness, and covered with quick-lime, so that it does not occasion any inconvenience in the house. The object of this practice is to do honor to the dead, and give time for preparation of the funeral. His burial is the most important affair, one may say, in the life of a Chinese—the object of his most anxious solicitude. Death is a mere trifle—no one troubles himself much about that; but the quality of the coffin, the ceremonies of the funeral, the choice of a burial-place, and the spot where the grave is to be dug, all that is matter of serious consideration. When the death takes place, these cares, of course, are left as a legacy to his relations. Vanity and ostentation certainly have much to do with these things; every one wishes to perform the ceremony in grand style, so as to create a sensation in the country, and outdo his neighbors. To obtain the funds necessary for such a display, some management is often necessary; but people are not alarmed at the most extravagant expenses. They do not shrink from the most enormous sacrifices; they will even sell their property, and occasionally ruin the family outright, rather than not have a fine funeral.

Confucius did not enjoin all these foolish excesses, in the fulfilment of an imaginary duty of filial piety, but he did advise people to devote as much as the half of their worldly property to the interment of their parents. The reigning dynasty has endeavored to check these exorbitant and useless expenses, but the laws made concerning them appear to affect only the Manchous; the Chinese continue to follow their ancient customs. After the body has been placed in the coffin, the relations and friends assemble at certain appointed hours, to weep together, and express their sorrow. We have often been present at these funeral ceremonies, in which the Chinese display, with marvellous facility, their really astonishing talents



FISHING WITH BIRDS.



A CHINESE SCRIBE.

for dissimulation. The men and women assemble in separate apartments, and until the time comes at which it is settled they are to grieve, they smoke, drink tea, gossip, laugh, all with such an air of careless enjoyment, that you can hardly persuade yourself that they are really supposed to be a company of mourners. But when the ceremony is about to begin, the nearest relation informs the assembly that the time has come, and they go and place themselves in a circle round the coffin. On this signal, the noisy conversation that has been going on suddenly ceases, the lamentations begin, and the faces, but now so gay and good-humored, instantly assume the most doleful and lugubrious expression. The most pathetic speeches are addressed to the dead; every one speaks his own monologue on the subject, interrupted by groans and sobs, and, what is most extraordinary, inconceivable indeed, by tears—yes, actually real true tears, and plenty of them. One would suppose they were inconsolable in their grief, and yet they are nothing more than skilful actors; and all this sorrow and lamentation is only a display of histrionic talent. At a given signal, the whole scene changes abruptly—the tears dry up, the performers do not even stop to finish a sob or a groan, but they take their pipes, and lo! there are again these

obtain their most brilliant successes. Missionaries newly arrived in China, who have not yet had time to become acquainted with their wonderfully flexible natures, capable of taking by turns, and at will, the expression of the most opposite sentiments, imagine they have to do with people of the profoundest sensibility, the most impressible in the world; but they soon discover that the tears of the Chinese are no more to be relied on than their words, and for the most part purely fictitious. Cordiality and sincerity are qualities rare indeed among the Chinese. The Chinese are in the habit of offering viands, and sometimes splendid banquets, to their dead; and these are served before the coffin, as long as the body is kept in the family, and on the tomb after the burial. What idea is really in the minds of the Chinese on the subject of this practice? Many people have thought and written that the souls of the departed are supposed to take pleasure in regaling themselves with the subtle and delicate parts, the essences as they might be called, of the dishes offered to them; but it seems to us that the Chinese are far too intelligent to carry absurdity to such a point as this. The masses, no doubt, observe these practices quite mechanically, without ever thinking of the meaning of them; but for those who are in the habit of

incomparable Chinese, laughing, gossiping and drinking tea. Certainly no one could guess that, instead of drinking hot tea, they had but a moment before been shedding hot tears. When the time comes for the women to range themselves round the coffin, the dramatic piece is, if possible, played with still greater perfection. The grief has such an appearance of sincerity, the sighs are so agonizing, the tears so abundant, the voice so broken by sobs, that actually, in spite of your certainty that the whole affair is a purely fictitious representation, you can hardly help being affected at it. The Chinese do not fail to turn to account in many circumstances this astonishing talent for going distracted in cold blood, and pouring from their eyes a quantity of water, so-called tears, that comes from one knows not where. What is also very strange is, that, although they are all acquainted with these insinuating artifices, they are sometimes caught by them, and reciprocally cheated. It is, however, with strangers that they

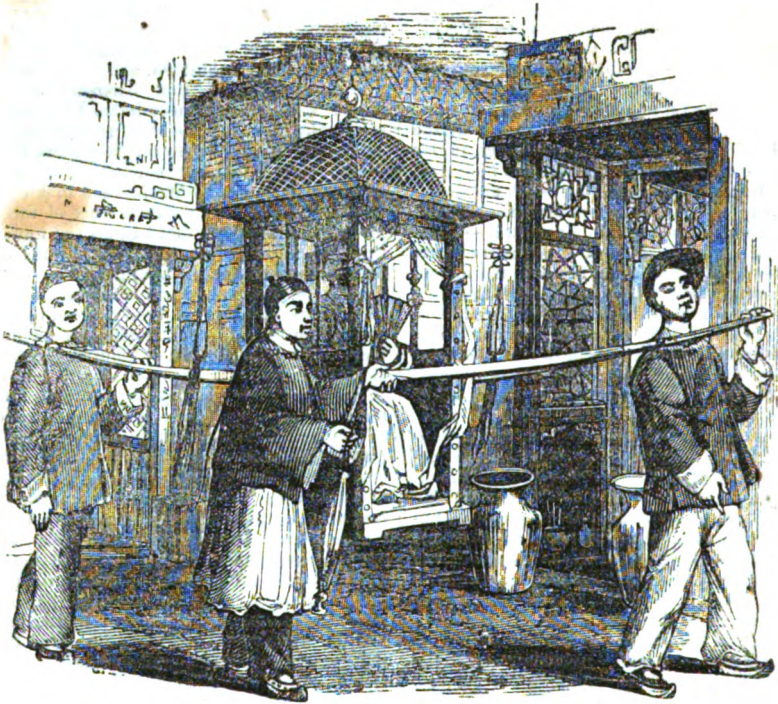
reflecting upon what they do, it is impossible to believe they can delude themselves so grossly. How, for instance, could the Confucians, who believe the complete annihilation of both soul and body, suppose that the dead come back to eat? One day we asked a mandarin, a friend of ours, who had just offered a sumptuous repast at the tomb of a deceased colleague, whether, in his opinion, the dead stood in need of food? "How could you possibly suppose I had such an idea?" he replied, with great astonishment. "Could you really suppose me so stupid as that?"—"But what then is the purpose of these mortuary repasts?"—"We intend to do honor to the memory of our relations and friends—to show that they still live in our remembrance, and that we like to serve them as if they were yet with us. Who could be absurd enough to believe that the dead need to eat? Among the lower classes, indeed, many fables are current—but who does not know that rude, ignorant people are always credulous?" We are inclined to think that all tolerably well-informed Chinese, a little accustomed to reflection, would be of the same opinion as this mandarin, with respect to the practices to which the multitude may possibly attach superstitious notions. The worship of ancestors, which formerly occasioned such long and deplorable disputes between the Jesuit missionaries and the Dominicans may, perhaps, be regarded in the same light as the offerings to the dead. The Chinese have always been in the habit of reserving in the interior of their houses an apartment dedicated to the honor of their forefathers. Among the princes, the great mandarins, and all who are rich enough to have numerous chambers in their houses, it is a kind of domestic sanctuary, in which are kept tablets inscribed with the names of ancestors, from him who is counted as the founder of the family, down to the most recently dead. Sometimes there is only the name of the founder, as he is supposed to represent all the others. To this sanctuary the members of the family go to perform certain ceremonies prescribed by the rites—to burn perfumes, present offerings, and make prostrations. They go there also whenever there is any important enterprise in agitation, any favor received, or any misfortune suffered. They go, in fact, to inform their ancestors of whatever of good or evil happens to their descendants. The poor, and those who have no more room in their houses than is strictly necessary to lodge the living, merely put their ancestors in a corner of their room, or on a shelf. Formerly, even in time of war, the general had in his tent a place set apart for the tablets of his ancestors, and at the commencement of a siege, on the eve of a battle, or whenever any important event seemed impending, he proceeded, at the head of his principal officers, to prostrate himself before the tablets, and make to his ancestors a report concerning the situation of his affairs. These customs were tolerated by some of the missionaries, who saw in them merely acts of civil homage rendered to the memory of the dead; but they were severely reprobated by others, who found in these ceremonies all the characteristics of idolatrous worship. Thence arose all those lamentable contests which at this epoch so completely paralyzed the missions. The question was really difficult of solution. Neither the partisans nor

the opponents of the rites practised in honor of ancestors, and of Confucius, doubted that their opinion was supported by irrefragable proofs; the quarrel became embittered, and it seemed as if, henceforward, peace and harmony would no longer exist among those infant Christian communities. But Rome—that tribunal sovereign and infallible in the eyes of every good Catholic—cut short the dispute, condemned the worship of ancestors and of Confucius, and took effectual measures to prevent the recurrence of these unfortunate dissensions, that had proved more injurious to the missions in China than the violent persecutions of the mandarins. The ordinary duration of mourning for a father or mother is three years; but this has been reduced to twenty-seven months for the functionaries of the government. During this time of mourning, a Chinese cannot perform the duties of any public office. A mandarin is obliged to quit his post, a minister of state to renounce the administration of affairs, and live wholly in retirement. He must pay no visits, and his official relations with the world are completely suspended. Once at least every year he must perform a commemorative ceremony at the tombs of his ancestors, in which all the descendants of the family, men, women and children, take part. They clean the place of burial, and, after having decorated the ground with numerous cuttings of colored paper, they make the prostrations prescribed by the ceremonial, burn perfumes, and deposit on the turf or the tombstone little vases, containing more or less exquisite culinary dainties. In all these ordinances concerning funerals, mourning sacrifices before the tablets, and at the tombs of ancestors, it is easy to see the consecration of the one grand principle of filial piety, which is the basis of Chinese society. There are indeed scarcely any customs that, when closely looked into, will not be seen to tend to the inculcation of respect for paternal authority in the minds of the people.



A CHINESE COBBLER.





CHINESE LADY IN HER PALANQUIN.

The empire of China, after long years of repose, is now in a singular state of confusion. To a rebellion that taxes the utmost energies of the government, has been added a war with that terrible foe, Great Britain. In what will it result? "This vast empire, which for so long a time has appeared to be sunk in the most profound political apathy, and which even the warlike operations of the English scarcely seem to have disturbed—this Colossus, has been suddenly shaken to its very foundations by one of those terrible storms that can scarcely pass over a nation without effecting some change in its ancient forms; which leave behind them sometimes better institutions, but always much of desolation and ruin. If the original causes of the Chinese insurrection are almost entirely unknown in Europe, its more immediate occasion is not so. In the first instance, this was an isolated act of highway robbery; then followed the association of several villains of that description, endeavoring to resist the efforts of the mandarins to repress them, and soon from the very dregs of the population a little army was raised, which began to occasion serious uneasiness to the viceroy of the province of Kouang-si. At length the captain of this gang of robbers, now become the chief of an armed force, proclaimed himself generalissimo, called in politics and religion to the assistance of his revolt, summoned around him the secret societies that swarm in the empire, declared himself the restorer of Chinese nationality, against the usurpation of the Mantchoo Tartar race, assumed the title of emperor, under the pompous name of

Tien-te (Celestial Virtue), and denominated himself also the younger brother of Jesus Christ. By means such as these has an empire of three hundred millions of men been brought to the brink of destruction. It may appear scarcely credible that a petty revolt of banditti should have increased to such an extent as to become formidable, and assume a sort of national character; but for those who are acquainted with China and its history it will not seem very surprising. This country has always been the classic ground of revolutions, and its annals are but the narrative of a long series of popular commotions and political vicissitudes. In the period of time between the year 420, when the Franks entered Gaul, and 1644, when Louis XIV. ascended the throne of France, and the Tartars established themselves in Peking, a period of twelve hundred and twenty-four years, China underwent fifteen changes of dynasty, all accompanied by frightful civil wars. Since the invasion of the Mantchoo Tartar race, the nation has appeared, it is true, quite indifferent to the political situation of the country, and altogether absorbed in material enjoyments; but in the bosom of this skeptical and avaricious people, there has always remained a powerful and vivacious spark that the Tartar government has never been able to extirpate; secret societies have been formed all over the empire, the members of which have seen with impatience the Mantchoo dominion, and cherished the idea of overthrowing it to obtain a national government. These innumerable conspirators were all ready for revolt, and predetermined to

support it, let the signal come from whence it might, whether from a discontented viceroy, or a highway robber. On the other hand the agents of government had contributed not a little by their conduct to provoke the outbreak. Their unheard-of exactions had filled up the measure of wrong doing, and great numbers of the Chinese, some driven by indignation, and others by poverty and despair, joined the ranks of the insurgents for the sake of even a remote chance of ameliorating their condition, certain that they could not be more oppressed let the new government be as bad as it might. It is also far from impossible that another cause, but little apparent, may really have exercised considerable influence in the explosion of this Chinese insurrection; namely, the latent infiltration of European ideas put in circulation in the free ports and along the coast by the commerce of the western nations, and carried by the missionaries into the very heart of the empire, and to the most remote provinces. The people at large care little enough about what is thought or done by Europeans, whose very existence is all but unknown to them; but the educated classes do at present think much of foreign nations, and cultivate geography with great success. We have often in our journeys met with mandarins, who had very correct notions of European affairs, and it is these learned men who give the tone to opinion, and regulate the course of popular thought, so that the common people may very well be following the impulse of European ideas, without knowing so much as the name of Europe. One of the most remarkable aspects of the insurrection is the religious character that its chiefs have sought from its very commencement to impress upon it. Every one must be struck with the new doctrines with which the proclamations and manifestoes of the Pretender and his generals have been filled. The unity of God has been distinctly expressed; and around this fundamental dogma have been grouped a number of ideas borrowed from the Old and New Testament. War has been declared at the same time to idolatry and to the Tartar dynasty; for after having defeated the imperial troops, and overthrown the authority of the mandarins, the insurgents have never failed to destroy the pagodas and massacre the bonzes. As soon as these facts became known in Europe, it was eagerly proclaimed everywhere, that the Chinese nation had decided on embracing Christianity, and the Bible Society did not fail to claim the merit and glory of this marvellous conversion. We do not, however, give the slightest credit to the alleged Christianity of the insurgents, and the religious and mystical sentiments expressed in these manifestoes inspire us with no great confidence. In the second place, it is by no means necessary to have recourse to the Protestant Propaganda to account for the more or less Christian ideas remarked in the proclamations of the revolutionary Chinese. There exist in all the provinces a very considerable number of Mussulmans, who have their Koran and their mosques. It is to be presumed that these Mohammedans, who have already several times attempted to overthrow the Tartar dynasty, and have always distinguished themselves by a violent opposition to the government, would have thrown themselves with ardor into the ranks of the insurrec-

tion. Many of these must have become generals, and have mingled in the councils of Tien-te. It is therefore not wonderful to find among them the doctrine of the unity of God, and other ideas of Biblical origin, though whimsically expressed. The Chinese have also for a long time had at their command a precious collection of books of Christian doctrine, composed by the ancient missionaries, and which, even in a purely literary point of view, are much esteemed in the empire. These books are diffused in great numbers throughout all the provinces, and it is more probable that the Chinese innovators have drawn the ideas in question from these sources than from the Bibles prudently deposited by the Methodists on the seashore. The new faith proclaimed by the insurrectional government, though vague and ill-defined, does nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, indicate great progress; it is an immense step in the path that leads to the truth. This initiation of China into ideas so opposed to the skepticism of the masses, and their coarse tendencies, is, perhaps, a symptom of that mysterious march of all nations toward unity, which is spoken of by Count de Maistre, and which, according to the expression which he borrows from the sacred writings, we ought to "salute from afar;" but for the present it appears to us difficult to see in the chief of this Chinese insurrection anything else than a kind of Chinese Mohammed, seeking to establish his power by fire and sword, and crying to his fanatical partisans—"There is no god but God, and Tien-te is the younger brother of Jesus Christ." And now, what will be the result of this Chinese insurrection? Will its promoters succeed in their design of establishing a new dynasty, and a new worship, more in harmony with their lately adopted faith? Or will the Son of Heaven have power to re-establish the throne so roughly shaken? The recent



CHINESE STREET JUGGLER.

course of events is too imperfectly known to us, and appears also too little decisive, to enable us to determine these questions. Yet, notwithstanding the impossibility of forming any well-grounded opinion on the probable issue of the struggle, the journalists of Europe have declared that were the Tartar dynasty once overthrown, the nation would merely return into its traditional course. It seems to us that this is an error.

What is called the Chinese system has really no existence; for this expression can be understood in no other sense than by supposing it opposed to a Tartar system. Now there is not, and never was a Tartar system. The Mantchoo race has, indeed, imposed its yoke upon China, but has had scarcely any influence on the Chinese mind; it has not been able to do much more than introduce some slight modifications into the national costume, and force the conquered people to shave their heads and wear a tail. The Chinese have been governed mostly by the same institutions after as before the conquest; they have always remained faithful to the traditions of their ancestors, and have, in fact, in a great measure, absorbed the Tartar race, and imposed upon it their own manners and civilization. They have even succeeded in nearly extinguishing the Mantchoo language, and replacing it by their own. They have nullified the Tartar action on the empire, by engrossing the greater part of the offices that stand between the governors and the governed. Almost all employments, if we except the chief military posts, and the highest dignities of the state, have become the exclusive inheritance of the Chinese, who possess, more frequently than the Tartars, the special kinds of knowledge necessary to fill them. As for the Tartars, isolated and lost in the immensity of the empire, they have retained the privilege of watching over the security of the frontier, occupying the fortified places, and mounting guard at the gates of the imperial palace. It is not at all surprising that the state of affairs in China should have resisted the Mantchoo invasion, and should not have been in the slightest degree altered by the accession of a foreign dynasty. China differs in this, as in other respects, widely from Europe. The countless revolutions and political convulsions of which it has

been the theatre have destroyed nothing, and for the simple reason, that one of the most distinctive features of the Chinese character is a profound, in some measure religious, veneration for ancient institutions, and all things ancient; and this is one of the circumstances that may serve to explain how this nation, which at so early a period attained so remarkable a degree of civilization, has made no progress for centuries."



A CHINESE SACRED IDOL.

## ROSAMOND—A SONG.

BY ORVILLE PEARSE.

Rosamond, darling one,  
 List to my lay,—  
 Turn not in coldness, love,  
 From me away;  
 Earth's brightest angel,  
 With pinions all furled,  
 Thou art my lovely theme,  
 Rose of the world.

Maid of the sunny brow,  
 Lovest thou me?  
 Ever in wanderings  
 I've thought of thee;  
 Still have thy tresses dark  
 Gracefully curled  
 Over my brow in dreams,  
 Rose of the world.

None but thou reign'dst ever  
 In my true heart—  
 Ne'er did thy influence  
 From me depart;  
 While through life's giddy maze  
 Reckless I've whirled,  
 Still have I thought of thee,  
 Rose of the world.

Thou art my rose, dearest,  
 Radiant and bright;  
 Cheeks like the damask rose,  
 Glowing in light,  
 Lips like its red leaves  
 With honey impearled—  
 Rosamond, lovely flower,  
 Rose of the world!

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

BY ESTELLE GRAY.

THE king, Philip II., played chess in the palace of the Escorial. Ruy Lopez, an obscure priest, but an expert player, was the partner of his majesty. By particular favor he knelt upon a cushion of brocade, while around the king stood the nobles in a grave and respectful manner. The morning was brilliant, and the air was perfumed with the fragrance of the orange groves of Grenada; the sun darted his rays of fire upon the gothic windows, and the violet curtains softened its light, and threw a rich glow into the splendid saloon. The joyous light of day seemed hardly in unison with the sombre thoughts of Philip II.; his brow was contracted, and occasionally a shade passed over his countenance, revealing the thoughts which occupied his mind; his forehead was as dark as the tempest which lowers upon the summit of the Alpuxares. With frowning eyebrows, the king threw frequent glances at the door of entrance; all the lords were silent, exchanging between themselves signs

of intelligence; the appearance of this whole assembly was serious and thoughtful, showing that some great event occupied their attention.

The silence was unbroken, save by the movement of the chess, when the door suddenly opened. A man of rude and sinister appearance presented himself mute and respectful before the king waiting his command to speak. There was nothing prepossessing in this man's exterior, and upon his entrance a sudden and general movement was made, the lords drew themselves up with disdain, with disgust even, as if they saw a dangerous animal, and repulsive to their sight, enter their midst.

Philip II. spoke, his voice trembled, he was moved; a galvanic tremor pervaded the assembly, for the new comer was Fernando Calavar, grand executioner of Spain.

"Is he dead?" inquired Philip, in an imperious voice, which gave place to terror.

"No, sire," replied Fernando Calavar, bowing.

The king knit his brow.

"As a grandee of Spain, the condemned claims his privileges, and I have not dared to proceed against a man whose blood is of the highest in Spain, without a more precise order from your majesty." He bowed again.

A murmur of admiration passed through the assembly; this was the response of the nobles who had listened with attention. The blood of Castile burned in their veins, and glowed in their flushed faces—the manifestation became general. The young Alonzo d'Ossuna showed it openly by putting on his cap. His bold example was followed by a majority of the nobles—soon their white plumes waved proudly, and seemed to announce with audacity that their masters protested in favor of their privileges, for it is never allowable in Spain for the nobles to cover their heads before their sovereign.

The king started with anger, and struck the table, throwing the chess into confusion.

"He has been judged by our royal council," said he, "and condemned to death; what does the traitor ask?"

"Sire," replied the executioner, "he asks to die by the axe and block, and also to pass with a priest the last three hours of his life."

"Ah!—granted," replied Philip, almost satisfied. "Is not our confessor with him as we ordered?"

"Yes, sire," said Fernando, "the holy man is with him, but the duke will not receive him—he will not receive absolution from any one of lower rank than the bishop; such are the privileges of nobles condemned to death for high treason."

"These are our rights," boldly said the fiery

d'Ossuna, "and we claim of our king the privileges for our cousin."

"Our rights and the justice of the king are inseparable," said in his turn Don Diego de Tarraxas, Count de Valencia, an old noble of gigantic stature, dressed in armor, and holding in his hand the truncheon of grand high constable of Spain, and leaning upon his long Toledo sword.

"Our rights and our privileges," cried the nobles.

These words were repeated like an echo, and this audacity made the king bound on his throne.

"By the bones of Campeador," cried he, "by the soul of St. Iago! I have sworn not to eat or drink, until the bloody head of this traitor has been brought to me, and I have seen it; it shall be done as I have said. But Don Tarraxas has well said, 'the king's justice confirms the rights of his subjects.' Lord constable, where does the nearest bishop reside?"

"Sire, I have often had more frequent dealings with the camp than with the church," brusquely replied the constable. "The almoner of your majesty, Don Silvas, is here present, he can answer better than I."

Don Silvas trembled, and humbly said:

"Sire, the Bishop of Segovia is attached to the king's house; he who filled that station, died the past week, and the *fecit* which names his successor is still upon the council table, and must be submitted to the veto of the pope. There is holding at Valladolid, a meeting of the princes of the church; all the bishops have gone there, and the Bishop of Madrid quitted his palace yesterday to attend it."

At these words a smile of joy played upon the lips of d'Ossuna. This joy was natural, for the young man was of the blood of the Gusmans, and the condemned, his cousin, was his dearest friend. The king perceived the smile; his eye assumed a new expression: it was a mixture of anger and authority.

"We are king," said he gravely, with a calmness which hid the storm within. "Our royal person must not be the mark for railleries—this sceptre seems light, gentlemen, but who dares smile at it, it shall crush like a block of iron! Besides, our holy father the pope is somewhat indebted to us, and we do not fear his disapprobation in the steps we are about to take. Since the King of Spain can create a prince, he can also make a bishop. Arise then, Don Ruy Lopez, I create you Bishop of Segovia! Arise priest, I order thee, and take thy seat in the church!"

The astonishment was complete—Don Ruy

Lopez arose mechanically, he hesitated, hung down his head, and tried to speak:

"May it please your majesty—" said he.

"Silence, lord bishop!" interrupted the king, "obey the words of thy sovereign. The formalities of thy installation shall be accomplished another day; our subjects shall not fail to know our will in this affair. Bishop of Segovia, accompany Calavar to the cell of the condemned. Receive the confession of the sinner, and in three hours abandon the body to the axe of the executioner. And then, Calavar, we will wait for thee in this saloon, thou shalt bring to us the head of the traitors, for Don Gusman, Prince of Calatrava, Duke of Medina Sidonia dies to-day. Let justice be done!"

Philip approached Ruy Lopez:

"I will give thee my seal ring, that the duke may believe thy word."

"Ah well, gentlemen, dare you still doubt the justice of your king?"

None replied. Ruy Lopez followed the executioner, and the king having taken his place, made a sign to one of his favorites, to come and continue the game. Don Ramirez, Count de Biscaye came and knelt upon the velvet cushion.

"With chess, gentlemen," said the king, smiling, "and your company, I shall pass the time of waiting very agreeably. Let none of you go out until the return of Calavar. We should suffer with *ennui* to lose the society of any of you."

After these ironical words, Philip commenced a game with Don Ramirez, and the lords, weary with fatigue, disposed themselves in groups. All regained its former state of order and quietness; whilst Calavar conducted the new bishop to the chamber of the condemned. The worthy man seemed the result of a change which we read of in fairy tales; was he really awake?—he half doubted it, and in his soul he cursed the court and the king. He perfectly comprehended that he was Bishop of Segovia, but he felt keenly at what price he had gained this dignity. What had Don Gusman done that the king should thus sacrifice him? Don Gusman the first chess-player in Spain! He reflected upon all this as he passed over the marble steps which led to the prisons of state, and prayed God that the earth might open and swallow him. His prayer was sincere, but he prayed in vain!

The Prince of Calatrava was confined in a narrow room panelled with oak; he was walking with a hurried step as they entered, which showed his anxiety of mind. The cell was furnished with a massive table, and two wooden stools; the floor was covered with thick mats;



all sounds were hushed—silence reigned supreme. A large crucifix was affixed to the wall, in the embrasure of an arched window which lighted it. Except this image of resignation and mercy, nothing ornamented the walls; the cell was cold and gloomy; it could be easily perceived that it was for the condemned the ante-chamber of the tomb. The window was high and guarded by iron bars; every precaution was taken to make it secure.

At the moment when Ruy Lopez entered, the sun filled with his bright beams the cell; it seemed like mockery to one who was so soon to see it no more. The duke saluted the new bishop of the church with much courtesy; they looked at each other with looks that said a thousand things. Ruy Lopez felt all the difficulty of his mission, and the duke divined it; both were occupied with the same thought, that though condemned, he was innocent; nevertheless the charges against the duke were serious—they were the discovery of a despatch written by his hand to the court of France, in which he disclosed a project for assassinating Philip II.; this had sufficed for his condemnation. Don Gusman, strong in his innocence, had besides, preserved before the judges a rigorous silence, and the accusation not being disproved, the sentence of death as a traitor had been passed upon him. During his trial, he had never quailed, and even at the last hour his spirit was unmoved—if his brow was contracted with anguish, his firm step unsteady, and his breath short, it was that he thought of his gentle betrothed, the beautiful Donna Estella, who, ignorant of his condemnation, awaited his coming in her chateau on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and if he faltered at this last hour, it was not for himself, but because love had enthroned itself in his heart, and made him forget all save her he loved. Don Ruy Lopez was not alone—Calavar was at his side, and it was he who now spoke to announce the king's answer, and the decision he had made. Ruy Lopez confirmed the recital, and the duke bent his head before the new bishop, and asked his blessing. Then without emotion, he turned to Calavar, and with an imposing gesture which showed his scorn, dismissed him, saying:

"In three hours I will be ready for thee."  
And the duke and bishop found themselves alone.

Don Ruy Lopez trembled; the face of Don Gusman returned to its usual serene expression. He took the hand of the bishop and pressed it warmly—there was a pause, when the duke said:

"We have met under more auspicious circumstances than now." And he smiled.

"It is true," replied Ruy Lopez, who pale and

anxious, seemed the condemned, rather than the confessor.

"Far more happy!" repeated the duke, carried back to other scenes in imagination. "Do you remember that when in presence of Philip and the court, you played your great game with Paoli Boy the Sicilian, it was upon my right arm that the king leaned?"

Overcome by the recollections, and the melancholy tone in which they were uttered, the bishop hastened to change the subject.

"These are, my dear son, useless reminiscences. Let us not lose our time in vain words; employ it to make your peace with Heaven, while you can do so. Let us read together the holy service, hoping it may remove all stain from your soul, and prepare you for the great change!"

"A change indeed!" exclaimed the duke, smiling sadly at this exhortation. "Recall, my father, these words of Miguel Cervantes, and which are so apropos for us, 'Life is a game of chess;' I have forgotten the precise place where the passage occurs, but its signification is, that while upon the earth men play in different situations, that there are, as in chess, kings, knights, soldiers and bishops, according to birth, fortune, and fate; and then when the grave is finished, death enters the scene, and levels all in the tomb, as we throw the chess together in the box."

"I do remember those words of Don Quixote," replied Ruy, astonished at this singular conversation, "and I also remember the answer of Sancho, 'That however good the comparison might be, it was not so new but that he had heard it before.' But may God forgive us this lightness, my son!"

"I was for all that your favorite scholar, and even your antagonist," said the duke, without appearing to hear.

"It is true," exclaimed the bishop; "you are a great master of chess, and I esteem it an honor to have had such a pupil; but we must think of other things—kneel, my son."

Both knelt, and before the crucifix, at the foot of the image of the Saviour of the world, Don Gusman made his confession to Ruy Lopez, who received it weeping. Then when the duke had finished, two hours after—for the burial service under the seal of the church was long and affecting—the bishop blessed the prisoner, and gave him absolution. They then arose; the face of Don Gusman was calm and resigned. There was yet an hour to wait.

"This delay is frightful!" exclaimed the duke. "How can I endure for another hour this condemned life? Since the world and I have separated, why must I live on? An eternity of

suffering is in one of these moments of delay. Why does not the executioner come?"

The condemned walked his narrow cell; his eye turned to the door, and seemed to summon Calavar and his companions; his agony was apparent, and the firmness of the duke which had sustained him until now, faltered in this last fearful hour of suspense.

Ruy Lopez had fulfilled his mission. He must pass this last hour with him; but all exhortation was finished, the soul was pure; the priest was man again. At the hurried words of Don Gusman, and in his pale face, he comprehended immediately that thought overcame this strong nature, and that the last hour would be worse than death to him. He thought, but how could he alleviate his sorrow? What more could interest a man so soon to die? Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain.

"If a game of chess were not too profane?"

"The idea is admirable," said the duke, called anew to life by the proposition, and turning to it with avidity, "the idea is a bright one, but the chess, my friend?"

"I have them always with me," said Ruy Lopez, as he advanced and laid upon the table a small set of chess. "May our mother forgive me, but I sometimes amuse myself by combinations of chess in the confessional."

"And you resolve many problems by them, I have no doubt," answered the duke, smiling.

They drew the stools up to the table, sat down, arranged the chess, and the two lords, temporal and spiritual, were soon engaged in an interesting game. It was a singular picture to see, and worthy the pencil of Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa, this strange game between the priest and the condemned. The light shone upon the pale and noble countenance of Don Gusman, and the beams which escaped from the high window broke upon the benevolent face of Ruy Lopez, who, even while playing, tried in vain to stop the tears which pity caused to flow from his eyes. The emotions of the two players were very different; Ruy Lopez played with a distraction, not habitual to him, and which made him inferior to his usual power. Don Gusman, on the contrary, by one of those oddities of human nature, and stimulated by the excitement which devoured him, played with extraordinary power. At that moment the blood of Castile was not at fault, for never had the duke proved better the clearness of his calculations. This brightness of intellect reminded one of the last gleam of an extinguished lamp, or the harmonious notes of the dying swan. Don Gusman had attacked his adversary with an impetuosity which had made victory al-

most certain. Ruy Lopez, forgetting in spite of himself his sad thoughts, defended himself bravely, but his efforts were useless. The game was becoming more and more complicated; the bishop tried with skill to delay the check-mate which was inevitable, and the duke exerted all his power to bring the game to a crisis. Minutes passed over the time which separated them from the quarters, the quarter from the half hours, and the fatal moment has come!

A noise was heard; the door turned on its massive hinges; and the duke was arrested in his play and dream by the cold and terrible reality which presented itself at the appearance of the executioners!

The assistants of Calavar, armed with torches and swords, advanced, bringing a block covered with black cloth, which announced its object by the axe laid upon it. They put their torches in the niches prepared for them, while others threw cedar-dust upon the floor; this was done in an instant, and all was ready for the condemned. Ruy Lopez arose trembling at the sight of Calavar, but the duke moved not: he sat, his eyes fixed upon the chess-board, without paying any attention either to the men or the block. It was his turn to move. Calavar seeing his insensibility, put his hand upon the duke's shoulder, and pronounced a single word, "Come!"

The prisoner started as if he had put his foot upon a serpent.

"Let me finish my game," said he, imperiously.

"Impossible," replied Calavar.

"But fellow, I have beat, I shall certainly give a check-mate. Leave me my game."

"Impossible," repeated the executioner.

"Have the three hours passed?"

"The last stroke is sounding, we must obey the king."

The servants who had been standing leaning upon their swords, now approached.

The duke was seated against the wall beneath the window, the table was between him and Calavar. He rose and said proudly:

"This game I must have, and you may have my head after it! Until I have finished it, I will not stir from my place! I must have half an hour; wait till then."

"Duke," replied Calavar, "I respect you, but I cannot grant you this, my life would be the forfeit."

Don Gusman made a movement—then drawing off the diamonds he wore on his fingers, threw them coldly at the feet of the executioner.

"I will finish my game," said he, abstractedly. The jewels rolled in the dust.



"My orders are precise," cried Calavar, impetuously. "Pardon, noble duke, if I use force, but the law of the king, and of Spain, must be accomplished. Quit then, your place, and do not spend the last moments of your life in useless contest. Speak to the duke, lord bishop: tell him to submit to his destiny."

The answer of Ruy Lopez was prompt and decisive. He seized the axe lying against the block, swung it round his head and exclaimed:

"Monsieur, the duke shall finish the game."

Terrified by the gesture which accompanied these words, Calavar started back, nearly falling upon his aids. Their swords were drawn, and the bloody band prepared for combat. But Ruy Lopez, who seemed to change into a Hercules, threw as a bar his oaken stool upon the floor, and exclaimed:

"The first of you who passes this limit fixed by the church, is a dead man! Courage, noble duke! to your game. There are but four of the miscreants, the last wish of your lordship shall be accomplished, or I will lose my life! And you, villains, woe to him who dares lay a hand upon a bishop of the church, let him be cursed forever! Who dares do it? Lay down your swords; I the bishop command it!"

He continued to repeat in a jargon mixed of Spanish and Latin, one of those formulas of excommunication and malediction, which at this period exercised so great power over the mass of the people. The effect of this speech was prompt. The assistants remained immovable, and Calavar thought that to kill a bishop without the direct order of the king, was to bring upon himself misfortune in this world, and perdition in another.

"I shall go to the king," said he.

"Go if you will," said the bishop, still maintaining his guard.

The executioner knew not what to do—he reflected—to go to Philip with this news, where he was awaiting the head of the traitor, was to expose his own surely. To attack the priest and the condemned, was hazardous; for Ruy Lopez was a strong man, and the duke smiled at the idea of a combat; the position was delicate. At length he took the side which seemed wisest.

"Will you really promise to finish in half an hour?" asked he.

"I promise it," replied the duke.

"Continue then your game."

The truce being concluded, the players returned to their places and game. Calavar, who also played chess, looked with interest on the game, and his assistants formed a barrier around the duke, which seemed to say:

"You shall finish the game!"

Don Gusman looked for a moment around him, and his humor did not fail him.

"I have never before played in so noble a company," said he; "be witnesses, hangmen, that once at least in my life, I have beaten Ruy Lopez; you may tell of it after my death."

He turned to his game, with a cold sad smile, like a sunbeam which lights the snowy summit of the Alps a moment and is gone, died on his lips. As for the bishop, he tightly grasped the handle of the axe in his right hand, accompanying the movement with this reflection:

"If I was sure that the duke and I could escape from this den of tigers, I would break the heads of all four."

If three hours had been long in the prisoner's cell, they had not passed more rapidly at the court of the king, Philip II. The monarch had played chess with his favorite—Don Ramirez de Biscaye, and the nobles, forced by etiquette to remain standing, appeared overcome by fatigue, increased still by the weight of their armor. Don Tarraxas, with eyes partly closed, was as motionless as one of the iron statues which ornamented the gothic saloons. The young d'Ossuna, sad and weary, leaned against a marble column. And the king, as he paced the floor, listened attentively, as if he heard a distant noise. Following the superstitious custom of the time, he knelt frequently at the feet of an image of the virgin, placed upon a pedestal of porphyry, taken from the ruins of the Alhambra, and prayed her to pardon him for the bloody deed which he had ordered to be executed; then he would turn to look at the hour-glass. All were as silent as the palace of Azrael, the angel of death, for no one, whatever his rank, dared speak before the sovereign without his order. When the last grain of sand which marked the fatal hour had run out, the king uttered a cry of joy and said:

"The traitor dies!"

A low murmur ran through the assembly.

"The time has expired," replied Philip, "and with it, Count de Biscaye, your enemy has fallen like the leaves of the olive shaken by the wind."

"My enemy, sire!" replied Ramirez, affecting surprise.

"Yes, count," said Philip, maliciously, "why repeat my words? Were you not a rival with Don Gusman in the affections of Donna Estella, and can two rivals be friends? Donna Estella shall be yours! this young girl shall give to you her wealth and her beauty. You see, count, if any one should speak of the ingratitude of sovereigns, you can say that we have not forgotten the true friend of the king and of Spain, who

has discovered the conspiracy and the correspondence of Don Gusman with France!"

Don Ramirez de Biscaye listened restlessly to the king. He did not raise his eyes, and seemed troubled because of this public praise; then he tried to speak:

"Sire," said he, "it was with great reluctance I fulfilled this painful duty."

He could not say more. Tarraxas slightly coughed, and d'Ossuna striking the pommel of his sword with his iron gauntlet:

"Before Donna Estella shall belong to that man, thought he, I will sleep in the tomb, where now my noble cousin sleeps. To-morrow shall be the day of revenge."

The king continued:

"Your zeal and your fidelity shall be rewarded. The preserver of the throne, and perhaps of our dynasty, merits an extraordinary recompense. This morning we ordered you with our principal chancellors, to write the letters-patent, which confers upon you the rank of duke and governor of Valencia—are they ready to sign?"

Don Ramirez grew pale—this reward seemed more than he could bear—he shuddered. The king made a movement. The count quickly drew from his bosom a roll of parchment, and kneeling, presented it to the king, who received it, saying:

"To sign these letters-patent shall be our first public act to-day. The executioner has already punished treason—it is time that the king rewards fidelity."

The king unrolled the parchment. Suddenly his face assumed an expression of indignation, his eyes flashed, and he cried in a loud and angry voice, "Holy mother! what do I see?"

The game of chess was finished; Don Gusman had won. He arose.

"I am always the devoted servant of my king," said he to Calavar.

The executioner understood him, and prepared the block, while Don Gusman knelt before the crucifix, and said in a firm voice:

"My God, may this cruel and unjust act fall upon him who has done it, but let not my blood fall in fiery rain upon my king!"

Ruy Lopez prostrated himself in a corner, and hiding his face under his cloak, repeated the prayers for the dying. Calavar leaned his hand upon the duke's shoulder, to remove his collar, Don Gusman recoiled.

"Let nothing belonging to thee, except this iron, touch a Gusman," said he, tearing off his collar, and placing his head upon the block. "Strike," added he, "I am ready!"

The executioner raised the axe—when the sound of footsteps and confused voices arrested his arm. The door suddenly opened under the strength of a troop of soldiers, and d'Ossuna threw himself between the victim and the executioner—it was time!

"He lives!" cried Tarraxas.

"He is saved!" repeated d'Ossuna. "My beloved cousin, I no longer hoped to see thee again; God would not permit the innocent to perish for the guilty. God be praised!"

"Thou hast come in time, my child," said Don Gusman to his cousin. "Now I have no more strength to die!"

He swooned upon the block—the ordeal was too great. Ruy Lopez lifted him in his arms, and carried him into the royal saloon, followed by all the lords, and when Don Gusman recovered, he saw himself surrounded by all his friends, in the midst of which appeared Philip II., with a smile of satisfaction on his face. Don Gusman believed himself dreaming. He did not know that Don Ramirez, in the excess of his joy, had by mistake, given to the king with the letters-patent to sign, a paper containing an account of a plot, the purpose of which was to free himself of Gusman, and thus destroy a detested rival, and one of the firmest supporters of the throne. He soon learned all, however, and three days after at the same hour, Calavar beheaded Don Ramirez Count de Biscaye, the traitor and accuser. Each one loaded Don Gusman with attentions, and the king pressing his hand, said:

"Gusman, I have been very unjust; I shall never forgive myself."

"Sire," replied the duke, "let it no more be spoken of. Such words as these from my sovereign are worth a thousand lives."

But the king continued:

"Friend, our royal desire is that from this time, to immortalize the remembrance of your almost miraculous deliverance, you bear upon your escutcheon a silver axe, on an azure chess-board. Then in the course of this month, you shall wed Donna Estella, and your nuptials shall be celebrated in our palace of the Escorial." And turning to Ruy Lopez, he added, "I believe the church will have a faithful servant in its new bishop. Thou shalt be dedicated lord prelate, with a scarlet robe, enriched with diamonds! This shall be the reward for thy game of chess with Don Gusman."

"Sire," replied Ruy Lopez, "never until this day have I been gratified at being check-mated."

There are men who delight in playing the fool, but are angry when told they succeed in it.

## A BUTTERFLY IN WINTER.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Pretty, fluttering, fragile thing,  
 Fairest harbinger of spring!  
 What hath wakened thee to life,  
 When the air with death is rife?  
 Did some fairy whisper thee  
 "Come and roam the air with me;  
 Come, the fields and woodland bowers  
 Spring has decked with buds and flowers."

From thy humble, safe retreat,  
 Did he lure thee death to meet?  
 Bidding thee expand thy wing  
 In the balmy breath of spring,  
 Promising that all the day  
 Thou shouldst rove mid flowers gay,  
 And at night securely rest  
 On the rose's fragrant breast?

Pretty creature! did he say  
 Thou wert too beautiful to stay,  
 With thy charms in lowly guise,  
 Hidden from admiring eyes?  
 And didst thou long that bird and bee  
 Should thy various graces see,  
 And that every insect thing  
 Should look with envy on thy wing?

Poor, deluded, helpless thing!  
 Not the odorous breath of spring,  
 Not the summer's sunlight warm,  
 But the driving winter storm;  
 Not the rose's crimson glow,  
 But a chilling bed of snow;  
 Not soft zephyrs perfumed sweet,  
 But rude blasts thy coming greet.

Wicked flattery! cruel cheat!  
 That won thee from thy safe retreat,  
 All defenceless thus to cast  
 Thee upon the chilling blast,  
 Led that tiny, shrinking form  
 Out into the winter storm,  
 And thus left it soiled and torn,  
 Cold, un pitying winter's scorn.

## THE CLIFF OF DEATH.

BY PHILIP LEE, JR.

THE traveller in the southern division of the Cottian Alps, bordering on France, lying between Monte Viso, and Monte Genevieve, having the plains of Piedmont on the east, and the province of Dauphiny in France on the west, beholds, stretched out before him a striking and diversified scene. On the right hand rises the Cliff of Umbruzzo (with its sides half-way up covered with a dense patch of forest), casting its shadows far on the vale below, with its snow-capped summit clearly defined against the blue back-ground of sky; while on the left is the Pelice, meandering its course through green meadows and fields of waving corn (which it now fertilizes and now

devastates), until lost to the eye in the distance. —On the right bank of this stream is situated the little village of Tor, or, as called by the inhabitants, Torre, with its pretty little white-washed cottages scattered picturesquely among the green hills and valleys, almost hid among embowering trees, and each with its little tract of cultivated land around it. On the south of the town is the Angrogna torrent, rushing down from the Alps, when the snow is melting from the summits of the cliffs, but which is part of the year entirely dry. Further on, the country is undulating and hilly, until Mount Envers, richly adorned with forest and flowers, forms an interesting bound to the prospect in that direction.

In the centre of the village, and on a large knoll, was a spacious, elegant mansion, beautifully embowered in trees, with its turreted battlements peeping out here and there among the thick leaves. The gables were almost hid among clustering vines, and blooming, vigorous honey-suckles, which crept up the corners and around the eaves, forming beautiful fantastic wreaths wherever they entwined themselves together. On the side of the left wing which faced the south, and overlooked by the window of a small bedroom, was a neat little flower garden, laid out in squares, with nicely gravelled walks between. It was now summer, and the flowers were in full bloom; a magnificent array of colors, some with their large, bright petals spread boldly out to the bright rays of the sun, while others were modestly hid away among the leaves, giving no token of their presence but by their sweet perfume. This lovely place was the home of Ginhilda, a beautiful girl of sixteen summers, the pride of her father, and the joy of her mother's heart. Her chief delight was to train the flowers in her pretty little garden, and listen to the low-lipped tale of love from the lips of Alonzo D'Garca, a handsome, noble-hearted youth, who lived a few miles off; and who had loved Ginhilda ever since they were mere children. Alonzo was an orphan, left with a large estate, and had now come into full possession of his property. He loved Ginhilda with the whole strength of his noble, generous nature, and in return she loved him, with all the fondness of a pure young heart.

About a month before our story opens, Ginhilda had been to a festival held in a neighboring town; and, while there, unconsciously excited the admiration of a tall, dark, handsome youth, who from that time had persecuted her with his attentions. He was cast in nature's finest mould, his frame was strong and muscular, but graceful and symmetrical in proportion. His face would have been eminently handsome, but for a dark,

sinister smile, which at times played around his finely-cut mouth. No one knew who he was, or from whence he came, and many suspicions were whispered about concerning the dark, handsome stranger; but they never rose above a whisper, for he seemed to have vast sums of money at his command, and he spent it prodigally wherever he went; and wealth will generally command a certain respect, even though the person deserves it not.

She had always received his attentions coldly, and repulsed his advances firmly. One day she sat in a little vine-clad bower in her little garden, engaged in reading, when the form of the handsome stranger darkened the entrance, and the next moment he stood before her. We will not here narrate a love story, which may prove uninteresting to the reader. He came to plead his love. He told her in impassioned tones, how, when he first saw her, her image had become firmly fixed on his heart—how his love had deepened, as he saw her from day to day, until she was the only object he desired in existence. He narrated in glowing colors the home he would take her to—how his boundless wealth would enable her to live like a princess, and myriads of servants should await her command. Her reply was firm, but respectful. She told him that she could never love him, that her affections were another's, and she never could become his wife.

On receiving this reply, the rejected suitor arose from his knees, where he had first thrown himself, and merely bowing, left the arbor. Could Ginhilda have seen his face as he walked up the garden path she would have recoiled in horror. A dark scowl spread over his countenance, and revenge and hate were depicted there. In a few moments more Ginhilda heard the tramp of horses' feet on the lawn, and looking out, she saw her rejected lover riding furiously down the village. As he turned a corner in the road she saw him turn in the saddle, and shake his clenched hand in the direction from whence he had come, and then striking the spurs in his horse's sides, disappeared from sight. A shudder ran through the fair girl's frame at this silent menace, but she felt that his departure had taken a shadow from her heart.

That same night when all were sunk in sleep, Ginhilda was awakened by some one trying to force open the door of her room. She started up, and saw a human arm thrust through a panel of the door which had been broken, and trying to loosen the bolt which fastened it on the inside. Seizing a hatchet which lay near, she dealt a blow with all her strength which completely severed the hand at the wrist. Deep groans followed,

and then footsteps were heard retreating from the room. After unbolting the door she tremblingly entered the room with a light in her hand. There, in the middle of the floor lay her father, in a pool of gore! while on the bed was her mother, apparently lifeless, in a swoon. She heard a noise outside, and going to the window, saw, dimly through the night a figure on horseback, contending with three of the servants who had been awakened. We should say here that all the servants slept in lodges detached from the mansion, and contiguous to the stables. One old woman slept in a room in close proximity to Ginhilda's, but she was very aged, and both deaf and blind, and had consequently been undisturbed by the tragedy which had been enacted.

The figure on horseback had but one hand, but with this he firmly held the reins, and urging the animal furiously with the spurs he broke from his assailants, and soon disappeared from sight. She turned back in the room, but the sight was too much for her, she sunk down on the floor in a state of unconsciousness. When the servants entered, a horrid spectacle awaited them. Ginhilda's father was quite dead, being stabbed through the heart; while her mother lingered for hours in a deadly stupor, and when she came to consciousness, reason had fled. Ginhilda lay in convulsions for several days, and when they at last receded a fever set in, and for many weeks she was insensible; sometimes raving with all the horror of delirium, and at times sinking into a state of torpid repose. When she at last recovered, she was an orphan; her father had been buried with the pomp becoming his wealth, and her mother had followed him about a week afterwards. The whole village had been aroused by this bloody tragedy, but no clue could be obtained relative to the perpetrator. More than once suspicion pointed, in the mind of Ginhilda, to the rejected suitor, and she remembered the menace which he had made. She communicated her suspicions to her lover who deeply sympathized with her in her afflictions, and a search was instituted, but he could nowhere be found. Ginhilda drooped like a flower when under the scorching rays of the mid-day sun.

Grief like hers could not be lightly put away, deprived as she was of father and mother at one fell stroke, the nearest and dearest relations she had ever known; it is no wonder that she for a season bent before the tempest. But she was not alone in her affliction. Her lover sincerely mourned with her, and became the solace of her loneliness. But grief will not always hold its sway over the heart, or else the human race would be but miserable beings. Two years after

this, the grief of the lovers was softened, and they again began to talk of love.

We will pass over the intervening time and take up the thread of our narrative when the fervent love of our hero to the object of his affections, was to be consummated by marriage. It was a bright morning in June. At the home of the bride all was busy preparation for the approaching ceremony. She was tastefully arrayed in white by the hands of her bridesmaids, and looked in her neat fitting costume, the personification of the goddess of beauty. A large number of villagers gathered on the lawn, and the merry joke and lively sally ran from mouth to mouth. At last a clock struck the hour of ten, which was an hour later than the ceremony was to take place. The merriment on the green gradually ceased, and all eyes were turned towards the road. The bride became seriously alarmed, and often glanced out of the window with an uneasy eye. The clattering of horses' hoofs was now heard on the road, and the next instant a riderless horse turned the bend in the road, and dashed madly up the lawn towards the frightened group. He was caught by a peasant as he was rushing by, and when he had become quieted, they all recognized it as Alonzo D'Garcia's; the pommel of the saddle was covered with blood, as were also the reeking sides of the animal. It was instantly supposed that a terrible accident had happened to the rider; and leaving the horse in charge of three or four of their number, the rest quickly hastened down the road. While leading the horse to the stable, one of the peasants noticed a paper fastened on the under part of the cloth back of the saddle. Detaching it from its position, he held it up to the light. It was a sealed note, and was simply directed on the outside, "Ginhilda."

When the fair maiden first saw the riderless horse rushing up the lawn she turned deadly pale; but when blood was found on the saddle a deathly sickness came over her, and she fainted in the arms of her bridesmaids. By the exertions of her attendants she had returned to consciousness, and the strange note was put into her hand. It read as follows:

"Charming, cruel creature; it is with feelings of savage satisfaction that I imagine your emotions when you peruse this. You rejected my fervent love, and confessed that your affections were another's. Maddening thought! But the great robber Red-Belt was not thus to be thwarted. Start not, thou cruel one. It was the terrible bandit chief whose name has struck terror to the stoutest hearts, that sued for your hand. When you rejected my love, I resolved to obtain possession of your person in spite of all opposition. The result of my attempt you know. To you I

owe the loss of a limb. I swore revenge, and that revenge is consummated in the death of your lover. By my own hand he died—I stood exultingly over him when his breath left its mortal tenement. You will not have the consolation of beholding his body, for I have had it placed where it will never be found. And now adieu. My revenge is amply satisfied! And you will be molested no more by one, who would have loved you ever had you so willed it."

When Ginhilda finished reading, she sat like one in a trance. Her face was pale as marble, and her eyes gazed vacantly on space. Deep was the grief within her breast—a grief more pointed, because her heart had been so sorely lacerated by former affliction. The wedding was abruptly broken up, and the guests retired sorrowfully to their homes. The peasants found the place where Alonzo had been murdered; a pool of blood stained the greensward, and the ground was trampled as if a desperate struggle had taken place. A portion of his clothing, deeply stained with gore, was also found in a clump of bushes, which seemed to indicate that his body had been dragged through them. The whole neighborhood was searched, but the body of Alonzo d'Garcia could not be found. To the honest villagers, it was all a profound mystery. The cheerfulness and joy of youth never came back to Ginhilda's heart; grief had done the work of years. \* \* \* \*

Twenty years have elapsed since the foregoing events transpired. Those who were then in middle life, are now silver-haired men; while some are just tottering on the verge of the grave. The little village of Torre has not escaped the changing hand of Time—though it has changed for the better. The meadows are yet revelling in all their charms, the streams are yet flowing on as in days of yore; but the cottages are now more numerous, and two spires modestly rear their heads amid a thick grove of poplar and elm. A greater air of thrift pervades the village than formerly. On the morning when our story re-opens, a group of peasants might have been seen engaged in burning underbrush on the edge of a deep black precipice, which had just been cleared of the thicket which had adorned its summit. At the foot of the cliff were a group of villagers slowly toiling up its steep sides, bearing coils of rope, and large wicker baskets in their arms, which proclaimed them to be sapphire gatherers. When the party arrived at the summit, which had but recently been cleared, they stopped, and began to prepare for one of their number to go down its dark sides. Thus engaged, the attention of those unoccupied was drawn to the southward, where in the distance a

large cloud of dust was rolling up in the air, as if a multitude of horses were rushing on the road.

"I guess it's some of the coast troops in pursuit of smugglers," said a young peasant, in a blue gherkin.

"No, no," returned another, who was leisurely uncoiling a bunch of rope; "I don't think they would come so far inland; take my word for it, it is a body of troops sent out against the famous robber, Red-Belt of the One Hand, whose band, by the way, has been entirely defeated and dispersed, and he, himself, flees before his pursuers, among the mountains, with a large reward set upon his head."

"God grant that he may be taken and made a summary example of," returned the other, devoutly crossing himself.

While this brief colloquy was going on, the samphire gatherer had begun his perilous descent. The rope for a time ran rapidly out of the hands of the sturdy peasants, but suddenly a violent jerk gave them the signal for stopping. It then remained stationary for a considerable length of time, while a continual twitching of the rope seemed to indicate that the individual below was fastening something to the end. While they were waiting, the attention of the peasants was again directed to the highway. The cloud of dust was now not more than five miles off, and through it could be dimly seen a large body of imperial troops coming at full gallop, while about half a mile in advance, and slowly losing ground was a single horseman with his hair flying wildly in the breeze, and urging his weary horse forward with maniac exertions. While the peasants were thus gazing, a tremendous jerk at the rope gave them the signal for pulling up the daring voyager. They soon became aware that a heavy weight had been appended to the rope, for all their combined strength could but slowly raise it. At last it reached the top, when they found, in addition to the weight of the peasant, a large, rusty, iron chest, which he told the wondering group he had found on a large ledge, where it had probably been for years.

A large lock had once fastened the lid in its place, but it was now so rusty that it was easily wrenched off, and the lid thrown back. They all started eagerly forward, but recoiled with horror when they saw within the chest the remains of a human being—a fleshless skeleton lying before them. For a moment they gazed awe-struck, on the strange scene, and then the low hum of astonishment ran round. By this time the group had swelled into a crowd, for all the villagers had come out to gaze on the strange scene, of troops coming towards their secluded village.

But the strange proceedings on the cliff now riveted their attention; and many surmises were advanced, relative to the strange affair.

"Perhaps Aunt Hulda could give us a little light on the subject, as she is the oldest of us all," said a young peasant in a blue gherkin, pointing to a beat, middle-aged female, whose wrinkled, careworn face made her look older than she was. She came tottering slowly forward, leaning heavily on her staff. She stopped in front of the chest and slowly scanned its horrible contents. But suddenly her glance fell on a rusty ring which encircled one of the skeleton fingers. She started forward with a frantic motion, and shrieking "Alonzo," fell to the ground. The lookers-on raised her up, but she was dead. The soul of Ginhilda, the once light-hearted maiden, had taken its flight. The bystanders had hardly recovered from their surprise, when the tramping of horses' feet, and a loud hallooing at the foot of the road which led to the cliff, arrested their attention. A single horseman was urging his weary animal up the steep road, while a few rods behind were a large number of imperial troops, whose horses were evidently almost spent with fatigue. As the pursued came near the peasants, his horse swerved to one side, and then fell forward on his knees. His rider plunged the spurs savagely in his sides—the poor animal made a desperate effort with his expiring strength, to rise to his feet, but he was too far gone, he fell backwards dead on the road. Disengaging himself from the stirrups, with a frightful malediction the discomfited horseman drew a pistol from the holsters, and cocking it with one hand (for the peasants now perceived that the other was severed at the wrist), rushed forward towards the clearing, where the horsemen could not follow.

All this was the work of a moment, the next a shout came from the leader of the troops who were half way over the hill:

"Behold the robber, Red-Belt of the One Hand, a thousand crowns to him who shall take him alive."

Five or six sturdy peasants instantly started forward, but a shot from the robber's pistol laid one of their number low. Seeing all hope of escape cut off, he drew a cutlass from his bosom, resolving to sell his life dearly. A short but severe conflict ensued. Two of their number fell, but the bold bandit was at last overpowered and bound. As the troops came up, their leader said to the peasants:

"You have done well; he is a desperate character, and a reward of ten thousand crowns is set on his head."

As the party approached the cliff, the eyes of

the prisoner fell on the iron chest; he seemed suddenly spell-bound. He glared on the terrible spectacle with maniac wildness, as he muttered:

"What meanest thou, Alonzo D'Garca, to thus come before my vision in skeleton garb. I buried thee deep down among the rocks in thine iron winding sheet, where no human eye could see thee—why hast thou come up again to the light of day?"

At this juncture, the leader of the troops appeared to him, but motioning him back he continued:

"Away, ye shalt never have my body, the beld robber of the mountains will never be kept prisoner by mortal man."

And breaking from those who held him, ere any could interfere he sprang over the precipice. A shudder ran through the assembled group as a dull sound came to their ears. An hour after a mournful procession went down the road from the cliff towards the village, bearing the remains of five human beings on a large litter.

#### THINK BEFORE YOU SPEND.

Do you really need the article? It is probably a petty trifle in dress, in furniture; but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or is it some luxury for the table, that you can as well do without? Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead, new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended; and while you hesitate, the dealer says to you, "It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." But, before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be the better, a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered money? Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for a moment; you soon tire of them; and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step towards learning this lesson is, think before you spend.—*New England Farmer.*

#### BEAUTY.

I have come to the conclusion, if man or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity—and which, by expanding the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—*Prof. Upham.*

Time subserves all uses, but we do not always know how to regulate it. Light as a feather—weighty as a stone—brief as a moment—tedious as ages—we are variously affected by it.

#### THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

BY ALBERT AINSWORTH SAUNDERS.

I'm lonely, mother, lonely now,  
I'm lonely, mother dear,  
There's no kind friend to soothe my brow,  
Or wipe away the tear.

Though bright the prospect once I knew,  
When life seemed one sweet dream,  
And friends were round me kind and true—  
How changed is that fair scene.

Alone through distant lands I roam,  
With none to chide or cheer,  
No kindred hand to beck me home,  
That home of youth so dear.

No father's hand is raised to bless,  
Nor heard a mother's voice;  
No loving sister to caress,  
Or brother to rejoice.

Though basking 'neath a palace dome,  
Away my thoughts will veer;  
For O, without the light of home  
How dark is life and drear.

I'm lonely, mother, lonely now,  
I'm lonely, mother dear;  
There's no kind friend to soothe my brow,  
Or wipe away the tear.

#### THE WATER SPIRITS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

A POOR man in Normandy lived by the produce of a meadow which furnished food for a cow, an ass, and a few sheep. This poor man, named Michael, was much troubled. At this time the earth was devoured by a desolating scourge; nothing grew, everything died. The foliage withered on the trees, and the verdure of the fields was scorched.

An enemy of the country had for some months taken up his abode there. This enemy was called Drought; a sort of giant with a long, lean and yellow physiognomy. His look was dry and chilling. He constantly licked his fiery lips with his flaming tongue, and uttered this horrible cry: "Drink!"

At this cry the springs sighed; the fountains moaned. It was their death-warrant. The giant passed them, uncovered them; then, lying flat upon the reeds, with an arm thrown over the twin banks, his head bending over the wave, in two or three draughts springs and fountains were dried up. The little streams that wound through the meadows and fertilized them in their tranquil course, were not spared; Drought howled, "Drink!" and they all passed away.



"What will become of us?" said Toinon, to her husband, one evening; "poverty, my poor man, presses us in every direction. Last year, we were obliged to borrow forage from the miller, our good neighbor. This year promises to be still more unproductive. Forage being more scarce, will be dearer; and, being unable to borrow it, we shall be compelled to sell the cow, the sheep and the ass, for want of anything with which to feed them."

"It is true, wife, that the good God has left us but little," replied the poor man.

"Alas what will become of our poor children?" exclaimed Toinon.

The excellent man, seeing his wife thus distressed, sought to render her more hopeful, and said to her:

"Nevertheless, wife, we must not despair, or prostrate ourselves on the ground, without stretching out our hands in some direction, and trying to catch hold of something. All our regrets will not bring a grain of oats into the manger, or an ear of barley into the garner. If we have no use for the sickle at present, the axe is left us. So, as the lord of the castle wishes to fell some oaks in his forest, and the steward asked me to assist, I will go."

Michael took his axe, put a morsel of black wheat bread into his basket, embraced his children, and set out, adding:

"Adieu, wife! Take care of the cow, the sheep, and the ass."

Drought did not cease to devastate the neighborhood; the most plentiful springs began to dry up before his devouring thirst. The mills no longer turned for want of water. The country was desolate.

One day the sun was setting, and the hour was at hand so much desired by men and plants, to breathe a little coolness; a pretty personage, so little, so delicate, that she might easily have slept in a rose leaf, suddenly appeared, directing her steps towards a pond in which there was still a remnant of greenish water. It was the queen of the water-spirits. She wore on her head a myosotis, and was clad in a dress made of the transparent wings of the dragon-fly.

Arrived at the bank of the pond, she stooped and dipped a pretty blue pitcher into the water. She was joyfully returning, placing her pitcher in the hollow of her hand, then raising it to her shoulder, after the manner of the oriental women, when the giant Drought accosted her, and impeded her passage, exclaiming, "Drink!"

The little queen, surprised and troubled, started back. A drop of water which escaped from her pitcher almost drowned her.

"Drink!" repeated Drought.

"Sir," replied the little queen, "I cannot satisfy you."

"What!" replied the frightful giant, "can you not quench the thirst which is strangling me?"

"No," replied the pretty queen, humbly. "I would if I could," added she, trembling.

"To will is to do, child," thundered the monster; "without further reply, hand me that pitcher."

"What can you do with a drop of water?"

"Drink it!"

Humility is the weapon of the weak. The little queen had heard it said by a Turk, "he must kiss the hand which he cannot cut off." She therefore prostrated herself, saying:

"I humbly supplicate your highness to think of my family. This drop of water is necessary to our existence."

"I am thirsty!" was all the reply of Drought.

"Nevertheless," said the little queen, resolutely, "you shall not have my pitcher."

"We will see, emmet," exclaimed Drought, stretching out a profane hand towards the sacred pitcher.

Undine hid beneath a bush. The giant crushed the bush with his feet.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the little queen, with an accent so lamentable that the birds of heaven would have been softened by it.

"I am thirsty!"

"Consider, prince, that grandmama is dying beneath her withered rushes."

"I am thirsty!"

"That my father is dying among his dry reeds."

"I am thirsty!"

"That my children are dying on the yellow water-cresses."

"I am thirsty! I am thirsty!"

"Nevertheless, I cannot kill my family for you," replied poor Undine, all in tears, useless tears! It was all over with the pretty blue pitcher. The monster was about to swallow all, and the little queen was in despair, when she perceived afar off, the Norman Michael, who was returning with his axe under his arm, and his basket full of sticks. Undine had a moment of hope. Meanwhile the woodcutter was still far off, and the giant very near. She attempted to gain time; and feigning to yield, said:

"At least, do not break my pitcher."

Then she commenced a story about her pitcher.

"It was," said she, "Bernard Palissy, my godfather, who gave it to me. He was a great potter, sir prince, who had burned his furniture, sold all he possessed, incurred debts, and braved

the ridicule of his foolish and malicious wife, in order to perfect this master-piece, to color its sides with blue, borrowed from the skies, and fix it forever on the clay; to give to this handle the green color of the rushes. Its cover, which resembles a poppy, cost him three months of patient toil. I even believe, sir prince, that this is all which is left us of Bernard de Palissy, the potter, the great artist!"

"Who was your Bernard de Palissy that I should care for him? Was he a water-seller?" growled the giant. "Did he give drink to people?"

"Alas, no!" replied the little queen; "he was simply the immortal inventor of enamels."

"You mock me, emmet, with your nonsense. For the last time, give me that pitcher, or I will crush you along with it."

"Help! help!" exclaimed the poor Undine.

Some one heard her cries. Michael arrived.

The woodcutter had much difficulty in discovering whence these calls proceeded; but what was his surprise on perceiving this pretty microscopic figure? The poor man could hardly believe his eyes. His admiration was at its height when he heard it exclaim:

"Good woodcutter, deliver me from the presence of this pitiless giant!"

At this apostrophe of the little queen, Drought stamped furiously; Undine was almost lost in the cloud of dust which he raised around him. Michael almost fell backwards on perceiving the formidable Drought, who was red with anger.

"Why do you allow yourself to get into a passion with this little creature?" said Michael to him, tranquilly; "she could not resist you, being weaker than a blade of grass."

"I am thirsty!" howled Drought.

"This poor little one can do nothing," replied Michael.

"No, no, nothing at all!" exclaimed the little queen, with vivacity.

"Thou liest!" howled Drought again. "Thou canst give me this pitcher of water."

"Have I not already told you that this water is necessary to the existence of my children?" replied Undine, earnestly.

"Giant," exclaimed Michael, "may this water poison me, if you drink a single drop of it!"

"Who will prevent it?" said Drought, placing one hand on his hip, and casting a threatening glance at Michael.

"I!" simply replied Michael.

At this reply Drought lifted a hand of frightful size over the head of Michael. Undine trembled for herself and for the woodcutter. Michael, retaining all his coolness, said to the giant:

"Yes, I will defend this pretty little creature against your attacks!" At the same time, the woodcutter brandished his axe in a threatening manner. The giant began to laugh.

To dare to resist such a monster was one of the most courageous acts imaginable; many in his place would have taken flight without the risk of passing for cowards. However, Michael was known to be the most adroit and most determined man in the whole country.

At this gesture of Michael, the giant exclaimed, "Do you know, worm of the dust, that with a breath I can reduce you to powder?"

"A little shower allays a great wind," replied the woodcutter.

The giant advanced; it was all over with poor Michael; but, brandishing his axe, he threw it at the giant's forehead and hit it. Drought tottered as with the crash of a tree overthrown by the storm.

"Run!" exclaimed Michael.

Then the little queen fled with all her might towards her secluded dwelling, while the woodcutter hastily regained his cottage. An hour afterwards, Drought recovered from his swoon, rose with bloody face, ran through the country and repeated, more thirsty than ever, "Drink!"

When Michael re-entered, Toinon was in tears.

"What is the matter, wife? What makes you weep?" said poor Michael to her.

"Alas," replied she, "our neighbor the miller, has been here; he appears very urgent for his forage; he told me that it would give him much pleasure if we would pay him the few boxes of hay we owe him."

"This man demands his due; it is very natural, he ought to have it," murmured Michael, sadly.

"It seems to me that he might have waited a few days longer," sighed Toinon.

"We do not know the business of others," replied the woodcutter.

"True," replied his wife, in a tone of vexation, "but some people are more show than substance."

"Wife," said Michael, setting down his basket, "we must restore willingly what we borrowed freely."

"Right," sighed Toinon. "Alas, what will become of the cow, the sheep and the ass?"

Michael said to her, "It will be market-day soon; since we cannot feed them, we will sell them."

Toinon lamented; the children uttered cries loud enough to disturb the whole neighborhood; and thought their father a wicked man to consent to drag to market the cow, the sheep and the ass.

Michael did not reply; but as he deposited the axe in the chimney corner, Toinon saw blood flowing down his sleeve.

"Alas!" said the poor woman, "my dear man, are you then wounded?"

"No," replied Michael. And he related to her his tragic scene with the giant Drought.

"You did wrong to expose yourself. When a danger bars his path, a wise man will take a cross road to avoid it," said Toinon, with a certain quarrelsome vivacity.

Michael did not agree with her; he remained silent.

"In fact," exclaimed Toinon, "it might have been a serious affair. This blood makes me afraid," added she, looking at the axe.

"Well, could I allow the poor little one to be devoured by the giant?" replied Michael.

"It seems to me," said Toinon, "that the existence of your children should be worth more to you than that of a little gipsy whom you did not know."

Michael did not reply. Toinon becoming animated, went on.

"The law prohibits us from doing wrong; when one is poor and has a family, that is enough. We should not go beyond our strength, but act according to our ability."

Michael began to smile, and replied:

"It is perhaps enough, according to the law of men, to avoid doing evil; but the law of the good God requires more."

One morning, soon after daylight, the poor man was sadly directing his steps towards the meadow, to derive from the conviction of his misfortune the energy indispensable to his desperate resolution. A prey to bitter reflections, he entered the meadow. What was his astonishment, as his shoes sank into the softened soil!

"What is this?" exclaimed poor Michael, all in trouble; "what, our land, which was white, is now brown? from hard, it has become soft! What do I see? the grass is growing, here are daisies, tulips, mole hills, which announce the return of the waters!"

Meanwhile nothing was changed in the adjoining meadows, they were as dry as ever. The woodcutter took some earth in his hand; it was very moist. The good Michael comprehended nothing except that the grass was growing; then he took his shoes in his hand, and ran as fast as he could to announce the good news to Toinon. Surprised at this sudden and mysterious fruitfulness, and unable to explain its cause, Michael wished to know whence the good fortune came.

Now, on a beautiful night, when the stars were shining, and the moon at the full, our man left, at midnight, his little cottage. His wife and children were asleep. He advanced with stealthy step, under the shade of the tall poplars,

along the bushes which bordered the meadow, then hid behind an old elm.

At first he saw nothing. Meanwhile he thought he felt a light breeze pass through his hair, then a sort of dampness, humid as dew, moistened his countenance; at last he saw the grass at the end of the meadows wave and become verdant. He heard a distant murmur, like the murmur of water, then confused words and a light flapping of wings. This appeared strange to him; he looked attentively, observing whence the motion came. The surprise of the good man was then very great; a host of water-spirits, winged and without wings, flying or walking, advanced and flew over the meadow. They were conducted by the pretty little personage whom he had protected against the giant Drought. He listened and heard this little personage say:

"Clear-Fountain, Fresh-Spring, Cool-Streams, and you, Pure-Waves, traverse this meadow, opening your channels. You, Light-Mists, you, Fine-Dews, fly over it and water it from your urns!"

And the rills and rivulets began to run, the rain to fall, the grass to grow green, and the brooks to flow, at the orders of Queen Undine. The pretty queen had just inherited from an aunt named Old Spring, a number of cisterns which she had in her aquatic domains. As soon as the little queen had entered into possession of her inheritance, she assembled her people, related what the woodcutter had done for her, the trouble of the poor man, her intention to extricate him from his embarrassments, and, as they loved their queen, the water-spirits unanimously applauded her projects. All the people of the waves heard the royal summons; they set out and worked so industriously that in a short time the cow had grass up to her nose, the sheep over their backs, and the ass was even drinking at a pretty brook of clear water.

A long time afterwards, a storm passed over Normandy, and drove away Drought, but it was too late; the harvest was ruined. The time for mowing came. The poor family gathered forage enough for the long winter. And Toinon said, as she embraced her husband in token of the inward joy and peace in the family: "I have paid my debt to our neighbor, and, blessed be God, we have enough left to support the cow, sheep and ass, all winter. And yet, Michael, you have not explained to us by what miracle this has been done, and who gave us this good harvest."

"Who?" replied Michael, casting a thoughtful eye over the blue and silvery waves which wound across the meadow, "this harvest, wife, we owe to the GRATEFUL WATER SPIRITS."

## TO LILIAN.

BY JONE ST. CLARE.

Thou art in the sunny south-land,  
 And the breeze that cools my brow,  
 Is redolent with perfume  
 From the bending orange bough.  
 Each isle in its glistening shore  
 Is set like an emerald gem,  
 Banded by silvery-pearls  
 In a royal diadem.  
 And the stars in the crystal heavens  
 Burn with deep and magical glow;  
 While a dreamy sense of beauty  
 Rests upon all below.  
 But does not thy heart oft wander  
 Back to its native shore?  
 And wish with a mournful yearning  
 To visit its home once more?  
 I am lonely, I am lonely without thee;  
 O, haste to thy home o'er the sea,  
 For my soul, like a flower to the sunlight,  
 Unfoldeth itself but to thee.

## A TALK ABOUT GIANTS.

We don't mean to bore you, gentle reader, about intellectual giants, so often enlarged upon, in the cant of the day, but about physical giants—those long-drawn-out mortals, once the terror of all little fellows only six or seven feet high, and still in tale and song exciting the imagination of all childhood. Alas, they have fallen from their high estate in these latter days! When one chances to appear, now and then, he no longer tears up an oak tree for a club, puts on seven-leagued boots, and strides over the earth, creating famines, committing assaults and batteries, and defying pursuit and retribution, but is quietly domiciliated in a canvass tent and figures at a side show at a shilling a head. He is not admitted as an attraction to a grand caravan—he is degraded to the side show.

Men surpassing the ordinary standard of humanity have figured in all ages of the world, are spoken of in history, sacred and profane, and appear in all legendary literature. The Scriptures tell us of the olden time, that "there were giants on the earth in those days," and in the profane books these extraordinary personages make the most vivid impression on the student. Now we behold Antæus, a giant sixty cubits high, crushed in the iron arms of Hercules; now we dwell on the battle of the Titans against the gods, piling mountains upon mountains, Ossa upon Pelion, and Olympus upon Ossa, to scale the starry battlements of heaven.

*"Affectasse ferunt regnum celeste gigantes,  
 Atque congestos struxisse ad sidera montes."*

Jupiter buried one of them under Mount Ætna,

which causes an earthquake whenever he moves, and a volcano every time he breathes. After the Titans came the Cyclops, one of whom, Polyphemus, was a gentleman measuring about 300 feet in height. The traditions of the north agree with those of the south as to the existence of giants in the early ages of the world. The Scandinavian mythology is full of stories, in which giants play a conspicuous part, as in the Greek mythology. Everybody knows the speculations of the rabbins with regard to the height of Adam, who, according to some, was some hundreds of feet tall, and whose head, according to others, rose above the atmosphere, so that with one hand he could touch the arctic, and with the other the antarctic pole. The same learned gentlemen were pleased to say that Og, king of Bashan, was such an excessive giant, that the waters of the Deluge only came to his knees, and that Polyphemus and all the other giants together, might have danced in the palm of his hand.

In 1718, a grave and learned academician published a labored and serious work, in which, according to a certain assumed law of continued diminution assigned to our species, the variations in the height of man, since the epoch of the creation, were determined with an exactness supposed to be rigorous. It results, from these calculations, that Adam must have been 123 feet 9 inches high, Noah 103 feet, Abraham 28 feet, Moses 13 feet, and Hercules 10. Pomponius Mela, the most credulous learned man who ever devoted his life to the study of antiquity, relates that certain inhabitants of India were blessed with such an advantageous altitude, that they could mount elephants as we do horses, and Father Rhétel saw at Thessalonica the bones of a giant thirty-six feet high.

But the bones supposed to be those of giants are those of animals. In the 17th century, a great noise was made about the discovery of Teutoboch, King of the Cimbri, defeated by Marius, who, according to the measure of his bones, must have been thirty feet high. Unluckily it turned out that the pretended Teutoboch was only a fossil elephant. Alexander Bertrand (Letter on the Revolutions of the Globe) says: "An entire volume might be made of the history of fossil bones of large quadrupeds, which ignorance or fraud has passed off for the remains of human giants."

Science has clearly demonstrated that man has not degenerated, physically, through the influence of civilization. Giants have appeared on the earth from time to time, but as individuals, not races. Without believing what Herodotus

relates of the shoe of Perseus, which, according to the credulous historian, was two cubits long, we have reason to believe that Pliny spoke the truth, when he related that in his time an Arab named Gabbarna was brought to Rome, whose height was nine feet nine inches high. The famous Goliath, slain by David, was six cubits and a palm high. The Roman emperor Maximinus (assassinated A. D. 238) was eight feet high, and the bracelets of his wife served as rings to adorn his fingers. His strength was proportionate to his gigantic mould; he could draw a loaded wagon; with the blow of his fist, he often broke the teeth in a horse's mouth, and he clove young trees with his hand. One of the body guard of William I., King of Prussia, was eight feet high; and Offenbach examined the skeleton of a young girl of the same height. But, as we have said, giants in all ages have been exceptions to natural standards. Man has not dwindled in becoming civilized; he has not become physically weaker while becoming intellectually stronger. He has lost nothing of his real strength and primitive size by multiplying his forces, through address and industry; and it is not by retracing his steps that he will advance more rapidly to the goal to which his efforts incessantly, though sometimes unconsciously, tend—the moral, intellectual and physical development of the human race.

#### A BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

Doyen, the painter, when at St. Petersburg, was commanded by the emperor Paul to paint him a picture representing the twelve Hours dancing round the car of the Sun. One of the court nobles, watching him at work, after having attentively examined one of the Hours, which was a little remote from the front group, and consequently diminished by the laws of perspective, said to the painter: "This is perfect, sir; but will you allow me to make an observation? Here is an Hour which is smaller than the others, and yet they should be all equal." "Sir," replied Doyen, with great coolness, "you are perfectly right; but the figure you speak of is only half an hour." The critic assented and departed, perfectly satisfied with himself.

"John," said an Englishman to his servant, "I must start to-morrow at five o'clock; don't forget to wake me at four." "Then, sir, you will have the kindness to ring for me at half-past three."

In the second war against the European powers, commenced in 1690, Luxembourg commanded the army of Flanders, and gained the battles of Fleurus, Lens and Nerwinde. He

was deformed, and the Prince of Orange, despairing of defeating him, often exclaimed: "Shall I never defeat this hunchback?" When this was repeated to Luxembourg, he said: "How does he know I am deformed? He never yet saw my back!"

Fontenelle was very fond of doing kindnesses. The desire of obliging did not abandon him in the last years of his life, and even survived the decay of his memory and his other organs. One of his friends one day reminded him of an affair in which he was interested. "I beg your pardon," said Fontenelle, "for not having done what I promised for you." "You have done it," replied the friend; "you have succeeded, and I came to thank you." "Well," replied Fontenelle, "I did not forget your business, but I forgot that I had attended to it."

Two citizens of Bath having a dispute together, one of them, to avenge himself, went to the other's house, after dark, and wrote the word "puppy" on his door. The insulted man went to his adversary's house, but the servant told him his master was not in, and asked him if he had any word to leave. "No," was the reply; "you may merely tell him that I came to return his call, as he had left his name at my door."

A Gascon officer one day returned to Count de Grammont a hundred pistoles which his lordship had lent him. Shortly afterwards he came to the count to ask the same favor. "No, sir," replied the latter; "nobody deceives me twice."

The French dancer Vestris was noted for his extreme vanity. "I am the god of dancing," he used to say constantly; "and Europe," he added, "has but three great men—King Frederick of Prussia, Voltaire and myself." "When his son, young Vestris," says Grimm, "debuted at the opera, the 'god of dancing,' dressed in the richest and strictest court costume, with a sword at his side and chapeau under his arm, presented himself with his son at the footlights, and after having addressed the pit in dignified words on the sublimity of his art, and the noble hopes the august heir of his name inspired, turned with an imposing air to the young candidate, and said: 'Come, my son, exhibit your talent to the public; your father beholds you.'" Young Vestris was very successful. He was particularly noted for his lightness, hardly touching the boards; so old Vestris, wrapped in his paternal pride, said: "Look at my son!—if he touches the ground, it is only to spare the feelings of his companions." Moore has embodied this idea in some lines on a celebrated dancer:

"You say, as her feet in the dance twinkle round,  
That she only *par complaisance*, touches the ground."

## MORNING.

BY MARY S. SPENCER.

Morning, dressed in robes of brightness,  
Hath unlocked the gates of day;  
And the dark and gloomy shadows  
Of the night have passed away.

Sunshine plays upon the meadows,  
Sunbeams glance upon the hill—  
Sunbeams cast their bright reflections  
Gaily in the laughing rill.

All the air is filled with beauty;  
And a merry gush of song,  
Coming from the distant tree-tops,  
Tells us of the feathered throng;

Tells us that the birds are waking—  
Sending up their morning prayer,  
While their grateful adoration  
Thrills with music all the air.

From the distant mountain coming,  
Fleecy clouds float o'er the sky,  
Seeming like the wings of angels,  
As they swiftly hurry by.

While, ascending from the hill-tops,  
Wreaths of mist are borne away,—  
Like a cloud of grateful incense  
Rising to the "king of day."

Sighing breezes murmur lightly  
Story of the fragrant flowers,  
Or, in idle meditation,  
Wander through the leafy bowers.

Fresh and green the earth beneath us—  
And the dew upon the grass  
Is as if the angels scattered  
Pearls and diamonds as they pass.

## THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

A Leaf from the Autobiography of an Ugly Man.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

My name is Chowler—Jonas Chowler. It is not a romantic name by any means, nor am I a romantic personage, though I have as sensitive a heart as ever beat behind a black satin waistcoat. And if, like the milkmaid's in the song, "my face was my fortune," I should not be very well off in the world, for a more homely, nay, an uglier countenance than my own, you would not be likely to meet with if you walked Broadway from one end to the other.

But spite of my unprepossessing appearance, I have had my "love passages"—what man of the ripe age of thirty-five has not, I should like to know? Though plain enough in person myself; and as my friend Jack Johnson says:

"For ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I submit to yet."

Indeed a pretty face, or a neatly turned foot and ankle, acts like a spark in this tinder heart of mine, and sets it in a blaze. It may easily be supposed that this propensity to fall in love with every pretty girl I meet, has been sometimes productive of awkward consequences; indeed I am now going to relate one of my amatory disasters, in the hope that some brother bachelor may from my narrative learn how to avoid the matrimonial maelstrom in which I was so nearly engulfed.

In New York, if a man be as ugly as sin itself, he can, provided his purse is well lined, and his manners not absolutely savage, obtain access to any circle of what is called "society." I know this by experience. Why, no sooner had it got abroad that my hard-working father had died and left me an ample fortune, than from the Fifth Avenue to the Five Points, my society was as assiduously courted, as though I had the features of an Antinous, and the form of an Apollo, instead of a pimply face and a podgy figure. Even the prettiest girls courted my society, but I was not so green as to suppose that it was myself and not my dollars that they had an eye to. In fact I soon became sick and disgusted with the heartlessness of the ladies whom I used to meet in New York, at Saratoga, Newport and Cape May, and in order to obtain a bride, I determined to search for one in the more unsophisticated paths of life.

Accordingly I retired to a small village in Vermont. There was only one inn in the place, the Mansion House, an excellent house of entertainment. Here I put up and enjoyed myself exceedingly for some time. I made acquaintance with the minister, the Reverend Job Softly; also with the doctor, Septimus Dock, and with the lawyer, Squire Latitat. Our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. They often did me the honor of coming to the Mansion House, where a light supper of oysters and pies was always prepared in my room for the doctor and the lawyer, and some very fine cigars and Bourbon whiskey punch for his reverence.

In the course of one of our evening's symposia, after the parson, who could not sing, had told us a capital story (ministers are the best tellers of "capital" stories I know of), after the doctor had roared out a song, as soon as the lawyer had enchanted us with "lovely Lucy Neal," I ventured to express a desire to know more of the female society of the village.

"Sly dog!" exclaimed Latitat, giving me a nudge in the ribs.

"On the look out, eh?" intimated Doctor Septimus Dock, with the fore finger of his right hand laid alongside his nose.

"It is not good for man to be alone," quoted the Reverend Job Softly, with an eye to the marriage ceremony and a fee.

It was in vain that I protested against any such construction being put on my remark or request; the health of the future Mrs. Chowler was drunk in the Bourbon, and much against my inclination, I was compelled to return thanks in behalf of that imaginary lady.

The next morning Dr. Dock called and was admitted to my room, as I lay late in bed; the fact being that the "Bourbon" was rather strong, and drinking the health of imaginary brides was thirsty work—in other words—the evening's amusement did not bear the morning's reflection, and I had a thundering headache, and a tongue as dry and brown as a chip of mahogany.

"Up with you, Chowler," said Dock, switching the clothes off the bed; "just dip your head into a bucket of cold water, take a seidlitz, and in an hour's time, a cup of coffee, and by that time I'll be with you again. You said, last night, you wanted female society, and I'll take you where you can have your pick of the prettiest girls in Oldtown." And he quitted the chamber.

I was not long, I can tell you, before I had complied with Dock's directions, and felt all the better for observing them. Scarcely had I despatched the last slice of ham, and swallowed my third cup of coffee, when the son of Esculapius re-appeared, and off we rode together.

"You see," he said, "that I have the honor to be the medical attendant at Mrs. Bluestocking's academy for young ladies, and as there are nearly sixty of the dear creatures under the care of that lady, scarcely a day passes that my services are not called into requisition. Of course I know what I am about (here the doctor winked wickedly), and make my remedies as pleasant as possible, which serves two purposes—it causes a repetition of the dose, and counts on the bill. Young ladies dearly love maple syrup, so I put some in physic bottles, and label it Pulmonary Balsam; and will you believe it, at the present moment there is scarcely a girl in Mrs. Bluestocking's school who is not suffering from a spring cough?"

I could of course easily believe it, and expressed an opinion to that effect.

"Well," observed Doctor Dock, "I am going to introduce you to Mrs. Bluestocking. I've told her that you are a popular author from New York, residing here for the sake of privacy, under an assumed name. She is a regular lion-hunter, and has begged the privilege of knowing you. So play your cards well, and who knows

but that among her flock you may select a future Mrs. Chowler, for dodge it as you may, my fine fellow, I know what you're after. But here we are."

Mrs. Bluestocking's establishment was a remarkably genteel affair. The dwelling was called Minerva House, and it was fitted up with—but, dear reader, read one of the many advertisements of first-class ladies' academies, and save me the trouble of entering into a minute description of the interior of the particular seminary to which I am referring.

As the doctor had called on several patients in the course of our ride, the establishment was at dinner when we reached the Minerva House; but as my companion was on very familiar footing there, we were admitted without ceremony, and followed the domestic into a large room, containing about twenty of the elder pupils, seated round a table at which presided Mrs. Bluestocking, a lady of about fifty years of age; and a female of remarkably unprepossessing appearance (a great deal homelier than myself, I was not sorry to perceive), whose name proved to be Miss Phemy Ohllyvick.

"Delighted to see you, gentlemen," commenced Mrs. Bluestocking. "Mr. Chowler, I understand you are a new arrival in this retired spot—(Miss Magge, this is the third time I've seen you picking your teeth with your fork. I trust I shall not be shocked with another spectacle of the same disgusting nature!)—I offer no apology, Mr. Chowler, for the plainness of the repast to a literary mind—I beg your pardon, sir, I do not mean that literary men never eat good dinners—I should have said, a man of the world, like yourself—(Miss Keggit, leaning your arms on the dinner-table is not only vulgar, but I may say, coarse!)—Doctor Dock, some more pumpkin-pie?—(Miss Todgers, please to take your knife out of your mouth!) The society here, Mr. Chowler, is naturally confined—but you have resources within yourself. If, however, Minerva House can offer a mode of whiling away an idle hour, I trust you will consider it as always open to you. I strongly recommend this ginger wine; an aged relative of mine, noted for her skill in these things, is the maker. Miss Blinkington, say grace."

The young ladies being dismissed, we spent a very pleasant afternoon. Miss Chillyvick was peculiarly attentive to me. Among other amusements Mrs. Bluestocking allowed us to hear some of her pupils sing. Among the performers on this occasion, was a beautiful young creature of about seventeen, whose name was Mary Bloomfield. She was finishing her education under the



care of Mrs. Bluestocking. If ever there was a specimen of perfect loveliness, it was Mary Bloomfield! Why, why am I an ugly man? Mary sang exquisitely, and the sweetness of her voice had additional fascination, from a slight melancholy expression. At once I owned the force of her charms, and succeeding visits to Minerva House stamped her image so firmly on my imagination, that I fear time will never efface it. At length, love for Mary Bloomfield obtained such entire possession of my heart, that I thought, talked and dreamed of nothing else.

One beautiful summer evening, when Mrs. Bluestocking and Miss Chillyvick were superintending the education of the other young ladies, I walked into the music room, and there found Mary. I felt unusually bold, and, therefore, having made a few observations on the weather, and the pleasures of a rural life, I dropped on one knee, and seized Miss Bloomfield's hand, and urged my suit in the following candid and expressive manner:

"Miss Bloomfield, I am an ugly man—I know I am. But, Miss Bloomfield, I can appreciate the opposite quality in another. I am very, very good-natured. I am rich, and—and—"

"Well, sir," said Miss Bloomfield.

"I love you, Mary—I beg your pardon, Miss Bloomfield,—upon my honor and soul I do, from the bottom of my heart! Consent to be mine, adorable angel, and every effort in the power of man—"

"Miss Sophia Dumps will write out the verb *avoir* five times, as a slight punishment, and a warning to the other young ladies under my care, not to sketch figures of individuals of the male sex on their slates, instead of attending to their arithmetical studies."

These words warned us of the approach of Mrs. Bluestocking. In an instant Mary, putting her finger to her lip, sat down to the piano and commenced playing, while I wheeled my chair to a respectable distance.

"Ah! Mr. Chowler," said Mrs. Bluestocking, on beholding me, "you are the very person of others, I was most anxious to see. To-morrow, I propose to allow the young ladies a holiday. Squire Latitat, Doctor Dock, and Mr. Softly, have promised to be present. I therefore beg, Mr. Chowler, that you will favor us with your company, also."

"With the greatest pleasure, Mrs. Bluestocking." And so I departed to build castles in the air, under the direction of that skilful architect, Hope. On my arrival at the Mansion House, I discovered that a new lodger had arrived, and on the first landing-place I was accosted by a very

elegant young man in black, who seized my hand and shouted:

"Ah, my dear Chowler, how are you?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir."

"Come, let's adjourn to my room; dinner will be ready directly," said my companion.

Accordingly I followed him. On entering the room he shut the door and was about to embrace me, when starting back, he exclaimed:

"Why?—how?—what? I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; I took you for an esteemed relation of mine, Chowler—whom I understood was down here—a relation of mine—I beg your pardon—I—"

"No offence, sir, no offence," said I, "my name is Chowler—Jonas Chowler."

"I beg pardon, sir; any relation to the Chowlers of New York?"

"Yes, sir, most of my family live there."

"Pray don't think me importunate; but have you not some relations resident in Berkshire, Massachusetts?"

"I really believe I have one, an Uncle Zeke, as we call him, living in Berkshire."

"The same, sir, the same. I have the honor of calling you cousin. I am the son of Ezekiel Chowler, Esq. I have no doubt he has frequently mentioned in his letters, a humble individual, Thomas Jackson Chowler, his unworthy child, who at length has the happiness of shaking by the hand one whom he has been taught from infancy to esteem, revere, and look up to."

Saying this, my cousin again shook me warmly by the hand.

"Well, sir," said I, "I am always glad to see a relation. Your father has never written to me, and therefore I was not aware that he had so old a child as you seem to be; but—"

"Cousin Jonas, it is the indolence of old age; for, as you know, my respectable progenitor is now in the decline of life."

"True; but may I ask what circumstance has brought you to this retired village?"

"Why, the fact is, I am seeking in this solitude to banish from my thoughts the image of one whom I trusted and loved, but who betrayed me!"

Here my cousin was visibly affected, and applied his handkerchief to his eyes. He soon recovered his spirits, and by his wit and good humor made the evening so pleasant that I unconsciously drank too much wine, and while in this state I confessed my love for Mary, and my previous efforts to obtain a wife. To all this he listened with great attention, and at the conclusion of my history, stretching out his hand, which I shook heartily, he said:

"Jonas Chowler, your candor has won my heart. Everything in my power to forward your suit with Miss Bloomfield shall be done, and I sincerely hope you may be successful. So cheer up and let us hope for the best."

I was much struck with my cousin's generosity, and thanked him warmly. Soon afterwards Dock, Latitat and the parson entered to play a rubber at whist, and I introduced him to them. He won the hearts of all by his manners and pleasantry, sung beautifully, and made excellent whiskey punch, so that we were all delighted to have such an acquisition to the society at the Mansion House.

The next day I introduced my cousin to Mrs. Bluestocking, and he was of course invited to the evening's amusement. The time arrived, the day was bright and sunny, and precisely as the clock struck five, Dock, Latitat, Softly, Thomas Jackson Chowler and myself, entered the hospitable gates of Mrs. Bluestocking. Beneath the shade of a large clustering elm were arranged two long tables, covered with cakes, pies, fruits and such harmless luxuries; four bottles of ginger wine were also placed next to Mrs. Bluestocking, but these were only intended for the guests.

Miss Chillyvick was very lively, and once or twice trod upon my toes underneath the table, for what purpose I could not imagine; and as her behaviour to me in the course of the evening was very extraordinary, I may as well mention my opinion that she had taken a *lecture* too much wine. Mary Bloomfield sat next to my cousin Tom, and I observed that they grew very intimate in a very short time. At this, however, I took no alarm; and when he told me afterwards that he had been pleading my cause with Mary, I fully believed him.

She avoided speaking to me throughout the evening; and feeling rather hard at this, I wandered away from the merry party, the sound of revelry ill according with my feelings, and sought in a more retired part of the garden to regain my usual equanimity of temper. I had nearly done so, and was preparing to return, when to my utter dismay I beheld Latitat, as I thought, encircling with the "strong arm of the law," the fairy waist of Mary Bloomfield. He was evidently whispering soft nothings in her ear. My first impulse was to watch them; nay, I had already advanced with that determination, when I heard footsteps behind me. I turned sharply round, and found Miss Phemy Chillyvick walking towards me. I tried to escape, but she seized me firmly by the arm.

"Are you, too, fond of solitude?" said she.

"I am," I answered, coldly.

"All those who have *hearts* are so," added she. "Doubtless."

"I spend all my leisure hours in this secluded spot. Ah! Mr. Chowler, you are so kind—so—but let us seat ourselves in yon rustic bower, and listen to the warbling of the feathered songsters of the grove, alluring the heart to harmony."

Now, though I was dying with impatience, yet Miss Chillyvick had such a firm hold of my arm that it was impossible to get away. I therefore submitted to my fate with a good grace.

"You appear fond of poetry, Miss Chillyvick?"

"Poetry! who with a *heart* is otherwise—even in the lowest grade of life? All, men and women, too, if their breast contain a *heart*, all feel the power of poetry! I, too, whose too susceptible—"

"Miss Phemy," said I, "pray do not give way to your feelings, nor with the tongs of retrospection, rake from the grate of memory the dross of sorrow."

"My best comforter," said she, weeping.

"If the sympathy of a warm heart—" I replied.

"Say no more," said she, dropping her head on my astounded bosom, "I am yours!"

I was for some time dumb with astonishment. At length pity and disgust took possession of my heart.

"Upon my soul, Miss Chillyvick!"

"Nay, do not swear your thanks; and spare me, I beseech you!"

"But I—"

"What, will you still force the crimson blush to mantle o'er my virgin cheek? Be it so—I—I—how shall I speak the word? I love thee!"

"Allow me to say one—"

"I can believe thee without one. With thee, I will leave the flowers this little hand has reared, and follow thee throughout the world. I am yours."

"Miss Amanda Timpkins, see if you can find Miss Chillyvick, and inform her tea is ready. Abstain from plucking unripe fruit, I command you!"

Such were the words that announced the near presence of Mrs. Bluestocking.

"Hark!" said Miss Chillyvick, rising and walking forth—"not a word. Send me tidings by a trusty messenger where I am to meet you. To-morrow night we will fly together. I am yours!"

"But Miss Chillyvick—"

"Hush!" And we were in the presence of Miss Amanda Timpkins.

"Mrs. Bluestocking told me to tell you that tea is ready, Miss Chillyvick."

I saw no more of Mary Bloomfield that evening, and feeling ashamed of the scene I had gone through with Miss Chillyvick, I stole silently off, and pursued my way home. In vain I attempted to soothe my disordered feelings. The image of the hated Latitat presented itself to my indignation, so that when I reached my home, I paced up and down my room in great agitation. My cousin Tom soon after arrived, and questioned me as to the cause of my uneasiness.

"Has anything gone wrong, Jonas?" said he.

"Yes, Tom, that perfidious fellow Latitat."

"What of him?"

I related what I had seen. He entered so warmly into my feelings that I confided my interview with Miss Chillyvick to him, and begged his advice, and he candidly told me that as he conceived her conduct to be the effect of tipsiness, an explanatory letter from me to her would be absurd and useless.

"And now," said he, "cousin, I have some good news for you—Mary is yours."

I could hardly believe my senses. "What," answered I, "can it be true?"

"My tale is short," responded Tom. "I hinted that I was the humble mediator between yourself and her—I spoke of your goodness of heart—laid some stress on the pecuniary advantages you possessed—and finally proposed that you should elope with her to-morrow night, as the custom of waiting for the consent of parents, and the other tedious forms, were now looked upon with contempt by all young ladies of spirit. 'To all these things did Mary seriously incline,' pardon my waggery. Her timidity was undermined by the mention of a carriage and jewels; and the fortress of reluctance fell at the dreary picture I painted of the two more tedious years she is otherwise destined to remain at Mrs. Bluestocking's. In short, my dear Jonas, she is yours, and many happy years may you spend with your lovely wife."

"Tom," answered I, "if the gratitude that now agitates—"

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow," interrupted he. "Leave everything to me, and prepare for a start by twelve o'clock to-morrow night."

Saying which, my cousin shook me warmly by the hand, and departed.

The morrow at length dawned, and Tom having settled everything, left me to make some further arrangements, warning me to be at the back garden-gate of Minerva House by twelve o'clock precisely, where a carriage and my bride would be in attendance.

The night was still and rather dark. I hurried

to the appointed spot; but to my utter astonishment there was no carriage. At this moment the gate slowly opened, and a female figure issued forth, cautiously, and apparently much agitated. This must be she, thought I, and accordingly, I softly whispered, "Mine own, is it you?"

"It is—it is," answered she, tottering towards me.

"Come to my longing arms!" And she fell into these outstretched members.

"Seize them—seize them, gentlemen!" roared Mrs. Bluestocking, rushing from behind the gate.

"She is mine," thundered I, "and death alone shall part us. Unhand me, Latitat—Dock! stand off—Softly, beware of my vengeance!"

But all was useless; we were overpowered by numbers, and dragged into the dining-room. Lights were brought, my intended lifted her veil, and displayed the red face and redder locks of Miss Phemy Chillyvick.

"Miss Chillyvick!" said I.

"Miss Chillyvick!" said Mrs. Bluestocking.

Softly, Latitat and Dock echoed, "Miss Chillyvick!"

"Pray, Mr. Chowler, will you be good enough to explain this extraordinary, and I may say, very improper affair?" said Mrs. Bluestocking.

"I am perfectly unable to do so, madam."

"Miss Chillyvick, perhaps you will favour us," proceeded Mrs. Bluestocking.

"The path of true love never did run smooth," commenced Miss Chillyvick; "and though you, Mrs. Bluestocking, have nipped the buds of early love by opposition and tyranny, yet one day shall the trials of our love be rewarded, and Chowler and Phemy become one! Know that now, though discovered, I still confess and glory in my love!" And thereupon she drew up her form to its full height, which was not much, and curled her lip in profound contempt. She would also have curled her nose, but Nature had saved her all the trouble.

"This is a most unusual proceeding, I must say, for people who appear *rather* too old for romance," said Mrs. Bluestocking.

"Mr. Chowler," said Doctor Dash, "I have to offer my humble apologies for interfering with your nocturnal amusements; but as the information received by Mrs. Bluestocking led me to suppose that Miss Mary Bloomfield was to be the partner of your flight—"

"And so she ought to have been," answered I, nearly choked with passion; "and instead of her, I find this hideous creature, whom I would just as soon marry, as I would my grandmother."

"What," screamed Phemy, "do you deny that

you first weaned away my young affections, and then obtained my consent to an elopement, perfidious monster?"

"I'll take my solemn oath that I don't know anything about *your* affections; and that I never gave you a hope of obtaining *mine*, much less of running away with you."

"You hear him, gentlemen—you hear him!" answered she; "he has perjured himself. Let his false pen speak for me." And she drew from her bosom the following epistle:

"Fairest and best! my own loved Phemy! My heart beats, and the pen that traces these happy lines, destined to be scanned by thy bright and starry eyes, trembles in my fingers. Can you forgive me? Is it possible so much goodness can lurk in human hearts? If that my unworthy image holds a place in thine angel heart, if thou wilt forsake thine home to wander through the world with me, meet me to-morrow at the hour of twelve at the long-gate of the garden. My cousin Thomas has just entered my apartment, and conjured me to use what little influence I had with thee, my love, to favor his views with Mary Bloomfield; they love each other fondly. Let not their young hearts break in despair; think of *our* happiness, and ensure theirs. His carriage will be at the same gate at ten o'clock.

"P. S. Dearest love, circumstances of the most urgent kind have occurred; without Mary's elopement, our's cannot be. More when we meet. My heart beats and bleeds. All depends on you. Send me an answer by my servant who waits. Your ardent lover!

JONAS CHOWLER.

The Mansion House, Thursday."

"Now, Mrs. Bluestocking, and gentlemen," continued Miss Chillyvick, after reading the note, "is he perjured or not? Am I a betrayed and injured maiden, or am I not?"

"Mr. Chowler," answered Mrs. Bluestocking, "what am I to suppose?"

"What are we to suppose?" echoed Dock, Latitat and Softly.

"In the first place," answered I, with dignity, "that is not my writing; and, secondly, what the deuce have you, gentlemen, to do with the business?"

"As the clergyman of this village, I," began Softly.

"As the heads of society in the village, we—" also commenced Latitat; "hem!—suspicious characters—hem! silver spoons—night—injured women—hem!"

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "as your interference is optional, my answers to your impertinent questions shall be the same. Mrs. Bluestocking, may I inquire in what manner you became aware of my intended elopement?"

"From the following anonymous letter," answered that lady:

"MADAM:—From the conversation I unintentionally overheard between your pupil, Mary Bloomfield, and that wolf in sheep's clothing Mr. Jonas Chowler, I have discovered that it is their intention to elope to-morrow night. The carriage will be in the lane at the back garden-gate, as the clock strikes twelve. Your well wisher,

Q. IN THE CORNER.

The Mansion House, Thursday."

When Mrs. Bluestocking had concluded, I said, "Pray, where is Miss Mary Bloomfield now?"

"Safe in her bed room," answered Mrs. Bluestocking.

"No, madam!" said Miss Chillyvick. "Duped by the letter I received, I opened her door with my key, and gave her into the arms of her joyous lover, Mr. Thomas Jackson Chowler."

"You could not have been such a consummate fool!" shrieked Mrs. Bluestocking, and more she would have said, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a servant, splashed from head to foot, booted and spurred, and looking very tired, was shown up, as he said he had orders to see me.

"A letter for Mr. Chowler."

"Here I am."

I tore it open; the hand-writing was the same as both of the former letters. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR SIR:—As by this time I shall be beyond the reach of pursuit, I beg to state that you have all been humbugged; that I am no earthly relation to you, and took your name and cousinship, to ensure my introduction to Mrs. Bluestocking's school. Ask that lady if she remembers a vow I made, that within a year of Mary's admission to her school, she should be out again?

Yours truly FRANK BLOOMFIELD.

"P. S. Many happy days with Miss Phemy Chillyvick!"

There was a long silence, broken at length by Mrs. Bluestocking.

"We have all been duped; but I more than all. That girl was put under my guardianship for the express purpose of keeping her from that scamp Frank Bloomfield, her cousin. He has obtained her, and a hundred thousand dollars with her. Miss Phemy Chillyvick, you must look for some other situation. I have been sadly imposed upon."

"I have been foully imposed upon," said I.

"I have been cruelly imposed upon," sobbed poor Phemy Chillyvick.

"We have all been very much taken in," grunted Dock, Softly and Latitat.

Flowers have bloomed in our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven.

## NOT YET.

BY WILL O. S.—

I have not found her yet—  
My soul is yet unwounded,  
Though by all beauty and all life surrounded;  
Though many a glorious prize  
Has flashed before my eyes—  
Not yet, not yet.

I have not found her yet—  
There was one that I cherished,  
A creature now of the dim past that hath perished,  
But at the gates of death  
She said, with parting breath,  
“Not yet—not yet.”

I have not found her yet—  
I did not wish one given  
Only to part with at the door of heaven,  
While I of love besift,  
To earth and toll be left—  
Not yet, not yet.

I have not found her yet—  
No angels ever flap her  
Sweet name to me, and add with gentle whisper  
“Ere long she shall be thine—”  
Alas, if love be mine  
It is—not yet!

I have not found her yet—  
Perhaps some day's unsealing  
Will bring my heart a wonderful revealing;  
My twin soul shall be known,  
And I no more alone;  
But not—not—yet.

MILNE BRAY,

## THE ROSE OF WILDE HALL.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

MORE arrivals! The impatient horses champ their bits with anger, the impatient drivers call loudly and vainly to impatient drivers in the distance, while the eyes of impatient occupants of the carriage, shivering under their thin ball-room dresses, eagerly peer out into the vexed crowd to see how near their hope of release may be.

More arrivals! You can hear voice after voice taking up the sound, and carrying it on until it was lost in that great wide hall, blazing with gorgeous chandeliers.

More arrivals! All ready the city seems to have been gorged of its wealth and beauty to all these gorgeous saloons, yet still they come, and who does not know that only wealth and beauty can gain admittance here.

More arrivals! Not a window in that great mansion looming up through the darkness, and throwing its thousand eyes upon the crowd

around, but could boast its own especial illumination. Not a room that did not radiate beauty and genius. Fifth Avenue was for once startled out of its fashionable indolence, and allowed its heart to beat with something more than ordinary anxiety. There was to be an eclipse that night, and all the parties that ever had been, and all the parties that ever would come after, would be swallowed up in the brilliancy of the party that was. Not to have a card to that, was to be exempted ever after from fashionable life. Hearts had beat with fear and trembling for weeks before the event came off, while those sure of the *entree*, were quite as long consulting their jewellers, their dressmakers, and the dry goods stores generally. Never had Stuart's been so thronged by his wealthy customers as on the weeks preceding this wonder of the season. No fabric could be too expensive for the exorbitant desires of his customers; could he have woven one of sunbeams, there would have been no lack of competition for it, and no hesitation over its expense, though a whole fortune went to purchase it. For it was the first and only party ever given by the great millionaire, Mr. Livingston, and the occasion of it, the “coming out,” or eighteenth birthday of his only daughter. It was said, too, that on that occasion she was to be openly affianced to one of the richest and most popular men of the day. One who had been followed and caressed by half the belles and managing mamas in the set he frequented, and who, notwithstanding his reputation for exceeding gallantry, looked upon him as a most desirable match. Descended from one of the *oldest* of the old Philadelphia families, who so fitting a mate for Carra Livingston as Randal Fane? So thought father and mother, but unfortunately so did not think Carra Livingston.

While the crowd is still gathering into that gorgeous mansion, let us take a look at the star of the evening, as she still lingers in the privacy of her own boudoir.

Eighteen? She might have been twenty, and not belie her years. A fully developed, brilliant woman, with large oriental eyes, and long drooping lashes, sat half buried in the depths of a luxurious chair. A profusion of jetty curls was brushed back from a high forehead, and allowed to fall carelessly in obedience to her own movements, on either side of her. Very long they were, and soft as spun silk, and as they quivered over her arms and around her shoulders, giving glimpses now and then of marble whiteness, she seemed more like an exquisite picture of oriental loveliness, than a living, breathing woman. Everything about her partook of the same char-

acter of Eastern voluptuousness. Pictures, not many, but so rare that any one of them would have been a fortune, were ranged around the walls. Rare gems of antique work sparkled about upon the tables, and on the marble slab, and indeed all her surroundings were equally tasteful and luxurious. One would have known by its adornments, that the occupant of that little nest of luxury was one that could not live away from the beautiful. Beautiful flowers bloomed in vases that a queen might have envied—the softest and most delicate laces showered down over the windows in a perfect foam-cloud. The room was small—the smallest in the house—and looked, but for its occupant and her surroundings, strangely out of place in the roomy mansion. Carra Livingston was an epicure in all her tastes and habits. It needed but one glimpse of her boudoir to tell you that. And as she sat there, with her arms carelessly folded in her lap, her great eyes fixed in deep thought upon a miracle of a Madonna that graced the table before her, her hair falling in shadowy waves about her person, you would have been obliged to confess, that rich and rare as were her surroundings, herself was rarest of them all. She was evidently revolving some unpleasant subject in her mind, for her eyes had a troubled expression not often to be found there, and an occasional shiver would startle the wealth of curls into sympathetic movement. There was a footstep approaching which she must have *felt* instead of heard, for her face grew pale as death, and her eyes filled up with a fierce, passionate fire which it would have been hard to interpret. The door opened and closed again without any noise, and her mother stood beside her. It might have been herself with a few more years added to her life. The same superb contour, the same dark, oriental magnificence of proportion, the same great speaking eyes full of all the latent elements of passion. From the steady fire given and returned between the two pairs of burning orbs, you would have seen there was a storm brewing, and have felt that when two such natures clashed, it would be no slight turmoil of the elements. As the mother stood before her, her superb figure half hidden in the wreaths of lace which composed her magnificent shawl, something of scorn mingled with the sternness of command that glittered from her eyes.

"Carra," she said at last, "why are you not dressed? The halls are already thronged, and you are waited for to begin the dancing."

"I am dressed, mama," she replied.

"And those diamonds—his gift. Why you haven't an ornament in your hair."

Carra sprang to her feet, sending her curls quivering and shaking all over her.

"I will not mama—I will not! I tell you again, a thousand times again, I will not wear them—will *not* be recognized as part and parcel of him—will *not* be his wife. Not if I die—not if you kill me—not if—O, mama, mama, you torture me to death. I cannot, *will not* marry him."

"You *will*, Carra."

She was walking up and down the room at a rapid pace, tossing her curls back and clenching her hands.

"You *will* marry Randal Fane. Sit down; don't disarrange your dress in that way. Sit down and tell me what you find so very repulsive in Randal? One of the most eligible men in society; handsome, elegant, witty and—"

"Wicked, heartless, unprincipled—a libertine, a seducer, a blasphemer of all that's good—let me help you enumerate his merits."

"Who gave you this flattering description of Randal Fane? Surely not society. He is held in vastly different view by society."

"Society! What greater passport could he have to the heart of society than a character of that description! O, yes, society! stamp libertine upon the brow of man, and it is the magnet to draw all womankind fluttering around him. O, shame upon such degrading womanhood!"

"Carra, you astonish me. Let us have no more of this raving. If you have no will of your own, I have, and shall execute it; if you are contrasting what you are pleased to call a character for profligacy, with that preaching, prosy, methodistical creature whom you so compromised yourself with—"

"Compromised, mama?"

How her eyes blazed.

"Compromised! What but compromised, when a young girl dares to give her heart away without consulting her parents?"

"I was not thinking of him. I give him up. In everything else I will be obedient—only do not, do not force this man upon me. I could not love him, even if—"

A flush of crimson flooded Carra's face. Her secret had escaped, and she knew it.

"Well, if what? I don't ask you to love him. I should never think or dream of asking a young girl to love. I don't think it proper in the least. And if this—this, what was his name?—if you have given your heart to him, you have behaved very ill, I can tell you, and your father will be very angry, and with reason, too. There—I hear the music. Where is Milly? Why don't you make her stay with you here?"

"Go! *do*, mama. I will join you soon. Let me rest a moment."

The hard, stony gaze of the mother lingered for a moment on the pale face of her child, and then gathering the folds of her lace scarf more closely about her, she left the room as noiselessly as she had entered.

Carra had anticipated this scene. She had scarcely been consulted regarding the projected marriage, although, from some unaccountable reason, she knew that it had become the desire and intention of her parents that it should take place immediately upon her eighteenth birthday. What thought she now? Was it the hard, dark face that came between her and the handsome presence of Randal Fane, which caused the color to leave her cheek, and her heart to beat with such rapidity? To marry one, loving another, where could it end? In which path lay her duty? To marry where she loved, was to offend—mortally offend her parents: to marry the man they had chosen for her was to wreck her own life. It was a singular thought, that that brilliant girl should have been sitting there, brooding in her own chamber over sorrows never dreamed of by one of her guests, while all about her was life and joy and excitement. Her moments for brooding were few, however. The door opened once more in the same soft way, and when her mother again left the room, she was accompanied by Carra, regal in an unexceptionable attire, but with Randal Fane's diamonds shining among her superb curls. The worldly mother had triumphed.

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"Is it not pitiful?  
In the whole city full,  
Home she had none."

It was mid-winter, the winter succeeding that gorgeous summer day upon which the gay bridal party of the heir of Wilde Hall left for their city homes. How dull our little village grew. Even the tongue of scandal was too dull to wag, and Hampsted Cottage had lost its brightest flower.

As I was saying, it was mid-winter, but what cared the revellers within that massive mansion, that cold and sleet and snow held possession without? The air had been heavy with snow all the day, although none had fallen until quite late in the evening. The gloom without had rendered the light within still more attractive to those few whose needs or necessities required them still to be upon the street.

Many a poor wanderer lingered on his way to drink in, with greedy ear, sounds of mirth and sweet gushes of song that ever and anon came whirling out into the night. It seemed almost

mockery to them, that one person or class of persons should be so favored by fortune, while others must be denied all participation.

Mistaken mortals! Why there was not one among them, could they have read the heart of Carra Livingston, for whom all this display had been devised, that would have changed places with her. Not one! Poor, and hungry and cold they might be, but they were at least at peace with their own hearts. Among the straggling few who lingered until the ground was white, and their own garments saturated with the falling snow, were two persons, strangely though unwittingly connected in each other's destinies—the one a tall dark man, warmly rather than richly clad, and a pale, weak girl, whose tottering limbs were scarce support enough for her enfeebled frame. The faces of each were in shadow, although occasionally a glare of light falling upon that of the man, revealed an expression of earnest, anxious suspense which did not add greatly to the beauty of features that nature had done little for. And yet, to me, Mason Curtis, was not a homely man by any means. If it was not a handsome face, it was at least, a trustful one. Looking at it, you instinctively felt that. It was the sort of face, hard and rugged as were its outlines, that inspired you with confidence. You knew that, were there a secret combining life and death in its clasp, it would be safe in his keeping. You could see his heart was in that brilliant mansion, for his eyes were firmly riveted upon its walls. A low moan startled him from his reverie; not distant, but faint and low, and evidently not far from his vicinity. The next moment, a heavy fall claimed all his senses, and turning round, he found just by his side a bundle of something which might have been snow, so white and cold it looked.

"My God of heaven, Milne Bray!"

His first impulse was to bear her into the mansion blazing with light, his next, to divest himself of his overcoat, wrap the poor pale thing within it, and bear her to the house of one whom he knew had been her friend and playfellow in childhood.

The last chapter of "John Halifax" had just been concluded, and I was wondering what manner of woman *she* could be who had the power to write so thrilling a work, when the bell sounded, and I heard the slipshod tread of our servant girl skuffling through the hall.

"Tell Mrs. — I must see her at once. Mason Curtis. Is there a fire in the parlor?"

Without waiting for an answer, he passed the girl, pushed open the door, and when I joined him, was vigorously rubbing the poor girl's



hands, and trying to revive the animation which for a time was suspended.

I will not attempt to describe my surprise. I had left Milne Bray one of the gayest, brightest, most exquisite little creatures on earth. I found her—myself even could not have told what.

Perhaps I was wrong that I did not stop to inquire, before rendering the assistance so greatly needed. I know some women, severe in what they think their sense of virtue, would have done so; I did not dare. I had little children growing up—a daughter that was beginning to be what Milne Bray was once. "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be," and I did not dare. What woman could do, I did; but the sunshine was broad and full upon the earth, before she evinced the slightest sign of animation. Then came weeks of darkness; weeks when the soft plaintive murmur of Milne Bray went to the heart of her listeners. In those weeks, by degrees, we learned one of those sad, sorrowful tales of domestic life which so often break in upon our ideas of what the world should be. It was a sweet madness, if madness it could be called, and yet, even in her unconscious betrayal of her love secret, her smiles seemed to belong to a past life of sunshine, instead of the dark one in which she unfortunately dwelt. Poor Milne Bray!

In all the village there was none so blithe, so joyous, so bewitchingly naive and simple as sweet Milne Bray. Her eyes might have stolen their soft blue from the summer heaven, and her cheeks their tint from the blush rose. Looking back now to the time when I first remembered her, I think I never saw so perfect a specimen of innocent loveliness. Her eyes were of the deepest blue, soft and pure as the heart of a violet where the dew has lain, and opened with a shy, surprised motion, which rendered them irresistibly charming. You were never tired of watching their expression, or of tracing the blue veins crossing and intersecting with the soft bloom upon her cheeks. Her complexion was of that rare, transparent cast seldom to be met with except in the person of a thorough English blonde, and her features cast in the most delicate and artistic mould. A pair of rosy lips, the very impersonation of girlish loveliness, closed over the pearllest of teeth, and when parted with smiles, which they usually were, displayed two dimples nestled in their corners, wherein lurked the very essence of roguery. O, a rare specimen of rustic beauty was sweet Milne Bray. And the very apple of her eye was she to dear old Grandmother Bray. The orphan child of a favorite son, with no human being else on earth to lay claim

to her, they seemed to be inseparable. Milne had her faults; very grave faults; but Grandmother Bray was not one to perceive them. Milne knew she was beautiful, and loved nothing better than to test its power over the hearts of her rustic admirers. No bird that ever flitted through the wildwood of Wilde Hall was ever more free and joyous than herself. All day long, her song was heard, breaking up in the distance, and coming back in detached echoes from over the hills. In the garden among her flowers, down in the pasture nursing some pet lamb, or trying to make friends with some new arrival in the shape of a colt or calf, it was all the same, sing, sing, sing, O, so blithely, till the very birds seemed to have learned her melodies. Milne Bray had lived at the hall all the days of her life that she could remember, and could not easily be daunted, whatever might occur there; although it must be confessed there was a nervous tremor running through her veins, from the time she learned that great preparations were making for the arrival of the son and heir, until the formidable party were actually ensconced beneath its roof.

Fashionable people were fabulous creations to her. She had heard her grandmother tell of magnificent parties gotten up for the city folks in the old squire's time, but in what way they differed from us humble villagers was a puzzle to her. For the first time her grandmother had undertaken to lecture her on propriety.

"Ladies don't go so-and-so," she would say, "ladies don't go skipping about like a crazy little bird as you are, dear, nor leave their hair tangled all over their shoulders as yours is now. You must watch them, and do as they do. Who knows? You might catch one of the big bugs, I'm sure you are handsome enough;" and the old dame smoothed down the wilful flaxen curls, and gazed into the upturned eyes so innocent in their childlike trustfulness. "But la, me! I hope not; I couldn't spare you, dear; no, no, not till I am dead; not till I am dead."

"O, grandmother," and the soft eyes filled with tears.

"There, never mind, gather your flowers, and place them in the chambers. They will be here to-night."

Milne went; but the lithe, springy joyousness had gone from her step. She was thinking of what her grandmother had said. She might marry a great man; others had done it: Melinda Hawes, Julia Western and Helen Gray. They had all married rich men, and had fine homes in the city, and came once a year to the village, dressed, O, so magnificently, that everybody en-

vied them. And why shouldn't she? She was beautiful—everybody said that; and who knew what might happen? There was Marcus Travers, to be sure, who said he loved her, and she loved him better than anything in the world, but her pet kitten Tooties, her little colty, and her grandmother. She loved him because he always found the prettiest birds' nests for her, and never touched the eggs, knew where the most violets were, and could tell her the very moment there was a May blossom visible above its great green leaves. But a city husband; one that she would be afraid to look at, and tremble every time she heard his voice: O, that would be grand.

Poor old Grandmother Bray—woe, woe the day you ever lifted the fold from ambition in your darling Milne's heart.

Milne was crouching among her flowers—not gathering them—but thinking. She had already donned her best dress in honor of the expected arrival. A blue and white muslin, which added, if possible, another charm to her transparent complexion, was the only "best dress" after all. Her neck and arms were bare, and displayed more dimples than you could have counted, while a narrow band of black velvet formed into a point at the wrist, rendered her hand and arm almost dazzling white. This, with the addition of a neat white apron, and a sunbonnet hanging by its strings from her arm, composed her simple and rustic costume. She had at least, seculd in her city home (in fancy), when her meditations were broken up by a gay, laughing voice.

"I say, Mil, a penny for your thoughts."

It was wild Marcus Travers.

"They wouldn't be worth it, if I was thinking of you."

"I wouldn't mind if they were not worth it, if you only would think of me."

The earnestness with which the words were spoken, jarred upon her feelings just at this moment.

"That isn't it; there's such a field of strawberries just over the hill. Such great, plump, luscious ones. As big and red as—as your lips, Milne. Indeed, yes."

Strawberries; that was Milne's weakness. So leaving castles and all behind her, her step soon became as light and her song as sweet as before it had been silenced by ambitious dreams.

The golden glow of sunset was settling in violet shadows upon the hills, and the tops of the tallest trees were bathing in the brilliant atmosphere, when Milne turned her face homeward. Marcus kept her company to the branching off lane by the turnpike. Once over her fit of musing, she had returned to her gay, natural self; and

after a merry chat with her boy lover, parted with him, thinking after all, that no city gentleman could be quite so handsome, certainly none so good, as Marcus Travers. As she tripped on her way, warbling little snatches of song, she became suddenly conscious that a gentleman was eyeing her with unequivocal admiration. He had wandered from Wilde Hall, and either tired or indolent, had thrown himself at his full length on the grass, and was watching her approach with singular interest.

If there ever was a passionate admirer of beauty for beauty's sake, that man was Randal Fane. And if ever man had an object worthy of especial admiration, he had it now before him in the person of Milne Bray.

You have already heard Miss Carra Livingston denounce him as profligate, wicked, etc., etc. He was *not* so. I who know him well—who know his excellencies as well as his faults—who have more cause to hate him than to speak in any regard in his favor, say that he was *not* wicked, nor profligate nor bad in any way, save in that passionate impulsive nature which had never been subject to control. No! Randal Fane was not wicked! no more so, nor as much, as the lax nature of society at that time might have tolerated in a young man, moving in his peculiar sphere. He was an only son, heir to vast estates, spoiled as never was child spoiled before. There had been the making of a great, noble and good man in Randal Fane; why these noble plannings were allowed to be spoiled by ill getting up, I cannot conceive. Physically he was as near perfection as man could possibly be. Tall, finely formed, and with a handsome, honest, frank face, that won upon the senses and made him a universal favorite. Mentally, he was richly endowed, but too indolent to profit greatly by it. Morally, he was still more indolent and culpable. He would recognize a wrong, knowing it a wrong, rather than take the trouble to resist it. Pleasure was all in all to him, and alas! for him, educated as he was to think nothing short of positive crime really wrong, no wonder, with the quick impetuosity of his nature, that there should be many spots upon his sun that those who loved him best most deeply lamented. This intense susceptibility to beauty kept him perpetually in hot water. Every beautiful face charmed him, till he learned that these beautiful stars could do nothing but shine; then, after compromising himself perhaps as no man should compromise himself unless he had a mind of his own, vacate the ground, and leave it open to other admirers. Such was Randal Fane when Milne Bray first attracted his fastidious eye. She

was nearly by his side before recognizing him. She started, blushing up to the roots of her golden curls. Her first glance, which had been a great stare, more from fright and surprise than any other feeling, told her he was handsome; superbly handsome. A sort of manly beauty that had never greeted her maiden eyes before. Her dream in the garden came over her in a moment. The handsome husband—the city home. Marcus Travers was forgotten—her own sense of timidity startled, and she could only murmur:

"Have they come?"

"Yes, my little wood nymph."

"O, dear, no; I'm not a wood nymph, I'm Milne Bray."

"Milne Bray. Milne—pretty name, almost as pretty as its owner; where do you live?"

"O, at the hall, to be sure, with Grandmother Bray. Are you the heir?"

"No. O, no; only a poor fellow allowed to follow in their train."

A poor fellow. What a pity, thought Milne, that so handsome a man should be poor. She had taken his words literally. Milne was all simplicity, Randal all art. Not the art that dreamed of deceiving an innocent girl, but the art that strove to set her fears at rest, and ingratiate himself in her good opinion. They were the best friends in the world before they returned to the hall. She had told him all the news of the village, in her artless, girlish way. The sort of reckless innocence with which she related the details of village life, amused him, and this instance of confiding, childlike confidence dissipated the languor that had so long hung around him.

I need not describe the surprise of the visitors at the hall, the consternation of the grandmother of Milne, or the severe looks of the heir for whom all these preparations were made, when Randal Fane was seen approaching with Milne Bray upon his arm.

"I will not allow it," said the heir severely, the first time he met Fane alone. "I will not allow it. I know your lax principles, and should harm come to Milne Bray, I could never forgive myself. I had no idea she was so beautiful."

"She will come to no harm from me, believe me," replied Randal, the hot blood rushing to his face.

From that time, Milne and Randal were inseparable. He taught her new songs, and went with her to gather wild flowers from the forest—preferring them, he said, to any which grew in the gardens. One particular style of bouquet he taught her which was to be considered especially his own. The violets were nearly gone

when he came, and the roses just beginning to bud. It was to wreath the violets and rose buds, tier upon tier, the only separation being the long green leaves. I had seen one in Milne's possession. After a profusion of leaves, came a change of half opened red roses, then more leaves, then a round of violets—more leaves, and then a circle of white rosebuds—more leaves, and another of violets, and so on, round after round, the last being a combination of rosebuds and violets commingled. The combination was so strange that I could not forget it. Well for more hearts than one that I did not. Her step grew more grave, and her grandmother wondered to miss her favorite songs. Seek for her where you might, unless she was walking in the garden, or among the hills with Randal Fane, you would have found her at her books. No teacher had she but Randal Fane; no incentive to exertion but his applause.

I had not seen her for a week, and I could not but observe the singular change that had come over her. I thought she had been trying to ape the ladies at the hall, and was not quite pleased with her for so doing.

"Why, how changed you are, Milne!" I said to her one day. "One would think, by the stateliness of your step, and your demure manner, that you had been taking lessons of the fashionable ladies at the hall. You can beat them now, any one of them, at elegant appearance."

"O, do you think it? Do you *really* think it? I should be so glad, so happy, if—"

She stopped short, uncertain how to proceed. She had said either too much, or not enough.

"Milne!"

"O, don't—don't look at me so! I want to be worthy of him. I am to be his wife."

I was thunderstruck. I could not tell in which path lay my duty. I knew the reputation for what is wickedly called gallantry of Randal Fane, and yet so strong was my belief in him, that nothing could convince me he intended to wrong this innocent girl, so accidentally thrown in his path. I knew he was engaged to the beautiful heiress, Miss Livingston, and if so, could have nothing in common with sweet Milne Bray. I could not see my way at all. If I spoke to Granny Bray, she, in her imbecility, might consider me trying to *put* (as she used to say) between fortune and her beautiful grandchild. I had ventured to speak to Milne, but she repulsed me with scorn, saying I was not the first one that had tried to malign the best man on earth. I went to him—told him the wrong he was doing an innocent girl. "Trust me!" were the only words I could get from him. But I could not

trust him. Then I went to Marcus Travers. He was looking haggard and weary, and scarcely answered to my earnest solicitation.

"No use," he said, mechanically. "No use—I've tried my best. It is killing me, but I've tried my best."

"Try once more, Marcus, do—for her sake, and your own. I can't understand it at all. Do try." And he did.

That night, after the party left, Marcus met her in the grove where she had so often wandered with Randal. Her face went crimson, then pale, and she would have passed him; but he stood firm in her path.

"I must speak with you, Milne—I *must*! He is deceiving you—indeed he is; everybody knows it but you and your blind old grandmother. He never will marry you."

"And why, pray?" answered Milne, drawing herself up to her full height and evincing as much scorn as it was in her nature to display.

"Because—because—O, Milne, why *wont* you see it? You are a poor girl—he is rich. You have never been in his sort of society—how could he take you there, knowing you could not appear as the great folks appear?—and you would be laughed at! Yes, Milne—don't look at me so? You would—you would be scorned, even if he did marry you, which he never will, and you would be miserable!"

"Miserable! everybody abuses him! I don't see what for. I know why *you* do, but all in the world that you or any one else can say never will change my mind."

"O, Milne—O, Milne! Then there is really no hope for me."

"How presumptuous!" she said, scornfully.

"Not presumptuous, Milne. We have been children together, and I *did* think—but never mind; that is *past* now. I pray God you may never be the worse for it. I love you, Milne, as never man loved before."

"*Man!*"

"Well, *boy* then. I *might* have changed; he is sure to. Milne, the whole happiness of two lives lies in the next five minutes. You see that tree in the distance, standing stark and lone, as I shall stand, if you leave me? I say now, as I have said time and again, I love you! I am not rich, but I have a good home to shelter us. And God knows there is not a thing on earth that would add to your comfort, that you would not have. You see that tree?—I ask you to be my wife—in five minutes it will be reached. Consider well; if you love me, if you ever have loved me, don't hesitate to say so. That tree once past, and our separation is eternal. Milne!

Milne! for the last time, think of it! Think of all the days of happiness we have passed together; for the last, *last* time." Marcus was white as a sheet, and his voice, usually so musical, came in harsh, hoarse whispers. "For the last, *last* time!" he said. He was hurt, reckless, almost savage. He thought her cruel, and so she was. "We are almost to the tree, for the last, *last* time!"

Milne looked at the tree, only a few feet from where she stood. It looked tall and ghastly in the waning light; there was even an awkward bend in it, which she remembered long, long after. But ambition was stronger than fear; her trust in Randal Fane stronger than either. She would not answer, but walked slowly on—her eyes riveted upon the setting sun. How gorgeous the clouds lay, tier upon tier! Did she read her future in the waning light? If she did, then woe the reading; for even as she gazed, a dark storm-cloud drifted slowly up and flung its pall over all the pile of brilliancy. She had passed the tree, and still walked on. Turning to look for Marcus, she saw him standing beneath it, his face white as a sheet, his eyes glaring fiercely on the waning light. Still she walked on. When she turned again, he was gone, and the tree looked more lonely and ghastly than ever.

After that, there came letters thick and fast to Milne Bray, and the bloom grew warmer and warmer upon her cheek. Then the day came which brought no letter. After that, few and far between were these eagerly looked for messengers of love, and at last, they ceased altogether. Grandmother Bray saw her beautiful pet fading out day by day, but wisdom came too late—she could not save her. Three months had past, and no letter had gladdened Milne's troubled heart. She was but the shadow of her former self; the bloom was gone from her cheek, the lustre from her eye, and there was a heartache in every languid step she took. Then—O, greatest of trials! the news came that Randal Fane was to be married. Milne heard it in stony silence, bearing her grandmother's querulous reproaches without a word of comment.

That night, when the sun went down, Milne Bray was missing. They looked for her in the garden among the dead blossoms, and down by the meadow where there had been a path kept through the snow, and under the tree by the turnpike where she had parted with Marcus; but no Milne was to be found. She had wandered away, begging her passage from place to place, till she reached New York. There, almost the first person she saw, was Randal Fane. He was

leaving his hotel to attend the party at Mr. Livingston's, and there Mason Curtis found her. In her simple murmurings, I had found out enough to know that beyond the very culpable wrong of winning a young girl's heart to cast it off again, Randal Fane was free from blame towards Milne. It was a delicate position—I did not know how to act. I decided at last to call upon Miss Livingston. I knew all the heart she had to bestow had long since been given to her noble teacher, Mason Curtis. It was a difficult task to perform, but at last I obtained material for forming a bouquet of violets and rose-buds, such as Randal had made for Milne. This I intended to leave with Miss Livingston, sure of Randal's seeing it. I was not in *society*, and scarcely privileged to call upon a lady of her standing. She received me very cordially, spoke of Mason Curtis as my friend, and altogether seemed so agreeable, that I was charmed with her.

While we were talking, and before I had broached the subject nearest my mind, Randal Fane was announced. He started, looked at me, and then at the bouquet which I had until then concealed. He half held out his hand, as if to take it from me; then recoiled, turning pale as death, and finally sat down in impenetrable silence. Miss Livingston saw there was some mystery, but was too self-possessed to make any inquiry. My purpose was accomplished, and presenting my bouquet to Miss Livingston, I took my departure. Miss Livingston followed me to the door; I gave her my address and left. I had not proceeded many squares, when a quick step behind me, and a hand upon my arm, made me turn. It was Randal Fane.

"You know where she is—you have seen her! O, I'm not so bad, after all. Do you think I have been happy?"

"Do you think sin is ever happy?" I answered.

"But I tell you there is no sin. I did love her—do love her! Only let me see her—only let me hear her say she forgives me!"

I let him accompany me home—leaving him in the adjoining room, while I went in to prepare Milne. I found her sitting up in bed, her eyes bright with eagerness, her cheeks flushed with their old warm bloom. She was listening earnestly, as if life and death depended upon what she had heard.

"O, it was his step! it was! Don't say no! I couldn't be deceived so. I should know it anywhere. O, do let me see. My Randal—mine—mine—mine—mine."

O, how she dwelt upon the word! It was past my power to consent or refuse now. Ran-

dal had heard her words, and before I could interfere, he held her in his arms, on his heart, where her home was to be forever and forever more. Need I say more? Who does not know that Mason Curtis was at length rewarded with the hand of the young heiress, Miss Livingston? Who does not know that Milne Bray became the sweetest and most lovable wife in existence? And who does not know that Randal Fane cast away at the altar that indolent, vacillating disposition which had earned him so foul a name, and Milne Bray so deep a grief. Grandmother Bray still lives, but bedridden and imbecile in the extreme; and the greatest sorrow that comes to either of them is that old querulous voice mumbling over and over again—"poor lost Milne! poor lost Milne!" Lost Milne! but O, most happily found.

#### WESTERN COURT ETIQUETTE.

The judge of a Western court recently decided a point adverse to a certain lawyer. The lawyer was stubborn, and insisted that the court was wrong.

"I tell you that I am right!" yelled the court, with flashing eyes.

"I tell you, you are not!" retorted the counsel.

"I am right!" reiterated the court.

"I say you aint!" persisted the counsel.

"Crier," yelled the judge, "I adjourn the court for ten minutes." And jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and after a lively little fight, placed him *hors du combat*; after which, business was again resumed, but it was not long before another misunderstanding arose.

"Crier," said the court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes." And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said:

"Never mind, judge, keep on your coat—the p'int is yielded—my thumb's out o' j'int, and I've sprained my shoulder!"—*Illinois Whig*.

#### RESPONSIBILITY.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often, in turn, would he urge this friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, the barkeeper said—"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed friendship, when one paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now if I drink this glass, and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass!"

It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.—*Christian Advocate*.

## THE GREEN, GREEN LEAVES.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

The green, green leaves of the forest trees,  
Of all sights are the fairest;  
And the rustling gay of the woodland bay,  
Of music, is the rarest.

They clap their hands in the wide, wide lands,  
While fruit and flowers are growing,  
And they shout all day, in the forest gay,  
As summer winds are blowing!

The deep green leaves of the forest trees,  
All speak of life as living;  
And their waving sway, and their long, long stay,  
Strong wings to hope are giving;  
Not like the flower of a sunny hour,  
They bud, and bloom, and wither;  
And still bid us hope, till the spell is broke,  
And perish altogether!

I love the leaves of the forest trees,  
They speak to me first of spring;  
And in summer's hour they build me a bower,  
Where I and the wild-birds sing!  
I weave my wreaths of the green, green leaves,  
That hang on the trees above;  
And place on that brow, as a sacred vow,  
The pledge of my early love!

The green, green leaves of the forest trees,  
Of all sights are the fairest;  
And the rustling gay of the woodland bay,  
Of music, is the rarest!  
They teach us too, though their words are few,  
And dim our eyes with sorrow,  
That we—as they—fall, at winter's death call,  
And hope a brighter morrow!

## THE LIVID HAND:

—OR,—

## HUGH MILLER'S WARNING.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

The twilight is sad and dreary,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And the little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.—LONGFELLOW.

THERE was a terrible storm off the coast of Scotland. Every frightened sea-bird had hastened landward and folded its wings ere the tempest came down upon the water. Every ship upon the sea had furled her sails; and every fisherman, gazing anxiously into the sullen sky, pointed the prow of his little skiff shoreward, straining each nerve to touch the beach ere the gale should break. Mountain breakers came booming in and broke upon the hard shore with a noise like thunder; in little caves among the rocks the angry waters

hisced and boiled, and rushed with a hollow sound; and huge foam-capped waves lashed themselves into fury at the base of a high, rocky promontory, far up on whose summit a little thatched-roofed cottage perched like an eagle's eyrie—a bright red glare from its windows streaming far and wide over the sea.

Inside the cottage a comely woman sat beside the hearth, with an anxious, troubled look upon her features—now lifting her head to listen to the roaring sea, then retouching the little tea-table spread with its clean delf ware and savory fare—oat-meal cakes, golden butter, and snowy curd; or nervously arranging a suit of stout linsey-woolsey over a chair at the fire place. And a babe slept quietly in its little wooden cradle near the hearth; and at the window looking upon the sea where a row of gleaming lamps had been hung, stood a fair-haired boy of five summers, shading his face with his little hand, and peering wishfully out into the darkness.

"Mither, mither!" exclaimed the boy, at length, "I see the ship! I see it! Father's ship's comin' in!" And he capered and danced with joy.

The woman at the fire-place came eagerly forward. But, looking from the window, she saw only the gleaming white caps of the breakers.

"Hoot, hoot, bairn!" she exclaimed. "Ye dinna ken yer father's vessel in such a storm as this! It could na reach port, wi' the wild sea boilin' over Cromarty Rocks yonder. He will keep in the offing all night, or put into harbor down the coast somewhere—Captain Miller ken the sea better'n you or I, laddie! Come to yer supper, Hugh! Father'll na get in to-night, and ye'd better be in bed, laddie!"

Turning from the window, Mrs. Miller bustled about, set back the chair covered with garments from the fire; peured out a bowl of milk, and placed a high chair for the boy, then sat down at the fire-place. No food could pass her own lips, for, despite her brave words, a terrible fear for the husband abroad on the waters was at her heart; but for her child's sake, she strove to appear calm.

"Come, Hugh, laddie, come for yer supper, and then to bed, for ye must be up betimes to go down to the harbor wi' me, and see the ships come in. Come, Hugh!"

But the little form at the window did not stir. Intently the child's eyes pierced the darkness, with straining eye-balls seeking to shape into form the white foam upon the crested breakers.

"Mither, mither!" he cried, at length, "it is the ship I see!—father's, and Donald Wilson's, and many more! There! see, mither! see!"

father stands on the deck, and points—and they steer in—they're comin', mither! don't you see 'em? right among the rocks there! and father is first—and he points, and points—*look, mither!*"

But the excited mother saw nothing, save the crested waves.

"Come away, laddie! ye're daft, wi' watching there at the window. Come away, Hugh!" And she sought to lead him to the fire-place.

"Na, na, mither! Disna make me go!" And the boy struggled free from her hand, and again pressed his little face close to the window-pane. "I maun see the ship,—ah, mither, it's *gone—gone!* I canna see it—but, mither, the sea! the sea! it is all mad and foam'n', and I see father in it, and he reaches out his hand to us—don't you see it, mither? *father's hand! a great, white hand, right here!—close here!—take hold of it, mither, mither!*" And with a shrill scream of fear and superstition, the boy's strained eyeballs turned in their sockets, his little hands clenched in a convulsive grasp over one of his mother's, and he fell in a dead faint into her arms.

"Puir laddie—puir bairn!" sighed the mother, as she tenderly lifted him in her arms, and chafed his little wrists and temples; then, with one foot upon the rocker of her baby's cradle, watched Hugh's troubled, fitful slumbers through all that terrible night, while the storm rocked the little cottage to and fro, and beat at the windows like an angry demon, and the waves thundered on the beach below—puir laddie, he's his father's joy, and always claps his wee hands in glee when he spies the ship comin', in. But it is a terrible night! God keep my gude man safe on the stormy sea. He's been out many a wilder night, and why should I fear now?" Yet all that night of storm, that pale woman sat silent and shuddering—her heart keeping time to the booming breakers and the trampling surf upon the shore; and little Hugh, tossing in broken slumbers, talked of the great white hand he had seen waving from the angry ocean.

And when the morning broke sweet and mild, and the waves rolled in upon the shore with a gentle murmur, and the little sea-faring village of Cromarty was early astir, a group of fishermen upon the harbor beach gathered about two or three wan, ghastly forms lying stark and stiff upon the sand. And then Jane Miller, holding her boy by one hand and hugging her flaxen-haired babe tightly to her bosom, came with fierce strides down over the sands; and when she had looked upon one white, dead face, framed in its long golden curls all dragged with brown sea-weeds—when she had sat down on the wet

beach; and drawn that head to her bosom, and kissed the lips and stroked every feature, uttering no words, only broken moans—then the rude fisherman, standing apart, whispered in husky tones, "It was a terrible storm last night! We shall hear o' mickle shipwreck before sundown; but the salt sea never strangled the life out o' braver or blither laddie than puir Captain Miller!"

But little Hugh, standing pale and still beside his mother, uttered no cry or sob, as children do at the sight of death in its ghastliness, nor shrank away in terror; he only stooped, and lifting one cold, livid hand in both his own, kissed it reverently, then laying it gently down upon the sands, whispered softly and superstitiously, "I knew it last night. I saw the *hand!* It was a *wraith's*, mither!"

In the little sea-side cottage of Cromarty, Hugh Miller grew up to vigorous boyhood. Very early he came to the knowledge that his mother, bereft of the husband of her youth, must lean upon her stalwart boy for support, and that very knowledge made him thoughtful for her comfort far beyond his years. Many a day he passed upon the blue waters in his little fisher-boat; and the fruits of these piscatory excursions, sold at the neighboring towns, added to their humble income.

But the lad, though yielding and obedient, and filial to the slightest wish of the maternal voice, still nursed in his heart a strange wild spirit of waywardness which manifested itself, not so much in action or speech, as in moods of gloomy thoughtfulness, when, for hours and days together, he would stray alone over the heather-clad hills and lonely moors, through the thick woods, or along the wild sea-beach listening to the solemn voice of the ocean, or silently conning the mysterious lore of rock and shell; and it was in one of these little excursions, when his adventurous spirit had led him to penetrate into a deep cave under a wild ledgy promontory heading far out on the wild Scottish coast, that the tide, intruding into the rocky cavern, bubbled and boiled up around his youthful form, and he came nigh paying with his life the penalty of his rashness.

Perhaps thus and there, in these solitary rambles, alone with nature and her wonderful works, the youth's mind was imbued with that love for those geological discoveries which he afterwards made, and which have so enriched the lore of our age, and created Hugh Miller the prince of geologists. Certain it is, that the boy, imbued by the inspiration of Nature, discarded his books, threw his dry Latin grammar to the wind, and free from the thralldom of schools, passed the greater portion of his days in his explorations,



collecting and arranging into a miniature cabinet, fossils, shells, sea-weeds, rocks, and petrifications, till the little cottage on the cliff was in danger of being converted into a veritable museum and the young Hugh into a showman.

But one evil resulted from this wild, erratic life; it begot in the lad a distaste for discipline, led him into many vagabondish adventures, and sometimes urged him into frays where feuds with his young companions were the inevitable results of his desire to stand foremost and submit to no leader over him.

At length, a depredatory excursion, in common with the clique of other Cromarty boys, upon a fruit orchard, led to the menace of punishment in a manner quite too public to suit the youthful hero's tastes—viz., at the hand of the village magistrate; and the valiant trespasser on fruit guarded as the golden apples of the Hesperides, took refuge in flight, and retreated to his quondam fastness, the inaccessible cave by the seaside, armed with two redoubtable weapons—the rusty barrel of a horse pistol, and an old bayonet.

Here, a day or two of starvation cooled his youthful ardor, and he emerged stealthily to seek by night the house of an uncle who acted as his guardian; and, after much persuasion, and the promise of a helping hand for the support of his mother, he followed his uncle's wish to become apprenticed to a mason of his native town. Thus the wild, erratic youth, foregoing his olden rambles by the seashore and through the forests, set himself to work right earnestly, preparing himself by a useful occupation, for the still further knowledge of that science to which he afterwards wholly devoted himself. So he passed his days in the labors of his arduous occupation, though his migratory nature continually prompted him to change the scene of his toils; now working a long day at his trade, now exploring at twilight the woods and seashores, still adding fossils, rocks and sea-weeds to his cabinet, and at evening arranging and labelling them, or, as youth of his ardent temperament are prone to do, scribbling verses under the inspiration of the Muses.

Thus Hugh Miller's youth went by, with no heralding of his future greatness, and the embryo man of science bore no character among his associates other than "a flighty, good-for-nothing, clever sort of fellow." Like a ship without a rudder, he drifted astray, blown by every chance wind, till another hand joined with his own, another voice gently reclaimed him, and by her kindly and firm counsels led him into a new path whose end was *Fame*. And that gentle teacher other great and good men have had before—a wife!

The circumstances of their meeting were romantic. At Inverness, where the roving young man had gone to engage as a common mason, at Inverness dwelt a proud family—"of noble birth, though in somewhat decayed circumstances," and, like other proud families of Scotland, they boasted a beautiful daughter. Now this beautiful daughter, though fully cognisant of her birth, and educated and refined, yet was none the less prevented from passing one evening in her accustomed twilight walk by the kirk-yard, and holding chat with the bright-eyed, comely young mason, whose trowel was employed in plastering up the kirk-yard wall; and so, twilight after twilight brought these meetings, till the trowel was laid aside, and the young mason paused to chat, or gather the wild roses that overrun the wall, and finally, to imprison her white fingers in his—and, later, his working-day clothes laid aside, for a neat suit of gray and the picturesque tartan plaid over his shoulders which well became his manly figure, they two walked far and late under the summer moon, through the romantic environs of Inverness, and the beautiful young girl, listening to the words of love which escaped his lips far oftener than the creed of schools, or geological lore, surrendered her heart into his keeping and became his betrothed. Thus and there Hugh Miller met the good angel of his life: at Inverness they were married.

Years had gone by, and wealth and fame had come to the mason geologist. The world—and most of all, his own Scotland—had acknowledged his genius. Men of science took this man, unlearned in the creed of the schools, but rich in the lore of nature, by the hand, and pronounced him their more than peer, their king; for his daring mind and active resources had opened a new path wherein they might follow and gather crumbs of wisdom.

But not at first, or speedily, had the reward of his labors come. There were days devoted to other pursuits which must earn the livelihood of his family, ere the long evenings came which he reserved to pass in the more congenial studies that claimed his interest; and at this early period, his faithful and true-hearted wife, joining heart and hand with her husband's interests, taught the boys and girls of Cromarty to read and spell, while Hugh Miller toiled at a small salary in the Cromarty Bank. Thus, from their earnings, the couple eked out a frugal support; and when children sprang up about them, the young father supplied the increased expenditures of his household, by turning penny-a-liner, and writing for the magazines, upon his favorite geological science.

But brighter days followed; and, as I have said, Hugh Miller became rich and famous. He wrote much and well upon every topic—essays, lectures, scientific truths, and books, issued from his pen in startling succession; and then came those two great works which won him universal fame, and placed him foremost in the ranks of known geologists—"The Old Red Sandstone" and "Footprints of the Creator." Of these we need not speak. They are found in every library in the land—standard works, written in concise, forcible, vigorous style; and treating of that from whose bosom we all sprang, and where we must all sleep at last—our mother earth, with her wonderful belongings—rock, fossil, and petrification—tracing, in very truth, through all, the "footsteps of the Creator."

But at length, in the prime of his years, the vigor of his manhood, when it seemed as though he should have sat down "under his own vine and fig tree," to enjoy the fruit of his labors, there came a dark phase in the life of Hugh Miller.

His bodily vigor gave way; his mind reeled under the strain of too intense mental labor; and when his last work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," was finished, Hugh Miller lay on a sick bed from which he rose a nervous, morbid, gloomy man. Then followed months of intense suffering. The over-taxed brain was pierced with sharp pains, and refused to act or think; his excited imagination conjured terrible visions before his eyes; shadowy forms crouched, ready to spring upon him when he went into the darkness; a haunting fear of robbers, housebreakers, murderers, led him to convert his own study, even his bed-chamber, into a perfect armory, where hung weapons of every description, to put into instant requisition against the dreaded foe.

Alas, that the noble brain was fast reeling into madness; for, so surely as he had over-taxed himself, so surely must the reaction come! Shall it not serve as a warning to you, O scholar, bending over your books by the midnight lamp—to you, O pale author, writing your heart's blood into your glowing creations—to you, O proud, brave, earnest man of science, distilling the very juices of your brain into truths for the world of letters—when, in future, you read how Hugh Miller, the mason geologist of this nineteenth century, died? \* \* \* \* \*

There was a cheerful family gathering about the supper-table in Hugh Miller's pleasant parlor. For weeks "father" had not been so well or cheerful; for he smiled and chatted with the children as he sipped his tea, and when the happy wife removed the tea-tray, and the household circle gathered about the fireside, he "told sto-

ries"—old legends of castles, loch and glen, when brave Robert Bruce led gallant Scotsmen to the fray, and Sir William Wallace's name rang like a bugle call through Scotland's hills. Then he took the youngest on his knee and stroked his flaxen hair—even as his own father, many and many a year before, had stroked his own curls in the Cromarty cottage by the sea-side—then read aloud several humorous pieces, ere he sent the children from him and retired, tranquil and calm, to his own room.

"Mama, isn't papa going to get well right off? I hope so, mama, because I like to have him read to us the funny stories he read to-night!" said the smallest prattler, as the mother lifted him softly into his cot.

"Perhaps so. It will be a blessed thing for papa to be wholly well once more, darling!" said the mother, with a happy light in her eyes, as she kissed the child and left it to its slumbers. "God grant him renewed health and vigor," she sighed, as she went down the staircase, thinking how often of late the dark wing of illness had brooded over that home; and as she sat down at the deserted hearth, to think over all the days of her happy wedded life, till came the dark cloud which had latterly overwhelmed it, she prayed earnestly, and with tear-filled eyes, "God grant him health once more!"

Alas for the hopeful woman!—for, when morning came, shrieks, and sobs, and cries of terror echoed from the room Hugh Miller had last night entered—a room his footsteps might never more pass, save as he lay straight and still in his shroud. For, in the midnight hour, madness, long dreaded, and kept at bay, had indeed settled down upon his brain. And in the midnight had he risen from his bed, penned a few wild words, touching, and pitiful to tears in their very incoherency, then taken the fatal revolver from the wall, and pointed it to a heart than which a nobler never beat in human bosom.

Those few significant words, penned to the wife of his youthful love: "*Dearest Lydia,—My brain—it burns!—it burns!*" told what agony of suffering, driving Reason from its throne, tempted poor Hugh Miller to the suicide's fate!

But who shall say but, in that terrible midnight hour, the superstition of his boyhood did not return to him? Who shall say, but the wraith of his father's ghost, and the dreaded livid hand which had waved and beckoned him once from out the wild Cromarty sea-waves, did not then beckon him into the world of silence and mystery: even the silent land of death?

No man knows how, in that awful midnight, Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, died!

## FORGIVENESS.

BY NETTIE M. DELL.

Forgive the errors of thy erring brother,  
 E'en though his deeds have strewn thy way with thorns,  
 And while wrathful passions reign in him; prove thou  
 That loving kindness all thy thought adorns—  
 Better thy portion, with a peaceful spirit,  
 Than all the glory of his brighter times;  
 Can wealth or honor soothe the conscience stricken,  
 And chase from memory committed crimes!

For thee the sunshine has a radiant glory,  
 And o'er thy heart love sheds its kindly gleam;  
 But ah, for thy poor, fallen, erring brother,  
 A peaceful, happy light can never beam;  
 Darkness and gloom, the fruits of evil doings,  
 Infold the erring in the deepest night—  
 Pity the false, forgive their guile and cunning,  
 And be thou grateful for Truth's guiding light.

Trampling and pushing, getting straw in bundles,  
 To see it scattered by a puff of wind—  
 Striving and straining, in its greed of gaining,  
 Rest never comes unto the crooked mind;  
 Peacefully sleep the innocent and lovely,  
 Phantoms dare not disturb the pure in heart—  
 But ah, what weary vigils keep the spirits,  
 Who from the ways of peace and truth depart.

Pity the erring with their bitter portion.  
 E'en when they bruise thee, in their trampling round;  
 Curse them not, sister! curse them not, O brother!  
 Though they in guile and wickedness abound;  
 But when thy spirit's bruised, be meek, forbearing,  
 And to the law of kindness ever true,  
 And though they crush and mock thee, still keep praying,  
 "Father forgive," they think "not what they do."

## THE HEROINE AND MARTYR.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

On the borders of Lorraine, near Vancouleurs, there is a small village called Domremi. The village itself was merely a single street, in which there were a few small and unpretending houses, a modest church, and a little wayside inn near it. The inhabitants were simple peasants, with no great stock of riches or learning; but easy and contented enough with their soup *maigre* every day, some bread and a bottle of light wine, a barrel of which would hardly have intoxicated.

The little inn was kept by one Jaques d'Arc, an old man, who, without any great wisdom, or much experience in the ways of the world, was yet better informed than most of his neighbors; being very fond of reading, and getting besides all the news from those who stopped at his house.

The old inn-keeper's love for reading descended to his only daughter, who assisted him greatly in his business. Her mother being dead, the charge of the inn had devolved principally upon the young girl, who showed every disposition to

help her father, and lighten the burden of his declining years. Living a life of irreproachable virtue, with a somewhat grave and sober air settled upon her countenance, a thoughtful and subdued expression in the eyes, as if they were "turned inward," she saw little of what was passing before her, except to perform her work. This she never left undone, for her tenderness towards her father was too great to have her forget his interests for a moment, while anything was at stake; but when that was over, she usually sat down alone to her books.

And yet, had one marked the girl at such moments, he would have seen a sudden light spring to her face, a flash of inspiration to her eye, succeeding the dreamy and thoughtful mood of which we have spoken. As it was, there was no one to observe all this. Jaques d'Arc boasted, as well he might, of his good, industrious and affectionate daughter, and all the villagers agreed with him, that there never was such a treasure.

Still, although all acknowledged her worth, the maiden had attained the ripe age of twenty-seven, and no suitor had yet appeared to wile her away from her filial duties. She had listened to no tale of love, such alone as would have been welcome to her, and from the voice of compliment, such as idle travellers might now and then bestow, at an inn, upon an ordinary serving-maid, Joanne turned away with a *hauteur* which puzzled and disturbed them.

Tall, and of commanding figure, the black garb which she wore as mourning for her mother, seemed to give dignity and a grave charm to her countenance, which, though not handsome, was strangely interesting. Even when engaged in the most menial offices, no one dared to speak otherwise than in a respectful manner to the inn-keeper's daughter, who often rode the traveller's horse to water without saddle or stirrup, and carried his portmanteau into the house when no servant was near.

Joanne's room was next her father's, and overlooked the wide yard and garden belonging to the inn. Below her window was a narrow verandah, where she used sometimes to walk all night. Here the father, with the wakefulness peculiar to old age, had often heard her walking, and speaking rapidly to herself in suppressed tones, but still in a solemn sort of chant, which, coming upon the night air, seemed mysterious and unaccountable. Something, he knew not what, prevented his speaking to his daughter respecting these things, just as he would have shrunk from telling her that he had overheard her prayers. Sometimes she broke out into strains that seemed like inspiration, so impassioned were her words.

Once or twice the dreadful thought came to him that Joanne was about to become insane; but her conduct through the day showed too much of "method" to be madness. He had read of somnambulism, and finally settled down upon that conviction, praying Heaven, however, that his child might not, some night, precipitate herself over the balcony.

Ever after these seasons of walking and speaking, Joanne's grave and serious air seemed blent with an inspired look, as if she were altogether above the earth. Her eyes assumed a high and lofty expression, and her lips were parted as if to utter words of solemn meaning.

Sometimes he would himself trace her footsteps, as she went by herself, at evening, to the Fairy's fountain, which since her childhood had been a favorite haunt, and which, even stripped of its poetical and romantic character, would still have justified her taste as a beautiful resort. Seated near the fountain, with her black garments floating around her, and her long hair streaming in wild curls below her waist, she might have been taken for the inspired genius of the fountain; and her appearance there often struck her father with a feeling approaching to awe.

The year 1429 was a trying one to France. Orleans was in a state of siege by the English, and it seemed doubtful whether it were possible to rescue that city from the hands of the enemies of France. Charles VII., the reigning king, almost despairing of raising a force sufficient for that purpose, had nearly decided to retire into Languedoc and Dauphiny, there to defend himself as long as possible. By the persuasions of his queen, Mary of Anjou, supported by those of Agnes Sorel, who possessed an equal power over him, he was induced to abandon this idea; but still the fate of Orleans and even that of the whole country seemed to wear a gloomy aspect.

As the siege progressed, tales of distress reached the ears of all ranks of people, and roused them to sentiments of patriotism and a desire for revenge in behalf of their beloved country. The peculiar enthusiasm of the French character develops itself in such seasons with a force unknown to nations of a less elastic and sensitive mould; and even the lowest ranks seemed smitten with these sentiments.

In the little *hostellerie* at Domremi, these subjects were nightly discussed. Most of the youth of the village had already been drafted into service, as well as men of maturer age; and the siege of Orleans was the prevailing topic among those who remained. The sentiments advanced found a ready listener in the grave young maiden who passed and repassed through the public

room where these conversations were carried on. The king had already awakened the feelings of passionate regard in his subjects, by the beauty and grace of his person, his noble bearing, and the well known generosity and urbanity of his manners. His youth, too, indisputably contributed to his popularity.

Day and night, the humble maiden had revolved these subjects in her mind, until she had been wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm which resembled nothing save the truest inspiration. She scarcely slept or ate, so wholly was she engrossed with the idea of France and its sovereign; and to the gaze of the most obtuse and dull of those who sat around her father's hearth, listlessly talking over the events of the day, there was something very mysterious in the excited and uplifted look of the old man's daughter. Visions of heavenly inspiration seemed indeed to have been with her: for no mortal emotion could have so changed her countenance into that lofty beauty.

To her father alone, she revealed her impressions, and though he sighed over the probable result of the wild schemes she had formed, and doubted the source whence she drew those impressions, he had not the heart to attempt dissuading her from her purpose.

"You sigh, father," said the maiden. "Does it trouble you that from our family should spring the deliverer of France—the restorer of his rights to our good King Charles?"

"Alas, no, my daughter," he answered; "but men will speak of my child as one who has overstepped the boundaries of her sex; and I fear that this rash step that you meditate will destroy your own happiness. Think, too, of your young and innocent brothers, who are not yet of age to attend you upon your enterprise, and whose after life may be clouded by this act."

"Father, speak not in this way of the inevitable, immutable decrees of fate. I know that I am called to this. Think of the past, father! Was it not a woman, a young and humble woman, who—I speak it reverently, believe me, dear father—who was called for the greatest mission upon earth? Was it not even in a simple roadside inn, like ours, that she accomplished it? And what is there to doubt that even I may be called to perform something for my king and my country? Think not that my young brothers shall ever be called to blush for their sister. Far rather shall they glory in the mission which she is only too honored to perform."

"Enough, my daughter! Go, and God be with you. Should aught happen to my child, of woe or shame, it will not be for long that these

white hairs would burden the earth. If, as she believes, a divine inspiration is with her, I may be permitted to rejoice, if not to triumph in her success."

"That is well, father. I was assured that you would not withhold your consent, without which, I should have been unhappy, although it could not have altered my decision to obey a higher power even than yours."

A Sabbath morning at Vancouleurs. The hillsides were blushing with the rosy hues of June; and the moist, dewy grass wore the imprint of every footstep that touched its surface. The soft air came laden with the fragrance of flowers, and the low hum of the bees, and the voice of the birds, alone broke the Sabbath stillness that reigned around.

The governor of Vancouleurs was alone in his library. He had just finished his devotions, in which the prayer for his country's deliverance was not forgotten. A servant entered, and announced a visitor. Baudricourt, unwilling to have his privacy intruded upon, waived the interview until another season. The servant came a second time; the person would not be denied, and Baudricourt resigned himself to the intrusion. As he looked up from his reading desk, on which lay a crucifix and rosary, his eyes met those of a woman, bright with what seemed to him a holy light, and beaming with a lofty radiance.

Her face was pale as marble, and the blue veins in her low, wide forehead showed upon the white surface as distinctly as the white figures of the Parthenon, show upon the pure blue groundwork against which they stand. It was Joanne d'Arc, the simple maiden of the hostelry, the humble innkeeper's daughter; yet never dame nor lady of high degree, with all the trappings of wealth and rank—not even Mary of Anjou, herself, Charles's queenly bride, had stirred the pulses of the gallant Frenchman with such a thrill of admiration, as this lowly maiden, with her black drapery flowing loosely around her majestic figure, and the soft, radiant eyes, looking as if into his very soul.

The interview lasted long; and when she retired from his presence, it was with the promise of a safe conduct to the court of France. The purity, earnestness and solemn asseverations of the maiden, and her sincere conviction that it was the voice of God that spoke through her lips, decided her fate.

Noon at the court of France. The coming of Joanne d'Arc had been heralded by Baudricourt; and the monarch awaited her, not in his royal

garb, but dressed as his courtiers, and mingled with them; while they purposely avoided, by his command, any act of recognition of his state.

She had never seen him before; but she walked straight up to the circle of which he made an undistinguished part, and gently putting aside the crowd, she bent her knee to Charles; and in the name of God she offered to raise the siege, and conduct him to Rheims, where he should receive coronation. Startled, but not convinced, Charles manifested some doubts of her ability to perform her promise.

"I will and can convince you, my king," was her answer; and she whispered in his ear, words that related to a secret known only to himself, and which no mortal lips could have revealed to her. His manner grew more confident; and when she asked for a sword which had long lain in the church of Saint Catherine of Fierbois, describing it accurately, and the very spot where it lay, although she had never seen it except in her visions, he could no longer doubt.

Armed and mounted, the maid of Orleans flew like light through the ranks of the French army; encouraging, animating, urging the troops to their duty, and even bearing the consecrated standard with its wreath surrounding its border, of the fleur de lis, sacred to France; which she planted at length upon the ramparts of the English foe. France was saved, and England's hosts confounded.

At once leader, prophetess and guardian angel, her mission was not yet performed. The coronation at Rheims was yet in the future; but the maid of Orleans commanded, and royalty obeyed.

At the head of twelve thousand men, Charles marched unmolested into Rheims, gathering fresh tribute as he passed; and thither also came Joanne d'Arc and stood by his side with the sacred banner waving above his consecrated head; and thus bearing a part in the mystic rites of his coronation;\* "while peal on peal of mighty music rolled forth from the thronged cathedral."

"The shouts that filled  
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled  
One moment; and in the brief pause, the tone  
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown.  
Sank on the bright maid's heart! 'Joanne! who spoke  
Like those whose childhood with her childhood grew,  
Under one roof?'—'Joanne!' that murmur broke  
With sounds of weeping forth! She turned—she knew  
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,  
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,  
Her father.

She saw the pomp no more—  
The plumes—the banners—  
She unbound

The helm of many battles from her head,  
And with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,

\* The ceremony was performed with the holy oil said to have been brought to King Clovis, by a pigeon, from heaven, when France was first established as a monarchy.

Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,  
 'Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,  
 Let me return!'"

"O never did thine eye  
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy  
 Wander again, Joanne!"

Evening at the market-place at Rouen. The altar was prepared, the fire laid thereon; and the victim was near. The victim? Is this she who stood forth at Rheims, with the white banner floating above the head of him whose crown she had ransomed? Was that the lone dreamer by the Fairy fountain? Alas for woman's short-lived fame!

Was it because the pure soul that animated that slight form, disdained that the casket should be destroyed by ordinary decay? Was it that the lofty spirit could find no exit, save by the flame that purifies while it consumes? We know not—but we know that the remembrance of the dreamer of the fountain, the angel of the battle-field, the standard-bearer at Rheims, is one which might well

"Call when filled her festal cup  
 A nation's glory and her shame  
 In silent madness up."

A nation's shame—even though on the very spot where she suffered, the French, with a characteristic attempt to palliate the wrongs and absurdities which have been committed by their countrymen, have placed a statue of the Maid of Orleans, and by a skilful transmutation, known only to the Gallic race, she, who was burned as a witch, is now re-exalted into an angel, a true prophetess, a heroine saint. Alas! "a fatal gift had been her dower."

#### ORANGE PEEL.

Parents and others should note the following fact: A little son of Robert Oliver, of New York, about five years of age, is now lying in a very critical condition from the effects of eating orange peel. Parents cannot be too cautious in keeping orange peel from their children, as it contains an active poisonous oil, which in many instances has caused the death of persons who have indiscreetly eaten it. Life is jeopardized every time the rind is taken into the stomach. *Boston Journal.*

#### HOW TO LIVE AND HOW TO DIE.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. —BRYANT.

The liar is the greatest fool; but the next greatest fool is he who tells all he knows. A prudent reticence is the highest practical wisdom. Silence has made more fortunes than the most gifted eloquence.

#### THE MILLS FARM.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

It was the first day of July; the hot, dusty city had grown almost intolerable, and yet the inhabitants lingered and suffered, while the far-off breezes of ocean were wooing them to cool haunts by the seaside, and the deep forests were inviting them to their delicious shades. The sultry air was full of dusty particles, and, above the city, hung the great, burning July sun, through the long, long day. Gliding along under the shadow of the tall buildings, where the sidewalk was less burning to the feet, went the little feet of Rose Hayward on her way to see her friend Ednah Hamilton. Running up stairs, into Ednah's own room, where she was at all times privileged to enter, she found her friend lying on the couch, looking as if she had been weeping. Rose bent over and kissed her cheek.

"What is it, darling?" she said, in a tone, such as one would use to a grieved child, "has anybody been hurting her?"

"Don't, Rose! I cannot bear it this morning. I don't feel at all well, and besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Nothing now, dear—don't tease me. I am not in a humor to bear it."

"Why, Ednah, this is not at all like you. What has happened? Has your pet bird escaped, or has any one trodden on Juno's tail, or pinched her ears? for I cannot imagine any greater calamity happening just now to disturb the rich Mr. Hamilton's daughter."

"Yes, Rosa—Mr. Hamilton's daughter has just waked up to the fact, that she has a part to perform in life, above petting canaries or lap-dogs, or even wasting time on those equally insignificant dandies who favored us with their company last evening. I believe it was their weak and frivolous conversation that set me to thinking. The question came up, 'What is Ednah Hamilton doing with her immortal nature?' And you may believe me, Rosa, I was shocked to find I could only answer, 'Nothing.' I felt that I was passing away my youth without a single object, except to swell the tide of fashionable beings that float round the ball-room, or promenade the streets. I felt that, in common with the rest of our class—(you, too, Rosa!)—I was worshipping gold instead of God; gazing at the flash of diamonds, instead of the glorious stars; admiring the tints of satins and velvets, instead of the beautiful array of colors which nature displays—inhaling the artificial breath of perfumes, when I should be breathing that of the

fresh flowers—and, in short, Rosa, I cannot tell you all I felt, but one thing I know, this life of ours is all wrong.”

“In short, Ednah—don’t be offended, but let me finish your catalogue—in short, Stephen Crosby has been gazing on Isabel Harrison, when he should have been looking only at the bright eyes of Ednah Hamilton! Now don’t deny it—you know that it is true.”

“Well, Rosa, I will not deny it. That first put me to thinking—and then I began to feel how sad a life is that which has no higher pursuit than the admiration—mind I don’t say *love*—that would be worth living for—the admiration of human beings; and then I thought how good it would be for one like me to be transported suddenly to a different sphere, where the chain of fashion, and the restrictions of society (such society as we have), should be taken off, and we should for awhile have freedom to act naturally, without asking the world if we might be permitted to travel out of the prescribed limits.”

“Have you thought of any plan, whereby this freedom may be attained?”

“No—if I go away, I only carry my block and chain with me, as I remember seeing a poor crazy woman do once, in my childhood. For, what are our watering-places but cheap editions of our rapid city life? I would shun them as a pest, did not my father insist on my going to one or another, as punctually as August sets in.”

“Well, dear, I know of a place, a long way off, where primitive manners and customs are not yet absolutely rooted out, and where as yet, no attempt has been made to engraft fashionable vanities on solid worth. It is not of consequence enough to have a name, for three farms comprehend its whole extent, and as it is as yet innocent of a railroad track or a factory, no name is needed to designate it. On one of these farms, lives an old and highly valued friend of my father. He has written often, to have me pass the summer there, but I have not been there since I was a child. If you can get your father’s consent, I will engage to have mine, and I will write to Mr. Mills to-day. What say? Shall we go?”

“Go! it will be delightful! but let us go privately—that is, without a soul knowing our destination except our own families, and we must enjoin them all to secrecy.”

“Well, Ednah, don’t fall back now, for I have set my heart upon it. And another thing! If you are not very particular about being known as the rich Mr. Hamilton’s daughter, I should prefer keeping it secret, as our good Mr. and Mrs. Mills would feel much more at their ease.”

“The very thing I should like best, Rosa.

That would be the most delightful part of it; and the moment we get consent, we will go and buy our dresses; for none of these that we now wear will answer at all.”

“I’m off,” said Rose, “and will come back as soon as I know certainly what we can expect.”

Half an hour later, she was again in Ednah’s room, planning their simple dresses. No jewelry, not even a ring, was to be worn. Not a particle of silk nor lace; but their gingham dresses were of excellent quality and made beautifully. Busy hands were put in requisition, to make them up speedily, and on the morning of the “Glorious Fourth,” when patriotism and pop-guns, oratory and crackers were loudest, our two city ladies, transformed into very pretty country damsels, were on their way to Mills Farm.

No announcement was needed, Rose said. They would be just as glad to see them, as though they had had a month’s notice. The cars carried them within fourteen miles—then a stage to the middle of the nearest town—and lastly, Rose chartered a great, clumsy Albany wagon, with an old man (it was haying time, and no “able-bodied” man could be spared) for driver, to take them to their destination.

Their way was through thick woods on either side; no dust, no annoyance in the road, no person to be seen, except an occasional foot passenger, and one solitary traveller on horseback. The glimpses of sunset between the trees, the perfume of wild roses by the wayside, and the refreshing calm of the deep forests through which their road wound, were delightful to the senses of the two young travellers. As the sun sank behind the hill, they burst out into a glad song, such as the old man had never before heard, and which he begged and entreated them to repeat. No loud *encore* to an opera singer was ever more sincere. No prima donna ever received a bouquet more gratefully than the girls took the branches of sweet brier and wood laurel that the old driver insisted on gathering for them. Soon they came in sight of the farm house. Such hay fields! such orchards! and such a dear old brown, roomy house!

The open windows and doors gave them a sight into the large room, where a long table was set out with the evening meal. No need of putting on more food! there was enough already there, to have satisfied all the passengers on the railroad that day. No need of apologizing for the quality! Was not such food—cream, real, fresh cream, and butter like lumps of shining gold, and those large loaves of brown bread and white bread, and sweet cake, and those delicious strawberries, enough? And what a cordial wel-



come from Mr. Mills and his wife! And then they sat down to the table.

"Tea or milk, Miss Hayward?"

"O, milk, by all means, but don't call either of us miss—we left our titles in Boston. We are plain Rose and Ednah."

"Ah, that is a great deal better, and now you are fairly seated, let me introduce 'Rose and Ednah' to my family. Here is little Susy, the youngest. She rules the family—that is she rules her mother, and her mother rules me, and I rule the family. This little fellow is Wally. His true name is William Wallace, but we call him Wally. This larger one is Mark—you met him driving the cows. Here on my left is Alick; and riding home on brown Bess, is Lyman, and I hope to see him here before it is quite dark; and let me whisper it in your ear, my little Rose, Lyman is worth all the rest." The whisper was quite loud, and was heard all over the table.

"Father!" said Alick, holding up a menacing forefinger. "I shall have to turn you over to Susy, to be corrected." While Mark and Wally bowed to their father's compliment to themselves.

After tea, to which they had insisted upon the company of the "ancient" driver, who brought the ladies, they adjourned to the front yard, where seats were provided under the trees. Alick brought out his flute, and Mark's noble base voice was put in requisition, and with the clear, beautiful voices of Rose and Ednah, a very tolerable concert was performed, which lasted till the great kitchen clock told nine.

Then little Susy waited upon the new-comers to the large and handsome chamber, with its cool straw matting, white quilt and curtains, and even its bathing tub, a thing they not hoped for. But Lyman contrived it all, Susy said, and she turned a shower of water into it from the wall, to show how nicely he had fixed it. On each side of the dressing table were pretty glass shades, within which burned immense candles made of some kind of perfumed tallow, while large vases of flowers occupied the mantel and bureau, and filled the wide fire-place.

In an old-fashioned open bookcase, Rose found further room for wonder. Not only Milton and Shakspeare were there, but many of the modern poets, as well as novelists, and one or two French and German books. All these had "Lyman Mills" written beautifully on the fly leaf.

They were up, bright and early on the following morning, paid grateful tribute to Lyman Mills's ingenious bathing apparatus, and were out on the green, with their clean dresses and shining hair, before the sun rose.

At breakfast, they were introduced to Lyman

Mills. They had expected to see a different person altogether, from the one now presented to them. Their idea of him was of a country boy, aping city manners, yet falling far short of his aim—a clever youth perhaps, but clumsy and uncouth; or worse still, an under-bred student, with Byron collar, and talking out of his depth on subjects that he *could* not be acquainted with.

"But the French and German books, Rosa!"

"Poh! bought from some pedler at the door, probably."

"The fine and beautiful hand-writing?"

"Written by the district school teacher, doubtless."

This was said, while dressing—but the breakfast hour showed Lyman in his true light—that of a cultivated scholar, a loving son and brother, a gentle, unpretending companion, and yet wearing a look that told strongly, that he need but to stretch forth his hand for the gifts of fortune or fame, and they would be his.

The sudden rain which had driven the girls into the house, prevented the anticipated hay-making, and the farmer therefore did not mind prolonging the time at the breakfast-table. It was a true farmer's table—abundant in its quantity, good, relishing and healthful in its quality. What struck the city damsels particularly, was the delicate cleanliness of everything pertaining to the house and family. The clothes were coarse enough—suitable to the work they were to perform—but they were spotlessly clean, and the linen was white as snow.

Mr. Mills, in his strong homespun suit, and his sons all dressed alike in linen blouses, and straw hats, looked the very pictures of health and cleanly habits, while the mother in her nice morning-gown and cap, looked far more respectable than many ladies in their shabby genteel finery. It was beautiful to see the sons go up and give her the morning kiss, and shake hands with their father. Lyman set them the example, and then turning to the visitors, he greeted them kindly and courteously.

"My son Lyman, Cousin Rose, and her friend," was the simple introduction which Mr. Mills gave them; and they were soon talking gaily together. After breakfast, Rose talked with her host and his wife alone; and told them that she and her friend Ednah wished to obtain board there for the season, if they could do so, without incommoding them, and if they could be left to run about at their own pleasure, without being waited upon.

Mr. Mills at first refused any payment, but Rose convinced them both that it would not be pleasant to either party otherwise; and they agreed to receive a suitable compensation. Thus

they were all established on the best of terms, independence and equality.

How much they lived in those summer days! Out of door exercise they enjoyed to the full. With little Susy, they followed round after Mr. Mills, who did but little now of the actual farm work. He left it mostly to his sons, and a few day laborers who went to their homes at night; while Mrs. Mills entrusted her butter and cheese solely to Mrs. Martin who had lived with her ever since Susy was born. Mr. Mills patronized newspapers extensively. He wished to know, and to have his children know, what was passing in the great world, but had no wish that they should enter it, as long as they could be contented with their own quiet home. He had expected that Lyman, with his active and inquiring mind, would seek a broader field, but as yet he had shown no such desire.

In addition to the newspapers, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hamilton, finding that the girls were really carrying out their project, had sent large boxes of new publications, directed to Mr. Mills; and the genuine pleasure which the family derived from these, repaid the girls richly for their share in procuring it. Never did summer pass so quickly. Never had the city girls passed one so rationally. If the hue of their cheeks was browner, and their hands had lost something of their lily whiteness, it was amply atoned by the healthful look and the added spirits. Nature had proved a kindly mother, as she ever does to those of her children who seek her.

But the evening came, whose morrow was to separate them from the friends to whom they had become so tenderly attached. Farmer Mills could not speak of their going, without complaining of a cold which had suddenly seized his eyes; and the "boys" and little Susy had an unusual hush upon their voices which betrayed some deep emotion.

They lingered long under the old trees, and parted with the children there—for Lyman was to drive out with them to meet the stage, at three the next morning. Despite the excitement of going home, the spirits of Rose and Ednah were subdued almost to the gravity which appeared in Lyman's face. Contrary to their express injunctions, the farmer and his wife were both up, and waiting breakfast; but no one could taste it. The light which had been shed over the old brown farm house for the last ten weeks, was about to be withdrawn, and they could not think of it without emotion. The soft, gray light of morning was appearing, and they must be off; and with tears and prayers and blessings, they departed.

"Ednah," said Rose, after they entered the huge, lumbering stage, in which they were thankful to find themselves alone, "I have been looking for the last three weeks, for a different termination to this visit."

"Indeed—what did your wise head fancy?"

"Nothing less, dear, than some violent demonstration of passion on the part of that highly respectable youth, who has just left us with such a wo-begone countenance."

"Ah! you expected an offer, did you?"

"I certainly expected he would make an offer to one of us. I leave it to your vanity and your friendship for me, to divine which of us. But, Ednah! *dear* Ednah! you are weeping! have I said anything wrong? O, do forgive me! I did not know that you felt so!"

Rosa's words had stirred her tears. She had sometimes dreamed of a life in that quiet vale, with one who seemed to her so infinitely above the gay butterflies she had hitherto known. But her dream was over, and she would think no more of it. A few "natural tears she shed, but wiped them soon;" but she inwardly resolved that having tasted of life's rational and heart-worthy pleasures, nothing should tempt her back into the idle world she had emerged from.

Fortunately, their portion of the "world" were still travelling, and for two or three weeks, the friends could meet quietly, and talk over their summer life, and try to make plans for future happiness and usefulness. They passed whole mornings together for this purpose, and on one of these, a letter was handed to Ednah. Rose mischievously watched her countenance, while reading it, and her friend, who had no concealments from her, put it into her hand.

Rose read as follows: it bore the date of their return.

"If I parted from you this morning with less emotion than I could possibly have hoped for, it was not the effect of indifference, but of a feeling which I tried to encourage—that the difference between our country life and that which you have always led would prove a lasting obstacle to your happiness. I fancied that you liked our retired home, when summer increased its attractions, and lessened those of the city; but I have asked myself, if such would be your feeling, when winter came, and shut out from you those sources of enjoyment, which that season gives so abundantly, in town. As I could not resolve that question, I decided to lay it before you, boldly and frankly. *First*, then, let me say, that I know nothing of your birth, station nor family. Rose will tell you that I have never inquired of her; and I had no other source to which I could apply. From your gentleness, your simplicity, and the genuine pleasure with which you engaged in our unpretending country life, I have no reason to think you devoted to wealth or fashion; but from

the evident superiority of your manners and education, I fear that I shall find you too far above any pretensions of mine. But the *second* part is, to ask you if there is anything either in the circumstances I have spoken of, or in your own heart, which would prevent you from sharing my home? the home which my own hands must become rough and hard in rearing, but which will be a happy home to me, if I may but see it lighted by your smile. I will not say that it has not cost me some pain to write this to you; because it would be vanity in me to think that one like yourself could like to be called a farmer's wife; nor can I tell you that I will resign my occupation, if that would induce you to marry me. I have chosen my path, and must abide by it, even if I must abide *alone*. You could not respect me, yourself, if I did otherwise. I wait your answer, and will have hope and faith, until you bid me give up both. LYMAN MILLS."

"A truly noble letter!" said Rose, "I am afraid I shall never have a letter like that, Ednah! Some fop, who has more money than brains, will, some day, be fluttering round me, because he knows papa is rich—and he will woo me after the approved style, and I shall have fine clothes and diamonds, and a grand house—and I tell you, Ednah, that one word from that noble-hearted man who writes you this, would be worth a thousand times more than all the happiness I could extract from such a marriage as that. Why didn't he like me, I wonder!" she added, as tears and laughter struggled together. "It was too bad of you, Ednah, when it was really poor dear I, that planned all this. See how ungrateful you have used me!"

Rose's apprehensions of her own misery were not realized; for she married, within a very few months, a really noble, high-hearted man, whose greatest pleasure was to make his little wife happy. And every summer she goes down to Mills Farm, spending a season alternately with the old people and with Lyman and Ednah at their beautiful new farm house.

#### WHOLESONE AND UNWHOLESONE FOOD.

Whether it be made with wheat flour, or meal only, or with a portion of sound floury potatoes, or of well-cooked rice, says Acton's "*Bread Book*," bread will be perfectly wholesome, provided it be *sweet, light, and thoroughly baked*, though it will be more or less nutritious. This will be the case, also, if it be composed in part of rye, or maize, or oat flour, or even of barley meal, unless it should be for very delicate eaters, to whom the maize and barley are not so entirely adapted as flour of wheat. Hot, or *quite* new bread, is exceedingly unwholesome. Heavy bread is dangerously so. That which has become sour, either from having been over-fermented in the making, or from having been ill managed afterwards, is very objectionable; and mouldy bread, also, is unfit for food.

#### OUR HOME.

BY MISS A. C. RANSOME.

I love a sweet, sequestered spot,  
Within some forest vale,  
Where a pearly, noisy rivulet  
Meanders through the dale;—  
To wander along its mossy bank,  
Or in some favored grot,  
To pluck the purple violet,  
Or sweet forget-me-not.

In some secluded spot, dear,  
Within some woody dell,  
In a little vine-clad cot, dear,  
Together we will dwell;  
Where the birds send forth their silvery tones  
Upon the morning air,  
Where grow the rose and hyacinth,  
Those flowers of beauty rare.

Our cares shall be but pleasures,  
And our sorrows only few;  
And sadness in our little cot  
Shall ne'er have aught to do;  
In search of lovely wild flowers  
Together will we roam,  
And Heaven will smile upon us, dear,  
In our sweet and happy home.

#### MY BOARDERS.

BY M. T. MUNROE.

My last boarder had gone, and I was left a lone, solitary woman in my house. I had put an advertisement into the papers, of rooms to let, either for a single gentleman or a man and his wife. I had also put up a notice on the windows of rooms to be had with or without board; and there was nothing to do now but to wait till fate should send me occupants for my apartments. So I sat dreamily over the smouldering fire, wondering with what phase of humanity it would next be my lot to deal.

For twenty years I had lived by keeping boarders, and it had been no life of ease. Twenty years this very autumn, my brother, or rather my half brother—for we had two fathers, but one mother—had taken to himself a wife, a giddy, thoughtless creature, with whom he had led a gay city life, till rumors of property left her in England, caused them to go to that country; then reports came to me of a still gayer life in London and Paris, with dark hints of something wrong, I never could tell what, till now so long had been their silence, I knew not whether they still lived.

My house was not modern nor imposing, but roomy and comfortable, and very dear to me. It had been left us, my brother and I, by our

father; on my brother's marriage he made over the property to me, for his wife took no fancy to the place, nor I imagine to the person who occupied it.

So I sat in the gloomy November twilight, a woman of nearly forty years, with no father, no mother, and my only brother, if indeed brother I had this side the dark valley, far away in a foreign land. Life surely could not be said to have many attractions for me, yet it was dear to me. I had a woman's curiosity in the great drama of life going on around me. So few were the events of my own life, I had almost ceased expecting anything startling in my personal experience, and had accordingly transferred all my curiosity in that respect to the people around me. I had watched the various fortunes of my different boarders with all the anxiety with which parents watch the course of their offspring, and had anticipated many a remarkable denouement, even as in a novel we anticipate the grand finale.

The short November twilight was fast deepening, when I heard a ring at the street door, and presently the servant ushered a gentleman into the room in which I was sitting. It was so dark I could not distinguish his features, till Margaret lighting the lamp, the blaze shone full upon him. I judged he was of about thirty years; of dark complexion, small of stature, and nothing particularly remarkable in his personal appearance. As I had supposed, he had seen my advertisement, and had called to look at my rooms. His voice was deep and rich, and there was a deference in his manner particularly pleasing to me, for I had been called upon in the last twenty years' experience to have dealings with many different specimens of mankind. He wished two rooms—a parlor and sleeping apartment. I showed them to him, they suited, and we had no difficulty about the terms. He would take possession on the morrow.

The morrow came, and with it my new boarder. My rooms were already furnished, he brought with him his wardrobe, a case of books and a writing desk. Was he an author? I could not tell; he had not dropped the remotest hint of his business, and there was a something about him which forbade curious questions.

In a week or two my other rooms filled up, with the exception of one, and that not very eligible, it being in the third story. One day a young lady of about eighteen years of age, came and asked to look at my room. She asked the terms; on being told, she hesitated, as she said:

"I don't know as I can do better, but I had hoped to get a cheaper rent."

Her appearance prepossessed me in her favor, and I told her that as my house was full with the exception of this room, I would let her have it for less. She seemed very thankful, and the next day she brought her scanty wardrobe, which was nearly lost in the spacious closet, a small writing desk, and a small box of books, and these seemed to be the sum of her possessions. She had previously informed me that she did not wish for board, only for the use of the apartment.

My house was now full, and they were a pleasant set of boarders. There was the first arrival, Mr. Charles Dalton; next the head of a mercantile establishment, a pompous but very nice sort of a man, Mr. Frederick Augustus Brown; next, a young married couple, with their happy faces, their secret whispers, and tender words, Mr. and Mrs. Hunniman; and last of all my ledger in the third story, Mary Grant, as she gave her name. With the exception of the young lady, they met at one common table.

I don't know as I have mentioned Miss Grant's exceeding beauty, but she was very lovely. And there was a dignity about her which forbade all curious inquiry, and a purity showed itself in her face and manner which instantly disarmed any thought of suspicion, which her somewhat peculiar and lonely situation might suggest; at least it would have done this in any charitable and unprejudiced mind.

One day Mrs. Hunniman walked into my room, and with a great rustling of silk, and a somewhat useless flourish of embroidered handkerchief, ivory card case, and such like, said:

"Miss Stephens, pray may I ask who is the young lady that you lodge somewhere in the upper part of your house?"

"Her name is Mary Grant," I replied, not at all intimidated, for in my twenty years' experience I have been through many strange scenes, and had many strange questions asked me.

"I would wish to inquire," she said, with an extra flourish of her hoops, as she walked across the room, "if she is—if she is, a reputable character?"

"I know nothing against her character," said I.

"There is something very mysterious about her. I wish, Miss Stephens, she was out of the house."

"She pays for her room, I have no cause for complaint."

"But, Miss Stephens, she might injure the character of your house."

"I see no reason," I replied, "to apprehend any such serious consequences."

She turned on her heel and walked off, while I sat laughing in my sleeve, for I had observed

Mr. Adolphus Hunniman that very morning, station himself at the street door to watch when Mary went out, as she usually did at nine o'clock; and I understood perfectly well the cause of the lady's solicitude for the reputation of my house.

It lacked but half an hour to dinner when Mr. Frederick Augustus Brown suddenly made his appearance. He was a fine man, a little pompous and patronizing after the manner of some men, but a most unexceptionable boarder.

"Madam," said he, "you have a young lady lodging in your house, I think?"

"I have, sir."

"May I inquire her name?"

"Her name is Mary Grant."

"I have seen the young lady pass in and out, and I have become very much interested in her. Do you know anything of her history, Miss Stephens?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"Hem," said Mr. Brown, as if at loss how to proceed, and yet not satisfied with the result of his interrogations. "Hem, she seems to be—to be, if I should judge by her outward appearance, in not very flourishing circumstances: in short, madam, she seems to be alone in the world, is it not so?"

"I am not," said I, "acquainted with any of her friends, neither can I inform you of the weight of her purse, Mr. Brown. So long as my boarders pay their bills regularly, you must know it is no business of mine to pry into their affairs. The mistress of a boarding-house, Mr. Brown, cannot be too cautious how she ventures to make remarks upon her boarders."

"Very true, very true, madam, your course is very commendable; still I think my motives are nothing out of the way. I thought I might be of service to the young lady, she is so—so lady-like: hem, in short, I thought you might introduce me to her."

"If I ever have that opportunity, Mr. Brown, I may improve it, but at present I see no way to do what you wish."

The dinner bell rang, the other boarders came in, and our conversation ended. I expected Mr. Dalton would be the next one to be making inquiries concerning Miss Grant, but I was mistaken.

The next morning at nine o'clock, I heard Mary's light step upon the stair as usual. Mr. Hunniman, I was very sure, was not waiting on the steps this morning, for I was certain the poor fellow had received a curtain lecture the previous night, he looked so contrite and was so very polite to his wife during breakfast. Scarcely had

the door closed behind Mary, when I heard Mr. Dalton leave his parlor and go out. My curiosity was roused. I knew that before Mary came he always went up the street to his business, whatever it might be. Now Mary always went down the street; yet this morning he went down the street, at some distance from her to be sure, and with an air entirely unconscious that she was before him, yet did I know well enough that Mary Grant was the sole cause of his going down the street instead of up. Mr. Dalton was a very mysterious man; his keen black eyes saw everything, read everything; but they never told any secrets. He looked at you, and you felt sure that he was reading your secret thoughts, but it was vain to think of obtaining even an inkling of the workings of his mind from his dark, impenetrable face. I liked the man, too. There was something fascinating in his manner, something that pleased in the tone of his rich voice, and I felt inclined to trust him, and was sure that if he took an interest in Mary Grant, it was one that would do her no harm.

So all unconsciously to herself Miss Grant was the observed of all my boarders. And passing in and out quietly, speaking to no one, thinking herself all unobserved, day after day, week after week, passed on. I visited her occasionally, in her room, for I wished to see that she was comfortable; and my heart yearned towards her, she seemed so lonely, so friendless, and yet bore her fate, whatever it was, and I knew it was one of few pleasures, meekly and patiently. I sent her little dainties occasionally from the table. I knew not where she got her meals, she was never at home at the dinner hour, but came home directly after, and was busy all the afternoon and until late at night with her pen. I knew this, because I sometimes went into her room in the afternoon, and I had been up late at night more than once, and always saw the glimmer of the lamp under her chamber door. Poor girl, whatever was the mystery about her, I was sure her heart was pure and true. I asked her no questions, her manner did not invite confidence; if she had any secret I was willing to respect it, and trust her none the less. I never asked if her head ached, but when she looked weary I would send Margaret up with a cup of tea, and some light food. I never pitied her, never asked her if she did not weary of that tiresome pen, never hinted that I knew she sat up late at night; but I often sent her a nice warm breakfast in the morning when I knew she was up. And soon I knew she began to trust me in her heart, and be sure I was her friend; for her eye would brighten when I entered her room, and she would tenderly press my

hand. So I was contented to wait till in its own good time the mystery, whatever it was, should be cleared up. Meanwhile, matters went on in their common, everyday course. One afternoon on going up into Mary's room, she brought me a piece of very rich silk, asking me what I thought of it.

"It is very handsome," I replied, surprised at the same time, for I had thought it beyond her means to purchase anything so expensive.

"A boy gave it me with this note, as I came in," said she, at the same time handing me a dainty little billet which ran somewhat like this :

"Will Miss Grant accept this token of the respect and affection of one much interested in her, and who ardently desires a more intimate acquaintance."

"Who can it be, Miss Stephens; if I only knew so that I could return it?"

"You wish not to keep it then?" said I.

"Certainly not, I have no use, no desire for anything so rich; and it is impossible for me to accept a gift from an unknown person."

"I will take it," said I; "if you wish it returned it shall be done, and you need give yourself no further uneasiness."

So I took the silk, folded it in a paper and sent it to the store of Mr. Frederick Augustus Brown, with a message which said :

"That Miss Grant concluded there must have been some mistake, and had taken the liberty to return the package."

It was not long before I noticed that Mary's table was generally decorated with a fresh bouquet, and one day she said smilingly :

"Perhaps you can inform me who is so kind as to furnish me with such a luxury?"

"No," said I, "I cannot."

"Why," said she, "am I mistaken? I had thought I was indebted to you for this kindness, with many others. Who else could have access to my room to place them here?"

"I shall be obliged to disclaim the credit of this offering, but the attention from the unknown person is so delicate, it cannot surely offend the most fastidious taste."

So the flowers were accepted, and no inquiries made for the donor, and by-and-by rare and costly books found their way to Mary's table in the same manner, and though I fancied Margaret knew somewhat of the matter, I never questioned her.

One bright spring morning Mary left the house at her usual time, but the dinner hour passed and the afternoon, and yet she did not return. I sat up till a late hour, thinking she might return, but she did not. It was nearly twelve

o'clock, when I at last retired to my chamber, and gave her up for the night. After breakfast next morning I went to her room. Her desk was open, and all her papers lying about; evidently she had not intended staying away when she left. Not from any curiosity, but in an absent sort of way, I took up a daguerreotype lying upon the table, but no sooner did I see the face there pictured, than I stood struck powerless with astonishment—it was my brother's face! my brother, whom I had not seen for years! What could it mean? My brother's miniature, and in her hands? Then another idea rushed in upon me; it was the same name—my brother's name that was true—but then the name was so common I had never before given it a thought. As if to make assurance doubly sure, another case lay on the table, which I opened; it was the wife's face that looked out upon me, the same faultless features, the same girlish beauty which had won my poor brother's heart. Ah, how could I wait till Mary's return? Without considering why I did so, I went down stairs and knocked at Mr. Dalton's door; he was not in, but as I turned away he entered at the street door.

"Mr. Dalton," said I, "can you tell me why Mary does not return?"

"Put on your bonnet, Miss Stephens, and come with me, if you wish to do her a service."

I did not stay to ask any questions, nor to wonder how he seemed to know everything which concerned Mary. I put on my bonnet, and implicitly followed him. When we got into the street he called a coach, and we drove to the Insane Asylum. My heart beat thick and fast; what did she here? We stopped at the door, and were shown into the reception room, and while waiting, Mr. Dalton told me that Mary was now with her father, who had for some months been a patient in this establishment.

"Yesterday morning he seemed quite rational, but it is feared that this return to reason is but the prelude of dissolution. I thought it might be a comfort to Mary to have you with her at this time."

"Does she know you are here?" I inquired.

"She does not, but I have sent up word that you wish to see her."

Ah, he was very thoughtful of her; but little did he know, wise man that he was, how I trembled and shook before the trial which I knew awaited me. Before I had time, if I had wished it, to apprise him of my secret, one of the attendants entered and motioned me to follow her.

"You will be very calm, Miss Stephens," whispered Mr. Dalton, as I went out, "for Miss Grant's sake?"

I bowed assent. Mary hearing our footsteps in the passage, came out to meet us. She seemed pleased to see me. Without a word, although the fact seemed to need no further assurance, I pulled her further out into the passage way. I opened the miniature:

"Mary," said I, "tell me, is this your father?"

Her eyes full of tears, the voice broken by sobs, replied:

"Yes, it is he, my father, my poor father!"

"My child, my child!" said I throwing my arms about her, "I am his sister. Did he never speak of me, child, of me, his dear sister Mary?"

She looked at me a moment, and then she seemed to understand it all, and returning my embrace, leaned her head upon my shoulder.

"Speak of you, yes, often, very often, and we—"

A broken, feeble voice interrupted us; there was no time for further explanation, and we both went into the chamber. Mary advanced to the bedside, I stood where the patient could not see me, although I could see him. Ah, my poor brother! how pale, wan and haggard he looked. Mary spoke to him, he was perfectly rational now.

"Father," said she, and placed her hands on his thin, hollow temples, "is there any one you wish very much to see?"

How I waited to hear the feeble voice. It was some minutes before he spoke. He took both her hands in his, as by that hold he still clung to life.

"Are you not all the world to me, Mary? Yet, yet, if I could—but where are we, Mary? I don't seem to remember."

"We are in C——, father."

The eyes brightened, he held her tighter.

"Mary, Mary, this is our home! did you know it? We lived here, Mary and I, we were so happy."

The voice sank again.

"Your sister Mary, father?"

"Yes, yes, will she not come soon?"

"She is here now, father."

I stepped forward; I knelt down before him; I drew his poor head towards me; I kissed his wasted cheek; and, bless God, he knew me, he called me his own Mary, and thus we met, my poor brother and I.

"God is good," he faltered, "you will take care of my child. I named her for you. O, Mary, I am almost gone; I know not how I came here; but, O, it is such joy to die at home, and looking in your face."

Quietly he slept for some hours, then he awoke, saw us both beside him, and with a most heaven-

ly smile upon his countenance, he sank into that sleep which knows no waking on earth.

Thus died my poor brother. The funeral took place from my house, and after it was over, Mary, my dear brother's dying gift to me, told me a sad story. She told me of a gay life in Paris, and finally the desertion of herself and father by her misguided mother. His wife's conduct almost broke her father's heart, as her extravagance had almost ruined his fortune. Then the wretched woman died a death of remorse and shame, the tidings of which did not reach them till after they had taken passage for America. From that day her father seemed strange, and incapable of any exertion, all depended upon her. On arriving in this city she took cheap lodgings for herself and father. They had a little money, but not enough to support them without some exertion on her part. She tried to obtain a situation as teacher, but she had no friends. In desperation she wrote an article for the paper, carried it herself to the office; it was accepted, and ever since she had regular employment, and had been well remunerated, and if her father had but recovered his health, she should have been happy. But he grew worse, and at times very wild, so that she was afraid of him. Some one advised her to try and procure admittance for him at the asylum; a friend, she never knew him, but he was very kind, aided her. It was very hard to have him go, but she felt it was best; she was permitted to visit him every day. Then she gave up her rooms, and took lodging with me, which was much cheaper for her. After her father entered the asylum he seemed better, and she hoped might yet be well; but with returning reason his body grew more feeble, although when she left my house that morning, she had no idea of his being so near his end.

"But you knew of me, Mary; surely your father had told you of my residing in this city."

"Yes, but I had always supposed your name the same as his, and on coming to the city had inquired for Miss Mary Grant, but failing to find any one of that name, I concluded you had left the city; my father was not in a situation to assist my search."

Mary was now indeed my child, and a few words sufficed to inform my boarders that I had, in my former lodger, found a niece. I would not allow her to pore over her books and papers as she had done, but made her join us in the parlor, where I very soon found her presence was quite a pleasant addition to our circle.

"Aunt," said Mary to me, one day, "I never fully understood how you ascertained I was with



my father, when I was missing from your house."

"Mr. Dalton informed me," I replied.

"How did he know where I was?"

"I am sure I cannot say."

Mary was silent for some time, and I noticed that after this, she rather avoided Mr. Dalton, though I think not from any rooted dislike.

I had forgotten to mention the bouquets were still regularly received, but they were now left at the door, and I knew that Mary had no suspicion from whence they came. Mary was a little romantic, like all girls, and rather liked this secrecy.

Mr. Dalton seemed to grow very fond of my society, and generally sat with us in the evening. Though Mary had little to say to him personally, still her avoidance of him was not marked enough to keep her silent in general conversation. I could see, sly man that he was, how by his talent in conversation, his deference to her opinion, the peculiar intonation of his voice when he addressed her, he was gaining a place in her good opinion; and I knew that she was interested in him for the very reason that she avoided him, namely, because he had taken such a strange and undue interest in her affairs, and had informed himself in some most mysterious manner, of her history.

One evening, it was a warm, soft summer twilight, and I was sitting in the further part of the parlor, busy in some matter requiring my attention, I forget what it was now, when presently Mary came in with Mr. Dalton. They conversed for a while on common subjects. I knew they did not see me, but thinking no harm I kept on with my employment. She held a bouquet in her hand, and as she was admiring it she pulled a pretty white rosebud and placed it in her bosom. He fixed those black, searching eyes of his upon her, and in his deep voice said:

"You accept the gift, but scorn the giver."

The bouquet fell from her trembling grasp and she covered her burning face with her hands.

"Mary," said he, and he took down her hands from her face, and compelled her to look at him, "Mary, do you think it is for mere curiosity's sake, or for the purpose of annoying you, that I have taken this interest in your affairs? You may say it is intrusion, and perhaps it is, but can you forgive nothing for the deep love which has prompted this intrusion?"

Still he held her hand in his, still his searching glance was upon the poor girl as she stood almost powerless before him.

"Mary," he continued, "do you wish to know when I saw you first? Do you remember when you first came to C——? Do you remember a hand that rescued you from the officious grasp of

a coachman, who presuming upon your unprotected state, dared to be impertinent? It was dark, no wonder you did not recognize me again. Do you remember the day you came to the office of the F—— with your manuscript? I saw you through the glass door of my office; your article was accepted, and ever after all you chose to bring. Since then I have not lost sight of you, I have seen all your trials, and have done what I could, unseen and unknown of you, to aid you. When you came to this house, it seemed to be our destiny to be thrown together. If my watchfulness has seemed to be intrusive, it was because I was jealous lest evil should befall you. I have guarded you as silently as I could, and my sincere affection must be my excuse. I have sometimes dared to send you gifts, such as I knew your delicate nature would accept and appreciate—books and flowers—you have accepted them, you have worn the flowers in your bosom; will you now cast away the heart I offer you, as you have cast aside the bouquet, or will you place it where you have placed the beautiful bud, the emblem of love?"

He let go her hands, and stooping, picked up the bouquet, and held it towards her. In the fading light I could just see that she accepted the offering, and then I silently left the room, for I have heard that love scenes require no third party. When we met at the tea table the bud still rested on Mary's bosom, and for once, I thought I read in Mr. Dalton's face that something unusual had happened. I cannot say whether there was any engagement entered into that evening or not, but certain it is, that not many months from that time, I reckoned another married couple among my boarders. The mystery was all solved. Mr. Dalton was the head of a publishing establishment; he had fallen in love with Mary Grant, who had turned out to be my niece. I have explained it all; they are now Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, I am still Miss Mary Stephens, the mistress of a boarding-house, a situation which has its cares and responsibilities, and also, like most other situations, its pleasures.

#### Singular Trial.

A cow case was lately tried in Mount Vernon, Ohio, lasting five days and employing four lawyers and about a hundred witnesses. The queerest thing about it was that the plaintiff not only swore to the identity of the cow (and calf), but brought eighteen other witnesses who also identified them, among them the man who raised the cow, a woman who had milked her, and several who had owned her. The defendant swore with equal positiveness that the cow was his, and proved it by twenty witnesses equally as respectable and of equal opportunities for information. The defendant got the case, and the cow and calf.

**MENTAL ACTIVITY.**

It is a very common but erroneous notion that an active exercise of the intellect causes its destruction; in other words, that the brain consumes itself, and that students, literary and professional men are much more liable to decay of the intellectual powers and to insanity, than men whose occupations make little or no call on the brain. But facts are utterly at variance with a theory so flattering to wilful ignorance and mental laziness. We find in an English publication an array of facts which warrant the conclusion that mental ruin springs rather from mental torpidity than from mental stimulation. In the report of the British Commissioners on Lunacy for the year 1847 we find the total number of private patients of the middle and upper classes, then under confinement in private asylums, amounted to 4649. Now, if we skip eight years, and refer to the report of 1855, we find that there were only 4557 patients under confinement, or about ninety-six less, notwithstanding the increase of population during that period. If we compare the number of pauper lunatics under confinement at these two periods, we shall find a widely different state of things, for in 1847 there were 9654 in public and private asylums, whilst in 1855 they numbered 15,822. In other words, our pauper lunatics would appear to have increased 6170 in eight years, or upwards of sixty four per cent. It is this extraordinary increase of pauper lunatics in the county asylums which has frightened some psychologists from their propriety, and led them to believe that insanity is running a winning race with the healthy intellect. But these figures, if they mean anything, prove that it is not the intellect of the country that breeds insanity, but its ignorance. Sir Andrew Halliday, who worked out this interesting problem in 1828, selected as his twelve non-agricultural counties, Cornwall, Cheshire, Derby, Durham, Gloucester, Lancaster, Northumberland, Stafford, Somerset, York (West Riding) and Warwick, which contained a population at that time of 4,493,194, and a total number of 3910 insane persons, or one to every 1200. His twelve agricultural counties were Bedford, Berkshire, Bucks, Cambridge, Hereford, Lincoln, Norfolk, Northampton, Oxford, Rutland, Suffolk, and Wilts, the total population of which was 2,012,979, and the total number of insane persons 2526, a proportion of one lunatic to every 820 sane. Another significant fact elicited was, that whilst in the manufacturing counties the idiots were considerably less than the lunatics, in the rural counties the idiots were to the lunatics as seven to five! Thus the Hodges of England, who know nothing

of the march of intellect, contribute far more inmates to the public lunatic asylums than the toil-worn artisans of Manchester or Liverpool, who live in the great eye of the world and keep step with the march of civilization. Isolation is a greater cause of mental ruin than aggregation: English fields can afford cretins as plentifully as the upland valleys of the mountain range seldom visited by the foot of the traveller; whilst, on the other hand, in the workshop and the public assembly, "As iron weareth iron, so man sharpeneth the face of his friend."

**A REASON FOR EVERYTHING.**

A couple of students of Williams College went over to North Adams on a bender. After indulging more freely than would probably be practicable in that well-regulated community in these days of reform, they set off to foot it back to Williamstown, a distance of some six or eight miles. This would have been a serious matter under the best of circumstances, but with a brick in each of their hats, it was a performance not to be accomplished without great difficulty. To make matters worse, it began to rain hard as they started, and soon they were soaked to the skin from without, as before they had been from within.

Joe Bean had suffered most from the liquor, and of course felt very much concerned for his companion, who was comparatively sober. Gazing around him into the dark, and upward into the pouring heaven, he blurted out:

"I say, chum, does it rain?"

"I should think it did, some," replied Ben.

Joe soon brought up all standing, and asked the same question, with a rougher answer. Once more he repeated it, and Ben brought him to a partial consciousness by his reply, and Joe apologized with—

"You—may—think it queer my asking you if—if—if it rains; but the fact is, Beu, I aint much acquainted around here."—*N. H. Patriot.*

**THINGS TO REMEMBER.**

If you do not keep your paper, cut this out and put it where you can find it.

A surveyor's chain is 4 poles or 76 feet, divided into 100 links or 792 inches.

A square chain is 16 square poles; and ten square chains is an acre.

Four rods are an acre, each containing 1240 square yards, or 34,787 feet, or 24 yards 28 inches on each side.

A pole is five yards and a half each way.

An acre is 4840 square yards, or 69 yards 1 foot 8 1/2 inches each way; and three acres are 120 yards and a half each way.

A square mile, 1760 yards each way, is 610 acres; half a mile, or 880 yards each way, is 160 acres; a quarter of a mile, or 440 yards each way, is a park or farm of 40 acres; and a furlong, 220 yards each way, is 10 acres.—*Tribune.*

We give away nothing so generously, and receive nothing so reluctantly, as advice.

## ALICE—A PORTRAIT.

BY EDGAR L. VAUGHANSEN.

Midway between a woman's crown  
 And childhood's guerdon Alice walked,  
 And though her cheeks in hue were brown,  
 You would not see it when she talked;  
 And if no beauty lent a grace,  
 You thought not of it when her words  
 Were low and soft; when on your face  
 Her eyes were fixed, your heart was stirred  
 To rapture, and you could but say,  
 How beautiful she is to-day.

And yet she had not beauty's dower;  
 Her features in no classic mould  
 Were run; and yet one owns the power  
 Her presence has; with potent hold  
 Her converse sways you, as the wind  
 The beech-tree sways; and musical  
 The undertones it leaves behind  
 That low on memory's storehouse fall,  
 Till future hours of reverie  
 Reveal their magic unto thee!

And she—this wondrous queen of mind—  
 Will be a blessing to the one  
 Who wins a jewel so refined,  
 So worthy to be nobly won;  
 O Alice! in thy queenly state  
 I give thee homage, poor but true;  
 My fancy paints thy kingly mate,  
 My brain runs wild with what 'twould do,  
 If thou—an empress—would but deign  
 To listen to my humble strain.

## THE MORTGAGED FARM.

BY EMMA CARRA.

UNCLE NATHAN stood in the centre of his large hay-field, encompassed by the perfume of honeysuckles and wild flowers, each sending out an invigorating influence that art never can. Dark clouds swept hither and thither through the horizon, borne on the winds to one point, as if to concentrate their forces, and send to the earth another deluge. The muscular farmer grasped the strong handle of his scythe more firmly, and with redoubled energy tried to finish the swath he had begun. But now there fell glittering rain drops on his brown hands and upturned face, so turning to a little girl of some seven summers, who sat on a rock near by, looking on him from beneath her wide, blue sun-bonnet and holding in her arms a kitten:

"Come, Anna," he said, pleasantly, "we will go up to the house now, for there will soon be a shower." At this moment a flash of lightning dazzled to blindness and a peal of thunder rolled along the sky, that caused the child to tremble, and looking into her protector's face, she said, "Aren't you afraid, Uncle Nathan?"

"No, darling," he answered, "for God makes thunder for a wise purpose."

"The same God that made this beautiful field, and the great rosebush by the fence, and made my kitten, and made you, uncle?"

"The same, dear. But come, darling, we must run, or we shall get wet; for that dark streak, coming this way from the west, is rain, and it will overtake us before we can get to the house."

The little girl did not answer further though her mind was busy, and skipping along by the good man's side, both were soon protected from the heavy rain that followed, by the low roof of the back porch to the farmhouse.

A little later Uncle Nathan sat by the broad, stone hearth in the kitchen, drying the damp clothes that he wore in the field; his head was bowed, and his attitude was one of thought. At length arousing he looked in the direction of the west window where his wife sat finishing a garment to add to his Sunday wardrobe.

"Ruth," and there was a hesitancy in his speech, "Ruth," he repeated, "I don't believe we should ever be any poorer if we should keep that child; I think you would find her very handy about the house, and besides I always think it looks pleasant to see children around."

Aunt Ruth had not spoken but once since her husband came in from the field, and then she made no remark save, "Why upon earth did you bring that child home with you again, Nathan?" But now she gave a nervous jerk to the wide frill on her cap, and bending her keen gaze on the farmer, she said, "Well, perhaps taking other folks' children to bring up may seem very pleasant to you, for you wouldn't have them to wait on, nor to sew for, nor to wash for, but—"

"Nor you wouldn't have these things to do for Anna long, for she would soon be able, not only to wait on herself, but would wait on you. And besides, poor Mary has so many little mouths to feed, that some of them must go hungry unless the neighbors step in and give her a little assistance."

"Well, Nathan, we brought up our own children without any help from the neighbors, and now they are gone to do for themselves, I don't believe in making slaves of ourselves right over again, in order to assist strangers." And Mrs. Bower turned her face towards the window, and looked out on the glittering grass blades that bent and swayed, as if trying to rid themselves of the glistening drops that encumbered them.

Anna, who sat on a low stool in the corner, glanced first at Aunt Ruth and then at the farmer, and when she saw the former looking in an opposite direction, she crept softly to the strong

man's side, and lying her fair cheek on his breast, she said timidly, and in a whisper, "I wish I could be your little girl; I would be so good and smart, and I would love you and Aunt Ruth dearly."

Uncle Nathan pressed his lips to her forehead, and then sank his hand in his large square pocket, and drew forth a primer that he had purchased for her the previous day while in the village. That night the affectionate little Anna slept beneath the roof of the farmhouse, but when Aunt Ruth went up to the little back chamber to show her to her snowy bed, no good night kiss was left on her rosy lips, but a stern "Don't let me hear any noise from you," was spoken, and then the low chamber door was closed.

"O, how I wish Aunt Ruth would love me as Uncle Nathan does!" whispered Anna, as she buried her face in the pillows and tried to sleep. At that moment Aunt Ruth came out from the porch, and as she passed beneath the low back window, she said to her husband:

"I am going up to neighbor Green's a little while."

"I rather you would not, Ruth," he answered, "for—"

"You have had your way in bringing that child here," was answered by the wife, "and now I will have mine in visiting whom I please." And she passed out the wicket gate into the road.

A few moments later there was a plain hem of a snowy little cap seen over the sill of the back window, and a soft voice said to Uncle Nathan, as he stood looking after the fast disappearing form of his wife, "Please, uncle, may I come down and sit in your lap a little while, and you tell me all about Cinderella and the nice king? Aunt Ruth wont scold now," and the child glanced up the road, while a tear moistened the old man's eye, as he answered, "Yes, dear, you can come."

"I declare, Mrs. Bower, I would not have that child in the house," said Mrs. Green, in continuation of the conversation she was holding with her neighbor, "for you have always been a hard-working woman, and have done more towards settling up the mortgage on the farm than almost any one would have done under similar circumstances; and besides, what right has Mary Harris to expect you to take one of her children to bring up? She is no worse off now than I and all the rest of the neighbors told her she would be when she married William Harris, but la! you couldn't convince her but that she was about to become the wife of a grandee—he had such fine airs, and told her such nice tales about his father's estates in England, and of the

splendid cities where he had travelled, and where some day in the future, he would take her. Well, she was foolish enough to believe him in spite of the good advice of her friends, so now let her suffer the consequences of her rash act." And Mrs. Green threw herself back in her high, narrow-back chair, with the air of one who thinks he has done his duty.

Mrs. Bower was thoughtful for a moment, and then moving her chair nearer her neighbor, she said, "Mary Harris always was a dreadful proud girl. Never would look at any of the young men here for a husband, especially after she came back from the city. But la! you can't convince her now that if her husband hadn't died he wouldn't have done just as he said."

"He never would, Ruth Bower," continued the neighbor, her dark eyes flashing with hate, "for between you and I, Mary Harris in my opinion is no better than she should be, and her husband found it out, and if he was an honest man, went away to get rid of her, and then—and then," and the speaker looked around to make sure that they were alone, "He might have died a suicide—the truth as it is don't always reach us from the absent. And then he might not have died, but had that story reported just to get rid of her. I tell you what it is, Ruth, this is a strange world, and it is not every one in it that is honest, or cares whether his best friend is happy, if he can have his own way."

Aunt Ruth sat like one bewildered, her sunburnt face changing its color alternately from a darker hue to one ashy pale, but she was too proud to speak her thoughts, so in a few minutes her cheek returned to its natural color, and she looked into her neighbor's face, saying, "Well, whether Mary Harris is good or bad, rich or poor, I do not want her child at our house."

"Then why do you have it there? I am very sure my husband would not keep a child in our house that I did not want here."

"Mr. Green is different from Nathan; my husband is very fond of children, and at first when Anna used to come to our house, I thought she was an affectionate child, and I was pleased to have her amuse him, but now—"

"Affectionate," repeated Mrs. Green, sarcastically, "she is an artful little thing, taught to be so by her mother. You will find it to be so yet."

The tall, eight day clock in the corner at this moment struck ten; Aunt Ruth left her neighbor's home and returned to her own to find Uncle Nathan half reclining in his large easy chair, soundly sleeping, with Anna on his knee, her head pillowed on his bosom, and dreaming sweetly of the stories to which she had listened.

Mrs. Bower caught the child roughly by the arm to drag her from her comfortable position, while angry words fell from her lips. The farmer clasped his charge, who, frightened, clung to his neck and timidly cried for her mother. Uncle Nathan quieted her with caresses, and then turning to his wife he said—and there was an expression in his usually mild eye that kept his wife silent:

"Ruth, Mary Harris has three little orphan children to feed, and no one to assist her to a shilling. I told her yesterday that I would take Anna and keep her till she found a better home, and I shall keep my word; if she is kindly treated here she will stay beneath this roof—if she is not kindly treated, money shall purchase her a good home elsewhere."

"Better keep your money to pay your debts," was the wife's sarcastic reply; but she had learned in the twenty years she had been the wife of uncle Nathan, that he always kept his word be the consequences what they might, so from this time the fair child found a good home at the farmhouse although no endearments were lavished on her from Aunt Ruth.

On the evening that our tale commences, after Mrs. Bower had left her neighbor's house, and Mrs. Green made sure she was alone, save her husband who had sat in silence and in darkness in another room, "Reuben, Reuben," she repeated, "come in here." In a moment the form of a tall, thin and dark-looking man, was at her side. Pushing a chair towards him for him to be seated, "Do you know," she continued, "that I have set my mind on the accomplishing of two things in this world, and if you were not so afraid where there is nothing to fear, I would accomplish both before the year is out."

Mr. Green looked up with an expression between a smile and a frown, as he answered, or rather inquired, "What now, wife?"

"One is to ruin Mary Harris, and the other is to own Nathan Bower's farm."

"Two very desirable objects, if we could bring them about and yet appear all right before those whose good opinion we covet. And yet I care very little about Mary Harris in comparison to the farm."

"Well, I am as anxious to ruin one as I am to get the other, for I never will forgive her for not consenting to become the wife of our Robert. No, I never will, for she was the means of his ruin! Had he never seen her, he would not have given himself up to intoxication, neither would he have left us to follow the sea, and now be roaming through the world, he cares not whither."

Mr. Green did not seem to notice the last remark made by his wife, but after a few moments' silence on his part he looked up, saying, "I can't see any way that we can get the farm and keep clear of the law, wife."

"I can; you have a mortgage on it for the money you lent Bower to pay off some of the debts that his father left him to settle up?"

"Yes, but he is shrewd, he will meet those demands."

"When does the mortgage run out?"

"In just sixty days more, and I guess Nathan will have a pretty hard time of it to raise the amount he owes me; but if he fails to get the money, that will make it all the better for me, as I shall give him no more grace than just what the law allows." A smile of satisfaction passed over the wife's face, and then an expression rested there that no human eye could interpret.

A little way down the road from Uncle Nathan's farmhouse was a little low-roofed cottage, half concealed by green leaves and bright flowers. The narrow panes were shaded by curtains as spotlessly white as the winter's snow, save where here and there the faint shadow of the prairie rose flitted and danced in the summer breeze.

There was a little garden in the back ground, where an industrious hand had caused fresh vegetables to come forth and reward the industry of her who had a pure soul to appreciate God's gifts. This cottage was the home of Mary Harris; it was where she was born, and it was where she first took the holy name of wife. It was here, too, that her three babes first commenced to live, so the little cottage and its surroundings were very dear to her, and this was why she begged her noble husband to consent that she might remain here with her widowed mother, while he was far away where business called him; Mary's young family and ill health preventing her from accompanying him.

The mother, too, had begged that her child might stay with her in his absence, promising when he returned that she would no longer remain at the cottage, but would go with her children to live in the city.

In a year William Harris was to return, but before that time expired, his valuable watch and other articles of value were brought to her by one who sailed in the same ship, and stated that he stood by his berth and saw his last struggle on earth, and so sudden and severe was his sickness he had penned no letter, nor left any clue where by his wife could learn aught of his history save what he had told her in times that were past, that he had a father residing in England who

would leave him a large amount of property at his death.

Two years had now gone by since William Harris pressed his young wife to his bosom, kissed his babes and then left all he held most dear. Those two years had made a great change at the cottage; Mary's mother had sunk to rest, her bed shaded by a low drooping willow. The young wife had grown very pale, the means that William had left for a year's support were long since exhausted, and Mary and her children must have suffered had not the kind-hearted Nathan Bower often stopped there while on his way home from the mill, and left a part of his grist. None knew why the farmer took such an interest in the unhappy Mary; but some said that her father, in his youth, was Uncle Nathan's warmest friend; others said that Mary's mother was once a handsome girl, so thought the then young farmer, but she preferred young Doctor Lee, even if he were poor; others said it was Uncle Nathan's natural disposition to be kind to the needy; but with Uncle Nathan's past history we have nothing to do.

Fifty-nine days had expired since Reuben Green and his wife had that conversation at their home. Uncle Nathan's big chair was drawn up near the claw-foot stand in the farmhouse kitchen, and before him lay a large heap of money which he was counting.

Aunt Ruth had forgotten her opposition to the little Anna, and now began to think many of the little deeds that the child did, looked cunning; she scolded less, and sometimes told her a story, although nature never furnished her with so loving a heart as that in the breast of her husband. Mrs. Bower swept the hearth, opened the cheese-room window, and did various other little chores, then drawing her chair by the side of her husband, she said, "Well, Nathan, we have had a pretty hard time of it to raise the money to pay off that mortgage, but we have done it with strong hearts, for our other debts are trifles compared with the one we owe neighbor Green."

"Yes, Ruth, I felt kind of bad to part with two of my best cows and the young horse, but still I always hated debts, and now if health is spared us a little longer, we shall be free from all incumbrances on the farm."

"Why don't you go right up to-night, and have all made up as it should be? You might as well pay him to-night, as to-morrow."

Uncle Nathan had been from his bed since the earliest streak of light in the east, and had ridden many miles to and from the market, so he an-

swered that he was too tired to attend to any more business that night, and a little while after he unlocked a drawer in the old-fashioned desk at the further part of the room, laid his money away in it carefully, relocked it, and returned the key to his pocket. An hour later there was no light burning in the farmhouse; Uncle Nathan and Aunt Ruth were enjoying such sweet repose as none can know but those who have a clear conscience, and life's greatest blessing, health.

It was past the midnight hour when a muffled form crept slowly on to the low roof of the porch, and from thence climbed in at the open window where Anna slept, and then crept slowly along towards the kitchen and the old desk. But suddenly pausing, it moved in another direction, and opened wider the door that led to where the farmer slept. It disappeared within the bedroom for a few moments and then returning, moved cautiously to the desk, applied a key to the drawer that Uncle Nathan locked so carefully, placed the contents in a small bag, relocked the drawer, replaced the key, and left the house by the same way it came.

The good old farmer arose with the sun, milked his cows and turned them into the pasture, ate his breakfast from vegetables and meat that originated on his own farm, and then prepared himself to go up to his neighbor's to settle all business between himself and Reuben Green. The key was taken from his pocket, turned in the lock, the drawer was opened, and Uncle Nathan thrust in his hand to take out the contents, but had it met there the dagger's point, it could not have been withdrawn more suddenly, and then turning to his wife he said, nervously, "You been here, Ruth?"

"No," was answered, and then the farmer threw himself heavily into a chair, while his face blanched to an ashen hue, and for several minutes there was not another word spoken, and then various were the conjectures of the husband and wife, each in turn naming every manner in which the money might have disappeared save the right one.

"All the doors were this morning as we left them last night," remarked Aunt Ruth, pale with excitement.

"And I found the key where I put it, too," said Uncle Nathan, while his voice trembled to such a degree that he could hardly finish the sentence. At this moment Reuben Green was discovered walking leisurely down the road, and in a few moments he stepped within the kitchen.

"Well, neighbor," said he, "you will excuse my calling, but it was getting along towards the middle of the day, and as I have to pay away a

good deal of money before night, I thought I would call and settle up our business in season."

The farmer told the caller what had happened, but the latter did not seem disposed to be any more lenient on account of his misfortune, but said that he must have what was due him, even if his neighbor sacrificed all his stock to meet the payment.

"Should I force into market the remainder of my cattle and my only remaining horse," remarked the farmer, despondingly, "they would not bring me the amount I owe you."

The day came when Nathan Bower's farm was going to the highest bidder, and Aunt Ruth sat in front of the broad, stone hearth, where she had spent so many happy hours. Uncle Nathan was pacing to and fro the wide front yard, his face was haggard, but not so ghastly pale as hers who sat within; Anna was by his side, her tiny hand locked in his. Suddenly the good man stopped, and with distended eyeballs gazed down the road, for there was Mary Harris coming towards the farmhouse, chatting as in other days, and by her side walked he whom she had long mourned as dead. In a few moments the child was locked in her father's arms, and the kind-hearted farmer held in his hand the means to meet all present demands, and on his ears fell the words from the grateful husband of Mary:

"Mr. Bower, for your kindness to my wife and children in my absence, you shall never want for a friend, or the means to retain your homestead." Aunt Ruth now came forward and spoke her thanks, but there was a different feeling at her heart from what there would have been had she in the beginning welcomed the child with the same warmth of feeling that her husband did.

"There is a family by the name of Green living near by," said William Harris, when the first greeting was over, "with whom I have quite an account to settle, not only for the slander heaped on my poor wife in my absence, but for theft." And then he stated that when he arrived in England, he found that he should be detained much longer than he had at first anticipated, and having all confidence in Robert Green, who held the office of second mate on board, when the ship was about to return to America, he gave him a letter containing a sum of money, to give to his wife, and since that time he had written repeatedly to Mary but had received only two letters in return, both being very short, and now he had ascertained they were forgeries, and that the watch and other articles that he had lost at the time that Robert left, he now found were taken by the treacherous one to prove to his wife that he was dead, while he appropriated the money to himself.

Reader, the finale we will give in our own language.

It was the wife of Reuben Green that climbed to the roof of the porch and extracted the money from the drawer, while her husband remained near by to ward off danger should it come. Reuben knew that the farmer went to the market that day to dispose of his stock and he watched about the house till he saw him place the money as we have seen, and then he resigned the rest of the deed to be performed by the more agile form of his wife.

When Reuben Green ascertained that William Harris still lived, for he and his wife believed the tale their son had told of his death, and that Uncle Nathan suspected them of theft, they immediately left the hired farm they occupied, and for many years they were not heard from, when Robert, who had sunk beyond reform, received a mortal wound from a companion, and in his last agonies revealed the past. Mr. Harris with his cherished wife removed to the city, while Anna, as she advanced in years, spent her time alternately with her parents and at the old farmhouse with her childhood's protectors.

#### COULDN'T COPPER HIM.

A correspondent, writing to a Boston paper from New Orleans, gives the following incident: "You can buy nothing in New Orleans and most southern and western cities for less than a 'picayune,' or six and a quarter cents. Coppers are hardly known. I was amused at a little incident which I saw on board one of the western boats. A man from the North tried to pass ten coppers upon a 'Sucker,' a native of Illinois, for a dime. 'What be they?' inquired the Sucker, turning over the coppers in unfeigned ignorance. 'I calculate they are cents,' replied the Northerner. 'Can't you read?' 'I reckon not,' said the other, 'and what's more, old hoss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents, mister?' 'I vow to the judges,' said the Northerner, 'you are worse than the heathen! Cents is money, sartin! Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see it says E Pluribus Unum—that's the Latin for Hail Columbia, and here, it's inscribed one cent.' 'Look here, stranger,' responded the Sucker, putting the thumb of his hand into his ear, and inclining his fingers forward, 'you may run a saw on a Hoosier or a Wolverine, but I'm dod rotten if you Yankee me with the contusive stuff.' And he marched off to the social hall to indulge in a drink of corn whiskey, in compliment to his own sagacity."

Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is untidy, or being old, fantastic or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference.



## PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY WM. LEIGHTON, JR.

Propelled on its wheels, like the iron steed,  
And ever on, is the course of the world—  
Stop not to wonder, and stay not to read  
The page of the Past, on its path unfurled.

Passing the limits that change a broad sea,  
Resting its bounds where e'en Time had his birth,  
Ever condemned, all unchanging to be,  
Stand in the Present—a moment of earth,  
Enchained but an instant; then speeding away—  
Never returning—one drop to that sea,  
That stretches its plain through eternity.

A shudder comes o'er me—"forever" I hear—  
No mind can conceive it, and shrink not with fear—  
Dread Backward, or Forward! thy echo is drear.

Forever unknown, the source of the stream;  
Under the seal of the genius of Fate,  
That secret shall rest, till we wake from our dream,  
Unlogged and all-wise in a future estate.  
Rest, thou dull cloud! on the things that shall be;  
Ere long Time shall tear thy mantle from thee.

## THE GHOST OF THE CAREW HOUSE.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

YEARS and years ago, in old Manhattan, there was a group of young revellers sitting around a table in the public house known as the "Golden Lion," kept by a dreamy, smoking old Dutchman—Peter Van Donner. The remnants of a feast lay before them, and from dusty, cob-webbed bottles, they poured a rich and generous wine every now and then into their small wine-glasses. Over their wine they had sang merry songs, and toasted many fair beauties; but as the night deepened, instead of growing uproarious, as was too often the case with revellers in those days—and indeed, for that matter, in these—instead of growing uproarious, I say, they grew grave and confidential. So the songs were succeeded by marvellous tales related by one and another.

At last, Carl Von Brenner, a little slim, yellow-haired fellow, full of poetry and sentiment, took up the thread of conversation, and told a story of a haunted house. This house stood upon the outskirts of the town, and had long been a source of speculation to the neighborhood. Carl averred that the facts had been communicated to him the night previous by the serving-woman of the deceased owner, which facts were as follows:

The departed proprietor was a man of great pride, as well as immense wealth. He had one child, a lovely daughter, who was sadly deficient in her father's prevailing characteristic; so much

so, that she became enamored of a handsome young fellow—a blacksmith by trade. This was gall and wormwood to Richard Carew the father; and in his exasperation, he swore that he would rather bury her, than see her the wife of one so far beneath her. Fair Mildred Carew at least inherited a considerable portion of her father's stubborn will, for she continued the forbidden acquaintance in the most determined and open manner; whereupon her father saw fit to place her in a certain high chamber, under lock and key, allowing her to communicate with no one except the colored housekeeper.

From this prison, she managed to escape to the arms of her lover, and with him fled to France as his wife, where she found a welcome from a childless aunt, who was both rich and generous. The wedded lives of Mildred and her worthy spouse were short, however. When her daughter was six years old, she went to heaven. Her husband soon followed, and dying, bequeathed the little Mildred to her grandfather Carew, as a peace offering and memento of her sainted mother. The child was put in trust of a kind sailor and his "gude wife," who faithfully performed their duty in bringing her safe to the roof of Master Carew. It is said that the stern grandfather, incensed by the little one's close resemblance to her hated father, chose to receive this peace offering as a high insult, and rudely turned the child out in the bitter December night, when the snow lay six inches deep.

From that night until the day of his death, it is related he was visited at every stroke of the midnight hour, by the apparition of his daughter. He waxed sterner and more reserved from day to day, but shewed no other symptom of the ghostly visitor. Indeed, it must be confessed he partook of the substantial viands and rich wines of his table with as great gusto as ever, and instead of growing lean and haggard, as one would suppose a man to do under the circumstances, he grew remarkably portly in size and florid of complexion.

After his death, the stately house remained unoccupied, for it was averred that the ghostly visitor yet haunted it. Neither the sailor and his wife, nor their charge, had been heard of since they were so summarily dismissed from Richard Carew's door; and thus the whole of the old gentleman's fortune reverted to the French relative.

These plain statistics were dressed up into as pretty a ghost story as was ever related; and the eager, serious faces of the young men, as Carl concluded, gave ample evidence of its startling effect. There was one exception, however—in

Roger Morton. A smile was just curling that handsome lip of his, and a sly twinkle of incredulity was perceivable in his eyes—those dark, lustrous eyes. Now this was very provoking to the others; and Carl, with a flushed cheek, asked him somewhat gruffly what it meant.

Roger drained the last drop of the purple wine, and slowly set his glass down, before he replied, in tones mellow and rich as the juice of the grape:

"Simply this, friend Carl. I don't believe in ghosts; and I, for one, would be willing to pass a night beneath this haunted roof, and take my chance with its nocturnal visitor."

There was a general murmur at these words, and a final exclamation of—"Let him! let him! We challenge thee, bold Roger."

Roger accepted this challenge with laughing composure; and the meeting speedily breaking up, they agreed to escort the fool-hardy fellow to the Carew mansion, and there leave him. The night was dismally dark, and the wind howled drearily over the lonely common that stretched away before the old weather-beaten house as they approached. So gloomy and forbidding did it seem to Roger's companions, that they paused at the gate and strove to dissuade him from his undertaking. They might as well have striven to dissuade Christopher Columbus, had they lived in his time. Roger was determined, and gave them a gay good night, as he disappeared under the frowning arch which led to the main door. Doors were not secured so jealously as they are now-a-days, and this yielded to his strong hand. It was then that he found himself in thick darkness. He took out the little box of tinder which he always carried in his pocket, and proceeded to strike a light.

While he was thus occupied, he felt a sudden rush of air, a whizz, and then he received a blow full in the face, which staggered him not a little, both in equilibrium of mind and body. It came again—the rush, the whizz and the blow. This time, Roger smiled at his own weakness—it was a bat! In the meantime he had succeeded in procuring a light, which he secured from wind or other accident in a small lantern his companions had furnished him with.

He now looked about the old, hall. It was vast and magnificent, for those days—the wood of dark time-stained oak now dim with neglect. At the far end, a long staircase showed itself; to this, Roger turned his steps before he had even opened the doors of the rooms on the ground floor, probably led on by that native quality which induces the young to disregard what lies nearest for the distant and the dim. Be that as

it may, Roger Morton ascended the broad stairs, and found himself on the second floor—a corridor with many doors ranged on each side. He tried the first; a scent of some strange perfume met him. It brought to his mind at once a visit he had sometime since paid to a foreign ship lying in the harbor, where the cabin was decked with various ornaments made of different kinds of fragrant East Indian woods, which sent out a similar odor far from unpleasant.

This chamber was of lofty size, quaintly and curiously furnished. The most conspicuous object was the bed—a tall, high-post affair, curtained with a dark wine-colored fabric which we should call damask. The windows, also, were hung with the same material—thus giving the room a wonderfully gloomy, yet magnificent aspect to the eyes of Roger, who had never beheld the stately splendor of our neighbors across the water. Four high-backed, finely-carved oaken chairs occupied their places; and strangest of all, the oaken floor was partially covered with the most wonderful carpet, wrought in a beautiful pattern and looking as fresh as though it were woven but yesterday.

As the new comer took in these salient points, he detected several minor etceteras in the shape of a foreign box filled with little china cups, gilded bottles and jars, all emitting the peculiar odor he at first recognized. Then there was a silver ewer, richly chased and ornamented with pretty French damsels dancing *pas seuls*, and finer but not prettier court dames carrying huge fans. Beside this, stood a bowl of the same material and design, and upon the same table lay several delicate towels of the snowiest damask. All this looked like fairy work to Roger.

"By my faith," he muttered, "Master Carew had a goodly taste for the things of this world!"

What puzzled him the most, was the order and freshness of these articles. While pondering over this peculiarity in one of the high-backed chairs wherein he had seated himself, his head sank upon his bosom, and slumber overtook him. It might have been the narcotic odors to which he was unused, or the influence of his own thoughts; however that may be, he slept. When he awoke, all was darkness, with the exception of a faint ray of light stealing in at the windows from the clearing sky. His lantern had either gone out of itself, or been extinguished for him. Cursing his folly for yielding to Morpheus, he groped about for the lantern without success.

Finding he could not better his condition, with his usual happy philosophy, he made the best of it by ensconcing his person within the arms of a ponderous leathern chair standing by one of the

windows. He had hardly done so, when he heard a clock strike the hour of midnight; at the same moment, a light footstep sounded in the corridor. The door of the room he occupied was thrown open, and the room was filled with the rustle of garments and the same perfume he had before noticed. His eyes had now become accustomed to the greyish light, and he could discern a woman's slender figure, clothed in white.

It must be confessed that a little uncomfortable feeling stole over our brave Roger at this point; but he neither fainted, nor cried out, but sat and watched the motions of the "white lady" in profound silence. She at first glided softly to the window, flung up the sash, and leaned out as if to breathe the May breeze. Then heaving a deep sigh, she commenced pacing up and down the room with a slow, solemn tread, each footfall sending out a distinct ring of some metallic heels which she wore.

At length she ceased her walk, approached the table whereon reposed the foreign box, and the next instant, by some marvellous process, up streamed a little fiery light, which she applied to one of the tall wax candles on the shelf; and the room was soon rejoicing in a cheery radiance. Roger, who fortunately was concealed from observation by the window curtains, could now have a full view of the nocturnal visitor. She was of medium height, but so slenderly made, without, however, any appearance of leanness, that she appeared much taller than she actually was. Her dress, too, of soft flowing white, of some transparent texture, girdled about the waist with a belt of gold, was of such length as to increase her stature. Her arms were bare to the shoulder, the sleeves fastened back by clasps of the same precious metal as the belt. Those arms were the perfection of beauty; but the face was what spell-bound the concealed Roger. It was fair as a water lily, and red as a blush rose; and expressive of both spirit and gentleness. Brilliant brown hair rolled away from the royal arch of the brow, slightly sprinkled with powder; and beneath, eyes of sparkling sapphire burned a steady lustre.

"A pretty ghost, truly," murmured the bewitched Roger, inly.

All his trepidation had vanished, as he drank in this beautiful vision. The pious Carl Von Brenner would no doubt have been much disturbed, if he could have seen the state of affairs, and warned him of the fair disguises which the tempter often assumed.

This fair apparition next proceeded to the narrow mirror, and a new phase of loveliness

burst upon the admiring Roger, as she unbound her long hair and combed out its glittering waves till they enveloped her like a halo of glory. She then unclasped the girdle of gold, and took from her sleeves the quaint clasps. Our hero now became aware that she was disrobing herself for the night.

"Ghost or no ghost," he thought, "it behooves me to respect her sex."

It was then the gallant young fellow put back the heavy curtain drapery and emerged from his concealment.

The comb fell from the lady's fingers, and a shriek issued from her lips. In most courtly style, albeit he had never entered a palace, Roger knelt before her, addressing her as "fair Mildred," and entreated her pardon for intruding upon her domains.

Something in this little speech evidently acquainted the lady with the true state of affairs. At any rate, at its conclusion, her alarm subsided, and the faintest smile in the world stirred the dimples in her lovely cheeks. She at this point seated herself in the high-backed chair near by, and motioned her guest to rise.

"You address me by the name of Mildred," she commenced in a voice whose sweet, steady accents bespoke a deep, inward cultivation, "yet your face, your manner, your very words, tell me that you only hold in derision the story which the townspeople relate of this house. Am I not right?"

He bowed an affirmative.

"As you sat and watched me here to-night, what speculations filled your mind in regard to me?"

Perhaps a deeper color rose to Roger's bearded cheek, as he answered:

"If I thought less of ghosts than of the realization of some dear dream, you have only to look in your glass for my excuse!"

She began something hastily in French, but bit her lip, and said:

"You are adventurous; and this was a most romantic adventure. It would be a pretty tale to tell to boon companions at your next revel, eh?"

Roger's dark eyes flashed, and he in his turn bit his lip, and then replied with perfect deference, but it may be with inward satisfaction:

"My lady, you do me injustice; while watching the dishevelment of these royal tresses, the fancy enveloped me, naturally enough, that she who owned them was my bride."

"So!" 'Twas all she said, yet infinitely expressive was the one word, the searching glance, the tender crimson dyeing her cheek. Immedi-

ately rising, she turned to him, saying with the grace of a duchess :

"We will terminate this conversation in a more fitting place. Will you follow me to the saloon?"

"I will follow you anywhere," was the gallant response; to which the lady vouchsafed never a word or a smile, but giving him one of the lighted candles, she led the way to an apartment across the corridor, which she had dignified by the name of saloon.

It was a long, lofty room, furnished queerly enough with bright scarlet hangings, and here and there some odd, outlandish ornament, or odder relic of other climes.

Within a large leathern chair, which stood by the fireplace, the lovely lady seated herself, pointing to another a little in front of her she wished her companion to occupy. She made a beautiful picture, more imposing than before, with her long golden-brown tresses enveloping her like a soft amber cloud. A sad, tender dignity reigned in her demeanor as she broke the silence, saying :

"By an idle jest, I dare say my security and peace are destroyed; for those who know of your tarrying within this haunted house, will want some satisfactory reply."

She said this to try him. He answered, hastily :

"Lady, I am a man of honor. I trust—for some reason I see—that you seek here secrecy and seclusion—I should not need to pledge myself to be silent on the subject."

The color dyed her cheek faintly, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Pardon my suspicion," she said, sadly; "if you had known how few I have met whom I could rely upon!"

He assured her in the gentlest manner, and with the tears yet wetting her eyelashes, she went on :

"To you, I will entrust my secret. It will be better for you to know the whole now; and I am sure you will be a friend."

Roger gave the most cordial assent to this; and with a little smile, she said :

"My name is Mildred Moore. I am the daughter of the Mildred Carew whose ghost is said to haunt this mansion. You are no doubt familiar with the story of my earlier days, for on it I understand is founded the ghost story of which we spoke. You do not know that the rustic couple who had charge of me, after the inhospitable conduct of my grandfather, took me at once with all speed and caution back to France, where my aunt received me with much

joy, and with whom I have resided up to this time.

"Almost immediately upon my return, I was betrothed, as is the custom there even at that tender age, to the young Count de Lisle. Of course, for many years there could be neither pleasure nor repugnance in this knowledge. When I arrived at the age of sixteen, however, my destined husband came back from his sojourn in the East, and for the first time in ten years, I was presented to him. He was thrice my age, and had the appearance of being a much older man.

"By the same instinct which caused me to recognize in you a nature of delicacy and honor, I discovered at once in Jasper de Lisle the very opposite qualities. I felt that he was a bad, a cruel man—that he was steeped in vices of all kinds. My soul shrank in horror from him, despite his so-called great personal beauty and gentle manners, and I resolved never to marry him. I communicated this resolution to my aunt, who received it with the utmost disdain. 'I was a little fool,' she said; 'there never was a better, a braver gentleman in the world than Jasper de Lisle. I must obey her—she who had lived so much longer, and who loved me, knew what was best.'

"I knew it was of no use to expostulate, for my aunt, though a kind and generous woman, was as determined as ever was my stern grandfather. I was a child; it was customary for children to obey implicitly in France, whether in the choice of a gown or a husband. I next appealed to De Lisle himself. I flung myself upon his generosity—alas, he had none! and thus I saw my horrid fate rapidly closing around me. I then proceeded to put into execution a plan of escape to America. To my nurse, a faithful Provence woman, I confided the whole. She decided at once to accompany me; and thus, by the aid of complete disguises, we succeeded in escaping in the dead of the night, and after walking some five or six miles, were received on board a ship bound for America, as two peasant women. Mon Dieu! how my heart bounded, when I saw the vessel part from the shore, and leave behind all my misery.

"I think Providence directed me to that ship, for there were two passengers, one an Englishman and one an American, between whom I listened to a conversation which matured my plan entirely. Fortunately I had been taught the English language from my English aunt. The American, amid other gossip, related to his friend the current story of the Carew ghost. From him, too, I learned in this way the exact

appearance and situation of the mansion. It seemed a godsend to me, and I determined at once to take up my abode in the deserted house.

"Madeline had been wise enough to stock the small portmanteau, which she carried, with quite a number of necessities; and I did not scruple to take what money I knew my aunt had set aside from my income, for my marriage portion, to accomplish the voyage. It was easy, in our common peasant dress, to leave the vessel at nightfall when we arrived in port, and without notice, to find our way here. We have lived in this manner for three months, without suspicion. Whenever our larder has needed replenishing, Madeline, in her housemaid attire, goes to market or to mill, taking care that the shades of evening shall give her friendly cover.

"If it were not for the daily, hourly fear of being discovered some day by my indefatigable aunt and the determined Jasper De Lisle, I should enjoy this new, strange life with the dearest relish. As it is, I take much pleasure in exploring these quaint old rooms where my mother dwelt, and in assisting Madeline in our simple household labors. Ah, sir"—and those beautiful eyes sparkled with tears—"you cannot imagine how welcome this freedom is to me, who for the last ten years has been subjected to such horrible persecutions. I am sure that in you I shall find a friend, and not an enemy."

He knelt at her feet and carried the fair hand she extended to his lips, saying:

"Dearest lady, on this lovely hand I swear to be from this moment your most devoted servitor. In all times of peril, remember that I am your knight!"

With a brilliant smile, half playful half earnest, she took from her neck a slender chain of gold, with a cross of the same material appended, and with a royal motion touched his brow with it, saying:

"I receive your allegiance, and dub you knight of the golden cross." Then fastening it around his neck, she rose to depart.

He sprang to his feet.

"Must I leave you now, Queen Mildred?"

She blushed, as she replied:

"It were better so, Sir Roger—it being hardly seemly for two single women to entertain a youth as hospitality demands. Do not think me discourteous, gentle sir; if my retinue were on a larger scale, you would not find me wanting. Besides, I fear me much that you would not relish our quarters; for the chamber in which I first discovered you is only made habitable by bringing out of their retreats the few foreign ar-

ticles, which were gifts to my mother from her aunt in her girl days."

Roger assured her that her scruples should be respected, but pleaded for the privilege of visiting her upon the next evening. This request she granted with charming frankness, saying:

"I am only too happy to gain so intelligent a companion in my solitude."

Bowing profoundly to her graceful salutation, and kissing the little gold cross, he went out from her presence.

Great was the self-complacency of his companions of the revel, when to their eager questions as to how he had passed the night, he answered solemnly that Carl's story was only too true; and then, with a well-acted shiver, he confessed that the Lady Mildred had indeed appeared to him at midnight, and warned him threateningly away.

It was noticed after this that Roger Morton, from the most idle youth in the town, became the most active and industrious, and went upon no more merry revels. It was thought that he now devoted his evenings to study, for a light was observed to shine from his chamber window long after midnight, sometimes. This was only Roger's ruse, that he might more safely visit the lonely dweller of the Carew mansion.

One day Roger, who was the private secretary of the governor, in looking over the letters which it was a custom with him to leave at that honorable official's door, discovered one bearing the stamp of the French government. A great fear took possession of his heart; he felt assured that it somehow related to the fair Mildred—perhaps an order for her arrest and speedy return to France, signed, sealed and endorsed by the King of England, under whom, at that time, New York was in allegiance. Seizing his hat, he sought her and communicated his fears.

"Ah, mon Dieu—mon Dieu!" she cried, sinking powerless into a chair. "I have no doubt but it is so. It is like my aunt—it is like Jasper De Lisle. Ah, *mon ami*, tell me what to do—where to hide! Save me—save me from the embraces of Jasper De Lisle! You promised to be my servitor—my knight I have crowned you!"

He flung himself at her feet, and exclaimed, impetuously:

"Mildred, dearest lady, can you doubt my truth, my fidelity? I have the will—I have the ability to save thee; but you yourself may object to the only means which seem feasible to effect it."

"O no, no! Are you not my only friend? Speak quickly!"

"As my wife, beloved Mildred, you are safe!"

She was looking straight into his eyes when he said this. She did not withdraw her gaze from him, but a fine crimson splendor overspread her face, and then paling quickly, she said, with sad dignity:

"Roger Morton, you are a gentleman—a man of honor. Give me now the truth, in God's name. Is it through love, or your generous pity, that you offer this?"

He sprang to her side.

"O, my heart's treasure," he cried, passionately, "have I not blessed even your persecutions, and recognized them as the great instrument of my happiness? Love you! Mildred, you possess me body and soul. I have no happiness but in thee. It is the crown of joy to think of saving thee in the manner I suggest. Say that I may, my queen!"

"To be thy wife will be my greatest happiness," she replied, with her native innocent candor.

He lifted her from the chair to his bosom, and said eagerly:

"Then we must not defer the ceremony an hour. You must give me the right of protection before the governor opens this letter."

She rested against his breast a moment in silence, and then with his kisses raining warmly on her cheek and lips, answered:

"I trust to thee, my true knight, from this moment forever!"

There was a certain kind good justice who was a friend of Roger's. To him he went and confided his story—of course refraining from mention of the suspected letter. A license was soon procured, and in an hour afterward, Roger Morton was sole possessor of the fair ghost of Carew. The letter turned out to be not quite so urgent as they had expected. It was a request, merely, for any knowledge of the fugitive—which, however, would no doubt have been followed by stronger measures.

The good governor had a suspicion that his handsome young secretary withheld the missive until such time as it should be useless; but he had too kind a heart to give them anything but his blessing. We have no doubt but what my lady aunt and Master Jasper fumed mightily, when they discovered how they had been outwitted; but they were wise enough to keep their own counsel, and subsequently, when political difficulties broke out, the old dame sought peace and quiet in the home of Roger Morton, Esq., and the fair Mildred, nor did they ever forget the happy sequel to *The Ghost of the Carew House*.

## THE LAST TRUMPET.

BY FREDERIC WRIGHT.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.—PAUL.

The hour of our glory is coming! is coming!

The hour of redemption from darkness to light;

When the dust-hidden jewels shall glisten, aye glisten,  
With beauty and lustre transcendently bright!

Soon, soon shall the trumpet resounding, resounding,

Mid the wave-hidden caves of the ocean, recall

The millions of sleepers, whom ages on ages

Have held undisputed, fast-bound in their thrall!

The far-stretching desert, whose sands ever shifting,

No dews ever know, save the tears of its slain,

Shall send forth its victims by thousands on thousands,

Sun-bleached though they be, they shall waken again!

By the low-gushing fountain, where resting in slumber,

The travel-worn pilgrim had laid down to die;

The battle-field gory—the garden, the mountain—

The marble sarcophagus tenants supply.

From the wild wood and coppice, where Murder, foul Murder,

In darkness and silence hath hidden her slain;

Ambition's deep dungeons, the clods of the valley,

All, all shall enfranchise their prisoners again!

When the last trumpet sounding shall send forth its thousands,

Awakening the echoes of heaven and hell—

To the saints 'twill be music life-giving and glorious!

To exile and sorrow—an anthem farewell!

O, haste the glad moment—sweet mercy, propitious!

May faith-gilded patience our bosoms prepare,

To stand in the season of trying temptation—

Rejoicingly faithful each burthen to bear;

Wide spread forth your pinions, ye angels of goodness!

Ye seraphim, hasten, O hasten your flight!

Roll onward—roll swiftly—thou chariot of glory!

And chase from our vision those shadows of night.

## THE PEASANT EMPRESS.

BY MARY W. JANVAIN.\*

THE shades of twilight were fast falling over mountainous, war-ravaged Livonia, when, pale, wearied and footworn, Catharina Alexowina entered a wayside cottage to seek rest. For many days had the peasant girl been upon her journey; her stock of provisions in the little wallet upon her shoulder was quite exhausted; and she felt more than usually dispirited, as in a trembling voice she begged a night's lodging from the large coarse-featured hostess who stood in the low doorway of the miserable inn, engaged in rude, familiar and jocular converse with a group of rough, bearded soldiers who sat smoking on the benches just inside the keeping room.

"A bed and supper! ho, pretty mistress?" replied the woman, when Catharina, stepping up

\* Author of "Peace."

beside her on the threshold, tremblingly made the inquiry. "And you have the wherewithal to pay? Beds and suppers are not given away these troublous times;" and she boldly stared under the young girl's coarse, brimmed hat.

Catharina sank wearily against the doorpost, a hopeless expression settling over every feature. For her purse was empty. So long as it had contained a ruble she had not begged; but now, hunger and night had been her prompters.

"Aha, I thought it!" coarsely exclaimed the woman. "A beggar! Owners of such pretty faces"—and she leered under the hat brim—"should not be long in want of a coin wherewith to pay for a night's lodging! Hey, pretty one?"

The hot blood mounted to the girl's cheek; but she swallowed every indignant word that choked in her throat. Gathering up her wallet, she pulled her hat brim down to hide her face from the insolent stare of the soldiery, and turned away.

"That's good! be off, luggage! 'The Emperor's Drinking Cup' has no room for such as hold themselves its mistress's betters!" cried the termagant hostess, angered by the flush of pride and scorn her taunt had called to the girl's cheek.

"Hold, dame Bertha!" upspoke one of the soldiery, a stalwart, bearded man, who started up from leaning on his musket, and advanced to the door, a grim smile deepening about his coarse lips, "let the pretty stranger tarry, and hold me in payment for her reckoning, for, by our most royal King Charles, it is not often that our camp has followers such as this! And stay, my pretty one, and let a soldier, weary with a long day's fighting for his king, slake his thirst upon thy lips thus!" And drawing her toward him with one grasp of his stalwart arm, he defiled her pure, crimson mouth with a kiss.

A scream rent the air, an indignant blaze lit her eyes, and a hot blood-tide rushed over the Livonian maiden's pale face.

"Unhand me! let me go!" and she struggled violently in his hold.

A coarse laugh, in which the woman Bertha joined, came from the group of soldiery who saw this little scene through the open door of the hut. A derisive smile deepened, about the soldier's bearded lips.

"Ha, ha, my dainty snowbird, don't struggle so!" he cried, folding her closer. "You are but a feather in my grasp! But hold, by our good King of Sweden, but you shall rue that!" And he grasped her two wrists like an iron vice, and a gleam of deadly anger flashed into his eyes, as the maiden, in attempting to free herself, bestowed a succession of vigorous slaps upon his bronzed face. "Jade!" he gasped hoarsely,

"you shall pay dear for that insult. For the present thou art mine, but on the morrow I will turn thee over to the lowest of the camp. Thus does a soldier of the wars revenge himself on such as thee. Ho, there, dame Bertha, a blazing fire and good supper in your inner room—and bestir thyself quickly! Come, my fair vixen, I will help thee thither!" and he bore her shrinking along.

"Hold, good Alzof, let the girl go!" interposed the woman, now thoroughly frightened at the turn affairs had taken, and not wholly insensible to the imploring cry of the maiden:

"Save me, you are a woman! Save me!"

"Let her depart, good Alzof, or go hence yourself. Back to your camp, I pray you, soldiers!"

"The canting fool!" sneered the soldier with an oath. "No more of this! Let us go in, Bertha!"

And he strode past her to a little inner room; but scarce had he gained the door, ere an iron footfall, the clatter of uniform, and a stern, manly voice, came over the outer threshold.

"Alzof, in our king's name I command you to unhand the maid! Is it thus our innocent virgins are despoiled—and by a soldier who serves in the battles of Sweden? Shame on thee for a ravisher—a despoiler art thou—no soldier! They are brave meu!"

And with a frown deepening over a stern brow, a gallant young officer, clad in the uniform of a Swedish subaltern, strode across the floor. The discomfited soldier shrank away, and the maiden sprang forward and knelt at her deliverer's feet.

"Go, Alzof!" and the officer pointed to the door. "This conduct shall not go unreported to the general, nor to the king, even!" and with fallen countenance, and curses, "not loud, but deep," the villain crept away.

"My poor child!" and the noble, handsome features softened as the officer stooped to raise the girl, "let me conduct you to a place of safety—but, ah! what—who do I see?" and suddenly he paused, agitation and surprise took the place of pity, and he spoke no word till, staggering against the wall and joyfully clasping the girl to his breast, he cried tenderly, "Catharina!"

"Constantius, my deliverer!" and the maiden burst into a flood of tears.

An hour after the twain sat in the officer's private room in the Swedish camp, and Catharina related a narrative which, somehow seemed to affect the young officer strangely; and afterward, coming from a few moments' consultation with his superior officers, he bade the girl seek rest upon his low camp bed, while he himself should keep guard outside the door, and on the early morn he would conduct her on her journey.



But to acquaint our reader with the necessity of that journey—also with the history of the maiden and her deliverer, it is necessary to recapitulate an earlier period of their career.

In Dorpat, a little city of Livonia, where the peasants tilled the rocky soil, and the women spun the fleece of their flocks, was born and bred a humble village maiden, Catharina Alexowina. The cottage where she lived with her aged widowed mother, was miserable enough with its rude, unplastered log-walls, clay floor, and straw-thatched roof, and but sorry company was the decrepid old woman, dozing half her time away in the chimney nook; but the child Catharina—flitting about her daily tasks, now bringing fagots for the fire, now spinning the wool, for which task her mother's fingers had got too old and lame, now keeping their scanty wardrobe trim and clean with all the skill of a thrifty hand-maiden, and now preparing their frugal meals of goat's milk and coarse bread—grew toward girlhood, fairer and purer in her beauty than many a royal maiden cradled in satin and eider down.

Her long, fair hair, yellow as the floss of the corn-silk, fell adown shoulders white as the snows on Mount Caucasus; the Danube's tide rippled never so musically in its merriest flow as the laugh that floated between her lips of coral red; and eyes, blue as the flax-flower, and set in their gaze as the lambent moonlight sparkling over Livonian plains of snow, conned her books "between whiles" as she rested from her spinning, or household tasks.

At an early age the girl had taken one step above her humble condition, for her mother had taught her to read, and a good old Lutheran minister, resident in the neighborhood, who had earliest laid his hands in blessing on the fair child's head, also lent her little books and instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion.

And so the fair girl grew toward womanhood, not only endowed with that gift of beauty which Nature had so bestowed upon her above any other Livonian maiden, but, as our historian has it chronicled, "with a ready and solid turn of thought, a strong and right understanding." It cannot be supposed that among the bold Livonian peasantry, there were many who remained insensible to the charms and accomplishments of her who had, simply by her diligent endeavors, so elevated herself above those surrounding her. From far and near they came—rough, hardy, but honest mountaineers, and tillers of the soil in the fertile valleys—to offer her marriage; but from each and every suitor Catharina turned away, for, thus early, no other sentiment than affection

for her aged and dependent mother had intruded upon her heart. Therefore, they who came with vows of love, departed as they came, with no less of love, but an added feeling akin to respect, as for a superior; for the maiden who, in refusing them, did it with the gentle condescension of a royal maid, rather than a low-born peasant girl in communion with her equals. Mayhap, thus early, Catharina Alexowina felt a presence of that future greatness which was to encircle her brow, still young and fair, in early womanhood, with an empress's coronal.

When Catharina was fifteen, her aged mother died, and a home was proffered the lonely orphan in the house of the good old Lutheran minister. There were many sons and daughters in the old man's house—one, a brave, handsome young soldier about to set out in all the glory of his new uniform, and the ardor of a youthful enthusiasm, for the wars then raging between Russia and Sweden; and this same young soldier, during his visits home from the military school, had lately begun to look with favoring eyes upon the fair Catharina; but there were a brood of smaller children yet to clothe and feed, and educate from the old man's scanty income, and no sooner was Catharina installed under his sheltering roof, than she resolved to turn her own education to account by becoming their instructors, thus lessening the expenditures of the household by doing away with the necessity of a governess.

This offer was gladly embraced by the good old man, who saw in this act of prudence another proof of her wisdom and discretion, and from that period she was received in his heart as his adopted child. The same teachers who came to the house to instruct his elder daughters in the accomplishments of music and dancing, also gave instruction to Catharina; she shared every privilege of the household; and so two years went by—passed in happy and calm enjoyment in the minister's house—two years wherein the young officer served the emperor eagerly and faithfully, till suddenly the good old Lutheran minister died. But a scanty pittance remained for the support of his widow and children, and Catharina, more accomplished, more beautiful, but alas! poorer and lonelier than ever, was again thrown upon the world.

At this time the only love dream which had briefly brightened her life rose up before her; but alas! only to mock her with its remembrance—for no vows had been exchanged between her and the young soldier, though he had held her close to his heart one moment at parting, and whispered, "We shall meet again, Catharina! When I come home—then—" but the soldier had

hastened away, and whatever remained unsaid, was left to be woven, warp and woof, from her own imagination.

But now there was no longer "home" to which the young enthusiast might return; another clergyman had come to dwell in the same house wherein his father had dwelt, and guide the same flock his father had tended. Poverty pressed sore upon the widow and fatherless; and the stranger must not take the bread from the children's mouths. And, added to this, the war had never raged more violently; Swedes and Russians by turns ravaged the country; it might be years before the son and soldier could return to them, perhaps he might never come, for, alas! the chances of war were uncertain.

All this was agonizing to the young girl, but she had no leisure to brood over such reveries. A new resolve was born in her mind. At Marienburgh, "a city of greater plenty," at some distance, she might find employment—perhaps sufficient to transmit a portion of her earnings to the aged widow and children of her benefactor. Accordingly, with her scanty wardrobe, which she had generously insisted upon sharing with her girl-companions, and a little hoarded sum of money, packed in a wallet which she bore upon her shoulder, Catharina set out upon her journey.

Through a wild, ravaged, and miserable region—despising the dangers and fatigues incident to her way—urged on by conscious rectitude of purpose and a high and firm bravery. So, for many days, had Catharina kept on her way. And we have seen how at length the guiding hand of Providence led her to her deliverer and lover—Constantius Sibriski.

Scarcely had the east begun to blush at the advent of the day-god from Aurora's arms, and the plains of Livonia reflect back the rosy tint from her broad-sheeted snows, ere Catharina awoke from her slumbers.

She had met Constantius—had passed a whole night under the same covering that sheltered his head; had heard him pacing to and fro in the guard-room before her door until she sank into a happy and profound slumber; she had found protection from insult at the hands of one she loved—how strange it all seemed! Not until, hearing her footsteps within, the young officer knocked for admission, and after an affectionate greeting, bade her hasten to prepare for her further journey—not until he placed in her hands a letter of recommendation to one of the most influential citizens of Marienburgh, whispering, "You must depart now, but I will seek you very soon at Marienburgh, my own Catharina;" then

embraced her and assisted her to mount the fleet horse he had procured to carry her the remnant of her journey, and entrusted her to the care of safe escorts—not until all this was over, and the girl found herself at every moment further from the camp, did she realize that she had indeed met and parted again from her lover. Then a new joy filled her heart, and but little sorrow, for God, who had so providentially guided them together, would surely again unite them. So reasoned Catharina; and in the full faith of her pious, innocent belief, she went on her way—now building (as every maiden builds) rare castles in the air, whose stately halls the beloved's feet shall tread beside her own; anon bursting forth into some gleeful carol—and so, as the twilight fell, she entered Marienburgh.

Presenting her letter of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, the superintendent of the city, who had formerly been the intimate friend of Constantius's father, again was Catharina received into the bosom of an accomplished and interesting family, and again she assumed the duties of governess to her benefactor's two daughters.

At this time she had barely reached the age of seventeen; but the trials through which she had passed; the quietude of her tastes and habits; and above all her dignity of demeanor, invested her with all the attractions of a ripened woman; and one day the humble governess was surprised by an offer of marriage from Mr. Gluck—a man, though beyond middle age, still handsome, affable, and possessing many attractions younger suitors would have coveted aside from his elevated rank in social and civil life.

Perhaps the superintendent felt a pang of disappointment when the beautiful young girl, bursting into tears, confessed the story of her love for another, and gently, but firmly, refused his generous offer; but very certain it is, that though he failed to win her as wife, she was to him henceforth no less a daughter.

"Do not weep, my child," he said, kindly. "It is but right. The young should only mate with the young—May should never be joined with December. Find here a home till your brave young lover comes from the wars to claim you."

Thus, once more in calmness, a few months went by, Catharina "biding her time," and quietly happy; till one day, with the clangor of war trumpets, and the life and drum, a detachment of the army, anxious to encamp for a season, entered the city of Marienburgh.

"He is come, he is come!" whispered Catharina to her wildly beating heart when she stood upon the highest towers of the superintendent's

house and looked afar to where the royal banners flaunted on the air; and every rapidly nearing peal of the trumpet seemed to bring her a token of love from Constantius.

That night, the soldiers garrisoned and quartered in the city. The young officer did indeed seek the house of the superintendent; but not with the same lithe, active form and handsome features he possessed when last he had parted from Catharina—for the ravaging missiles of war had done their work—he had lost an arm, and his face was much disfigured by wounds received in late encounters. Here, then, was the test of Catharina's love and courage.

"She cannot love me, a maimed, crippled soldier! She cannot mate her fresh youth and beauty with my wasted energy and vigor!" the officer said despondently, as he sat awaiting her in a room of Mr. Gluck's house. "It would be ungenerous of me to ask it. I will release her!"

But when Catharina appeared, though she turned pale, and wept unrestrainedly for a few moments, she nobly laid her hand in his, saying:

"Constantius, these tears are for you. It is so sad—so sudden. But they are the last I shall have cause to shed; for when I am your wife there will be small need for weeping, will there not, my beloved?"

"My own noble girl!" and the crippled soldier's remaining arm was strong enough to enfold her in a fervid clasp to a throbbing heart; and manhood's eyes were not ashamed to let fall a few hot tears upon the blushing smiling face lifted from his shoulder.

That night, while the soldiers revelled in their quarters, and straggling notes of fife or drum floating out on the night air proclaimed the revelry, the superintendent of Marienburgh with his two daughters stood in their parlor, one or two brother officers obeyed Constantius's summons to join them, and a Lutheran clergyman married the disabled, disfigured officer and brave Catharina Alexowina.

At midnight, even before the quiet festivities at the superintendent's house were over—while the revelry in the camp was at its height—there came a trumpet peal louder and shriller than any preceding, and a booming of cannon that brought a deadly pallor to the young officer's cheek.

"By heavens, it is the enemy! The Russians are upon us!" And with one hasty kiss upon the bride's white lips, he grasped his sword and rushed to the camp.

But what boots it to recount the events of many days that followed? It was the old story over again; a story that is ever repeated where

"war with hideous front" stalks over the land; a tale of assault, defeat; renewed assault and victory; carnage the most terrible; the taking of garrisons; the sacking of the city, and the indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children put to the sword; a sickening, painful recital, whose horrors we would fain not recall. Suffice it, that when, three days after, Catharina, half dead with fright and starvation, crept from a large clay oven where she had hidden herself in the fury of the slaughter, she saw a smoking city—the dead bodies of all her Livonian friends—and, prostrate upon the threshold of her former home, she stumbled over the corpse of her Constantius, who, with a gunshot wound in his breast, had still found strength to crawl back to the house where he was married, to die!

"My husband, my husband!" she moaned sadly, sitting down on the door-stone and drawing his dabbled head into her lap. "Ye would not rob me of him?" she said, in a hollow voice, as a burly Russian soldier, wandering through the ruined city, discovered her and laid his hand upon her shoulder, exclaiming:

"Ha! you must have hidden deep; but were glad to creep from your nest at last. I claim you for my slave!"

Catharina rose quietly and shook his hand from her shoulder.

"Do not touch me! I will go. But you cannot claim him. A mightier conqueror than you, a mightier than Peter the Great has been here before you—even Death. I am ready now!" And stooping to sever a lock of gory hair from his temple with a silver bodkin she drew from her own braids, and imprinting a long, long kiss upon his forehead, Catharina walked quietly away, following her master. For the free-born, Livonian peasant maiden, the gallant Livonian officer's wife, was a serf—a slave!

There were hurry and bustle, and pomp and splendor at the regal mansion of Prince Menzikoff in St. Petersburg. Not that there was not ordinarily much of pomp and luxury in this princely abode—not that costly satins embroidered with gold, and silken velvets, and rarest ermine, were unknown there; for, surely, who had greater claim to the luxuries of the greatest empire on earth than that empire's greatest prince and general?—but this was no ordinary occasion, royalty itself had signified its desire to pay the most noble and powerful Prince Menzikoff, and general of all the Russians armies a friendly visit—hence was it that draperies of cloth of gold were hung anew upon the walls, richest carpets and furs covered the floors, waxen

tapers and brilliant burners were placed in readiness to light darkened apartments, and the choicest fruits and delicacies were prepared to regale his most high excellency, the illustrious emperor of all the Russias, Peter the Great.

At high noon, amid the flourish of trumpets and the inspiring sound of martial music, the emperor advanced to the palace of the prince, and was received with as much of parade and pomp as royal etiquette could desire. After an hour of converse relative to the affairs of the state and army, dinner was announced; and here the emperor sat under a canopy of richest silks, with his host upon his right, and the Princess Caroline, Prince Menzikoff's sister, upon his left, while a brilliant array of court ladies and nobles filled the board, laden with the choicest viands. And much fluttering was there that day among the hearts of those noble Russian dames—for no empress had sat upon the Russian throne since the time when their liege's consort, a haughty, ambitious woman, had died, years since—and perhaps, that day, the eyes of Peter the Great, roving over the flower of his kingdom, should select the future sharer of his throne and destinies. So it was that many an anxious heart beat under an ermined boddice; and many an eye, bright as the diamonds gleaming on silken and velvet robes, anxiously noted the wandering glances of the emperor.

"By our sceptre, good prince, but who is yon houri among your train of slaves?" And Peter the Great struck his drinking cup so hard upon the board that it gave a sharp metallic ring. "Have the angels come down to be your serfs, mine host? See, she is bearing that tray of dried fruits thither!"

"She is Catharina, a serf," answered Prince Menzikoff, looking benignantly toward the young girl, who, with modest mien, yet with a dignity of manner, and a wonderful beauty of person, might have vied with any lady in ermine and diamonds at that princely board, passed round among the guests with a tray of dried fruits. "Here, Catharina, the emperor has been pleased to note you; come hither, my child!" Then, turning toward the emperor, he added: "Her's is a sad story; and she is above her condition. She was a captive in your majesty's wars! I will, some day, give you her history!"

With dignified mien, Catharina advanced to the seat of the emperor. Neither blush of confusion nor pallor of fear shaded her cheek, as she thus came face to face with the great emperor. But there was a charming mixture of grace and respect in her attitude, as she stood with bowed head before her sovereign; and the beauty of the

most elegant court lady in St. Petersburg paled that day in the eyes of Peter the Great as he looked upon the serf.

"Your name is Catharina?" queried the emperor.

"Ay, sire!" and she bowed her head.

"You were not always a slave?"

A vision swept past the maiden's eyes: a vision of a hut in Livonia, where she had sat spinning beside her aged mother, deep into the night. Again she bowed her head, this time with paling cheek.

"No, sire!" And she meekly clasped her hands, as if in token of hopeless submission.

"Catharina, you are very beautiful. Would you be free?" And the emperor leaned forward a little.

"You are very kind; but it would not differ with me much. They are all dead." And her lips quivered, "I am happy here." Her eyes drooped again.

"I could make you free! I could make you the richest lady in the land—and create you princess! I could bestow you upon my bravest noble, and he should be proud to touch your hand as his bride. Shall it be so, Catharina?"

"O, no, no! Not that, not that! Anything but that, sire!" And the serf sank at the emperor's feet while a few faint sobs shook her frame. "Not that, sire!" And she clasped his knees. "You do not know—it was there, in Marienburgh—but, ah! where am I? I forget, Catharina is but a poor slave, and she is talking to the emperor. Pardon her, sire!" And she humbly bent her head, hiding her face in her clasped hands.

With a smile upon his lips, but something strangely akin to moisture in his eyes, Peter the Great raised the serf from his feet, gave her wine from his own goblet, and then the noble Princess Caroline herself led her from the apartment. The feast went on until a late hour, and the wine cup passed freely; but though many observed that the emperor sat abstracted and gloomy, or talked only in a low tone with their entertainer, and anxious glances were bestowed from bright eyes upon the moody monarch, yet none noted, save Prince Menzikoff, how often the lips of Peter the Great pressed the rim of his golden drinking cup where the lips of Catharina had drank before him. That day the mighty emperor of all the Russias returned to his palace in love with Catharina, the serf!

Again the emperor sat in the palace of Prince Menzikoff; but this time no courtly host, no diamonded lady, no ermined noble, stood before

him. Only the beautiful serf, whose blue eyes had burned into his heart, was in his presence.

"Catharina!" And the monarch knelt before her, and respectfully kissed her white hand—the hand that for months had done menial service ere she had been bought from her rude master by the kind Prince Menzikoff, who gave her into the charge of his sister. "Catharina, but yesterday I saw you; yet years could not have more indelibly graven you into my heart of hearts. But yesterday I offered to wed you to any noble in the land, and you refused such. Now, a monarch kneels for your smile—a lonely, weary man, fainting under the burden of his greatness, who once was forced to wed a woman whom he could not love; but now would cast his sceptre at her feet, for the love of Catharina, the peerless, the beautiful! Do not answer me yet, till I have told you that I know all—your love, your bravery, and your sorrow; and here I swear on bended knees, that should you put your hand in mine and say me 'yes,' I will never begrudge the love you may give to the dead. Now, Catharina!"

And Catharina, the serf, very quietly put her white hand into his, and bending down, imprinted a kiss upon his seamed forehead with "Yes, sire!" What mattered it that a hot tear dropped like a diamond among the monarch's thick locks? That tear was for the dead.

And Peter the Great, quite like any other lover, and just as though he were not emperor of all the Russias, clasped her to his heart, and with rapturous kisses, whispered, "Catharina, my beloved—my empress!"

Afterward there was a marriage in private, whereat some few of the nobles did not hesitate to express their opinion to each other, though with due caution that no lip should reach the ears of his most august highness, the emperor; but Prince Menzikoff very properly silenced all with the just remark, that "Virtue alone is the properest ladder to a throne."

And Catharina lived, and loved, and died; and years afterward, the great bell of St. Petersburg tolled for her funeral; history has emblazoned her virtues; and Goldsmith informs us that "when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife and mother, she bravely died without regret, regretted by all."

But perhaps history does not think it worth recording that, when the Empress of Russia breathed her last, close over the heart that had ceased its throbs forever, lay a lock of hair she had severed from the head of her dead husband, Constantius, at Marienburg!

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

## THE HAND THAT MADE THEM IS DIVINE.

BY CHARLES GITHENS.

'Tis sweet, as from some beetling cliff  
We gaze on the deep sea,  
To hear its dashing, foaming waves  
Chant their wild melody:  
No praise of human pomp they sing,  
No lays of triumph boom,  
Man's empire stops at Ocean's shore—  
There droops the conqueror's plume!

A solemn dirge they grandly sing,  
Majestic as they roll;  
The mighty Past's sad requiem  
Low, mournfully they toll;  
Pointing to wrecks of empires vast,  
That strew their caverned floor—  
To mouldering forms, that in the past  
The smile of beauty wore!

When summer's joyous days are come,  
We range the blooming dale,  
Where feathered songsters warble sweet  
Their music-breathing spell;  
And fairest flowers bashful woo  
The gentle, balmy air,  
And nought of gloom or discord mars  
A scene so bright and fair.

At sunset, from the mountain's brow  
We watch the sun's bright beams  
With rays of deepening glory gild  
The hill-tops, vales and streams:  
Thus Sol salutes fair Evening's cheek,  
The dewdrop seeks the rose;  
O'er tired Nature sable Night  
Its mantle gently throws!

Enraptured gaze we on the work  
Art's daring sons have wrought,  
On Fancy's beauties, and the wealth  
From Knowledge, gained by Thought!  
We scan the Philosophic page,  
And drink in Wisdom's lore,  
And, led by Science's spreading beams,  
Her fertile realms explore.

Thus, Nature, Art, and Science, all,  
Their varied charms combine,  
To fill the soul of awe-struck man  
With images sublime!  
O, happy they who thus behold  
The impress of His hand,  
Who from dull Chaos formed a world  
So bright, so fair, so grand!

## ADVENTURE AT JUAN FERNANDEZ.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

ONE fine morning when we were cruising on the Pacific coast, we found ourselves becalmed within a few cables' length of the island of Juan Fernandez. I was then serving in the capacity of ordinary seaman. In company with several other youngsters on board, I asked, and obtained permission of the captain to take the jolly boat

and go on shore for an hour or two. Our anxiety to set foot upon the ground that was so long a time the home of Crusoe, was so great, I assure you we were not long in lowering the boat. If there were any signs of a breeze before our return, we were to be recalled by a signal from the masthead. After being admonished by the captain to keep a sharp lookout for the signal, we shoved off, and in a few moments, after some difficulty in landing, on account of the heavy surf, we hauled our boat on to the beach, and started on a cruise inland. We had been on shore nearly an hour without seeing anything very remarkable, when one of our number who had strayed a short distance from the rest of our party suddenly exclaimed, "Just look here, ship-mates, and see what there is cut in this tree!" We went to the tree, and read the following, distinctly engraved upon the bark :

"THOMAS SAWYER,  
*Seaman of ship Ocean Wave, 1840."*

As there was a seaman on board our ship of the same name, our curiosity was excited, and after speculating for a moment upon the probability of its having been done by "our Tom," we resolved to question him upon the matter the first opportunity that offered after we were again on board the ship. Said Tom, by the way, was an inveterate yarn-spinner, and we concluded not to mention the matter to him until we had first given him an opportunity of speaking of it himself. Just then our return signal was run up to the masthead. We launched our boat and pushed off; but we were hardly a boat's length away from the beach, when a huge roller coming a little further in shore than its companions, sent boat, boys and all, high, but not dry on to the beach again. We launched again and were more successful, and in a few moments we were safe on board the ship. A fine breeze soon sprung up and we were again bowling merrily along over the blue Pacific. That night, in the dog watch Tom Sawyer accosted me thus :

"Well, Ned, did you see anything on old Selkirk's plantation worth going ashore for?"

"I saw nothing remarkable," said I; "but were you ever ashore on that island, Tom?"

"Ah! that I was," said he, "and I came nigh losing the number of my mess there, too?"

"How was that, Tom?" said one of our men, who joined us at that moment; "tell us all about it."

"Well, d'y'e see," said Tom, "I was one of the crew of the old Ocean Wave, bound from Boston to Callao. We had a fine run down the South American coast, and doubled the cape with

stunsails set aloft and aloft; but having a good many head winds on the Pacific side, we were driven somewhat to the westward of our true course, and one fine morning we found ourselves abreast of this island. Just then our breeze failed us, and we lay becalmed, near about the same spot where we were this morning, only a little further off shore. Our skipper was a free and easy sort of fellow, and it was a prodigious small amount of work we done on board, except to work the ship; and as we lay becalmed the greater part of the day, we had nothing to do but loaf about the decks, and stand by to 'trim' for a breeze, whenever it might come.

"In the afternoon watch, as I stood looking over the rail, I see a mighty fine porpoise come swimming and playing alongside, as much as to say, 'catch me if you can.' Now Tom Sawyer was just the man to take a stump like that; so I goes to the bow locker and gets the harpoon—we had one on purpose for porpoises—but as I looked over the rail, after bending a rope into the harpoon, and getting all ready for a strike, the porpoise was nowhere to be seen. A little time after, however, I see him away for'ard under the flying jib-boom. As soon as I could cast the rope off from the harpoon, I cut away over the forecastle, and laid out on to the boom, harpoon in hand, determined to have him come inboard and report himself. As soon as I could station myself astride the boom, I made the end of one of the flying jib gaskets fast to the harpoon, and just then the porpoise came swimming along directly underneath where I was hove to. I let drive at him, and the old harpoon took him square in the back. I was in such a hurry to strike, I never looked to see if the gasket was all clear; and as luck would have it, somehow or other, the gasket had taken a turn round my starboard leg, and the result of my carelessness was, I found myself off the boom, and going under water at the rate of about ten knots. I reckoned that when the old fellow got the length of the gasket run out, he's have to heave to; but he was under such headway the gasket snapped like a thread, close up to the boom, and away he went, taking Tom Sawyer along with him.

"I'd no notion of being towed in that kind of style for any great length of time, especially as the varmint headed off in a contrary direction to the one which I wished to go; so as soon as I could haul in the slack of my ideas a little, I managed to draw my sheath knife, and cut myself clear. As I had never been accustomed to living under water a great while at a time, I immediately came to the surface, and as soon as I

could clear my eyes, and blow a little of the salt water from my mouth, I looked about for the ship, and 'shiver my timbers' if she wasn't half a mile away, scudding afore a squall. Here was a fine go; and what was to be done? Thinking it somewhat doubtful about my having been seen from the ship, as all hands were busy shortening sail, and knowing that if I had been seen it would be considerable time before they could put the ship about and come back to look after me, at the rate it was blowing then, and not wishing to do anything rash or unadvisedly about the matter, I immediately chose a committee of one to devise ways and means whereby the said Thomas Sawyer could be extricated from the perilous position which he then occupied.

"The conclusion arrived at by the said committee, after due deliberation, was, that the ship was so far away, and going at such a rate of speed, that it would be useless for the said Thomas to try to overtake her by swimming, and as the distance between the said Thomas Sawyer and the island of Juan Fernandez was much less than the distance between him and the ship, it was the unanimous opinion of the committee that the said Thomas Sawyer be advised to strike out for—overtake—and reach, the aforesaid island by swimming.

"Acting agreeably to the wishes of the committee, I struck out for the island, and after half an hour of rather hard swimming, owing to the nasty sea which had been kicked up by the squall, I found myself ashore upon the plantation formerly owned by the honorable Mr. Crusoe. Thinking it barely possible that when I should be missed on board the ship they would come back to look after me, I kept a sharp lookout on the beach the remainder of the day, but at sundown the ship was hull down to the north and east. I then give up all hopes of the ship coming back to look after me, so long a time had elapsed since we dissolved partnership; so I went a little further inland and looked about me for a place to stow myself away for the night.

"Not liking Crusoe's plan, that of roosting in a tree, I 'hove to,' upon the ground, directly underneath one, and in a little time I was as sound asleep, as if I'd been in my own berth on board the Ocean Wave. I was always a regular clipper on dreams, and on that occasion my 'sleeping thoughts' sheered about with a perfect looseness. I dreamed of all manner of things, from a porpoise, to Robinson Crusoe; till at last I fetched up in a bar-room of a sailor's boarding-house in New-Orleans.

"There I fell in with an old, but not much respected shipmate of mine, who immediately

stepped up to the bar, and asked me to lend a hand to splice the mainbrace, but being one of that uncommon kind of animals—a sailor who never drinks anything stronger than the stu'n-sail-boom-tea, and the muddy coffee which is served up in American vessels, of course I was obliged to refuse his offer, which I did, as I fancied, in the politest manner.

"He emptied his glass, and the one which had been filled for me, then as he turned away, hit me a punch in my waist timbers that sent me half across the floor. This woke me up, as a punch of another kind does most people, only in a different sort of way; and instead of a 'bully sailor,' I found what proved to be an everlasting great *wild boar*, rooting me over, evidently with the intention of making a cannibal of himself. Now as I'd always had a particular dislike to being eaten I resolved not to put up with it on that occasion; and, as somebody said, 'thinking discretion the better part of valor,' I jumped upon my feet, then leaped up and caught hold of one of the lower limbs, and swung myself up into the tree.

"The animal immediately tried all his powers of persuasion, in the way of grunts, to induce me to come down, but it was of no kind of use, for I'd already had a taste of how the varmint inserted teeth, and of the two, I liked my berth in the tree better than the one upon the ground, so I concluded to remain where I was, thinking that by time to 'turn to' in the morning watch, my unwelcome visitor would depart. I took off my neckerchief, and passing it through my belt, made it fast to a limb of the tree, so that there would be no danger of my falling to the ground, and in a little time I dropped off to sleep again. It was but a little while at a time that I could sleep, though, for the animal at the foot of the tree kept up such a continued series of grunts, longer than from the deck to the mast-head of a three thousand ton ship.

"Now, shipmates, you can all testify that I doesn't like to be disturbed in my watch below; and on that particular occasion I'd a greater dislike to being disturbed than on ordinary occasions, for it was the first chance I'd had for all night in since leaving port, and I'd calculated on doing a very large amount of sleeping; so you will not think strange that long before time to turn to in the morning watch, all the evil in me was aroused, thereby causing me to say many hard words, all of which were intended for the animal at the foot of the tree. When it was fairly light in the morning, as my visitor had showed no signs of an intention to weigh anchor and make sail, I set the few brains which I hap-



pened to have about me to work to devise some plan whereby I could get rid of his presence.

"The first plan which entered my head was to go to the bow locker, and get a good, long, stout bit of rope, and make a noose in one end of it, then throw it over the limb and stand by for a chance to throw it over the varmint's head, whereby I calculated he would soon choke to death; but a serious objection to this otherwise feasible plan, was the fact of my not being on board the ship, which would prevent my obtaining the desired rope; therefore it was found necessary to try some other plan than that of hanging. Various were the remedies proposed, but I rejected them all, till at last I hit upon the following expedient, which proved highly successful. I cut a long, straight stick, the small end of one of the limbs of the tree, and trimmed off all the leaves and twigs, then sharpened one end of it as sharp as it possibly could be sharpened with an old rusty sheath knife. This made quite a respectable harpoon, although I had some doubts concerning its durability. When this was finished, I worked my way down to the lower limb of the tree, where I found I could easily reach the ground with my harpoon; so I seated myself astride the limb, with my back against the body of the tree, and stood ready for a strike if an opportunity should offer.

"The desired opportunity soon came, for the old 'porker' seeing me come lower down the tree, had probably concluded that I was about to come to the ground; so reared upon his hind legs with his fore paws upon the trunk of the tree, where he stood waiting to receive me. He was somewhat mistaken in his calculations, though, for as soon as I could get myself comfortably seated on the limb, I lowered my stick down within a few inches of his head, and in a moment more I struck with all my might, and the sharp end of the stick took him square in the starboard eye, completely disabling him in that quarter. I kept my hold of the stick when I struck, wishing to reserve it for a strike at the other eye.

"It was some time, though, before I could get another chance to strike, for the loss of his eye made the old varmint tear round like a ship in a heavy sea without any rudder, and when at last he did get calmed down, he was exceedingly shy of my stick, and whenever I made a movement with it, would dodge back from the tree. I hit upon a plan, though, which was the means of drawing the old fellow within the range of my stick. I had on one of these blue dungaree 'jumpers.' I took it off and dropped it to the ground close to the roots of the tree. As I expected, the old 'porker' made a jump for it,

and immediately proceeded to tear it in pieces. He had not concluded the operation though, when dab went my stick into his other eye. He was now totally blind, so I concluded it would be a perfectly safe operation for an able bodied seaman like myself, to attack him, although I must confess, that while he had two good 'top-lights,' I had no desire of embracing him, as I'd a particular dislike to having any flesh torn from my bones, even in small quantities; but now, as I knew I should have no trouble in keeping to windward of him, I drew my old sheath knife and jumped down from the tree and acted on the offensive. We were very soon engaged in a most inelegant little rough and tumble, from which, though, I conclude that I came off victorious, from the fact that a little later in the day I might have been seen—provided there had been any one there to have seen—roasting a generous slice of my adversary over a fire which I kindled by means of a few matches that I fortunately had in a little water-tight box, which prevented them from being spoiled during my voyage from ship to shore. After making a hearty meal from the wild pork, which although very tough was very palatable to a hungry seaman, as I then was, I took my sheath knife and cut my name in the bark of the tree which I had stayed in, and which had been the scene of my rather laughable adventure; and perhaps in your cruise ashore this morning, some of you boys might have found the same tree; if so, you will believe, for once, that Tom Sawyer has told you a true yarn.

"To make a long story short, they soon missed me on board ship, stood back to find me, made out my signal on the shore, sent a boat and took me on board, and a jolly time I had in telling my story."

#### BREEDING FISH.

We understand a gentleman by the name of Upham Treat, formerly of Frankfort, has been busily engaged since early in the spring to the present time in buying up alewives, shad, bass and salmon, and depositing them in Shattuck's Lake, and one or two others adjacent to it, to spawn. He has secured the right of way from the lakes to the sea, and has cleared out the streams so that his fish can pass without interruption between the lakes and the sea. He does not expect any returns from his speculation for three years, when, if they multiply and do well, he will reap a rich harvest every year thereafter. Mr. T. has expended upwards of two thousand dollars in this operation, and it is to be hoped will realize his most sanguine expectations, for it must be a great benefit to this region. The project has been tried in France successfully, and we see no reason why it should not succeed equally as well in this country.—*Calais Advertiser*.

## Curious Matters.

### A Curious Picnic.

A picnic party held on *Malvern Hills*, England, comprised the following persons: One grandson, one great-grandson, two sons, one son-in-law, two husbands, two wives, two widows, one father, one brother, one uncle, one grand-uncle, three mothers, one sister, two grandmothers, one great-grandmother, two daughters, one grand-daughter, one niece, one great-nephew, one mother-in-law, one grandmother-in-law, one godson, one god-daughter, two godfathers, and two godmothers. These thirty-four relations were united in six persons.

### Familiarity.

A French traveller in America writes: "I see that I am approaching the West by the increasing familiarity of the inferiors. A coachman calls me his friend. Nothing of this kind is equal to what happened to a German prince. He had made an agreement with a man to drive him to the next town. The driver entered the hotel, whip in hand, and said, 'Where's the man who starts this evening? I am the gentleman who takes charge of him.'"

### An Antique Steamboat Engine.

An engine employed in 1788 to propel a boat at *Dal-swinton*, Scotland, has lately been placed in the museum of the British Patent Office, through the exertions of Mr. Bennett Woodcroft, Superintendent of Specifications. It has two cylinders, four inches in diameter each, and the valves are operated and closed by the old hand gear. It was applied to a double boat in the year mentioned, the paddle wheel of which was placed in the centre, and it attained a speed of five miles per hour.

### Extraordinary Longevity.

A late *Matanzas* paper announces the death of a negro woman of that vicinity, at the advanced age of 120 years. Under the same head the *Villa Clara* paper records the death of a Creole at the age of 165 years, leaving a wife, eighteen children, thirty-five grandchildren, and a dozen great-grandchildren! The most remarkable thing in the life of this last was, that his first sickness was that which carried him to the grave.

### In Blossom a Second Time.

In *Somerville* there is a pear tree that blossomed at the usual time last spring, and the pears are looking finely now; but what is curious is, last week it blossomed again, from the new wood, and several young pears have begun to form, and are doing well under the circumstances.

### Power of Winds and Waves.

There is a block of granite on *Boon Island*, about 14 feet in extreme length, ten feet wide, and from five to six ft. in height, which was lifted from its bed in the ledge, and carried up an inclined plane of from twelve to fifteen degrees, to a distance of nearly sixty feet. This occurred during a northeast snow storm in the year 1852.

### "Honor and Fame," etc.

A *Sussex* (England) paper states that Mr. Oakshot, the present Mayor of *Swansea*, was thirty years ago a little ragged urchin, who used to go about the streets of *Arundel* vending baked potatoes.

### A Chimney full of Honey.

An extraordinary bee-hive was found lately in the house of Mrs. Gen. Wingate, corner of Spring and High Streets, Portland. Bees being seen in an upper room, the fire-board was removed, and one flue of the chimney was found to be full of honeycomb, which was hanging down into the fireplace, the honey dropping from it! The bees, then at work, seeing the light let in upon them, came out and covered the windows to the depth of three inches. These flues had never been used, and it is supposed the bees have occupied them for three years. The number of bees is estimated at 40,000 or 50,000, and the amount of honey, from 2000 to 3000 pounds. As the flues had never been used, they can hardly be considered very suitable for bee-hives.

### Romantic Wedding.

A pair of Mississippi lovers, living in the vicinity of *Friar's Creek*, a few days since bethought themselves of getting married; having procured a license, they set out on horseback. They soon came up to a parson "settling" on a fence,—it seems he did something occasionally at farming—and requested him to "solemnize the sacred rites of matrimony at once." The parson finally consented, and he "settling" on the fence, and they on their horses, the "sacred rite" was "solemnized," after which they went on their way rejoicing.

### Cunning Device.

The Indians in the mountains, says a California paper, have a cunning device, by which they can get within arrow-shot of a deer. To accomplish this object they stretch a bark string for a long distance along the brow of the hill, almost as high as a deer's chest. The deer coming against this obstacle, and not feeling always disposed to jump it, will follow the line in hope of an opening to get by. While performing this manoeuvre, he is likely to be brought towards some ambush, from whence he gets an arrow in his ribs.

### The Largest Man in the World.

Mr. Miles Darden, who died lately in Henderson County, Tennessee, was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin; took over one hundred feet of plank to make his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet four inches.

### A Beautiful Signification.

"Alabama" signifies in the Indian language "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest in the southwest. Weary and travel-worn, they reached a noble river, which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band struck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we will rest! Here we will rest!")

### Wonderful Circumstance.

The first certain information of the existence of a Northwest Passage was brought by a whale, who having carried off a flag or sword of the enemy, in the shape of a harpoon, with the name of the vessel it belonged to, from one side of North America, was captured on the other side of the continent the next spring, with the weapon deeply buried in his flesh.

## The Florist.

I never see the flowers but they  
Send back my memory, far away,  
To years long past, and many a day  
Else perished long ago.—MARY HOWITT.

### Celastrus Scandens.

The Wax-Work or Climbing-Staff, is a strong woody vine, twining around small trees, and over rocks and bushes, growing in moist situations and beside stone walls; very ornamental when in fruit. This native climber should be introduced into every garden, for the covering of arbors, walls, or trellis work. The foliage is handsome, of a deep green. The flowers are white and in panicle clusters. It is a very vigorous climber, and will grow fifteen or twenty feet high.

### White Jasmine.

This is an exceedingly elegant plant for training over a wall, where that support can be allowed; and after two seasons will bear our winters very well. The purple jasmine is much more hardy, and looks well mingled with the starry blossoms of the white. The white jasmine is a delicate and fragrant shrub, not surpassed by any of the species.

### Ceanothus Americanus.

This plant is more generally known under the name of New Jersey Tea. A delicate, flowering, native shrub; a low bulbous plant, flowering in June and July, from one to three feet high. The minute white flowers are crowded in clusters, and are very pretty. The leaves have been used for tea.

### Cercis Canadensis.

The Judas tree or Red Bud, is a curious shrub, or low tree, indigenous to the southern part of the United States. It is curious, from being covered with bunches of flowers, of a rare color, before the leaves begin to appear. It is beautiful in the spring, and not without interest, in full foliage, in the summer.

### Tartarean Honeysuckle.

This shrub is a native of Russia, and grows about eight or ten feet high, and is covered with a profusion of pink flowers, in June, which are succeeded by red berries. In foliage, flower, or fruit, this is a desirable shrub, and thrives in almost any soil and in any situation. They are easily propagated by cuttings, layers and seeds.

### Dwarf Roses.

Roses deteriorate very rapidly when left to themselves, or to inferior culture. In order to remedy this, no renewal of soil or change of situation is necessary, but a careful taking up at proper seasons, good manuring, and careful replanting.

### Dracocephalum.

Dracocephalum, from the Greek words signifying a dragon's head, because the flowers are said to resemble a dragon's head. Most of the species are hardy perennials, easily propagated from divisions of the root, and worthy of a place in the garden.

### Verbena.

All verbenas require to be grown in sand and peat, or heath moulds, and kept moderately well watered. The flowers of the verbenas should always be cut off as soon as they wither.

### Pot Plants.

Water these plants remaining in pots daily, and in some cases both morning and evening. After rains, if water is observed to stand upon the surface, turn the pot on its side and examine its drainage, which will be found defective and need re-arranging. Potting of some plants may still be done, and a shift to larger pots will in many cases be needful.

### Grass.

Grass makes a very neat edging if kept in order, but it requires so much attention to keep it in its place, so much edging and cutting, that we do not recommend it. If, however, it is made use of, it should be obtained from a pasture or roadside, where it may easily be cut in strips the width to suit.

### Eschscholtzia.

California Poppy. Grows two feet high; blooms from June to September. Flowers, a brilliant, shining yellow. Scarcely any plant produces a greater degree of splendor than this; when the full sun is on it, it makes a perfect blaze of color.

### Guano Water.

Watering with guano water may be resorted to, to stimulate plants occasionally; but must be used very sparingly; an over-dose will be injurious, if not destructive. A great spoonful or two to a pint of water is strong enough; this may be used twice a week.

### Thrift.

The common Thrift next to Box is very desirable for edging, and by some preferred. It is rapidly multiplied by divisions of the root. Its pink flowers are produced in June or July, on stems six inches high in little heads or clusters.

### Red Spider.

The red spider may be detected by examining the leaves, which look yellow and sickly. The most effectual way of destroying these insects is to give them repeated syringings with sulphur water.

### Coix Lachryma.

Commonly known as Job's Tear—a kind of tropical grass from the East Indies. It is called Job's Tear on account of its shining pearly fruit. Cultivated solely for its fruit—the flowers are destitute of beauty.

### Mountain Laurels.

A beautiful shrub is the Kalmia Latifolia. The foliage is of the richest green when grown in the shade. Young plants taken up with a ball of earth will flourish well.

### Larch.

The Larch is not an evergreen, but is often found growing in company with them. It is important on account of its rapid growth, graceful shape and thick foliage.

### Camellias, Oranges, etc.

Washing the leaves of Camellias, Oranges, and some other plants, with a soft sponge, gives a bright, healthy look to the plants, and is of great service to them.

### Pruning Shrubs.

In pruning shrubs, be careful to cut out the long, rambling shoots of last summer's growth.

### Gathering Flowers.

Flowers should be gathered in the morning, but not till the dew is dried off of them.

## The Housewife.

### Red Currant Jelly.

Rub the fruit through a sieve, and afterwards squeeze it through a fine lincloth; put it into a preserving pan, with three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pint of juice; place it over a brisk fire, stirring it occasionally with a skimmer. Keep it well skimmed; when it is done it will fall from the skimmer in sheets; then take it up, pour it into pots, and cover them closely. Made in this way, it is used for sauce for game, etc., but if required for other uses, a little raspberry juice will improve it.

### Black Currant Jelly.

Get the currants as ripe and large as you can get them. Put them into the oven in a pan, with a cloth tied over the top. When soft, rub them through a sieve, and strain the juice from them. Mix equal portions of both, and to each put a pound of loaf-sugar. Then boil it in a preserving pan that will hold at least twice the quantity for a quarter of an hour; try if a drop on a cold plate will set in a minute, and when it will, put it into pots and glasses, and cover it over when cold, as other jams and jellies.

### Rye Drop Cakes.

To a pint of sour milk, or butter-milk, put two or three eggs, not quite a teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, and sifted rye meal (this is much better than rye flour), enough to make a batter that will spread a little, but not run. Drop them in muffin-rings with a spoon. They will require about twice as much time to bake as common griddle cakes. They will bake very nicely in a stove in fifteen minutes. Graham flour may be substituted for rye if preferred, but is not quite as good.

### Cocoanut Puddings.

Grate a cocoanut, and save the milk. Boil a quart of milk and pour upon it; add five eggs, with a coffee-cup of sugar beaten in them, an ounce of butter, two table-spoonfuls of rosewater, and a little salt. If you have cream and plenty of eggs, make it of cream instead of milk, and add three more eggs. Bake it with a nice paste unless you prefer it without.

### Oyster Fritters.

Take a pint of rich milk, stir into it alternately an ounce of melted butter, and six well-beaten eggs, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Wash the oysters from their liquor, and dry them on a cloth; to each ladleful of batter, put an oyster, and fry them quickly a rich brown color.

### Corn Puddings.

Grate sweet green corn; to three teacups of it, when grated, put two quarts of milk, eight eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teacup of melted butter, and a grated nutmeg. Bake the pudding an hour; serve it up with sauce.

### Chicken Tea.

Take off the skin and fat; cut the fowl in small pieces, and boil it till very tender, adding a little salt. Some boil, with it, a little wheat flour tied in a muslin bag. Skim off the fat, if any, when done.

### Bean Soup.

Take three pints of dried white beans, pick, wash, and put them in a kettle with three quarts of water. Let them simmer, and when they commence to shrink, drain them in a colander; return them to the kettle, and pour over three quarts of boiling water. Then wash and put in two pounds of pickled pork. Let them cook slowly.

### Oyster Omelet.

Whisk six eggs to a thick froth, then add, by degrees, one gill of cream; beat them well together. Season the egg with pepper and salt to taste. Have ready one dozen fine oysters; cut them in half; pour the egg in a pan of hot butter, and drop the oysters over it, as equally as possible. Fry it a light brown, and serve hot.

### To extract the Salt from Lard.

For medicinal purposes, lard which is free from salt is often required. In order to extract the salt, put a table-spoonful of lard in a tin cup, and pour on it a pint of boiling water. Set it aside to get cold. The lard will be found in a cake on the top; and the salt which it contained will remain in the water.

### Pickled Salmon.

Boil the fish gently done, and then take it up, strain the liquor, add bay leaves, pepper-corns, and salt; give these a boil, and when cold, add the best vinegar to them; then put the whole sufficiently over the fish to cover it, and let it remain a month at least.

### Peas Pudding.

Take a pint of good split peas, and having washed, soak them well in warm water; then tie them in a cloth, put the pudding into a saucepan of hot water, and boil it until quite soft. When done, beat it up with a little butter and salt; serve it with boiled pork or beef.

### Lamb.

Lamb is a delicate and commonly considered tender meat, but those who talk of tender lamb, while they are thinking of the age of the animal, forget that even a chicken must be kept a proper time after it has been killed, or it will be tough picking.

### Veal Fritters.

Cut the remains of a tender piece of veal into small, thin, round pieces; dip these into a good batter, and fry them in the usual way, in oil. When done, drain, sprinkle salt over, and serve them.

### To bleach a faded Dress.

Wash it well in hot suds, and boil it until the color seems to be gone, then wash, and rinse, and dry it in the sun; if still not quite white repeat the boiling.

### Mackerel, to choose.

Their gills should be of a fine red, their eyes full, and the whole fish stiff and bright; if the gills are of a faint color, the fish limber and wrinkled, they are not fresh.

### Bowel Complaints.

Apply a flannel bandage to the lower part of the body in bowel complaints. A warm bath soothes irritation.

### To remove Moles from the Skin.

Lemon juice rubbed on the moles will greatly diminish, if not entirely efface them.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## A ROCKPORT ORIGINAL.

In the town of Rockport, Cape Ann, resides an old gentleman who, in these monotonous times is somewhat distinguished by his originality of thought and action. A friend of ours who has recently been refreshing himself with the breezes and sea bathing at Pigeon Cove, requests us to record a few anecdotes of Mr. Jabez Puddleston, as we shall term our hero.

One day a man came to him and wanted to know if he had a yoke of good oxen to dispose of. Jabez said he had a splendid yoke of cattle, and they had only one fault—they *agreed* too well together. As the customer regarded that as a recommendation, he gave the price asked and drove away the animals. In about an hour he came back furious.

"Mr. Puddleston," said he, "what do you mean? You told me those cattle agreed together. And there they be with a load of granite on a sidewalk, the off ox three feet ahead of the nigh one."

"Well," said old Jabez, "that's jest what I told you—they *do* agree together perfectly. One on 'em's willin' to draw the whole load, and the other's perfectly willin' to let him. That's why I sold 'em."

About three weeks ago they had a tremendous rain storm on the Cape, unparalleled for the quantity of water that fell for a given time within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Jabez was appealed to, to say if it wasn't the hardest shower he ever remembered.

"Call that a shower!" said he, with supreme contempt. "Pooh! it wasn't nothin' but a sprinkle to a rain we had here twenty years ago. You can judge how hard that was. An empty molasses hogshead with both heads out was standing by my front door, and in less than five minutes it was so full that it was running out at the bung-hole!"

The question was discussed in his hearing whether vegetation was continued in the night time.

"I tested that once," said Jabez. "I was settin' at my parlor winder, one Saturday evenin', when I see one of my pumpkin vines a creepin' over the wall. Bime by it took up the road towards Folly P'int. So I called my son

Jake and sent him out to foller it. The pumpkin vine went over the hill and Jake arter it. Wal—I sot up for Jake hour arter hour, but he didn't come back, and so I finally went to bed. Next mornin' no Jake. About meetin' time I begun to get oneasy, so I saddled up my old mare, and started off towards Squam. All along the road, I see the punkin vine getting larger and larger the further I went, and when I riz the hill just before you get to Squam, what should I see down in the valley but that 'ere vine with a punkin at the end of it as big as a hogshead, and Jake hangin' on like all creation to try to stop it. That's a fact, and my neighbors'll bear witness that I've told the story more than fifty times."

And so he had—and you never caught him tripping in his version, for old Jabez possesses that quality which is so necessary to an imaginative man—a faultless memory.

## HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.

A great many people are employed in the delightful occupation of ruining their health, and for the benefit of such we publish Dr. Punch's recipe for doing it systematically: 1st. Stop in bed late. 2nd. Eat hot suppers. 3rd. Turn day into night, night into day. 4th. Take no exercise. 5th. Always ride when you can walk. 6th. Never mind about wet feet. 7th. Have half a dozen doctors. 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you. 9th. Try every new quack. 10th. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

**GREAT WOOL CROP.**—The Ohio wool crop is estimated to exceed that of last year by 8,000,000 pounds, sold at 40 to 60 cents per pound, according to quality.

**THE CITY OF THE DEAD.**—There have been 55,676 persons altogether buried in Greenwood Cemetery, near New York.

**LYNCH LAW.**—In eight weeks lately six men were hung by mobs in Iowa.

**A QUESTION.**—Cannot an orator whose voice is broken succeed in "speaking pieces?"

## PREVENTIVE POLICE.

An American gentleman, having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what not a little amused him. A man, bearing no particular marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts: "You can't go; there's two of the swell mob in here." The coach waited, till at length a puffy, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying, as he did so: "I've too much money with me to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more, a spruce young gentleman said, as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on, now," said the detective policeman; "the swells have got out!" In our country, says a commentator on the above fact, "Beware of pickpockets!" would have been posted up in the carriage, or on the wall, and the verdant passenger would have been plundered while speculating on the possible necessity of the caution. Or a policeman might have peeped in and passed off with a whisper to the driver; the coach would have gone on, somebody's pockets would have been rifled, and the discovery would probably have been made too late to arrest the rogues upon the spot. Then, a representation to a magistrate would have followed, succeeded by "diligent search." On the trial, if the thieves were arrested, questions as to the victim's certainty that he was in that particular coach, and disputes as to identity and recognition, skilfully put by ingenious counsel, would probably have acquitted the long-fingered gentleman, while the money stolen would have been applied in recompensing the services of the lawyers. Indubitably the preventive policy is the best.

**THE BEGINNING.**—Fifty years ago, a lad of twelve had occasion to pass through Concord, on his way to Vermont. He stopped all night at the old "Stickney Hotel," where he paid his lodgings and breakfast by sawing wood! Such was the first beginning of George Peabody.

**BREAKING RIBS.**—The North Eastern Railway Company in England have lately paid \$14,000 for breaking the ribs of one man, and \$5000 for killing the wife of another—showing which rib was worth the most.

**A REGULAR YANKEE.**—A genuine Yankee having heard that a new speck had been discovered on the sun's disk, asked if it was a "safe speck," as he wanted to do a little trade in that quarter.

## THE CAUCASUS.

It is impossible for the Russians to subjugate the Caucasians. Their warlike character, the wild and rugged fastnesses in which nature has sealed up their homes, their unanimity, enable them to bid defiance to the czar. Years roll on—years marked by mountain campaigns—regiment after regiment of Russians ascend the slopes of the Caucasus and are swept away like mist, yet still the independence of the wild country remains unshaken. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript learns from an Oriental traveller now in this city some facts in regard to the Caucasus which are probably new to our readers. He says:

"Only about ten thousand men can be conveniently marshalled in the district, while myriads of the wild hordes of the invincible Schamyl sweep from the ravines and forests upon the intruders, often at a blow destroying or capturing whole detachments. There are many reports of achievements, and stories of the undaunted courage, the great military prowess of their leader, Schamyl. This name is currently believed to belong to an individual, which is not the case, any more than the title of any military leader among us. It is compounded from two Persian words, pronounced much like 'shah,' and 'al mullah,' signifying 'chief priest,' evidently the proper term applied to the chief of the nation. Therefore the invincibility of Schamyl is easily accounted for, inasmuch as he can neither be slain nor captured, for the succeeding officer is Schamyl also."

**BRIDGING THE RHINE.**—A railroad bridge is to be built across the Rhine, near the confluence of the Maine, at a cost of three million guilders—about one and a quarter million dollars. A good deal of "Rhino!"

**THE REASON OF A NAME.**—East India servants are probably called Coolies because their principal business is to fan their masters in the heat of the day, says the Pennsylvanian.

**FUTURITY.**—It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

**HEALTH.**—The large Atlantic cities have been unusually healthy this year.

**BE ECONOMICAL.**—Begin life with but little show, you may increase it afterwards.

**NOVEL RACE.**—A wheelbarrow race, wager \$8, recently came off at Dedham, Mass.

## MAN NOT DEGENERATE.

In an article on "Giants," on page 335, we have shown they were abnormal phenomena, and took occasion to contradict the popular opinion that mankind were physically deteriorating. A writer in Blackwood ably supports our position. He says:

"There is an old-world delusion, which man clings to very fondly, and builds up and propounds most confidently whenever he has an opportunity; it is the idea that he has degenerated in size and stature—that there were giants in other days—and that he is gradually dwindling down into dwarfdom. The past is ever disproving this theory. In this very museum we saw proof on proof that *man is very much the same now as he has been since the flood*. Ours is not quite a leg-of-mutton fist, and yet we could scarcely squeeze our hand into the hilt of Odin's sword. We are not a Goliath of Gath, and yet we did not think the knight's sword such an unmanageable weapon. We remember once being disappointed in the size and weight of an iron-studded flail, which we saw in the armory of the knights of St. John at Malta. A comrade, however, who saw it through the focus of the old delusion, instantly exclaimed: 'There's a weapon! It would task our degenerate thews and sinews to wield that, I think.' 'Eh, man!' said a Highland corporal who accompanied us; 'there's a chiel in our company who can wurl it round his head like a wisp of straw.' The men of our day, too, found themselves straitened in their ancestors' armor at the Eglinton tournament. Yet, spite of these evidences, the discovery of a few gigantic bones here and there is enough to revive the old fallacy, and set babblers prating of men whose heads did reach the skies.

**A DISTINCTION.**—Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library of Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, who was present, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying: "Permit me, sire; I am *higher* than your majesty." "You are *longer*, marshal," said the emperor, with a frown.

**NEW YORK POLICE.**—The police of the city of New York now consists of 7 captains, 25 sergeants, 44 roundsmen, 60 on special duty, 650 policemen, 21 doormen, and 300 special patrolmen.

**RAGS.**—About 25,000 bales of rags, averaging 275 pounds each, are received annually at New York from Europe.

## TRADE AND COMMERCE OF BOSTON.

The Board of Trade of Boston represents that the glassware manufacture in that vicinity employs a capital of \$1,500,000. The sales of guns and pistols average half a million yearly. About \$4,000,000 worth of drugs is sold, \$1,000,000 of linseed oil, \$392,000 of linseed cake. The fish trade amounts to \$6,000,000, and the capital employed is \$1,100,000. The ice export is 146,000 tons; the freight money on shipments of ice last year amounted to \$365,000. The iron business in Boston for the last year has been dull. The sales of iron were \$4,000,000; of steel, \$600,000, all of foreign manufacture. American railroad iron was sold to the amount of \$1,100,000. Nails manufactured, \$3,000,000 in value. There were built 48 vessels, the aggregate tonnage of which was 50,394. The Calcutta trade is large, the imports amounting to \$6,882,566; exports, \$686,891. The business is overdone, and heavy losses are incurred on the cargoes. So with the California trade, of which the shipments last year amounted to \$2,100,000. The East India and Pacific trade of the United States employs, in all its various branches, at the present time, about 600 ships and barques. Most of these, at least two-thirds of them, are owned in Boston and New York. The sales of hats, caps and furs in Boston, for the last year, amounted to \$4,000,000; palm leaf hats, \$2,000,000; hardware, \$8,000,000. The boot and shoe trade of Massachusetts is estimated as amounting to nearly \$50,000,000.

**JUVENILE FRANKNESS.**—A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest, reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little one?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a ten-penny nail into the door panel. "Me? O, I gets readin', spellin', and spankin's."

**RAISING THE WIND.**—"You musicians ought to be happy fellows," said Davenport to Ned Kendall. "Why?" said the bugler. "Because you need never want for money, for when your funds run short, you have only to put your instrument to your lips and—raise the wind."

**RAPID TRANSIT.**—The transit between New Orleans and Galveston, Texas, is reduced to less than a day.

**MATRIMONIAL.**—Bayard Taylor is to marry the daughter of the German astronomer, Hansen, this fall.



## THE BITTER DROP.

There is always a bitter drop in the sweetest cup of life—a grisly skeleton in every man's house—the best fitting shoe pinches somewhere. One of the most distinguished and fortunate men of the day, for instance, is Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Rich in wealth, rich in fame, successful as a novelist, dramatist, essayist, historian, and lately, as a parliamentary orator, courted and flattered by the most brilliant society in Great Britain, there is still a shadow on his pathway, and the shadow is projected by a being who should have been the light of his life—his own wife!

Thirty years ago, when Miss Rosina Wheeler (an Irish lady) married the author of "Pelham," then only a "rising young man," she was one of the handsomest young women in London, with considerable accomplishments and some talent to boot. Incompatibility of temper (hers was soured, it is said, by curt treatment from her aristocratic mother-in-law) caused a separation, after a few years, and the ill-assorted pair have not met for nearly twenty years. The husband pursued his literary course, which has been a very brilliant one. The wife, who had previously shown some ability in a story called "The Supper of Sallust," in *Frazer's Magazine*, also threw her mind into authorship, and came before the world, in 1839, with a novel called "Chevely: or, The Man of Honor," the great aim of which was to satirize her mother-in-law, her husband, and her brother-in-law, Sir Henry Bulwer. In twelve months more out came her "Budget of the Babble Family"—also in ridicule of her husband and his immediate relatives. A third novel, of the same class, was "Behind the Scenes." She has written four other works of fiction, in which her husband is *not* alluded to. There is a new novel from her pen announced, to be called "Very Successful!" in which, rumor reports, Sir Edward is to get "particular fits." It will be illustrated with engravings, caricaturing her husband. Lady Bulwer Lytton has a very handsome income, secured to her by the deed of separation. When Sir Edward succeeded to his mother's estate at Knebworth, worth some \$15,000 per annum, he very liberally, and wholly without solicitation on her part, trebled the allowance which she had previously received from him. Lady Bulwer Lytton generally resides at Florence, with Mrs. Trollope as her companion, house-mate, friend, and (it is added) anti-husband counsellor. Her ladyship's personal attractions, once so very considerable, have disappeared—absorbed in unromantic obesity—and she has now turned "the sharp corner" of her fiftieth year.

Like most female fiends when they take pen in hand to give vent to their fury, Lady Bulwer defeats her own object by dipping her steel in undiluted sulphuric acid. She paints her husband entirely black—there is no contrast of light and shade in her delineation—she denies him a particle of talent, of originality as a writer, a single generous or gentlemanly trait as a man. She makes him out an impossible villain, compared to whom the "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," and she accordingly awakens only feelings of disgust and incredulity in her readers. Her coarseness and venom are a disgrace to her sex, and would be to ours—in fact, she is neither a lady nor a gentleman. Mrs. Trollope is a fit adviser to such an animal.

## THE END OF ROMANCE.

Miss Coutts, who achieved such public notoriety by her romantic attachment to Mario, died recently in Paris from injuries received from her clothes taking fire while dressing for his benefit, and though every attempt was made to save her, she died after lingering a few days in great suffering. It is stated in some of the papers that the origin of her passion was a dream, in which the form of a young man appeared to her, and she recognized Mario subsequently to be the reality. They have never spoken together, but she followed him in his travels throughout the world, attended all his performances, and inspired him with enthusiasm. It will be recollected that she followed him to this country, and was always present whenever he appeared in opera. She was a lady of wealth, but not remarkable for her youth or beauty.

**FIREFLIES.**—Mr. Herepath, the English chemist, thinks the light of these insects, who nightly gem our meadows at this season, is caused by the burning of a peculiar compound of carbon and hydrogen in a special gland.

**DEADLY WEAPONS.**—The practice of carrying deadly weapons, so common in our seaboard cities, and productive of such fatal results, would seem to call for some stringent legislation on the subject.

**MILLIONS!**—The French newspapers talk of fifteen millions of pilgrims congregated at Jerusalem! Call it thousands, and we'll try to believe it.

**DON'T GAMBLE.**—Young man, don't gamble, for gaming is the child of avarice and the father of despair.

**MANUFACTURE OF RUSSIAN LEATHER.**

In the production of the well known Russian leather, the hides to be tanned—whether wet or dry—are first laid to soak for three days and nights, in a solution of potash, to which some quicklime is added. The potash used is made of the common elm, which is said to be preferable to any other, if not essential; it is not purified, so that it is of a brown color, and has an earthy appearance. About four hundred and thirty-two pounds of this and seventy-two pounds of lime serve for one hundred skins. As they have no way of ascertaining this degree of causticity of the alkali but by its effect on the tongue, when they find it weak they let the skins lie longer in the solution. When the skins are taken out they are carried to the river and left under water for a day and night. Next, two and a half gallons of dog's ordure is boiled in as much water as is enough to soak fifty skins; but in the winter time, when the ordure is frozen, twice that quantity is found necessary. The skins are put into this solution when it is about as hot as the hand can bear, and in this they remain one day and one night. The skins are then sewed up so as to leave no hole: to be water-tight. About one-third of what the skin will contain is then filled up with the leaves and small twigs chopped together of the plant called bearberry, which is brought from the environs of Solikamskaga, and the skin is then filled up with water. Thus filled they are laid one on the other in a large trough, and heavy stones upon them to press the infusion through the pores of the skin in about four hours—the filling up being repeated ten times successively, with the same water. They are then taken to the river and washed, and are ready for dyeing—the whitest skins being laid aside for the red and yellow leather. The skins are softened, after dyeing, by being harassed with a knife, the point of which curves upward.

**WILD CATTLE.**—A gentleman who has resided in Venezuela twenty years, says the wild cattle meat there is as good beef as ever he tasted here.

**A REASONABLE HINT.**—The presence of a wreath of walnut leaves, it is said, will effectually rid apartments of that universal pest, the fly.

**QUEER CONJUNCTION.**—A Mr. Lavender and a Miss Garlick were lately united in the bonds of matrimony.

**JEWS.**—It is stated that the number of Jews in the United States exceeds a quarter million.

**FOLLOWING EXAMPLE.**

A gentleman in 12th Street, New York, who is in the habit of sending out boots to be blacked, could not find his understandings one day last week. He sent his little son to the darkey's cellar, but he returned, saying it was shut up. The gentleman went himself, in his slippers, and after rapping some time he heard a noise inside. Presently a window opened, and Cuffy's head poked through. "I want my boots," said the gentleman. "Sorry to 'form, massa, dat you can't hab um," replied Cuff. "Fac' is, I is give out, bursted, failed, broke, cleaned out, jammed up, split, I is." "But, Cuff," said the gentleman, "I can't help that. I must have my boots." Cuff, finding his customer rather riled up, poked one of the boots out the window, and said: "Massa, I isn't tellin' no lie. I is clean bust, and no mistake. Ise taken an i'ventory of my feca, and as I b'lieve on the honor of a gentleman, dat I shall be able to pay fifty cents on a dollar, I is willin' to gib you yours now. Dar it am. Take de boot." So saying, he slammed down the window, leaving our friend to go home in his slippers, with his boot in his hand—his fifty cents on a dollar.

**CALCULATING MACHINE.**—Our readers have doubtless heard of a celebrated calculating machine invented by two Swedish brothers of the name of Schentz. It was exhibited for sale in London and Paris, and while the wise people there were debating what the value of the machine was, Professor Gould, of Albany, snapped it up for the Dudley Observatory, at the price of \$5000. This machine calculates and records figures to any extent within fifteen places, and furnishes a stereotype of them ready for the press.

**A FACT.**—The Providence Journal says that the only thing that a mob understands is cold lead—an indisputable fact. The leaders of mobs, like the "leaders" of newspapers, ought to be "lead-ed."

**SHARP SHOOTING.**—Mr. Holmes Wiley, an old hunter, while residing near Grantsville, Alleghany county, Va., shot the heads off of fifteen squirrels in succession, one day last week, missing not once.

**A GATHERING OF MATRONS.**—An English paper gives an account of a tea party of sixty old women, who were the mothers of eight hundred and sixty-nine children!

## THE BRAIN AND THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

If we investigate the condition of the various orders of vertebrate animals, which alone admit of a comparison with our own species, we find, on the one hand, great difference among them, with regard to both their physical and mental faculties, and on the other hand a not less marked difference as to the structure of their brain. In all of them the brain has a central organ, which is a continuation of the spinal chord, and to which anatomists give the name of *medulla oblongata*. In connection with this, there are other bodies placed in pairs, of a small size and simple structure in the lowest species of fish, becoming gradually larger and more complex as we trace them through the other classes, until they reach their greatest degree of development in man himself. That each of these bodies has its peculiar functions, there cannot, we apprehend, be the smallest doubt; and it is, indeed, sufficiently probable that each of them is not a single organ, but a congeries of organs, having distinct and separate uses.

There is reason to believe that, whatever it may do besides, one office of the *cerebellum* is to combine the action of the voluntary muscles for the purpose of locomotion. The *corpora quadrigemina* are four tubercles, which connect the *cerebrum*, *cerebellum*, and *medulla oblongata* to each other. If one of the uppermost of these bodies be removed, blindness of the eye of the opposite side is the consequence. If the upper part of the *cerebrum* be removed, the animal becomes blind and apparently stupefied; but not so much so but that he may be roused, and that he can then walk with steadiness and precision. The most important part of the whole brain seems to be a particular portion of the central organ *medulla oblongata*. While this remains entire, the animal retains its sensibility, breathes, and performs instinctive motions. But if this small mass of the nervous system be injured, there is an end of these several functions, and death immediately ensues. These facts, and some others of the same kind, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to modern physiologists, and more especially to M. Magendie and M. Flourens, are satisfactory as far as they go, and warrant the conclusion that there are various other organs in the brain, designed for other purposes, and that if we cannot point out their locality, it is not because such organs do not exist, but because our means of research into so intricate a matter are very limited.

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**KISS-LOGY.**—Bus, to kiss; re-bus, to kiss again; omni-bus, to kiss all the girls in the room.

## ISLAND OF HONG KONG.

In one of our foreign journals we find a condensed description of the geographical peculiarities of Hong Kong, which present it in the most uninviting features. The island is about eight miles long, from two to four miles broad, and separated from the main land by a strait varying from three miles to half a mile in width. It is a mountainous ridge, rising steeply to the height of some 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and furrowed by gullies and ravines. There is so little level ground that the houses are scattered about on isolated hills, and it is with difficulty roads could be made to connect the straggling town which is called Victoria. There is scarcely a sign of vegetation on the island. After a heavy rain the soil has a greenish hue, described as "like decayed Stilton cheese." The geological structure is described to be a coarse decomposed granite. This granite is rotten, and passing, like dead animal and vegetable substance, into a putrescent state. This is evident from noisome vapor which it yields when the sun strikes fervidly on it after rain. In the town of Victoria the foundations of the houses are excavated in the sides of the hills, and emit a fetid odor, especially at night. These noxious miasmata, with the sterility and dreariness of the soil, make it extremely undesirable and unwholesome. Morally, it is described as "a convenient receptacle for the off-scourings and loose rascaldom of all Christendom." But this sort of population accumulates very fast since the place became civilized, having trebled its number in about eighty years. Hong Kong has cost the British government millions of sterling money since it came into their possession, and the result, as one of their own writers relates, of establishing a "Gehenna of the waters, loathsome in its social features, politically useless, and for all higher purposes a failure and a disgrace." The place serves no purpose but to shelter and foster the traffic in opium.

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**A SAD CONFESSION.**—"How much can you pay us? What can you offer in the pound?" demanded the importunate creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Alas, gentlemen! all I really have is a donkey in the pound."

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**FEMININE BOLDNESS.**—Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature, yet, if boldness be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty.

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**LOVE AND BEEF.**—Love is an idea—beef a reality. The idea you can get along without; the beef you can't.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Russia is now engaged in building 2300 miles of railroad.

The English law allows a Judge to retire upon half pay after the lapse of fifteen years.

The national debt of Great Britain is now £818,000,000, or in dollars, \$4,000,000,000.

In the year 1856 there were 54,627 acres of land under cultivation for hops in England.

The British government has bestowed on the widow of the late Hugh Miller an annuity of £70.

The population of Scotland is 1,888,842. Of this number 7403 are insane—that is, one in every 390.

The Benedictine order are about to erect a monastery at Belmont, near Hereford, on a scale unknown in England since the Reformation.

The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, June 18, was entirely unobserved in England—a probable effect of the alliance with France.

The crops of wheat and other grain are reported to be all that can be desired, not only in the British Isles, but over the whole of Europe.

According to recent official returns, the population of the Swedish capital, Stockholm, is a little above a hundred thousand; the increase, since 1840 being twenty thousand.

An association has been formed in France with a capital of 1,000,000 francs, having for its object the direct importation from Egypt of wheat, corn, cereals, alimentary pastes, etc.

Crinoline is still ahead. One house in Sheffield has taken an order for forty tons of rolled steel for crinoline, and a foreign order has been given for one ton a week for some time to come.

The *Moniteur* publishes the returns of the indirect revenue of France for the first six months of the present year, showing an increase of no less than 26,285,000 francs over the corresponding period of last year.

Two of the Moravian brethren have taken a station clear up in the Himalayas, where they are perfecting themselves in Thibetian, and preparing a spiritual invasion into the country of the Grand Lama. Seldom, indeed, can they get tidings from their distant home.

An extensive theft of valuable books and manuscripts from the library of the British Museum has just been discovered. Among the books stolen are Sir Walter Scott's and the poets Gray and Goldsmith's works, most of the productions of Longfellow and Gaultier, and the celebrated "Navarette Colmion de Documentos," from Madrid.

In France, about 34,000,000 pounds of sulphur have been distributed among the vine-growers, and has been employed by them apparently with complete success, in checking the vine disease. Within a period of many years the grape crop has not been so promising. So well satisfied has the government become with the success of the treatment, that it has awarded the prize of 10,000 francs to the discoverer or introducer of the remedy.

The crop of cloves is unusually short in the East Indies.

The coffin of the poet Burns has been opened and the body found in a state of preservation.

42,000 francs a year is the sum which Rachel sacrifices by retiring from the Theatre Francais.

Every clergyman in Scotland has been furnished with a book on Canada, setting forth its advantages to emigrants.

The amount of taxes received in Holland during the first five months of the present year, was 22,900,867 florins, or about 300,000 florins more than the corresponding period of 1856.

A feature in the management of the Bank of England is the exclusion of bankers from the directory; merchant stockholders only are eligible for office.

The American ship *Robena* lately arrived at the Woolwich Arsenal with six breech-loading cannon, manufactured at New York by order of the British government.

By means of an apparatus invented by M. Bullof of Paris, and in which electricity is the only agent, six pounds of beef were boiled and perfectly cooked in five minutes and ten seconds.

A Finnish journal states that the Russian government has despatched two physicians to the parishes of Northern Finland to instruct the inhabitants in the art of making bread from moss.

London has 10,000 distinct streets, squares, circuses, crescents, terraces, villas, rows, buildings, places, lanes, courts, alleys, mews, yards and rents.

The steamer *Fox*, Capt. McClintock, fitted out by Lady Franklin, has set sail for the Arctic seas in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin.

The Dutch Minister of Finance has decided that daguerreotypists and photographers are not to be considered artists, and that consequently they are to pay the tax for patents, or licences to trade.

There are said to be 2600 turnpike gates in England, and eight thousand people are employed to attend them, "whose sole occupation is to obstruct the traffic and annoy the traveller." There are, luckily, none of these old-fashioned nuisances on railways.

The increase of population during the last twelve months in Great Britain is far greater than in any equal period; for not only are the births more numerous, but the deaths, which had risen to 437,905 for 1854, and 425,703 for 1855, were last year only 391,369.

The illustrious family of Cornwallis has become extinct in the male line, by the death of Lady Mary Singleton, the only daughter of Charles, the first Marquis, celebrated as a soldier and a statesman, and also as the captive of Washington at Yorktown.

Mr. Thackeray, according to one of the English journals, is making £500 a week by abusing the Queen's uncles. This may account for his delaying the commencement of his new novel, as he is to have only six thousand pounds sterling for twenty to twenty four months' pretty hard labor with the pen.

## Record of the Times.

About seven thousand gentlemen who do business in Boston, reside in the neighboring towns.

Twice as many foreign fruit trees were important this year than in any previous one.

At Troy, N. Y., handsome young ladies sell kisses to gentlemen at the Fairs.

The firemen of Chicopee, Mass., have raised a pole 180 feet high at a cost of 300 dollars.

Street gaslights were first established in Mobile, 20 years ago—as yet they have but 175 lamps.

In New Haven a man died recently from inflammation after having a carious tooth extracted.

A strawberry measuring six inches in circumference was gathered in California this season.

A farmer named Hayes, near Knoxville, Md., was stung to death while hiving a swarm of bees.

Mr. Gough, the famous temperance lecturer, intends to be absent in Europe about three years.

It is said that the Mormons are increasing rapidly in Connecticut—the land of steady habits.

There have been 1135 married couples divorced during the nine years past, in Philadelphia.

Two and a half million feet of pine lumber were used in making clocks in Connecticut last year.

It is said that in Westchester Centre, Ct., there has not been a death in one and a half years.

Wheat from the foot of Mt. Carmel, in the Holy Land, has come to maturity in seven weeks in Alabama.

In 1830 we had forty-three colleges; in 1840 ninety-five; and in 1857 we have one hundred and twenty seven.

Another coal mine has been discovered in Jackson county, Michigan, only thirty rods from the track of the Michigan Central Railroad.

The ready made clothing business of Boston employs 51,000 people, and the annual production is valued at \$12,000,000.

The New York Herald is now printed on new ten-cylinder Hoe presses that throw off 20,000 sheets in an hour.

About 250 bushels of the seed of the Chinese sugar cane have been distributed by the Patent Office this season.

A western editor in dunning his subscribers, says he has had responsibilities thrown upon him which he is obliged to *meat*. His wife has presented him with a pair of twins.

The lager beer manufactured at Rochester is pronounced the best made in this country. There is a new and extensive establishment soon to go into operation there.

The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible, in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago.

The inventor of the patent metallic burial case was the first person to be entombed in one, and it is now stated that a man named Sholl, who first used terra cotta for coffins, has become the first patron of his own ingenuity.

No less than seven cities have stood on the ground occupied by Delhi and its ruins.

100,000 crates of crockery are annually imported from Liverpool. Are their consignees *craters*?

Laboring women in Germany receive 25 cents a month, and men 20 dollars a year.

About ten per cent. of common salt added to cod liver oil conceals its taste.

A few drops of chloroform, it is said, will effectually cure sea-sickness.

There is a Mormon church in New York containing 500 members.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was \$50 per annum.

The great tunnel on the Iron Mountain Railroad in Missouri has just been completed. It is 800 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 12 feet high.

Since the establishment of the United States mint, eighteen tons of copper have been used in the manufacture of pennies.

The value of personal property in Cincinnati, the present year, by the Assessor's returns to the County Auditor, amounts to over \$20,000,000.

A single sugar-maple shade tree in Vernon, O., yielded sap from which fifty-one pounds of sugar was made the past season.

Painting has come into fashion among the English ladies, and paleness, as an aristocratic grace, has "paled its ineffectual fires" to extinction.

A number of the members of a Methodist congregation in Indianapolis, Ind., have withdrawn from it, because the old fashion of seating males and females on separate seats has been abandoned.

From the records of the Pension Bureau it appears that the land warrants issued since the first law was passed, will call for fifty-eight millions of acres.

The graves of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Massachusetts, are in the granary burial ground in Boston, without monuments to mark them.

A traveller in Europe writes:—"Those careful parents who hesitate to bring their children to Europe lest they be demoralized, might sometimes find it well to be careful that they do not come to demoralize Europe."

The exportation of palm oil from Liberia has risen from 1000 barrels a year to more than 1,000,000, within the memory of one President. Cotton manufactures in the interior are represented to be in a state of great forwardness.

Chimney sweeping is profitable in San Francisco. The chimney of the mint yielded eleven hundred and eighty ounces of gold—after a two-months' sweeping. The chimney was defective, and in the process of refining, wasted much of the precious metal.

Samuel Crane, of South Danvers, has a pocket knife which was given him by his father when he was but ten years old. His father also gave him a rake, which he has used ever since, although the father has been dead 41 years. His own age is 68. This crowds hard on the umbrella story.

## Merry-Making.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

That was a pretty good epitaph on a new-killed lamb—"Peace to its remains."

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog? One wears a shirt, the other pants.

The height of fashion—dresses three inches below the shoulder.

Law is like prussic acid—a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

"Pray don't mention it," as the man said when he was told by the tax-collector that his rates were due.

There are two kinds of family jars; into one you put your sweet-meats, and into the other you put—your foot.

The man who was struck with amazement, has betaken himself to that celebrated remedy for bruises—Russia Salve.

Did you ever know anybody to go to a knife-box for a knife without always getting hold of a fork first?

The hardest situation for a grumbler to be in, is to feel like grumbling, and have nothing to grumble at.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for making it.

I am passionately fond of paintings, as the young beau said, when he kissed the rouged cheek of his sweetheart.

A manager said to an actor the other night, "Do pay a little attention to your part." "So I do," was the reply, "as little as I can."

The New York Post says that a lady who enjoys the luxury of an elegant home, remarked, after reading the poem, "Nothing to Wear," that she had enough to wear, but no where to wear it.

The gentlest task-master we ever knew, is a blacksmith, who says every evening to his apprentices, "Come, boys, let's leave off work and go to sawing wood!"

An old fellow being visited by his pastor, he assured him that he could not be a good Christian unless he took up his daily cross, whereat he caught up his wife and began lugging her about the room.

"You charge a dollar for killing a calf, you smutty rascal!" said a planter to an old negro. "No, no, massa," replied the gentleman from Africa, "I charge fifty cents for killum calf, and fifty cents for the know how."

An editor in our eye, says that little garden patch of his was very productive the last season. The snails ate up the cucumbers, the neighbor's cats ate up the chickens, and he is now in search of something that will eat up the cats! Can any of our agricultural friends aid him?

Sam was asked what he thought of the effects of hot drinks on the system. "Hot drinks, sir," said he, "are decidedly bad. Tea and coffee, sir, are harmful. And even hot punch, when it is very hot—very hot indeed—and taken often in large quantities, I suppose, is slightly deleterious."

What has a cat that nothing else has? Kittens.

It has been wittily said that Cupid's food is arrow root.

The man who was "torn by conflicting emotions," is now sewed up.

Why is a chicken running, like a man whipping his wife? Because it's a fowl proceeding.

Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty-two.

"This must be looked into," as the spoiled child said to his father's watch, when he heard it tick.

The London Times says clairvoyance—

"Is the art of seeing through Those who are not sharp enough to see through you."

Why is a man who has pulled on a pair of close-fitting shoes like Jupiter? Because he has overcome the Titans.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

Dr. Johnson, in reply to a lady who asked him if he was fond of music, said—"No; but of all noises, I consider it the least disagreeable."

A New York paper, noticing the death of a distinguished man of New Hampshire, says he was "a lawyer by profession, and an honest man in practice."

An itinerant female musician not far from Cincinnati, knocked a "nice young man" into the gutter one day, hat, boots and all, for attempting to kiss her. Saved him right.

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door, and calls it a tavern, or grocery, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

Mention a young lady whose name describes the warmth of her heart—Miss Jenny Ross (generous); and one whose name is characteristic of her carelessness—Miss Annie Howe (anyhow).

In a dialogue which Dobbs had with himself the other day, he came to the conclusion that the best way to succeed with a woman is to brag of her baby and speak well of her bonnet.

Teacher: "Boy at the foot, spell 'admittance.'" Boy: "Ad mit-tance, admittance." Teacher: "Give the definition." Boy: "Twenty-five cents—niggers and children half price!"

"Mr. Green, when you said there was too much American eagle in the speaker's discourse, did you mean to say that it was a talon-ted production; and to what claws of the speech do you especially refer?"

The celebrated artist, who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon that is painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the day-time.

A story is going the rounds, of a party of young ladies who were caught in a shower, and had the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color in some of the gentlemen's cheeks will not be washed out with water at present.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



The pets—the originals of the old saying, "Love me, love my dog."



Latest from Capi Cod—by Gutta Percha Telegraph.



"Celebrated Prima Donnas" engaged by M. Ullman, for the next grand sensation troupe.



Curiosities of the council-committee on education.



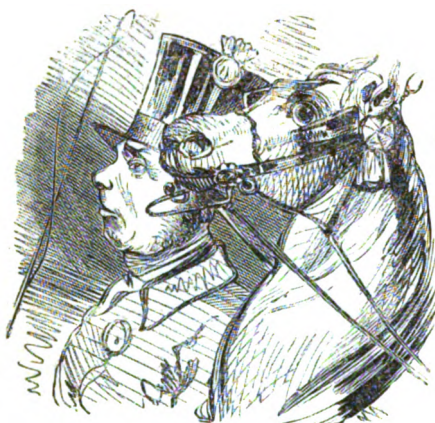
Two specimens of the lion in our menagerie, the African and British species.



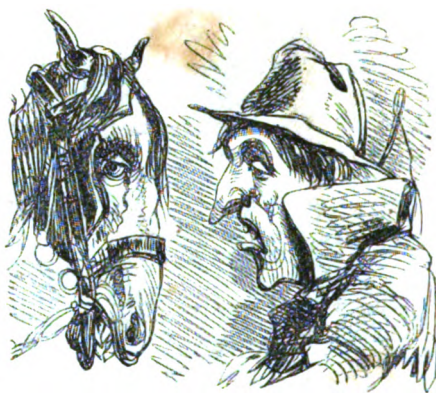
Lady-killers on a slaughtering expedition in Washington Street.



# ANIMAL PROTOTYPES.



5th Avenue—Bugges, the millionaire's, new turn-out.



Five Points—Sketch at the Dead Rabbit head-quarters.



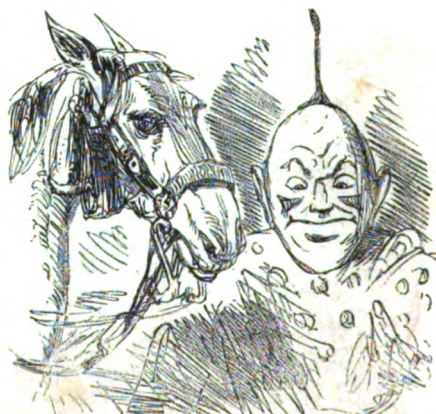
8th Avenue—The Mule's Paradise.



On the Docks of the North River—Inveterate natives.



The new Aid-de-camp of 1st Div. — Militia, and his favorite charger.



A pair of spirited and intelligent animals from the vicinity of Sands's Circus.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1857.

WHOLE No. 35.

## BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM PENN.

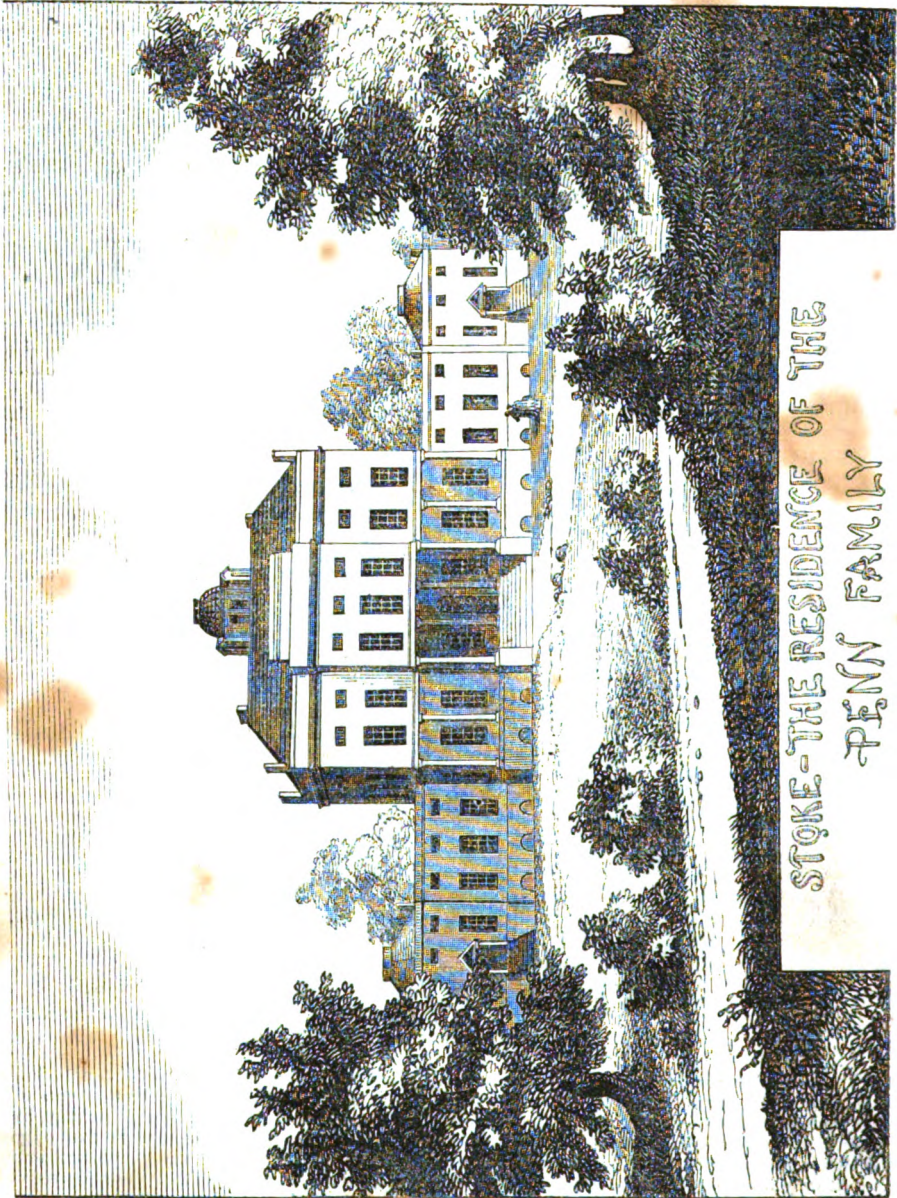


PENN NEGOTIATING TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

There are few names that stand brighter on the page of history than that of William Penn, the founder and lawgiver of Pennsylvania, whose career in Europe and America we propose to sketch in the present number of the "Magazine," illustrating it, besides the full length portrait of our subject, which forms the initial engraving, with pictures of places intimately associated with his name. A distinguished American observed to us, not long ago, that "of all lawgivers there are none whose names shine so brightly on the page of history as do those of George Washington and William Penn," both of whom he claimed for his country. The former was, indeed, truly a great man; perhaps of all patriots who ever lived, he is the one most "without spot or blemish"—pure, faithful, unselfish, devoted. Yet, all things considered, it may be that

William Penn is entitled to nearly equal admiration. The one, nurtured in liberty, became its high priest; the other, cradled in luxury, lived to endure a long and fierce struggle with oppression. And yet amid sore temptations and seductive flatteries, he passed with the innate consciousness of genius, and a human desire of approbation, conquering not only others but himself, and finally doing justice to the "red men" of a new country, whom all his predecessors had sought to pillage and destroy. The sense of right must indeed have been of great strength in the nature of William Penn. In an age fertile of slander against every act of virtue, and of calumny as regarded all good men, the marvel is, how his reputation has descended to us so unsullied; living, as he did, with those who make us blush for England, and often in contact with the low-





mind and the false, who were ever on the watch to do him wrong, still the evil imputed to him is little, if it be any, more than tradition; while his goodness is, to this day, as a beacon, casting its clear light from the waves of the Atlantic, and his name a watchword of honor, and a synonyme for probity and philanthropy. It's a joy and a comfort to turn over the pages of this great man's life; to view him as a statesman, acting upon Christian principles in direct opposition to the ordinary policy of the world; and it was to

us a source of high enjoyment to reflect upon his eventful career, while spending, not long since some sunny days wandering amid scenes in Buckinghamshire—in places which bear his honored name. In Penn Wood there are trees yet in the vigor of green old age, beneath the shadow of which the peaceful lawgiver of Pennsylvania might have pondered on the true and national liberty he would have so gladly died to establish. There is one spot—he most hallowed of them all—of which we shall pre-

ently write; a simple, quiet resting-place for those who had gone to sleep in peace. But, ere we pause at this shrine, we must recall the law-giver, amid the billows of life, buffeting the waves which, in the end, floated him into the haven of rest. The family of William Penn were of Buckinghamshire, and from them sprang the Penns of Penn's Lodge. From the Penns of Penn's Lodge our William Penn came in direct descent. His father was, by profession, one of England's rough bulwarks, braving "the battle and the breeze." Admiral Sir William Penn married Margaret, the daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam, and in due time the fair Dutch woman's son became "proprietor" of Pennsylvania. William was born in the parish of St. Catherine's Tower Hill, on the 14th day of October, 1644; doubtless his mother left her home at Wansted, in Essex, to be confined in London, although the neighborhood of the Tower could not have been a quiet retreat. The beat of the drum and the blast of the trumpet must have often disturbed the couch of the young mother. The fashionable world of those days knew nothing of the "west end," except from the salubrity of its fields and mulberry gardens; and the locality of Tower Hill was well adapted to suit the taste and calling of the admiral, who had there chosen his "townhouse." In due time the mother and child returned to Wansted, and the Archbishop of York having, a little time previously, founded a grammar school at Chigwell, the embryo lawgiver was sent there at a very early age.

Chigwell is an old and silent village; the church, with its row of arching yews, the large inn opposite, with its deep gables and bowed windows, and the entire character of the village carried the mind insensibly back. The school is an ivy covered building, and the room in which the after governor of Pennsylvania was educated, bears the marks of considerable antiquity. The temperament of William Penn was sensitive and enthusiastic, and must have caused his parents much anxiety. It is certain that while at Chigwell, his mind became seriously impressed on the great subject of religion. The admiral, we may suppose, if he knew of this impression, would not have regarded it favorably; and if it were known to him, it made him hasten his son's departure from Chigwell; for the following year we find him at school near his birthplace on Tower Hill, and most likely at a day school, for his father, to augment his scholarship, kept a private tutor for him at his own house. Sir William had high hopes for his darling child. His talents were of lofty order, his accomplishments were many, and he won all hearts by his captivating manners. When fifteen, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. There, without neglecting his studies, he took great delight in manly sports, and in the society of his companions. While at Oxford, the words of a Quaker preacher made a great impression on him, and touched his heart, and, meeting with some other students, of kindred religious views, they held meetings among themselves, at which they both preached and prayed.



EXTERIOR OF CHIGWELL SCHOOL, WHERE PENN RECEIVED HIS EARLY INSTRUCTION.





PENN'S TREATY GROUND, WITH THE FAIRMAN, ON THE DELAWARE.

This gave great offence to the college authorities, who summoned the delinquents before them and severely censured them, but as they persisted in their religious exercises, they were expelled for contumacy. On his return home, Penn's father vainly attempted to divert him from his religious pursuits, as being likely to stand in the way of his worldly preferment, but finding him inflexible, the fiery old sailor beat him severely and turned him out of doors. He relented, however, at the intercession of the young man's mother, and again received him at his fire-side. Not long after this, the admiral consented to his son's travelling on the continent, the more readily because he probably thought that the gayeties of Paris, his first point of destination, might render his disposition more pliable and mundane. In this, however, he was disappointed, for young Penn, while he added to his acquirements a knowledge of the French language, and the polite usages of the continent, retained his purity, and strengthened his religious convictions. At the college of Saumur, under the tutelage of Amyraut, his mind was trained in the severities of Calvinism, as tempered by the spirit of universal love. In 1664 the appointment of his father to the command of a British squadron in the naval war with Holland, compelled him to return home. He now studied law at Lincoln's inn, and then his father sent him to Ireland to manage a considerable estate. Of this period of his life Bancroft thus writes:

"Having thus perfected his understanding by the learning of Oxford, the religion and philosophy of the French Huguenots and France, and the study of the laws of England, in the bloom of youth, being of engaging manners, and so skilled in the use of the sword, that he easily disarmed antagonists, of great natural

vivacity, and gay good humor, the career of wealth and preferment opened before him through the influence of his father and the ready favor of his sovereign. But his mind was already imbued with 'a deep sense of the vanity of the world and the irreligiousness of its religion.' At length in 1666, on a journey in Ireland, William Penn heard his old friend Thomas Loe speak of the faith that overcomes the world; the undying fire of enthusiasm at once blazed up within him, and he renounced every hope for the path of integrity. 'It is a path into which,' says Penn, 'God, in his everlasting kindness guided my feet in the flower of my youth, when about two-and-twenty years of age.' And in the autumn of that year, he was in jail for the crime of listening to the voice of conscience. 'Religion,' such was his remonstrance to the viceroy of Ireland, 'is my crime and my innocence; it makes me a prisoner to malice, but my own freeman.'

"After his enlargement, returning to England, he encountered bitter mockings and scornings, the invectives of the priests, the strangeness of all his old companions; it was noised about, in the fashionable world, as an excellent jest, that 'William Penn was a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing,' and his father, in anger, again turned him penniless out of doors. The outcast, saved from extreme indigence by a mother's fondness, became an author, and announced to princes, priests and people, that he was one of the despised, afflicted and forsaken Quakers; and repairing to court with his hat on, he sought to engage the Duke of Buckingham in favor of liberty of conscience, claimed from those in authority better quarters for dissenters than stocks and whips, and dungeons and banishments, and was urging the cause of freedom with

importunity, when he himself, in the heyday of youth, was consigned to a long and close imprisonment in the tower. His offence was heresy; the bishop of London menaced him with imprisonment for life unless he would recant. 'My prison shall be my grave,' answered William Penn. The kind-hearted Charles II. sent the humane and candid Stillingfleet to calm the young enthusiast. 'The tower,' such was Penn's message to the king, 'is to me the worst argu-

ment in the world.' In vain did Stillingfleet urge the motive of royal favor and preferment; the inflexible young man demanded freedom of Arlington, 'as the natural privilege of an Englishman.' Club law, he argued with the minister, may make hypocrites: it never can make converts. Conscience needs no work of public allowance. It is not like a bale of goods, that it is to be forfeited unless it has the stamp of the custom-house. After losing his freedom for

LANDING OF PENN AT BLUE ANCHOR INN.





about nine months, his prison door was opened by the intercession of his father's friend, the Duke of York; for his constancy had commanded the respect and recovered the favor of his father."

As an author, he had now distinguished himself by his essays—"The Sandy Foundation Shaken," "No Cross, no Crown," and "Innocency with her open Face." In 1670, the meetings of dissenters were forbidden, under severe penalties; but the Quakers continued to meet as usual, and when their houses were closed, would assemble in the streets. For addressing the people at one of these meetings, William Penn was committed to Newgate, tried before a jury, and acquitted; he was, however, detained in prison, and the jury fined for their verdict. This year Sir William Penn died, fully reconciled to his son, to whom he left a large estate, taking leave of him in these memorable words: "Son William, let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. So will you keep peace at home which will be a feast to you in a day of trouble." Shortly after this event, Penn travelled, in the exercise of his ministry, into Holland and Germany. In the year 1672, he married Gulielma Maria Springett, whose father (Sir William) having been killed at the siege of Bamber, in the civil wars, her mother had married Isaac Pennington, of Chalfont, in Bucks, an eminent minister and writer among the Quakers. In 1677, he visited Germany again, in company with George Fox, and Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist.

One of our engravings represents Stoke, the residence of the Penn family in England, a plain but spacious manor-house; and another the Chigwell school-house, where William Penn received his early education. In 1676, Penn became manager of "property concerns" in New Jersey; he invited settlers, sent them out in three vessels, and occupied himself in the formation of a constitution, consisting of terms of agreement and concession. Perfect religious liberty was of course established, and William Penn left on record that "he hoped he had laid the foundation for those in after ages of their liberty both as men and Christians, and by an adherence to which, they never could be brought into bondage but by their own consent." In these days, it is little more than a pleasure-trip to cross the Atlantic; but in the time of William Penn, it was a serious undertaking. Yet nothing obstructed his progress; when once he fixed within his mind it was *right* to act, the act was "afoot." For several succeeding years, he was projecting plans for the good of New Jersey. His heart was rent asunder by the persecutions endured by his people—especially in the "rough" city of Bristol—and anxious as he then was for the grants, which he in after time obtained, the fear of "great ones" never prevented raising hand and voice against tyranny. At length, one of his great objects was attained; the charter, granting him the tract of land which he himself had marked out, bears date the fourth of March, 1681. He had petitioned for land in "the far West" where brethren might dwell together in unity, in love, and in security, chiefly as the liquidation of debt which the government owed his father. And when his petition was granted, then commenced the career by which his name is

chiefly known and honored. Gathering a "favored people" together from wherever he had preached "the word," at a very early period, he freighted two ships with Irish Quakers. Mercurial as the Irish are, there is no country where Quakers are more beloved and trusted to this day than in Ireland. The embarkation of this Quaker colony must have formed a strange contrast to the going out of an emigrant ship in our own day. The well-clad, well-organized, steadfast, earnest, subdued, yet hopeful people, taking leave of those whom they loved, yet left—subduing, as is their custom, all outward indications of anguish, and seeming ashamed of the emotion which sent tears to their eyes, and tremor to their lips! Two of the good ships—well-ordered, well-appointed, well-provisioned—sailed from London, and also another from Bristol. How different from the wretched hulks which are now sent staggering across the seas, to convey a diseased, half naked and enfeebled multitude to the promised land! Penn's letter to the Indians, transmitted by one of the earlier ships, is a masterpiece of what worldlings call policy, but which is simply justice and right feeling. This letter preceded his visit, and was well calculated to excite the confidence and curiosity of the red men, who must have felt deeply anxious to see the pale face who addressed them, and was disposed to treat them as brethren. The death of his mother, at this time, spread a gloom over his loving spirit, and delayed his departure; but the interest of the new world summoned him from the old. He at length sailed for the new world, in the ship *Welcome*, and was there greeted by his future subjects, consisting of English, Irish, Dutch and Swedes, then in number about 3000. He had people of many lands and many creeds to deal with, as well as an unseen and almost unknown nation; but he commenced with so noble an act of justice, in paying the Indians for the lands already given him in payment by the king of England, that pale faces and red skins were alike convinced of his certain honesty of purpose. There are few persons whose pulsations are so numbered that they will not beat the quicker when they hear of a generous action; the soul is revived, even in a worldly bosom, by the throbs of immortality which tell us they are great and righteous deeds prompted by God himself. With what an upright gait and open brow must William Penn have met the tribes at Coaquannon—the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands—foremost of a handful of Quakers, without a weapon, undefended, except by that true protector which the Almighty has stamped on every honest brow. Here the peace-loving lawmaker awaited the pouring out of the dusky tribes. Amid the woods, as far as eye could reach, dark masses of wild, uncouth creatures, some with paint and feathers, and rude but deadly weapons, advance slowly, and in good order; grave, stern chiefs, and strong-armed braves gathering to meet a few unarmed strangers, their future friends, not masters! There was neither spear nor pistol, sword nor rifle, scourge nor fetter, open or concealed among these white men; the trysting-place was an elm tree of prodigious growth at Shackamaxson, the present Kensington of Philadelphia.

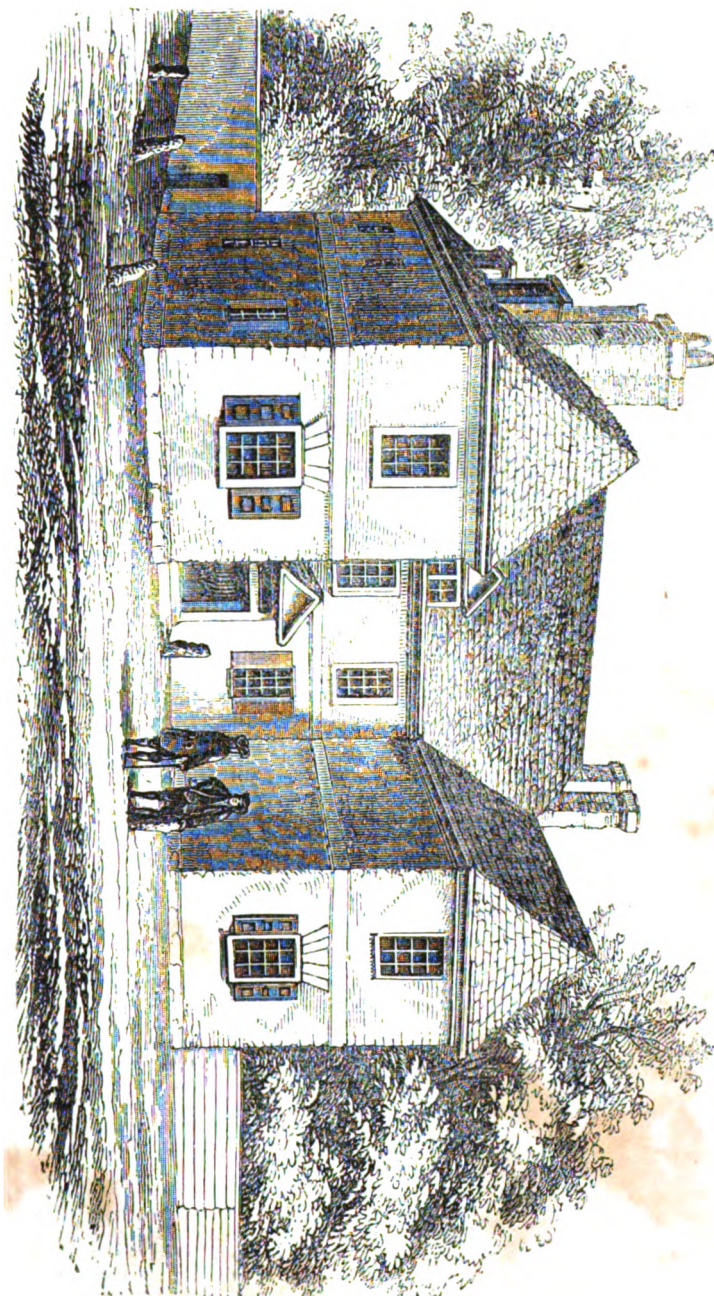
The large elm under which Penn concluded his treaty is seen to the right of the foreground

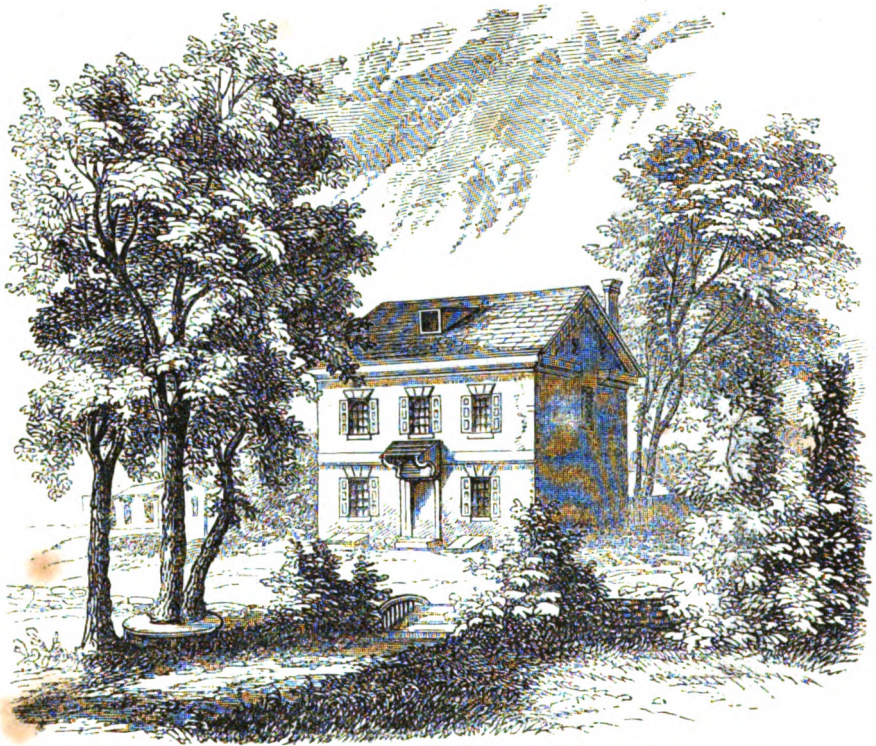


of the engraving representing the treaty. It was blown down on the 3d of March, 1810. In its form it was remarkably widespread, but not lofty; its main branch, inclining towards the river, measured fifteen feet in length, its girth around the trunk was twenty four feet, and its age, as it was counted by the inspection of its circles of

annual growth, was two hundred and eighty-three years. It stood on the edge of the bank which sloped to the river. The avenue of trees seen in the view, and Fairman Maurian opposite, was constructed in 1702. Penn greatly desired to purchase it as a country residence for himself, but failed to do so. Towards this tree, the lead-

PENN'S RESIDENCE, SLATE ROOF HOUSE, CORNER OF NORRIS ALLEY AND THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.





PENN'S HOUSE, LETITIA COURT, PHILADELPHIA.

ers of both tribes drew near, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches—front to front, eye to eye, neither having a dishonorable thought towards his fellow-men, comprehending each other by means of the great interpreter—truth! How vexatious, that history should be so mute as to this most glorious meeting, and that there is but little tradition—the faintest echo of the past—to tell of the speeches made by the Indians and replied to by Penn, after his first address had been delivered. The Quaker used no subterfuge, employed no stratagem to draw them into confidence; imposed not upon their senses by a display of crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any of the visible signs of stately dominion or warlike power, to which, like all wild men, they were inclined to render homage. And this is a thing to look at with pride and thankfulness, when man, in a righteous purpose, and with simplicity and steadfast intent, becomes so completely one of Heaven's delegates, that he is looked up to and respected by his fellow-mortals who are not so richly endowed by God. It must have been a sight of exceeding glory when Penn, whose only personal distinction was a netted sash of light blue silk, cast his eyes over the mighty and strange multitude, who observed him with an earnest interest, while his followers displayed to the tribes various articles of merchandize, and he advanced steadily towards the great sachem, chief of them all, who, as Penn drew near, placed a horned chaplet on his head, which gave his

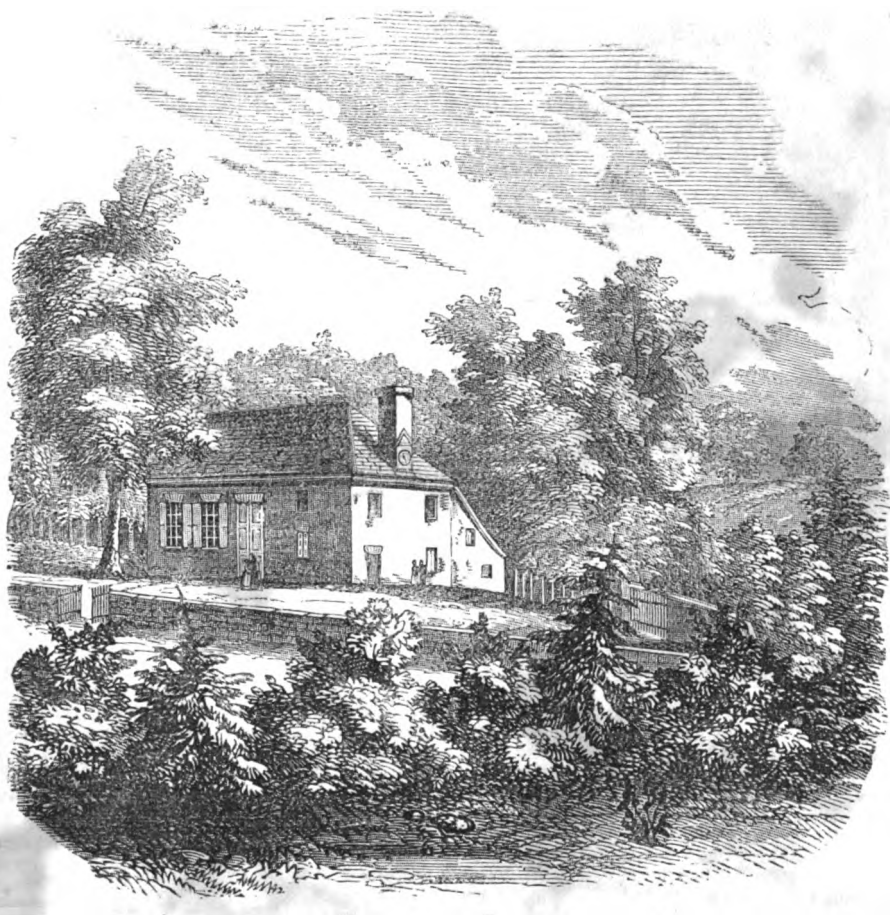
people intimation that the sacredness of peace was over all. With one consent, the tribes threw down their bows and arrows, crouched around their great chiefs, forming a huge half-moon on their ground, while the great chief told William Penn, by his interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him. This scene has never been recorded or painted as it might be. The great fact that he there spoke fearlessly and honestly what they had heard and believed, pledging themselves, when he had concluded, according to their country's manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children so long as the sun and moon should endure, is more suggestive than any record in modern history.

Slate-roof house, the city residence of William Penn and family while in Philadelphia, on his second visit, in 1700, is remarkable as the birth-place of the only one of the race of Penn born in the country. Here John Penn, the American, was born one month after the arrival of his family. After Penn's decease, the house was retained as the governor's residence, and John Adams and other members of the congress had their lodgings in the State House. After arranging all matters for the future city, well might Penn write home: "In fine, here is what Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would be content with, and service enough for God, for the fields here are white to the harvest. O, how sweet it is, the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries and perplexities of



woeful Europe!" But much as the lawgiver eulogised the quiet of his new colony, he was not content to remain there. His mind was anxious; his affections were divided between two hemispheres; his ardent, restless nature longed to act wherever action was needed. He, therefore, returned to England; Charles II. was trembling on the verge of the grave, which soon closed over him, leaving nothing for immortality but the fame of weakness even in vice. William Penn records James telling him, soon after his accession that now he meant to "go to mass above board;" upon which the Quaker remarked quaintly and promptly, that "he hoped his majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased." He resided then in a house at Charing Cross, most probably one ready finished, as it has not been pointed out as a residence. His journeyings to and fro were resumed, and as he was known to be affectionately attached to James, when William came to the throne he was persecuted nearly as much as in old times. Pennsylvania, too, became disturbed—not by discontent

of the red man, but by discontent with another governor. After a lapse of seventeen years, he again sailed with his family to Pennsylvania, and was received by white and red as their father and their friend. He dispelled many differences, healed many sores, and saw the city he had planned rising rapidly on every side. These seventeen years seemed to have done the work of seventy, and the prosperity of Pennsylvania was secured. He had shown the possibility of a nation maintaining its own internal policy amid a mixture of different nations and opposite civil and religious opinions, and maintaining its foreign relations also without the aid of a soldier or a man-at-arms. The constable's staff was the only symbol of authority in Pennsylvania for the greater part of a century! He had still abundant vexations to endure; his circumstances became embarrassed. He returned with his family to England an aged man—though more aged by the unceasing anxiety and activity of his life, than by his years. There are traditions of his dwelling at Kensington Knightsbridge; but it is known that he possessed himself of a handsome



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT JORDANS, AND THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

mansion at Rushcome, near Twyford, in Berkshire. Rushcome is a quiet little village on the borders of Berkshire. It lies in a valley; and the gently rising hills afar off add to the placid beauty of the scene. Some very old cottages and farms constitute the homes of its inhabitants, which remain much as they must have been when Penn was here a resident. The house in which he died was destroyed nearly twenty years ago; and an old countryman—who noticed our scrutiny of the village, and entered freely into the interest of our visit—described it as a large, quaint old mansion, which stood opposite the church, and commanded the view exhibited in our wood cut—a view entirely unaltered by modernization, and upon which the eye of Penn must

to the burying-grounds of Jordans. It must have been a thrilling sight—the silent and solemn people wending their way through the embowered lands leading from Rushcome into Buckinghamshire, that hallowed land of Hampden, consecrated by so many memories, of which Penn, if not chiefest, is now among the chief. In Thomas Story's Journal, he narrates the circumstances of Penn's death and funeral with touching simplicity: "On the thirty-first of the fifth month, 1718, I received a letter from Hannah Penn, of the decease of her husband, our ancient and honorable friend, William Penn, who departed this life on the thirtieth, between two and three in the morning, of a short sickness." He then notes his visit on the first of the succeeding month to



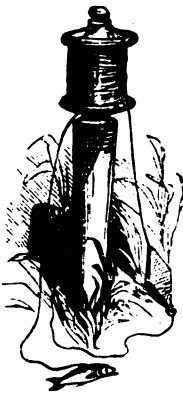
MONUMENT TO PENN, AT KENSINGTON, ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.

have often rested. Here a stroke of apoplexy benumbed his active brain, and rendered him unfit for business. Such strokes were repeated, during six years, until he finally sank beneath them. Those who visited him between the periods of infliction, bore testimony to his faith, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and of his unfading loving-kindness and gentleness to those around him. Thus, through faintness and weakness, he had but little actual suffering, though there was a gradual pacing towards eternity, and on the 30th day of July, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he put off the mortal coil which he had worn even to the wearing out, and joined in heaven those he had loved on earth. There was an immediate and mighty gathering of his friends and admirers, who attended his remains

Rushcombe, where "I staid till the fifth of August, and that day accompanied the corpse to the grave at Jordans meeting-place in the county of Bucks, where we had a large meeting of Friends, and others from many places; and as the Lord had made choice of him in the days of his youth for great and good service, and had been with him in many dangers and difficulties of various kinds, so he did not leave him in his last moments, but honored the occasion with his blessed presence, and gave a happy season of his goodness to the general satisfaction of all, the meeting being well spoken of by strangers afterwards."

One of our engravings illustrates this spot, and the others the landing-place of the law-giver, the "slate-roof" house, his residence in Philadelphia, and the monument at Kensington.

## SOMETHING ABOUT FISHES.



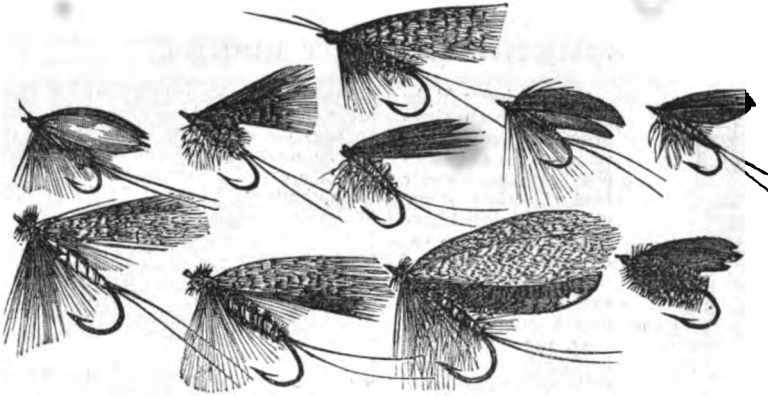
BANK RUNNER.

Our readers will be gratified with the views given on these pages of some of the finny species. Angling has ever been a favorite pastime, and many a jovial hour is spent in fishing excursions. The sports of the line furnish an inexhaustible charm, and they beguile many an hour, not only to the hardy fisherman, whose daily sustenance compels him to adopt and follow this mode of occupation, but to the amateur who whiles away the lazy time in sporting with the line and net. It would be useless, in the present day, to affect to pronounce any eulogy upon the sport of fishing. Even those who are not sportsmen admit that its pleasures are innocent and healthy; and the universal favor in which they have been held, from the earliest ages to the present, is no slight testimony in their behalf, nor slight justification of any attempt to regulate and render beneficial the pursuit of them. It is certain that those who have once enjoyed the pleasures of fishing require no recommendation to continue them; the relish for them, like the relish for anything that is healthy and natural, increases with fruition, and "grows with what it feeds on." All recreations, when properly conducted, resemble those intellectual enjoyments, wherein pleasure, indeed, seems the means, but instruction as well as amusement may be considered the end. And though, in the barbarism of the darker ages, man may have hunted, and shot, and fished with as little care for improvement, and as small a chance of increase of knowledge, as if he had been a mere beast or bird of prey, modern times have produced a great change in this respect. Philosophy now gains stores of interesting facts from the laborious pleasures of the intelligent sportsman; our acquaintance with natural history is improved; and the most exciting of amusements is made one of the best means of instruction. It is the characteristic of this age that nothing can be done without receiving aid from science, and nothing that receives such aid fails to impart added stores of information to it in return. We have put off the belief that men can do anything sufficiently well by mere force of habit, and we insist on knowing why they do a thing, and what are the various, and which are the best, modes of doing it. The sportsman by rote is but half a sportsman; his range of pleasure is confined by the want of knowledge, and even the things he sees can hardly be said to be observed by him, or afford him any pleasure but that derived from having by his skill obtained possession of them. But he who has improved his opportunities of knowledge has a double enjoyment; he has pleas-

ant thoughts for his companions, his sports are better conducted and more successful; and while he bags his game with the satisfaction of a victor, he marks and remembers its peculiarities with the eye of a naturalist. Who has not felt the enthusiastic bursts of feeling of old Isaac Walton, on reading his description of the prey he took, the place of its capture, and even of the means he employed to take it? And who has not felt how the old angler must have revelled in enjoyment, where a less cultivated sportsman would barely have attained to a sense of satisfaction? Knowledge, therefore, is sought by the sportsman, not only as a means of sporting well, but of sporting pleasurably. But the more he increases his amount of knowledge, the more he desires to increase it; and thus his powers of inquiry and observation are continually exercised, and by their exercise errors in natural history are corrected, and experience is acquired by him for his own benefit, and for the use of other men. To facilitate the accomplishment of purposes like these, books of all sorts have been, from time to time, published on the subject of sports, and these have for a short period satisfied curiosity, but have done so only to heighten it afterwards. The natural history of fishes has been the subject of learned investigation and research of late years to a greater extent than ever before; and the critical analysis and classification of Prof. Agassiz of the finny tribes has added to them many an item of interest. We cannot, of course, say anything new, but only reiterate the observations of those who have made them their study. Among the numerous varieties of fishes which people our seas and rivers, we select the following as illustrations, appending some account descriptive of their habits, etc. Wonderful as it may appear to see creatures existing in a medium so dense that men, beasts and birds must inevitably perish in it, yet experience proves that, besides those species which we are in the daily habit of seeing, the very depths of the immense ocean contains myriads of



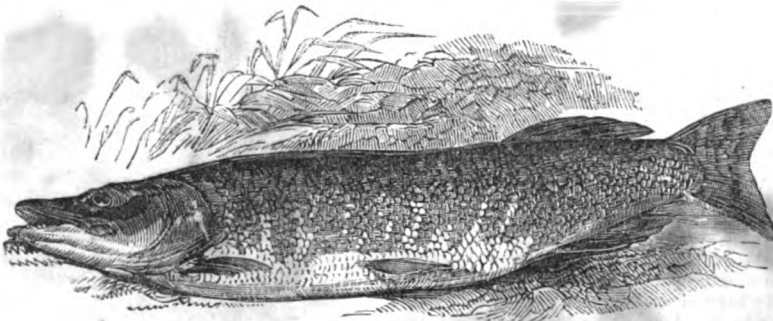
DIPPING FOR TROUT AND GRAYLING.



FLIES USED IN FISHING.

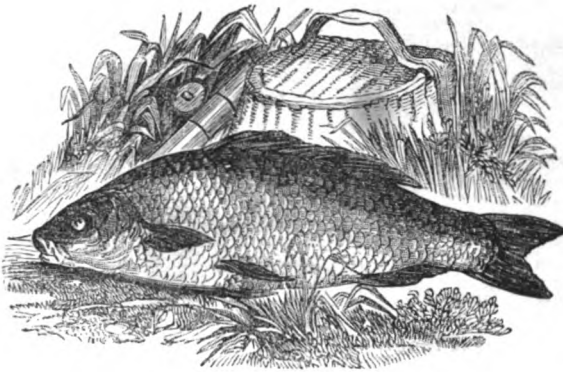
animated beings, to whose very form we are almost strangers, and of whose dispositions and manners we are still more ignorant. It is probable, indeed, that the fathomless recesses of the deep contain many kinds of fish that are never seen by man. In their construction, modes of life, and general design, the watery tribes are perhaps still more astonishing than the inhabitants of either the land or the air. The structure of fish, and their adaptation to the element in which they are to live, are eminent proofs of divine wisdom. Most of them have the same external form, sharp at each end, and swelling in the middle, by which configuration they are enabled to traverse their native element with greater ease and swiftness. From their shape, men originally took the idea of those vessels which are intended to sail with the greatest speed; but the progress of the swiftest sailing ship, with the advantage of a favorable wind, is far inferior to that of fish. Ten or twelve miles an hour is no small degree of rapidity in the sailing of a ship; yet any of the larger species of fish would soon overtake her, play round as if she did not move, and even advance considerably before her. The senses of fishes are remarkably imperfect; and, indeed, that of sight is almost the only one which, in general, they may be truly said to possess. But this is, in some degree, compensated by their astonishing longevity, several species being known to live more than a hundred years. The first engraving represents a Bank Runner,

one of the implements of fishing, a sort of stationary reel. The second depicts an angler stealthily bending over a stream, and preparing to throw his fly for trout. We have grouped together in another engraving a set of artificial flies of various sizes, used in catching trout and salmon. The manufacture of these flies is a great art—the plumage and down of birds, floss silk, hair, and other materials, are employed in their construction. Fishes are very capricious in their tastes, and at some seasons will not rise to a fly, which proves killing at others. Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" is the text-book of all lovers of the piscatorial art. He is a perfect enthusiast, and unaffectedly kind-hearted. He is so much so, that he cannot bring himself to *hate* anything—not even the worst things, except otters. But these he abuses in set terms, calling them "villanous vermin," and "base otters;" and he assures us that he "hates them perfectly, because they love fish so well—or rather, because they destroy so much." Next to otters, he dislikes scoffers, because he has heard they rail at his beloved pursuit. He makes it a point of conscience to dislike them, "because I account them enemies to me, and to all that love virtue and angling!" With him the terms are convertible. See what he says afterwards to the same effect: "It (angling) will prove, like virtue, a reward to itself." Again, he describes his deceased friend, Sir George Hastings, as "an excellent angler, and now with God," as if he believed, which he



THE PIKE.



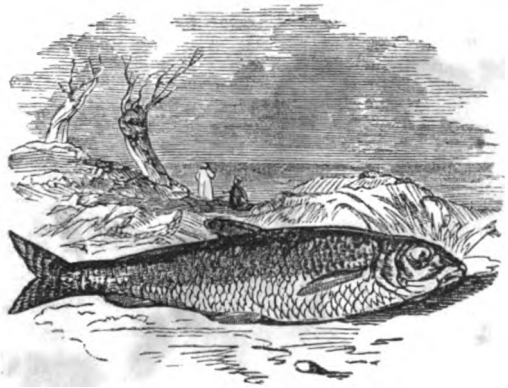


THE CARP.

undoubtedly did, that the one is the surest and shortest road to the other. Numerous other passages might be pointed out, to show that Walton actually *felt*, if he did not *believe*, that there is, in fact, some natural and necessary connexion between angling and virtue.—We present a very accurate engraving of the Pike, which grows to a vast size in English waters. The pike is common in most of the lakes of Europe, but the largest are those taken in Lapland, which, according to Schaeffer, are sometimes eight feet long. They are taken there in great abundance, dried and exported for sale. All writers who treat of this species bring instances of its vast voraciousness. We have known one that was choked by attempting to swallow one of its own species that proved too large a morsel. It does not confine itself to feed on fish and frogs; it will devour the water rat, and draw down the young ducks as they are swimming about. At the Marquis of Stafford's canal at Trentham, England, a pike seized the head of a swan, as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them both. The servants perceiving the swan with its head under water for a longer time than usual, took the boat, and found both swan and pike dead. Gesner relates, that a famished pike in the Rhone seized on the lips of a mule, that was brought to water, and that the beast drew out the fish before it could disengage itself—that people have been bit by these voracious creatures while they were washing their legs—and that they will even contend with the otter for its prey, and endeavor to force it out of its mouth. It affords much sport to anglers, who generally employ a method of fishing called "trolling." A gudgeon, roach, or large minnow, is so fixed to a number of formidable hooks, that, when drawn through the water, it spins rapidly round, and attracts the notice of the watchful pike, who dashes at the glittering bait with a violence that jars the rod down to the very butt. Off swims the pike to his place of concealment, leisurely turns the head of the bait downwards, and swallows it. Now, to swallow the fish is easy enough; but the array of barbed hooks proves an effectual obstacle

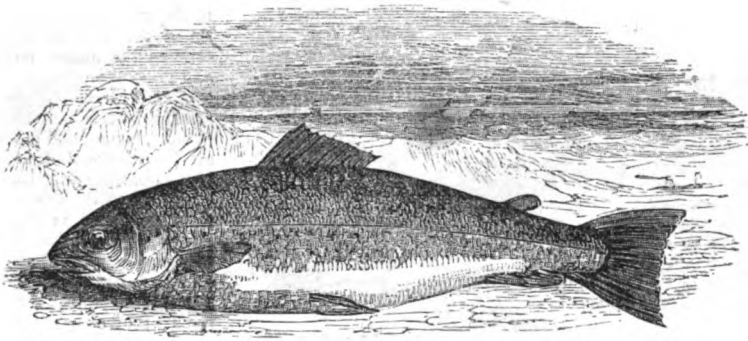
to the endeavors of the pike to get rid of the unwelcome morsel as soon as the angler jerks the line, and gives the pike to understand that hooks have points. The deluded pike now endeavors to break the line, but a good fisherman foils all his efforts, and at last lands him, wearied and bleeding, but ferocious to the last.—The Carp, also illustrated in this article, is one of the naturalized fish in England, having been introduced there by Leonard Maschal, about the year 1514. Carp are very long lived; they also grow to a very great size. These fish are extremely cunning, and on that account are by some styled the *River Fox*. They will sometimes leap over the nets, and escape that way;

at others, will immerse themselves so deep in the mud, as to let the net pass over them. They are also very shy of taking a bait; yet at the spawning time they are so simple as to suffer themselves to be tickled, and caught by anybody that will attempt it. It is so tenacious of life, that it may be kept alive for a fortnight in wet straw or moss.—The Gudgeon, of which we present a picture, is generally found in gentle streams, and is of a small size; those few, however, that are caught in the Kennet and Coln Rivers, in England, are three times the weight of those taken elsewhere. The largest we ever remember to have heard of was taken near Uxbridge, England, and weighed half a pound. They bite eagerly, and are assembled by raking the bed of the river; to this spot they immediately crowd in shoals, expecting food from this disturbance. The shape of the body is thick and round; the irides tinged with red, the gill covers with green and silver. The lower jaw is shorter than the upper; at each corner of the mouth is a single beard; the back olive, spotted with black; the side line straight; the sides beneath that silvery; the belly white. The tail is forked; that, as well as the dorsal fin, is spotted with black.—The Sea-Trout, or Salmon-Trout, migrates, like the salmon, up several of our rivers, spawns, and returns to the sea. The shape is thicker than the common trout; the



GUDGEON ANGLING.

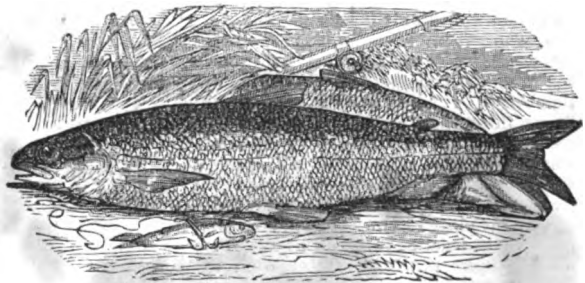




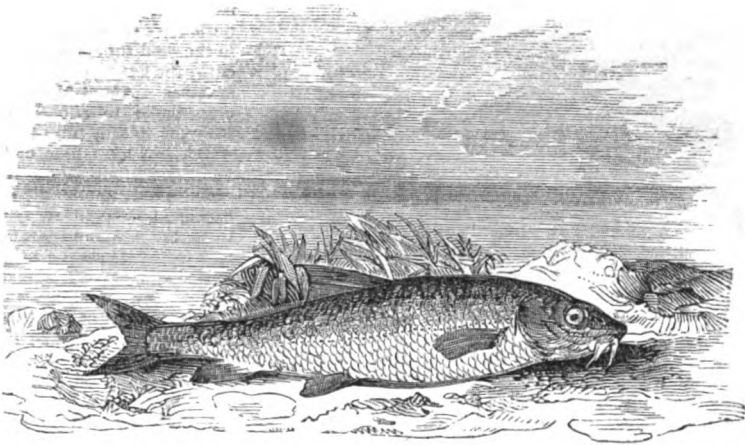
SEA-TROUT.

head and back are dusky, with a gloss of blue and green, and the sides, as far as the lateral line, are marked with large irregular spots of black. The flesh, when boiled, is red, and resembles that of the salmon in taste. Trout fishing affords excellent diversion for the angler, and the passion for this pastime is very great. The general shape of the trout is rather long than broad; in several of the Scotch and Irish rivers, they grow so much thicker than in those of England, that a fish from eighteen to twenty-two inches, will often weigh from three to five pounds. This is a fish of prey, has a short roundish head, blunt nose, and wide mouth, filled with teeth, not only in the jaws, but on the palate and tongue; the scales are small, the back ash color, the sides yellow, and, when in season, it is sprinkled all over the body and covers of the gills with small beautiful red and black spots; the tail is broad. The colors of the trout, and its spots, vary greatly in different waters, and in different seasons; yet each may be reduced to one species. It sometimes attains the weight of four and a half pounds, but is usually much smaller. It is much in request for the table. This fish is particularly abundant in New England, where the waters and soil, being of a more Alpine character, are highly congenial to its nature. The trout may be divided into three principal classes—pond trout, river trout, and sea trout. Pond, or lake trout, vary in shape and color; their size is generally in proportion to the extent of the water in which they are taken. In Mooshead Lake, in Maine, they attain the enormous weight of forty or fifty pounds, and, in the lakes of other States, are found of the average size of salmon. This large description of trout are seldom taken, except through the ice in winter, and consequently afford but little sport to the lover of angling. In the Winipissegoo Lake, in New Hampshire, and Sebago Lake, in Maine, the average size of the fish is about that of the largest mackerel, which it also resembles in shape. River, or brook trout, are common in the New England States; but, much to the annoyance of the angler, they perceptibly diminish in proportion to the increase of

mills and manufactories upon the various streams. The size of this class of trout, and the color of the skin and spots, are much alike in all, excepting that some are of more silvery hue than others; and the color of the flesh varies, perhaps, as it has been observed, according to their different food, being sometimes perfectly white, sometimes of a yellow tinge, but generally pink. Of the three classes of trout referred to, none is so much esteemed as the sea trout, which may be called migratory, in distinction from those which have no access to the salt water. In the early spring months, they are taken in great abundance in the various salt rivers, creeks and tide waters upon the shores of New England and Long Island, but more particularly in the waters of Cape Cod, where the celebrated Waquoit Bay, with other neighboring waters, has long been the favorite resort of the scientific fisherman. As the season advances, these fish repair to fresh water, at which time, as well as earlier, they afford great diversion to the angler, by whom they are highly prized, not merely for their superiority of form, color and delicious flavor, but for the voracity with which they seize the bait of the artificial fly.—In the Char, a correct representation of which will be found in these pages, the head terminates in a blunt point, and its body is covered with very minute scales; the lateral line is straight. All the fins except the dorsal are reddish. This species is very properly denominated the Alpine Char, by Linnæus; for its constant residence is in the lakes of the high and mountainous parts of Europe. A few are found in some of the lakes in Wales, and in Loch Inch, in Scotland; from which last it is said to migrate into the Spey to



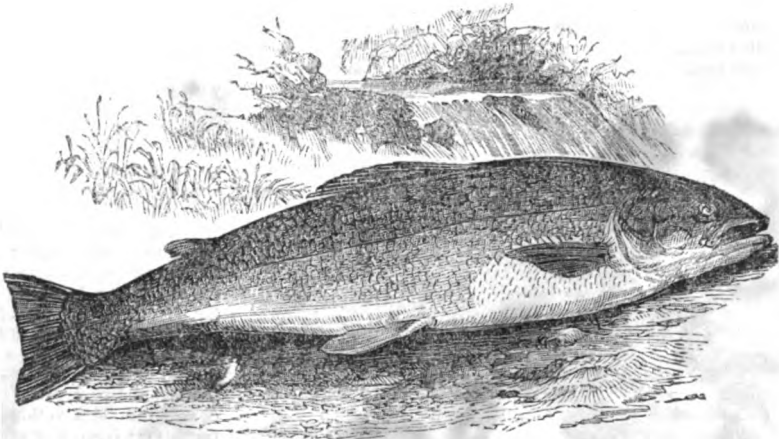
THE CHAR.



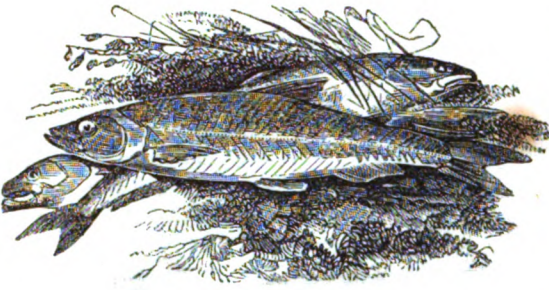
THE BARBEL.

spawn. Seldom, however, does this species venture into any running stream; its principal resort is in the cold lakes of the Lapland Alps, where it is fed by the innumerable quantity of gnats that infest those dreary regions. In our own waters it is rarely found, and hence is not often noticed. In this respect, it is unlike many of the finny tribes, which are found under such different circumstances, that they afford pleasing employment for the naturalist in tracing their varieties back to their origin, and arranging in detail a minute classification of them. The largest and most beautiful chars are found in the lake of Winander-Mere, in Westmoreland, England, where there are three species, the red, the gilt, and the case char. The method of taking these fish is with nets, or trammels, as they are called, which are furnished with bait to allure the fish, and left for several days till they are known to enter them. Potted char is a delicacy which is in high repute on the continent as well as in England.—The Barbel, represented in one of our engravings, frequents the still and deep parts of

rivers, and lives in society, rooting like swine with their noses in the soft banks. It is so tame as to suffer itself to be taken with the hand; and people have been known to take numbers by diving for them. In summer they move about during night in search of food, but towards autumn, and during winter, confine themselves to the deepest holes. It is sometimes found of the length of three feet, and eighteen pounds in weight; it is of a long and rounded form, the scales not large. Its head is smooth; the nostrils placed near the eyes; the mouth is placed below; on each corner is a single beard, and another on each side the nose. The dorsal fin is armed with a remarkably strong spine, sharply serrated, with which it can inflict a very severe wound on the incautious handler, and even do much damage to the nets. The pectoral fins are of a pale brown color; the ventral and anal tipped with yellow; the tail a little bifurcated, and of a deep purple; the side line is straight. The scales are of a pale gold color, edged with black; the belly is white.—The Salmon, represented below,



THE SALMON.

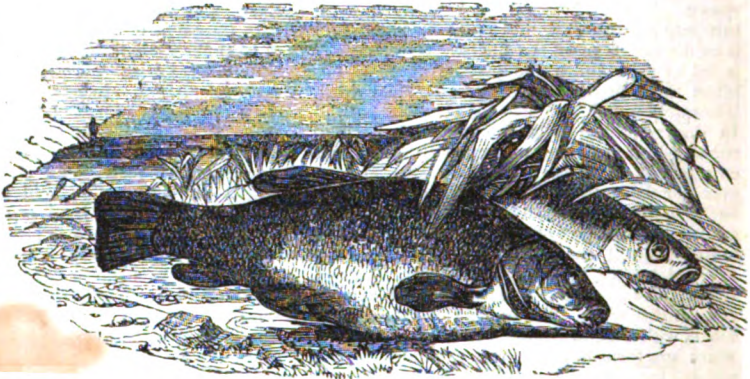


THE SMELT.

is distinguished from other fish by having two dorsal fins, of which the hindermost is fleshy and without rays; they have teeth both in the jaws and the tongue, and the body is covered with round and minutely striated scales. Gray is the color of the back and sides, sometimes spotted with black, and sometimes it is plain. The belly is silvery. Salmon are now very scarce in all of our rivers south of the Merrimack. In the Connecticut they were once so abundant as to be less esteemed than shad, and the fishermen required their purchasers to take salmon with their shad. They were once also taken in plenty even as far up as Vermont. The Indians used to catch many of them as they were ascending Bellows Falls. It is supposed that the locks, dams and canals constructed in the river, have driven this valuable fish away. About the latter end of the year the salmon begin to press up the

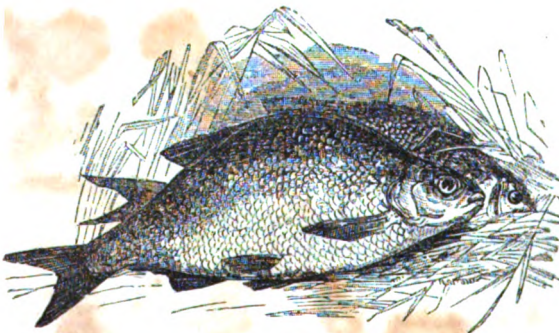
rivers, for hundreds of miles, to deposit their spawn, which lies buried in the sand till spring, if not disturbed by the floods, or devoured by other fishes. About March the young ones begin to appear, and about May the river is full of salmon fry, which are then four or five inches long, and gradually proceed to the sea. About the middle of June the earliest fry begin to return again from the sea, and are then from twelve to fourteen inches long. Rapid and stony rivers, where the water is free from mud, are the favorite places of most of the salmon tribe.

These fish when taken out of their natural element very soon die; to preserve their flavor they must be killed as soon as they are taken out of the water. The fishermen usually pierce them near the tail with a knife, when they soon die with loss of blood.—The Smelt is so common, and so well known, as hardly to need



THE TENCH.

any notice. Its form is very elegant; it is of a silvery color, tinged with yellow, and the skin is almost transparent.—The Tench, also delineated, is thick and broad in proportion to its length; the scales are very small, and covered with slime. The color of the back is dusky; the head, sides and belly of a greenish cast, beautifully mixed with gold.—The Bream, also illustrated, is found in all the great lakes, and in rivers which have a gentle current, and a bottom composed of marl, clay and herbage; and abides in the deepest parts. It is taken mostly under the ice. It is extremely deep, and thin in proportion to its length; the back rises much, and is very sharp at the top. The head and mouth are small, the scales very large, and the sides flat and thin. The dorsal fin has eleven rays, the second of which is the longest; the fins and back are of a dusky color; the sides yellowish; the tail is very large, and of the form of a crescent.



THE BREEM.

## WHY?—AN ANSWER.

BY EDGAR L. VAUGHANSEN.

You ask me why my steps are slow,  
Once so quick to come and go;  
But had you heavy heart like mine  
I could picture feet of thine  
Wandering slowly, to and fro.

You ask me why the smile has fled,  
Once so ready to be shed;  
But had you cherished hopes like mine,  
I fancy that no smile of thine  
Would seem like mocking sweet hopes dead.

You ask me why my eyes are dull,  
To all things bright and beautiful;  
But had you held a vision bright,  
And seen it lost in folds of night,  
Your's too, would dim, in sorrow's school.

You ask me why these things are so;  
Why I wander to and fro,  
All ghost-like on the shining sands,  
Ever wringing my pale hands,  
Like some type of endless woe!

If once blest and then accursed;  
If in sorrow's pool immersed,  
If your heart shall ever know  
Highest bliss, then lowest woe,  
With the last forever first;

Then you will not need from me  
Answer why such things can be;  
For your own grief-burdened soul  
Would the answer backward roll,  
Solving the great mystery.

## THE RED MOROCCO SHOES.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

THE scene of my story—and it is a true one—is laid in England—*Old* England. So far as the moral that it is intended to convey is concerned, it might with equal propriety have been located in this other England, termed "*New*," for human nature is much the same in all places, and sin grows in every soil. What Wordsworth calls

"Familiar matters of to-day—  
Some natural sorrow, grief or pain  
Which hath been or may be again,"

is to be found wherever human hearts throb, and human passions bless or curse. I prefer, however, to sketch literally from nature, only altering, for obvious reasons, the names of persons and places.

A pretty village is that of Westbury—let us this bright May morning survey it as we descend the side of one of the hills which surround it. The turf beneath us is fragrant with gorse and heath blossoms. A stream goes on dancing to

its own sweet music. Below are the village houses, quaintly irregular, and from among them one hoary edifice arises in sombre prominence. It is of gothic design; in the mullioned windows the diamond-shaped panes glow like gems in the early sunshine. Around the sacred edifice rise elms and yews, beneath whose broad shadows the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Passing on, we enter the village street, where everything has the stamp of age upon it, even the cottage roofs being green with the mosses of many, many years. Yonder is the old manor house, with its quaint roof and numerous gables. And near it is the parsonage, and the houses of the doctor and lawyer—great men of the parish; and the poor-house, on the very verge of the village; and that assemblage of houses, common to both rich and poor—the churchyard.

Enough, however, of general descriptions. Stand we now in front of this pretty rural cottage which is situated almost in the centre of the one street of Westbury. There are roses and honeysuckles clambering round the trellis work of the porch, and a birdcage outside the window; but you will turn from these, beautiful as they are, to a still lovelier picture—it is that of a young and pretty woman, who, with a babe in her arms, and a "wee toddlin' thing" pulling at her gown, stands at the cottage door.

Before the door is a wagon, for the inhabitant of the cottage, Harry Langley, is the village carrier from Westbury to the neighboring city of Bath. And here he comes leading his horse, which he soon harnesses up, and gets ready for starting. His wife hands him one or two small parcels, gives him his gloves and whip, holds up the baby for a "by-by" kiss, and begs him to be sure not to forget little Ellen's new shoes, for it is the eldest child's birthday to day, and a pair of red moroccos have been promised her. At last all is ready—Edith and Ellen have a by-by kiss each, crack goes the whip, and off jogs the steady old horse Cap'n.

"Harry! Harry, dear, one word, just one word!" exclaimed Edith, calling to her husband, who stepped back to her side. "Now you will be careful, wont you?"

"O, you needn't be afraid, Edith, not in the least. It will be all right enough; there, there, now make yourself quite easy. I shall be back by four o'clock, at the latest."

"You know you are so easy, and good-natured, Harry," she pleaded, looking earnestly at his face, and laying her little hand on his strong, muscular arm. "But, there, there, go Harry, and I'll have tea all ready by the time you re-



turn." With a hardly audible sigh, she went into the cottage, and the rumbling of her husband's cart-wheels was soon lost in the distance.

If you had searched Westbury through and through, you could not have found in it a handsomer, more stalwart, or a better-hearted fellow, as the phrase goes, than Harry Langley. Open, frank and cordial, he was a general favorite, and no one wondered that old Farmer Vowles cheerfully consented to allow his orphan niece (whom he had brought up ever since the death of her parents) to marry him. Harry was, in a worldly point of view, rather beneath Edith in rank, his father having been nothing but a common farm-laborer; but the old man liked Harry, and his niece was too dear to him to allow him to thwart her inclinations. Edith's uncle, on their marriage, presented the young folks with a cart and horse, and fifty pounds in money, and they rented their cottage from a neighbor at a favorable rent, so that they had a fair start in the world. So time passed on, and when three years had elapsed, two children, those we have seen, gladdened the cottage home.

But—ah! these "ifs" and "buts"—*but*, amiable and kind as Harry was, he yet possessed one failing—it seemed hard to call it a fault—which threatened to be the one drop of poison, in the otherwise pleasant cup of life's enjoyment. He lacked decision of character, and for him to say "No" at the right time, was the hardest thing in the world. His wife knew this when she married him, but she indulged in the hope that she should be enabled, by loving assiduity and example, to infuse some of the vigor and energy of her character into his own. We shall by-and-by see with what success the experiment was conducted. There was, too, a dangerous gift in the way of Harry's and his wife's happiness, which, however, the latter did not apprehend until some months after their union. Harry Langley was cursed with a fine voice. It may, therefore, be easily supposed that at the parlor of the Blue Boar he was a welcome guest on club-nights. It was not until Harry began to spend several evenings in succession from home, and not return until late at night, and then slightly excited, that Edith augured danger from this source; as soon as she did, she gently cautioned her husband against forming bad habits; but "how could I refuse a bit of a song, Edith?" he would ask, and with the boisterous echo of the mandlin chorus:

"Very good song!  
Very well sung!  
Jolly companions every one!"

yet ringing in his ears, his vanity was gratified,

and he failed to listen to the voice of his home charmer, though she charmed never so wisely. "*Facilis descensus averni.*" Harry had of late, returned in an inebriated state from Bath, and with great concern his young wife received complaints from the village people that their commissions had been neglected. Her uncle had also heard of the carrier's irregularities, and talked with him on the subject only two or three days before the period at which our tale commences. The result was that Harry had faithfully promised to avoid temptation in future, a promise which would have quite set his wife's mind at rest, had she not known but too well his weak point. He promised fairly enough, and he meant to be faithful to it. Edith could not but believe him, though she believed with trembling.

A gay city is Bath—with its promenades, pump-room, gardens, terraces and the like. You can scarcely walk through any one street without some kind of temptation assailing you. Shawl-shops for the women, and taverns and gambling-houses for the men, to say nothing of a host of other pomps and vanities. Bath is the place to see gray old dowagers sitting from dusk till dawn, and from dawn till dusk again, playing at whist; to see dashing rakes squandering away fortunes at faro, roulette or hazard; to see footmen with monstrous calves, like those sketched by Thackeray in "*Jeames Yellowplush's Memoirs*," gentlemen's gentlemen as these worthies are called, who ape their masters' absurdities and vices; Bath is the place to see all these things, and a great many others besides, and therefore, we cannot wonder that, what with its gaiety, and its genteel dissipation, it was a place of great attraction to Harry Langley. It happened unfortunately for him, that the tavern which he made his headquarters in this gay city, was the resort of many of the upper men-servants of the first families of the place, and by degrees they patronized and flattered in their swell way, the young carrier, whom they pronounced "a doosed good fella!—rather verdant, perhaps, and unpolished, but a dayvelish good song." And so it came to pass that before long Harry was free of the gentleman's gentlemen's parlors, in which he sang many a "dayvelish good song," and drank many more glasses of grog than his brain could stand, or his pocket could afford.

Half past three o'clock had chimed from the clocks of the Bath churches, when Harry, having completed all his business excepting purchasing the shoes for little Ellen, walked towards the stables to pack his cart and have Cap'n put in the shafts. Many invitations to drink had he that day refused; and he was priding himself on

his firmness, when the window of the gentleman's gentlemen's room was thrown up, and "Hullo, Harry, my boy! come in," greeted his ears.

"Can't, I'm just going," said Harry, moving on, and he did move on to the stables, where he gave his orders.

Once more he passed the window, and again resisted temptation. He then proceeded to a shop, purchased the red morocco shoes, and returned to the cowyard with them dangling from his hand, thinking how proud little Ellen would be of them, and almost fancying he heard the patter of her tiny feet as she danced with glee on the dear cottage floor.

"Why, who are those for, Harry?" asked one of the occupants of the parlor, whose window was still raised.

"Why, for my little girl, my Nellie?" rather proudly replied Harry. "It's her birthday, to-day, and this is my present. Bless her, how her blue eyes will sparkle, to be sure, when she gets sight of them."

"Nay, then, Harry, you *must* come in and take one glass, only one—"

"Not a drop," said Harry, "thank you all the same; but I must be excused."

"What, not one to your Nellie's good health, on her birthday? A pretty sort of a father, you must be. Come, come in, let's have one song and then we'll all drink health and happiness to your daughter, wife and all the family besides."

But no, enter he would not. Seeing this, one of the company called for a glass of brandy and water, and thrusting it through the window, forced it into Harry's hand. Thus prepared, the young man sipped "many happy returns of the day" to Nellie, and presently, as a matter of courtesy, drank all the gentlemen's good healths. Before long there was little difficulty in persuading him to go inside. So tossing the shoes into the cart, which by this time was at the door, he entered the parlor.

Among the company was a very flashy looking individual, of sinister aspect and insinuating manners. He was soon on intimate terms with Langley, from whom he speedily, now that the latter was under the influence of liquor, wormed out all his secrets—such as from and to whom he carried valuable parcels, and the like. Incessantly plied with drink, Harry became thoroughly intoxicated, and it was not until nearly eight o'clock in the evening that he departed from the city. Fortunately the horse was a steady one, and knew the road, and Harry had sense enough left to allow the animal to have his own way. Left to himself it would have been almost im-

possible for him to have found his way to Westbury.

Poor Edith had performed all her household duties, and set the tea-things. The kettle was singing cheerily by the side of the fire; little Ellen was playing with the cat and her doll, on a little low stool, and Edith herself sat knitting by the fireside, pausing every few moments to listen for the rumbling of wheels. But four o'clock struck, then five, and then half-past. "O," she said to herself, "business has detained him unexpectedly;" but still she felt uneasy, and when six o'clock came, and no Harry, she began to grow really uneasy.

"Can it be possible that he has—" she thought, but she suppressed the very idea with an "O, no, he *never* would after what he said."

But it was of no use, and when the village clock struck seven, she hastily swallowed a cup of tea, put the baby to bed, and once more resumed her knitting, her little, hindering Ellen unconsciously lacerating her heart by her now querulous demands of when father would bring home her pretty new shoes?

Ah, child, child! better had it been for thee that thou hadst never been toasted in a tavern by an intoxicated father's drink-polluted lips! Strange infatuation, that health and happiness should be wished for one, whom the insane wisher was at that moment dragging down with himself to misery, degradation, and an early grave!

The shock came at last. Just before nine o'clock came, the long expected sounds were heard, and in another moment the wagon stopped at the open door where the anxious wife now stood looking out into the dark night. The wagon stopped, but no Harry's voice called out cheerfully as of yore, "Here I am, wife." No footstep sounded on the pathway; no husband, lantern in hand and laden with parcels, made his appearance. What *could* be the reason? Had he fallen from his seat on the road? No; by the light of a candle which she ran in for, and snatched from the table, she saw Harry—her Harry, the husband who with a fair promise on his lips, left her that morning—stretched at full length on the parcels in his cart in a drunken dose.

The sudden stoppage of the vehicle awoke him, and the sight of his wife's agonized features partially roused the miserable young man. With awkward haste he removed the packages, as well as he could, with his wife's assistance, for she would not for worlds expose him by calling in the help of a neighbor; stabled the horse; and then, gently guided by her, he staggered to the house and sank into a chair. Not a word of

reproof did poor Edith utter; she hurried the poor, wondering little Ellen to bed, that, young as she was, she should not behold her father's shame; then carefully loosening Harry's neck-cloth; she bathed his heated temples, forced him to take some tea, and at length had the poor satisfaction of beholding him somewhat restored to reason. As soon as possible she induced him to retire to rest, and so too did she; but not to sleep; she felt that the knell of her happiness had tolled, and with a throbbing brow and aching heart she lay on her tear-moistened pillow until the gray dawn stole into her chamber. Then she crept noiselessly down stairs, set her house in order, so that when Harry appeared he should find everything comfortable about him, and having dressed her children, arranged the parcels in due order for delivery. Then she put on as cheerful a countenance as possible, though her heart seemed half breaking, and never were Harry Langley's little wants more cheerfully anticipated and effectually ministered to than they were on that morning.

It is well that some sins bring their own immediate punishment with them. When the carrier woke from his unnatural sleep, with beating temples and a disordered stomach, shame and remorse took possession of him, for he now began fully to comprehend the disgracefulness of the situation in which he had placed himself. Tremblingly he descended the stairs, hesitatingly, as though he had forfeited all right to be there, he took his seat at the head of his table. And the measure of his mortification was complete when little Ellen, defiant of etiquette, placed her little heels on the snowy table-cloth, and joyously exclaimed: "Look at my shoes, fadder, dear!"

The morocco itself was not redder than Harry's cheeks at that moment. For the good, loving wife, in hunting among the parcels, had found the little pair of shoes in the bottom of the cart, where the husband had carelessly tossed them when he accepted the invitation to drink Nellie's health.

"Ah!" she sighed to herself, as she took them up, "so long as he thinks of his child there is hope, and here is the proof that he has not forgot his first-born."

If there be one spectacle upon earth more lamentable than another it surely must be that of a man the morning after a debauch, when the excitement of drink having subsided, the blue devils have taken possession of the reason—abandoned fortress of the brain. Miserable is the sufferer himself, and the cause of misery in others, and the suffering is all the more acute that it was self-inflicted.

The sun was high over meadow and mountain; glad children shouted in merry play among the daises and clover blossoms; the lark sang in the air, and all nature smiled; but in a great arm-chair, with rueful face, and splitting skull, sat Harry Langley, utterly unable to pursue his usual avocations. A good-natured neighbor had gone to Bath with the cart, and so he was enabled to rest for the day. It is needless to recount here how many promises of amendment were made; how repentance was declared on one side, and forgiveness accorded on the other. Enough to say that hope once more entered the heart of poor Edith.

"Look here, Harry," said old Farmer Vowles, who looked in, in the afternoon, "this sort of going on so'll never do, I can tell ye. You'll go to rack and ruin afore you knows on't. Take your cup of home-brewed beer or cider by your own fireside and enjoy it like a man; but drat that liquor and tavern-hunting. I hope this'll be the last caper of thine. Thee can't stand it, Harry." And the substantial old farmer, having kissed Edith and her children, took his leave.

For a few months all went on smoothly again with Harry Langley; but at length Edith perceived with horror that he was by degrees relapsing into his old habits. His temper underwent a change, and even to her he was at times either sulky or severe. It was seldom even that he returned from the city until late at night, and as seldom that he returned sober. On more than one occasion too, he had brought down a companion, the flashy looking individual of the Bath Tavern, who used to take up his night's lodging at the village alehouse, returning with Harry in the morning. The sight of this person always caused Edith an uneasiness for which she could scarcely account. What was his business? Why did he pay such short visits to the village? And why should Harry be so intimate with him? These unanswerable questions caused her unceasing anxiety and an undefined terror, which poisoned every moment of her existence.

To add to the poor woman's anxieties, the carrying business, long neglected, now began to fall off, and in the course of a few months, Langley, to pay a large debt incurred for hay and other provender, was compelled to sell his horse and cart. That chance of obtaining a living was therefore gone, but soon another presented itself. Edith's uncle offered him a situation on his farm, the performance of the duties of which would, in addition to the earnings of Edith, who proposed to keep a village school, have at least kept the wolf from the door. But no. What, thought the misguided Harry, would his friend



Sharkey say when he saw him laboring like a common clod-hopper on old Vowles's farm? And how would his fashionable acquaintances at the Swan in Bath sneer, should he be seen driving a load of his *master's* produce into the inn-yard, past the window of the very parlors where he had so often sang and drank with them! And so he went on, from bad to worse, until even Farmer Vowles refused to have anything more to do with him, though he yet befriended his niece and her children.

One cold and dreary November morning, in the early part of the month, Harry Langley, his wife and their three children set in an almost fireless room, around a meagrely furnished breakfast table. Wan and pale was poor Edith, and the children looked sickly and thin. As for Harry, he sat in sullen silence, his feet on the fender, a short black pipe in his mouth, and his hands thrust desperately and deeply into his empty pockets. A bloated face and bloodshot eye plainly enough told of last night's carouse; but there was no penitence, no mortification now. As if glorying in his shame, spite of the remonstrances of his wife, he only moved from his chair to reach a gin-bottle from a cupboard. And it was but a moment after he had swallowed his third dram, that the door was abruptly opened, and two men made their appearance.

There was little necessity for them to announce the object of their visit. Edith knew well enough what it was. Their rent had been long in arrears, spite of all she could do to prevent it, and the landlord had frequently threatened an ejectment. The crisis was now come, and even Harry was staggered by the rude announcement that his goods were seized, and that he and his family must leave the cottage within twenty-four hours.

Early the next morning the wretched and now homeless family quitted the cottage. With a dogged look and sullen silence, having a bundle slung over his shoulder on a stick, strode on Harry Langley. His wife followed, with a baby in her arms (they had three children by this time), little Ellen walking beside her, and a third hanging on to her gown. As Edith passed through the garden gate, Ellen stepped back suddenly, and ran to one of the flower beds to pluck a last blossom from that still beloved spot.

"Bring me one too, Ellen," she said, and turned slowly away.

"Look here, mother," said Ellen, when she overtook her, holding up at the same time a pair of old red morocco shoes. "I found these where they must have been thrown yesterday when the officers were clearing out the things.

And how curious to find them after they had been lost so long, and you know it's my birthday to-day, too; but I shall have no present now."

Edith stooped and kissed her little one's cheek. At that moment the past came more vividly than ever before her, and well she remembered that night when Harry brought home those shoes, and the state in which he presented himself. An awful leap into the dark had taken place since then, and scarcely could she for a moment realize that the heavy-browed, moody, almost savage man who hoarsely called to her to "Come on!" could ever have been the gentle, generous, and frank husband of her youth. Taking the shoes from the child, she was about to thrust them, she scarcely knew why, into her pocket, when her uncle, who had just heard of their ejectment, hastily rode up and accosted her:

"And so, Edith, in spite of the offer I have made you of a home for you and your children, you still persist in following that scoundrel, who has ruined you! Once more, will you return with me?"

"He is my husband. I promised to take him for better or for worse, and I may reclaim him yet. It is in that hope, a forlorn one, I know, that I still cling to him. Uncle, dear uncle, I am fully sensible of your kindness, but I cannot leave him, even in his degradation."

"Then leave me little Nellie, you know she has always been my little favorite. Nellie, won't you come and live with uncle?"

"O, no, no! I cannot part with her, she is my only comfort now; don't rob me of the only being on earth that sympathizes with me!" And as she spoke she read in the little girl's eyes an assurance that she would not leave her side.

Farmer Vowles thrust a purse in his niece's hands.

"There, there, don't let your husband know you have that," he said, "keep it for an emergency. You'll be sure to want it—and—and give me that old pair of shoes in exchange; they'll remind me of Nellie, when she—God knows where—" And the old man, choking down a sob, slowly and sadly rode away, not once daring to look behind him, after the ruined family.

On a miserable, drizzling, foggy evening, Harry Langley, his wife, little Ellen, and the baby in its mother's arms, entered the great metropolis. Neither of them had ever before been there, and a more terrible feeling of loneliness and despair than they had ever before experienced, now came over their hearts. How

they would have managed to travel so far had it not been for the timely aid afforded by Farmer Vowles, Edith could not tell. As yet, she had concealed her treasure from her husband; but she thought that he began to suspect the truth, for immediately on their reaching a London gin palace, he roughly demanded a shilling of her, and disappeared with it behind the great swinging doors of the place. Presently he re-appeared with a pot of porter and a piece of bread and cheese, which Edith partook of on a seat outside the door of the public house which she could not be persuaded to enter. A passing milkman supplied her with refreshment for her children—and thus was their first meal in London taken.

From travellers on the road, Harry had acquired information respecting cheap lodgings, and consulting a dirty card, he made out that at the east end of London they might obtain shelter on the lowest possible terms. Thither they repaired, and the next day a miserable garret in one of the worst neighborhoods of London received the wanderers.

Weeks—months passed away. Occasionally Harry procured a few days' work, but whatever he earned was invariably squandered in drink. Had it not been for the little hoard which Edith had held to with a miser's clutch, and some trifles which she obtained by making shirts for a wholesale dealer, she and her children must have starved long ago. Harry himself was seldom home by day, and how he existed she knew not. It was of no use to question him; and as to persuading him to alter his way of life, the poor broken-spirited woman had long despaired of that.

One day as Langley was lounging about the door of one of the inns at which the coaches from the west of England put up, the Highflyer Bath stage drove up, and scarcely had it stopped before to his astonishment he heard himself accosted by name. Looking up, who should he see on the box of the stage but an old acquaintance of the Bath tavern—the flashy gentleman, Mr. Sharkey?

"Hillo, Harry, my chicken!" he exclaimed, shaking Langley by the hand. "Why who the deuce could have thought to meet with you in London? But why—wh—what's the matter with you, man? Why don't you speak?"

"Why, the truth is, Master Sharkey, that things aint with me exactly as they used to be—in fact, I'm desperately hard up. You may see that plain enough."

"Well, your togs are none of the best, certainly—but I say, Harry, I'm not the man to cut an old friend because he's down in the world,

and who knows but what I may put a spoke in your wheel and set you going again—eh? But come, let's go into a quiet corner of the parlor and drink to our meeting."

Nothing loth, Harry accepted the invitation, and before two glasses of punch had been consumed by him, he became, as usual, communicative.

"But wont your wife's uncle assist you—fork out? He's plenty, hasn't he?" asked Sharkey.

"Not a guinea—the old curmudgeon!" exclaimed Harry; "though, to my knowledge, he has many a score in his strong box, for ever since the Westbury Bank broke, he takes care of his own money."

"Then why the deuce don't you help yourself to some of it? Who has a greater right to it, I should like to know, than his own niece's husband?" slyly insinuated the temper.

Harry shrank back aghast. No, drunkard as he knew himself to be, he was not yet a felon; but after a few more glasses, the thought that he had a right to some of old Vowles's gold became familiar to him. He struggled with such evil thoughts, though, and promising his companion to meet him again that evening at the same place, he went to a low tavern where he was in the habit of idling away that time which, properly improved, might have gone far to extricate his family from absolute want.

That night he again met Sharkey—again was he plied with liquor, and the more he drank, the more fit he became to engage in any desperate adventure. In the course of the drinking bout, some friends of Sharkey arrived, and Harry was introduced as one of themselves. A long and private conversation was held by the party, and it was not until Saint Paul's clock was striking three that they broke up. Sharkey supplied Harry with funds sufficient to purchase him better clothing, and it was arranged that in order to prevent Edith's suspecting anything, she should be told by her husband that he had been engaged by a merchant to drive a wagon some distance into the country, and that the said merchant had advanced him the means of making a respectable appearance.

Although Harry had drunk deeply, yet the exciting conversation in which he had been engaged, prevented his becoming so much intoxicated as he must otherwise have been. Flushed with the prospect of having abundance of gold, he was even in a better mood than usual; and when he placed his foot on the first step of the ricketty stairs which led to his garret, he stood for a moment to assume a calmness which he did not feel. But it was necessary, he thought,

to pacify Edith, and a pang of remorse started through his heart at the sudden remembrance of all she had sacrificed and suffered on his account. But he smothered the rising repentance and crept softly up stairs, lest she should be asleep.

But asleep she was not. The gray dawn was just appearing through the window, making the roofs and chimneys of the surrounding houses indistinctly visible, and paling the flame of the candle now nearly burned down to the socket of its holder. Edith's head was resting on the palms of her hands that in their turn lay on the hard, coverless table. On her lap, lay her babe covered with a shawl; Ellen, still undressed, lay clasping her little brother's form on a wretched mattress in one corner of the room, and in another was the unoccupied bed of the impoverished pair. When Harry softly opened the door, she lifted her head, which had a strange, sad smile on it, and with her right forefinger pointed to Ellen as though indicating that he must not wake her.

"Edith," said he, "why have you been sitting up? To bed! to bed! and when you are refreshed, I have some good news for you! Trust me, you will have cause to rejoice."

"I have cause to rejoice already, Harry," she said. "Look here!" and she removed the shawl from around her babe; "look here, Harry, it is taken—taken from the evil to come!"

"*The evil to come!*" As these words smote the wretched man's ear, whilst he looked on his dead child, the thought of the evil compact he had but just entered into caused him to shudder convulsively. Bowing his head on his knees, he sobbed aloud.

"Harry," said his wife, "'tis better it should be so. I almost wish those darlings yonder lay as stiff and cold. But God's will be done!" And in soft, low tones, she repeated the touching verse: "Is it well with thee?—is it well with the child? And she answered, it is well."

It was a wild, dark night towards the latter end of February, some twelvemonth after the departure of the Langleys from Westbury, that four men separately and cautiously approached a deserted barn about two miles distant from the dwelling of Edith's uncle, Farmer Vowles. One of them carried a dark lantern; the others were provided with "jemmies," as professional cracksmen term their short crowbars, centre-bits, and other housebreaking implements. All were armed with pistols—and thus provided, the four men met at the rendezvous, about a mile from which, in a secluded lane, they had left their horse and buggy.

Arrived at the barn, they each disguised their faces by covering them with crape; and having looked to their pistols, and finally decided on their arrangements, they again stole forth separately to meet at Farmer Vowles's orchard, from whence, by a back door, Harry had informed them easy access to the interior of the dwelling could be obtained.

It had been arranged that Sharkey should force the lock of the door, he being an experienced "cracksmen," while the other two men kept watch; and that the door once open, Harry, who well knew where the strong box was kept, and where also the key and the plate were deposited, should enter, secure the booty, and then join his comrades. Well primed with brandy, the infatuated young man consented to all that was required of him, only stipulating with the others that come what would, no personal violence should be offered to the old man.

Mr. Sharkey performed his part of the night's business with wonderful celerity; the great door, after a few efforts, swung back noiselessly on its hinges.

"Now then, Harry, and be quick about it."

And with a stealthy step, Langley entered the well-known dwelling. Proceeding first to an escritoire in the parlor, he easily broke open a drawer and procured the key of the strong box. This business accomplished, he softly made his way up the dark staircase, and across a landing, from which a door opened into a little room, which communicated also with the sleeping apartment of the farmer. This door was left ajar, so that he could distinctly hear the regular heavy breathing of the occupant of the bed-chamber. Partially turning the slide of the dark lantern so as to see what he was doing, he gently opened the strong box, drew therefrom several packages of bank bills, some small parcels and several bags of coin, crammed his pockets with all the plate he could discover, and was about to shut down the lid, when to his horror and surprise, he felt his left arm grasped by a powerful hand. Looking up, he saw Farmer Vowles standing over him with a horse pistol in hand.

A fierce struggle ensued, in the course of which Harry's hat fell off, and with it the mask of crape which had hitherto concealed his face.

"My God! can it be? Harry Langley a midnight robber!" exclaimed the old man.

At that moment Sharkey, who had heard the struggle, pushed into the room to the rescue of his companion, and heard what Vowles said.

"Recognized, by heaven! Then there's no help for it." A shot, a heavy fall, and the poor old man lay a corpse on the floor.

Hurrying away the terrified young man, Sharkey left the house in all haste. Their companions without joined them, and in a quarter of an hour, they were driving towards London—avoiding Bath—at the top of their horses' speed. By daybreak, they reached the skirts of a large wood, and here they judged it best to divide their booty and separate.

The amount of plunder was great. The bank bills, gold and silver coin, and plate were equally divided—Langley taking a larger amount of the former in lieu of his share of the latter, which the other knew better how to dispose of. Some small parcels, which in his hurry Harry had thrust into his pocket, on being examined, were found to contain merely useless papers which they tore up and flung away.

"And here's an old pair of shoes! They'll do for one of your young ones, Harry. You may have them, as you've been at the trouble of bringing them away. What the deuce could have possessed the old blockhead to have put *them* in his strong box?"

And Sharkey tossed them carelessly to Langley, who scarcely knowing what he did, put them in the breast pocket of his coat.

The parties then separated, and took different roads, Harry mounting the stage which overtook him after he had started about two hours, and reaching London the next morning.

But how was he to account to his wife for the possession of such a sum of money as he now had about him? He knew that did she ever suspect that he came by a shilling dishonestly, she would rather have died than touched it. He determined, therefore, after much deliberation, to conceal the bulk of his ill-required treasure, and produce it in small sums at a time, as though they were legitimate earnings. But where to conceal it? That was the puzzling question. Who could he trust? At length, he decided to seal it up, and leave it in care of the landlord of the inn where the coach had stopped, until he should find some other mode of disposing of it; and this he did, first taking from it two or three pounds for the present emergencies of his family.

He was afraid to drink now, for well enough was he aware that when in liquor he could not keep a secret. So he hurried home, and not a little petrified was poor Edith to see her husband return in his right mind. And when he presented her with the money he said he had earned (how *dearly* earned, the reader knows), and promised solemnly to reform, hope's light once more faintly shone—shone, alas, to be soon and forever extinguished!

He spent the evening at home—trembling at

every step he heard on the stairs—and at length bed-time came.

"Come, Harry, you must be tired!" said Edith. "Come, let me take off your coat and fold and brush it against the morning, as you say you must be off early. Why, Harry, what have you got in this breast pocket?"

And putting in her hand to discover what obstacle had impeded the operation of the brush, she drew forth a pair of little red morocco shoes. She knew them in an instant, and turning deadly pale, exclaimed:

"Father of mercies! Where did you get these?"

At this moment came a sharp rap at the door, and in the next it was burst open and two policemen entered.

"Henry, or Harry Langley, I arrest you on a charge of burglary and murder. You are my prisoner!" said one of them, laying his hand on the shoulder of the terror-stricken young man. In a twinkling, the other officer had handcuffed him.

"Excuse me, madam," said the officer, "but I must examine those shoes you have in your hand."

Poor Edith was speechless, and quietly resigned them to the official who, thrusting his finger into them, pulled out fifty pounds in ten-pound bank-notes from each. There was also a slip of paper, on which was written:

"In case of my death, I state that the bank-bills which will be found in these shoes, belong to my grand niece Ellen Langley, son of Harry and my niece Edith Langley, formerly Vowles. Until my death, I shall yearly deposit in them a similar sum. The shoes formerly belonged to my said grand niece, and is the only keepsake of hers in my possession.

"(Signed) ANTHONY VOWLES."

What need of proceeding further with the story? It appeared that Sharkey having been arrested, had "split" on his accomplice Langley, declaring that he and he alone had committed the murder. Langley was traced on the coach to London, and the deposit of his money with the landlord appeared corroborative of his guilt. The police once on his track, soon discovered his lodgings, and hence his capture. He was tried and sentenced to death, but committed suicide in his cell. Mrs. Langley died of a broken heart shortly afterwards, and her two children, having been claimed by some relatives, were removed to a distant part of the country, where it was hoped the remembrance of the past might be in time obliterated from their young memories.

## THE BATTLE OF PRUSSIAN EYLAU.

BY H. E. HOLLISTER.

[On the morning of the 8th of February, 1807, the French and Russian armies rose from their cheerless bivouacs amid the snows of Prussian Eylau, to one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. For eighteen consecutive hours, from the earliest dawn till far into the night, the two armies continued the terrible struggle, with a ferocity almost unparalleled, and with a carnage even more dreadful than Waterloo. The Russians were at length forced to give way, and sternly and sullenly retreating, they left Napoleon in quiet possession of that bloody field, upon which nearly 50,000 men had fallen.]

In peaceful slumbers wrapt,  
The hostile armies lay,  
Encouched in snow, by the watch-fires' glow,  
Waiting the morrow's fray.  
But the watch-fires smouldering out,  
And the moon passed from on high,  
And the battle-dawn grim, rose dark and dim  
Athwart the lurid sky.

The trumpet then was heard,  
And the bugle's shrilly note;  
And the beat of drum, on the morning's gloom  
With a boding murmur smote;  
The deep-toned cannons poured  
Their signal notes anon;  
And through the gloom, to the work of doom  
The serried ranks went on.

All through that winter's morn,  
All through that dreadful day,  
Mid the falling snow, and the battle-fires' glow,  
Raged the ensanguined fray.  
All through the livelong day,  
And far in the dead of night,  
Stood breast to breast, in their strife unblest,  
The Gaul and the Muscovite.

But the roar of cannon ceased,  
The death-fires faded again,  
And the strife grew still, when the midnight chill  
Drew solemnly over the slain.  
No trumpet then was heard,  
Nor a bugle's cheery note;  
No beat of drum, in the brooding gloom,  
The sullen midnight smote.  
And from the frightful field  
No sounds of triumph rose;  
But a wall of woe, went hoarse and low  
From Eylau's wintry snows.

## A RASH ADVENTURE.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

I WAS rash and self-willed in those old days, rasher and more self-willed than young ladies are now-a-days. Age has so far cooled the fever of my blood, that I can look back with a little innocent wonder at the mad enthusiasm which impelled me to seek strange adventures in my youth.

Once, and only once, life seemed to have lost its charms for me. I was young, but I saw nothing worth living for. I think I was ill of a

slow, nervous fever, brought on by steady application to one thing. At least, I had lost all interest in everything about me, and nothing less than illness could have brought me to this state, for I was decidedly the most energetic of the family.

I recollect that I had fever spells, when the weather of the coldest of those winter days seemed insupportably warm. These were succeeded by chilly hours when life seemed to stagnate within me, and the cold brought on a shivering and chattering, which might have reminded me of the old story of Goody Blake and Harry Gill, only I was able to think of nothing at such times.

It was a cold, winter afternoon, colder than usual, it seemed to me, for though I sat close to a genial coal fire, it seemed impossible to get warm. I neither knew nor cared what my sister Ruth was doing, for, as I have said before, I had lost all interest in everything about me. The door opened and my cousin Margaret entered.

"What, Una, is it possible that you, of all others, can couch in such a sleepy attitude over the fire?"

I was angry at the speaker's tone, more than at the words. In fact I disliked Margaret, and it was very evident that she disliked me. As children we had been rivals in all our games and studies. Now we were growing older, we endeavored to outstrip each other in all our pursuits, but neither could be said to eclipse the other. In fact, Margaret and I resembled each other very much, not only in our intellectual capacities, but in our tempers and our habits. It was from this reason, probably that we never could agree.

I had not been angry before for weeks, and in the excitement of the moment I forgot that I was ill. I looked sharply at Margaret; there she stood radiant with health, and almost beautiful. I had never thought her so before, but now the excitement of her walk had flushed her cheeks and imparted a brilliancy to her eyes. Unreasonable as I was then, it made me still more angry to note the difference between myself and Margaret. A strange and unconquerable feeling rose up within me to prove myself as strong as my cousin, as resolute and as unflinching as she was. "Do you think it would do me good to walk?" said I, carelessly, to Margaret.

"Certainly-I do," was Margaret's answer. "This keen, bracing air would arouse a new life within you. You give up too easily and too decidedly to your illness; I thought you too brave to dread a winter walk."

Her words aroused in me a wild, reckless en-

thusiasm. I felt that I could go through fire and water to prove to Margaret that my bravery was undying. When Margaret came out to go home I followed her to the piazza.

"Margaret Kirk," said I, sternly, "I am going to challenge you."

She looked at me in utter astonishment for a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"What do you mean?" said she.

"I mean exactly what I say," said I, coldly.

"You like to walk, you likewise recommend the exercise for me. To-morrow let us walk as far as that old tumble-down building that we noticed last summer."

"Are you mad?" said she. "The weather is growing colder, and to-morrow the mercury will be below zero. Besides, that old place is five miles off, and the road to it is seldom travelled. There is hardly a house upon the way."

"I have thought of all that," said I. "It is so cold that the snow will bear our weight, and it will be a most delightful walk; I quite long to take it. Will you go, or are you afraid?"

"Not in the least," said Margaret, hastily, as she saw the expression of my face. "I only hesitated for your sake; as for me, I would accept your challenge, were it to mortal combat."

"Then no matter what sort of weather it is; you agree to start upon our walk early in the morning?"

"I agree," said Margaret, quietly, "so good-bye till then, my dear."

I was restless and feverish that night, and could not sleep. I had awakened so far from my previous torpor, as to feel a dull sort of hatred against all the world, Margaret ever standing in the foreground of my imagination, as the one person whom I wished to subdue by my superior strength. At length I fell asleep and dreamed a strange dream about Margaret and myself. I thought we walked and walked an incredible number of miles, until one of us dropped down, exhausted by the cold and fatigue. I experienced a strange pleasure when I saw that it was my cousin who had fallen, and that I still braved cold and weariness without flinching. A light step awoke me from my uneasy slumber. I was aroused instantly into an agony of watchfulness.

"Who is there?" said I, firmly.

"Only me," was Ruth's quiet answer. "You have been talking very wildly in your sleep, and you are more feverish than usual."

"I wish you would let me alone, Ruth," said I pettishly. The next instant I was sorry for what I had said, and would have liked to recall it. But Ruth was gone, and I soon forgot all about the affair.

"Zero weather this morning," said my father, as he drew on his gloves before the bright fire, preparatory to starting to his place of business. I fancy that no one, man or woman, will venture out to-day, unless it be upon business."

I laughed to myself. Little did my father know that his youngest daughter was about to take a pleasure walk upon this cold day.

After breakfast I hastily slipped on my cloak and ran over to Margaret's house. All the family were busy, and if they had not been no one would have questioned us as to where we were going.

We were soon upon the long, lonesome road that led past the old building, which had attracted my attention in the summer time. It was six months or nearly that since Margaret and I had rode past the place on horseback.

As soon as we were fairly started, a feverish feeling of delight came over me; the blood leaped madly through my veins, and I felt as if I could brave death itself and come off conqueror. As we walked briskly along, Margaret and I engaged in what she jocularly called a "pitched battle;" that is, we endeavored to convince each other that the opinions and the sentiments we each held were the only true and correct ones, and that all others were wrong. Of course we were both obstinate and could therefore not be convinced.

As I had predicted the day before, the weather was so cold that the snow bore our weight, and consequently it was not at all difficult to walk. As for the cold, intense as it was, neither Margaret nor I seemed to be affected by it.

"There," said Margaret, as we came in sight of a house, "that is the only house we shall see upon the road, and that seems to look mournful and deserted. I mean to take a long look at it."

"I should fancy you never intended to see it again," said I, as Margaret turned round to gaze long and earnestly at the lonely dwelling.

"Perhaps I never shall," said Margaret; "but I was looking particularly at what seemed to be a sleigh, near the house, and I had a fancy that it looked like Doctor Bamford's sleigh. I wonder if any one is sick in the house?"

I did not care enough about the affair to answer Margaret's remark, and so we were both silent for a long time.

"What do you intend to do, Una, when you get to that old ruin? Shall we make a sentimental oration over it, or shall we turn round and walk back? You are the challenger, you know, so that I feel bound to give you entire satisfaction in this affair; even if it went so far as a duel, with the thermometer at zero."

"You must be patient till we get there, Margaret. How many miles have we walked?"

"Four, I should think; the old house cannot be far distant. The weather has moderated since we started, for my feet and hands have almost ceased to ache as they did at first."

"Is it possible that you have suffered from the cold?" said I. "As for me, I should fancy that my blood was so much fire rushing through my veins."

Margaret stopped suddenly in her course. "I'm afraid we've done wrong, Una, to come out to-day. We have been wild and reckless, and you seem to be in a high fever. The joke has been carried far enough; let us go back now."

She urged and entreated me to turn back, but I would not.

"Further still," I cried, with reckless enthusiasm. "I must go further. Don't let us be cowards."

She yielded to my entreaties, and so we went forward, still looking for the old house.

"Una," said Margaret, "just see here!" She pointed to some light, feathery flakes of snow, which had fallen upon her cloak. I cried out joyfully, exultingly, at sight of the falling snow; I seemed possessed by an evil spirit, upon this particular day.

A mortal dread seemed to seize Margaret. She looked back attentively upon the road that we had pursued. But the air was full of particles of snow, so that we could see but a little way.

"I believe, Una, that we passed long ago, the spot where the old house stood. Consider how far we are from home, and for my sake, if not for your own, let us make all the haste we can back."

For the first time something in Margaret's words frightened me. I turned about mechanically, and we commenced to retrace our steps, meeting in our faces the keen storm. The flakes came down so thick and fast, that it was difficult even to keep in the road, and while we made great exertions to press forward, we really made but little progress.

We lived in a part of the country which was not very thickly settled, and as I have said before, there was but one house upon the road we had travelled. Long, long before we had arrived anywhere near that, something of a change had come over me, as well as Margaret. The reckless enthusiasm, which had so recently endowed me with such prodigious strength and energy, was all gone. A reaction had taken place, and I was left weak and exhausted, and totally unable to combat the fierce storm which assailed us,

and which almost buried us in white shrouds. It seemed to me to be foolish to proceed while the storm lasted. If I could only rest for a little while, I was so tired.

"Let us stop a little while, Margaret; I am so weary, I should like to lie down and rest."

There was no answer to this appeal, only Margaret held my arm more firmly and hurried me forward.

"Do let me rest!" I entreated, once again. "I am not cold, so there is not the slightest danger of freezing."

To my surprise, Margaret still remained silent, at the same time urging me forward almost roughly. What would I have given then to have been left alone and suffered to rest? I hated Margaret for obliging me to walk against my will, and I would have freed myself from the grasp of her hand, only I was too weak. But how strangely Margaret behaved! The thought struck me that she was insane.

Once while we were braving the fierce storm I managed to fall behind; Margaret urged me to make one more attempt to walk forward, and in despair at finding that I would not move, she dragged me along by main force. But we made little progress that way, and at last I became a dead weight on her hand.

She let go her hold of me at last, and suffered me to rest upon a snow-bank. The wind blew Margaret's hood aside, and for one instant I caught a glimpse of her face; the deadly paleness of it seemed remarkable to me then, even though I had but a dim consciousness of anything about me. It seemed to me as if Ruth had laid her soft, cool hand upon my forehead, and at the magic touch, the feverish restlessness, the wilfulness, the stormy temper, everything that disfigured my life and separated my nature and Ruth's, vanished. I was more like her than I had ever been before. Then the form of my phantasy changed; I was alone in a boat upon a river, and the boat was gently floating upon the calm, still waters. On each bank of the river was a vast forest, from the tops of which the sun shone down on me with a mild radiance. There was not a sound to be heard anywhere, not the least motion of the trees or ripple of the waves. I saw a white lily growing in the water, and I reached out to obtain it; just as I touched it, a dark, gloomy figure rose from the water. Looking at me with a stern countenance the figure seized me and bore me down, down unheard-of depths, whilst the green seaweed clung to me, and a thousand voices cried, "Lost, lost!"

Was I awake or dreaming? It was Margaret's voice reached my ear, whilst she shook me roughly.



"Una, Una, rouse yourself. You will perish if you lie here."

"Let me perish then," said I. "Only help yourself, and tell Ruth and my father that in my last thought I remembered them. And, Margaret, you and I will never quarrel again; if we had both grown up, we should have seen the folly of that, and should have been fast friends. And now, do let me die pleasantly—it is my last request."

I lost sight of Margaret; I no longer felt the cold snow falling upon my face. I seemed to be an angel in heaven and consequently I was done with all earthly things. A group of other angels came toward me and welcomed me with songs. Afar off I heard divine music, which seemed infinitely sweeter than any music I had ever heard in life. The music came nearer and nearer, and then suddenly ceased close beside me. Some one lifted me up, but whether it was an angel or a mortal I could not tell. Something was poured down my throat; I felt the pressure of a warm hand upon my face; I opened my eyes and saw, not angels, but Margaret and Doctor Bamford kneeling beside me.

"She is alive!" cried Margaret, joyfully.

The good doctor said nothing, only grumbled a little in an undertone, and busied himself about making me comfortable. When everything was ready he lifted me into the sleigh, then Margaret, and then we seemed to be speeding away swiftly by the motion. The sound of the sleigh bells brought back my dream to my mind, and it was a curious coincidence that the heavenly music I had heard and the sound of the sleigh bells resembled each other very much.

As we whirled swiftly along with the snowflakes falling even thicker and faster upon us, sharp pains shot through my head. The snow clad earth, the steaming horse in front of us, Margaret and the doctor, all vanished, and for the first time on that memorable day, I became utterly unconscious.

Days lengthened into weeks before I awoke to conscious life. I had passed through a long, delirious night, filled with wild ravings and strange fantasies. I had entered upon this night when the coldest weather we had experienced for many years occurred. When I awoke there was a spring-like smell in the air, and hardy crocuses and snow-drops thrust their heads up. Long before I was able to ride out, flowers had burst into bloom, and there was a green carpet upon the earth, and warm sunshine made glad the hearts of men.

I had been nigh unto death, but I never knew till long afterwards, how closely friends watched

for the first spark of intellect to betray itself after my long illness. All but those who would not believe it till all hope was gone, had predicted that my fate would be that of a confirmed maniac. Happily I escaped that awful doom, and though for a long time my physical strength was gone, mentally I was as strong as ever.

I remember well a conversation to which I was a witness, in the first days of my convalescence. Margaret, never weary of nursing me, had been sitting by my bedside reading to me. At length I became weary and closed my eyes but did not sleep. Presently Margaret rose and began busying herself about the room. Then I heard the door open and Doctor Bamford entered and in his cheerful, bluff way said to Margaret:

"Well, nurse, how is our patient to-day?"

"Better, to-day, she is asleep now."

There was a long pause. The doctor sat twirling his hands and watching Margaret as she moved noiselessly about. Presently he spoke.

"Did you know that a man froze to death on that very day that you made that fool-hardy expedition, last winter; froze, too, on that very road?"

"No," said Margaret, with a terror-stricken look.

"Well, it was true, and I hope it will be a warning to you. But you saved your cousin's life upon that day by keeping by her and rousing her when she seemed likely to fall into a slumber. If nothing else will rouse a person in that condition, you should strike them, beat them, anything to prevent them falling into that fatal sleep."

"But I never rightly understood how you happened to make your appearance so fortunately for us. The sound of your sleigh bells was the sweetest music I ever heard."

"My dear child, there was no happening about it. I was visiting a patient upon that lonely road, and luckily I saw you when you passed. I wondered much upon what madcap expedition you were bent. Afterwards, partly for the sake of gratifying my curiosity, and partly because I had a little regard for you, I drove on to meet you. But not a trace of you could I find for a long time. Afterwards when that snow storm occurred, I discovered some tracks in the fresh snow, and thus I was able to overtake you. Did you know you were far off the right road, and were travelling fast towards no one knows where?"

"No," said Margaret, with a shudder at the remembrance of that day.

"But what I wonder most at," said the doctor, rising and walking energetically to and fro, "is that a girl of your sense should have done

such a thing. You ought to have known better. As for Uda, she was not a responsible person, being ill of a fever at the time."

"It was the excitement that caused me to do it," ventured Margaret.

"Excitement! I don't believe it," muttered the doctor; "but if I ever hear of your engaging in such another madcap scheme, I will—"

Then the doctor broke off suddenly and left the room without finishing his threat. What it was I could not even guess at that time. But one thing I wondered at. And that was that the proud, haughty Margaret should have become as gentle and humble as she showed herself to be.

Time passed on, and Margaret and I had reached our twentieth year. We were inseparable friends, for the events of that memorable day and the lesson we learned, had drawn us together more than anything else could have done.

True to our natures, we were both of us fond of adventure, and this induced us to accept situations as teachers at the Sandwich Islands. Margaret and I were amusing ourselves one day by recounting our plans, when we were astonished by the entrance of Doctor Bamford.

"Heigho, young ladies, are you plotting treason? What is this I hear about your going off? Are you really so foolish?"

We assured him that we were really so foolish.

"I am extremely sorry for it," said he. "Miss Margaret, do you remember that I said some-time ago, that in case you engaged in another madcap scheme, I would—" Here the good doctor paused again and in the interval that followed I moved away. But I caught the last words uttered in a low tone. "I would marry you, that is, if you would have me."

Margaret had no objections, and so it turned out that I went alone to the Sandwich Islands. When I came back two or three years afterwards, I found Margaret had merged into Mrs. Bamford, but was unchanged in all other things. Neither of us ever forgot that memorable day of our lifetime.

#### CURIOSITIES.

Whiskers from the cat that was let out of the bag.

The rope with which Jacob lifted up his voice. A few stitches taken by a tailor in a coat of paint.

A little perfume from the flower of the army.

A minute quantity of jelly made from the current of the Mississippi.

A leg from the table of time.

A few soaked logs from the drift of a discourse.

A thimble-full of steel dust supposed to have been made when Macbeth filed his mind.—*Punch*.

#### THE GLANCE OF A LOVELIT EYE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The smiles that bloom on the friendly face,  
When the heart with joy is moved,  
Have a charm for us that can ne'er give place  
To the glance of the dark unloved;  
For we feel our pulse with a vigor bound,  
And our heart swell joyously,  
When our restless, wandering look has found  
The glance of a lovelit eye.

We may wander far o'er the lands of earth,  
In the race for wealth and fame,  
But our thoughts will turn to the modest worth  
Round the sacred household flame;  
As we dwell on the happy days of yore,  
Full wearily we'll sigh,  
To catch with a friendly smile once more  
The glance of a lovelit eye:

For the earth is dark, and the grave is near,  
And clouds are round our way,—  
Yet our breast shall be without a fear  
Of the future of to-day,  
If the name of friend we yet may claim,  
And still we may decry,  
What shall live in our heart, a vestal flame,  
The glance of a lovelit eye.

#### MARTYRDOM OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

PERHAPS there are few more terrible histories than that of Louis the Eleventh, King of France. The heart sickens to recall the story of his cruelty towards the family of the Count d'Armagnac. Of a high and noble spirit, despising the acts of the tyrant king, D'Armagnac had long meditated a revolt. A conspiracy was not long in forming, which included a large number of nobles, who were ripe for any project to rid France of the tyranny and cruelty directed against her noblest sons.

The project, bred in bitterness of soul, and watered with the tears of heart broken wives and daughters, failed most signally; and the Count D'Armagnac, young, noble and heroic, met a violent and bloody death at the hands of Louis. Torn away from the bosom of his family, while the countess was lying ill of a fever, brought on by anxiety and terror, he was brutally beheaded, and his remains subjected to savage indignity. In the darkness of her sick room, attended only by her favorite servant, Louise De Morier, the countess lay in an agony of apprehension for the safety of her beloved husband. In vain Louise assured her that the count's goodness would protect him from all harm, and his intrepidity and courage would intimidate those who would seek

his life. The countess ceased not, night nor day, to implore Heaven in his behalf, until, from the strange and terrified looks of the poor Louise, she divined the truth. Half frantic with the questions that came from those swollen and purple lips burning with fever, and not knowing how to meet them, Louise rushed into the ante-room, where Henri and Francois, the two little sons of the countess, were playing, unconscious of the cruel fate of their beloved father, and brought them to their mother's bedside. Henri was now ten years of age, and Francois just turned of eight; lovely and beautiful as a poet's dream of angels, and innocent as beautiful.

When Louise called the boys to their mother, it was with the glad bound of happy childhood that they obeyed her, each striving playfully to outrun the other for the first kiss. The affectionate boys were struck speechless at their mother's looks and words, and could only bury their faces in the bed clothes and weep.

The countess looked on the curly heads that lay beside her. She stretched forth her burning hands, and lifted up the little faces that were wet with the quick tears of childhood; and the sight drew forth the drops which Louise had so longed to behold from her eyes.

"Henri—Francois!" she began, in a low, tremulous tone; but ere she had time to say more, two soldiers of the king's guard entered the chamber, rudely, and without ceremony laid each a hand upon the innocent boys.

The mother fainted, a merciful unconsciousness shielding her for a time from the effects of her misery; but Louise fought with the spirit of a heroine, for the infants she had watched and tended so long; and not until the signet of the king, demanding their apprehension, and the cruel certainty of the inutility of her efforts to keep them, were shown her by the impertinent guardsman, did she cease to hold the garments of the children.

Henri, the eldest, was easily intimidated. His lip quivered, and he shrunk away in terror from the rude grasp that held him; but Francois drew himself up to his full height, and in the name of his father, dared him to touch him.

"Your father," sneered the soldier, "is where he cannot hear you. His ears are past hearing."

"What is that?" asked the boy.

"I tell you that your father's head is cut off, and we have come for you and your brother, and probably he will punish you in the same way."

Henri crept, terrified, behind Louise at these cruel words, but Francois stood up manfully.

"You are a bold, wicked man, and the king is

a wicked man too; and see, you have killed my dear mother. I will not go with you, neither shall Henri—"

The soldiers stopped what the child was about to say, by catching him rudely by the collar, and then seizing Henri, they dragged them from the protecting arms of Louise, and placing them in a rough cart, with a ruffian-looking driver, took them to a dull, dreary-looking prison-house, and thrust them into a cell, which at first seemed perfectly dark. After a while, they grew more accustomed to the dim light, and discerned each other's faces, and the low pallet which was to serve them as a bed. They laid down upon it in each other's arms, and wept themselves to sleep.

The jailer, Pierre Arnaut, found them thus, when he came in the twilight, with a candle, and their meagre supper, and the sight of the two angel faces with the tears dried upon their cheeks, their arms thrown lovingly about each other, and the bright heads with their golden curls intermingling as they lay, almost unmanned him. Jailer as he was, Pierre Arnaut had a heart, and moreover he had had children of his own, who were now translated to another home, and he remembered with what happiness he used to linger over their sleeping hours, and kiss the rosy lips whence came the gentle breath which only childhood knows.

Inwardly he cursed the cruel policy of Louis who warred even upon children; and inwardly he resolved to ameliorate their condition as much as lay in his power. Calling his wife to look at the children, he gazed at them, with her by his side, until the tears of both flowed fast and long.

"O, Pierre! what if this was our little Louis! O that I had never named that dear child for this cruel king!"

"Hush, dear Marie! even these walls have ears! Let us be careful, lest our power to help these poor innocents be taken away from us altogether. We must appear as if we were carrying out the murderous designs of the tyrant, in order to make them more comfortable than we could otherwise do."

"O, Pierre, Pierre, how I do hate this life! Would that we could go back to our own little vineyard, and live where we could practise none of this terrible deceit, and these deeds of blackness and cruelty."

"And so do I, Marie! But now that these angels have come, let us be willing to stay, that we may smooth the way for these innocents!"

"Yes, that is now our work, and I suppose that you are right in saying that we must be wary."

From that time, Pierre and Marie did every-

thing which they dared for the little ones ; and well did they repay their care. It was Marie's delight to supply them with fresh changes of clothing, to smooth their beautiful golden curls, and if possible, once a day at least, to see that they should have fresh air. But this she was obliged to do stealthily ; for close confinement was in the order to Pierre, and Marie dreaded lest spies should be about, and report it to the myrmidons of the court.

Meantime, where was the poor mother ? Half distracted by the death of her husband, she had gone from one fainting fit to another, until Louise feared she would never be able to restore her to life. When, at length, she awoke to life and reason, she eagerly asked for her boys, Louise knew not how to answer her ; but she divined a part of the truth, and it was soon confirmed.

Her first act was to humiliate herself to the king, and beg an interview with her children. More than this she did not dare to ask, at this stage of their confinement. Clad in the deepest mourning, and attended only by the faithful Louise, the Countess d'Armagnac was a petitioner in the ante-room of the audience chamber for many days, without success. Nor did the friends of her deceased husband dare to attempt any intercession in her behalf, lest it might increase instead of alleviating her distress.

Once she staid until the audience chamber was empty. Suppliant after suppliant had departed, not with the bright and hopeful faces of subjects who have looked upon the face of a good and just king, but with the disheartened air of those who have sued in vain at the feet of a relentless monarch.

The countess kept her seat in the ante-room until the last lingerer had disappeared, and Louis came forth with the soldiers of his body-guard encircling his sacred person. Watching her opportunity, the countess sank upon her knees before Louis, and implored him to hear her.

"Who is this woman, Frontignac ?" asked the king, in something less than his usual savage tone.

"A mother, pleading for her fatherless children," said the countess.

Frontignac whispered to him that it was Count d'Armagnac's wife ; he did not dare to say his widow, for even the rough courtier pitied her distress, and he feared it would do her cause no good if he recalled the remembrance of her husband's death.

"Take her away," said Louis, "I will not grant her request. D'Armagnac's sons shall suffer for their father's treachery to his king."

Frontignac stooped to raise the form which had

fallen to the floor in weakness. The compassionate courtier, as he did so, exchanged a few words with the countess.

"She does not ask their release, sire," said Frontignac, "she only prays to be permitted to see them."

A frown darkened Louis's face. He did not reply. Frontignac ventured to say a word more in her behalf ; and at length he ungraciously consented to allow a single interview, in presence of Frontignac. He then passed on.

Louise came from the darkened corner where she had been waiting, and raised the weeping woman in her arms. Slowly she bore her to the carriage, and entering it, she laid her head upon her shoulder. The countess wept and laughed alternately, at the thought of seeing her children once more ; although she knew not when.

"Probably Frontignac would bring the order," Louise said. Louise, in her corner, had heard and understood more than the weeping mother.

The next day Frontignac brought the order. He had been indefatigable in his efforts to obtain it, and it was with real interest that he now gave it to the countess.

That morning, Marie had been more than usually attentive to the children's personal appearance. She had combed their light curls, and wound them around her finger ; and putting on a new suit of summer clothes to each, the little creatures bounded out for a moment into the bright sunshine, filling their hands with flowers from Marie's little garden, and had gone back again to weave their wreaths in the dark cell. They had just completed them, and Marie had placed them upon their heads, when Pierre opened the door, and brought in the countess and Frontignac.

The long black veil and close, heavy dress disguised the countess entirely, and not until she threw back the veil and clasped them in her arms, did they recognize their mother. Then the long pent up tenderness broke forth, and heedless of spectators, they gave themselves up to the rapture of that meeting.

"Mama, dear mama," said Henri, "you have come to take us away at last, have you not ?"

"I shall protect you, my mother," said Francois, "you need me, do you not, dear ?"

Alas ! what could the mother say ? She could only weep, and hold them still tighter to her heart.

Marie, struck with her maternal sorrow, respectfully retired to the other side of the cell ; while Frontignac himself wept at the sight.

The order was, however, imperative to shorten the interview—half an hour being allowed. The

mother knelt down, and gathering both her children to her arms, she prayed most fervently. The children clasped their hands, and repeated the words after her; and then the parting moment came.

It was their last. Within three weeks, the Countess d'Armagnac sank beneath her sorrows; and then Louise went and offered herself as a servant to Marie Arnaut, threw herself upon her mercy, and told her in confidence, the reason why she wished it. Delighted to have some one who would take an interest in the little prisoners, Marie engaged her at once, taking care that she should perform no menial labor.

To Louise fell the sad task of communicating to Henri and Francois the fact of their mother's death. It weighed them down for a time; but childhood soon forgets its woes, and the delight of seeing Louise every day compensated in some measure for their loss.

She now continued the lessons their mother had begun, and it was her care that they should be supplied secretly with books. They now read quite fluently, and enjoyed reading to each other. Their toys and playthings were concealed beneath the bed. It was true that there was no positive order that they should not be allowed to learn or to play; but Pierre thought proper to guard against the possibility of such an one being given, as might be the case should the king hear of it. His caution was not without reason; for an order actually came for greater strictness, and closer confinement for the prisoners.

The constitution of Francois bore up against it; but Henri drooped and failed. In vain did Frontignac, to whom Louise distractedly applied, petition the king for greater clemency. He took no notice of it whatever, and the child faded day by day under the watchful eye of Louise, who stealthily crept into the prison behind Pierre, and sometimes found a chance to secrete herself until he came again, and Pierre kindly shut his eyes that he might not see her.

Poor Henri's disease grew worse and worse. Francois said he was always calling for his mother, when Louise was not present. His delirium was of a mild and gentle character, and all his wandering thoughts were of flowers and blue streams, and angels with golden wings hovering about him, and of his mother beckoning him. They opened the prison door one morning, and the boys were lying in each other's arms. One of them had waked in heaven!

One would have thought that Francois would have mourned for Henri's death and his own loneliness; but it was not so. He seemed to exult in the thought that Henri was safe with his

dear mother; and to feel that he should not long be separated from him. Indeed, he was already beginning to fail; but in his case, the jail distemper which really carried off his brother, assumed a chronic form. It bent and disturbed the small limbs, but it did not attack the vital springs of life. \* \* \* \* \*

One bright, sunny morning when Spring was walking with gentle step upon the damp earth, whence pale, strange flowers sprang up about her feet, the prison door was set open, and it was announced that Louis Eleventh was dead; and that his poor, oppressed prisoners were free. As well almost might it be told to the dead, as to that feeble, pale, deformed youth, who sat there on the poor, mean pallet—his seat by day, and his bed by night.

Sorrow, desolation and confinement had done their work on Francois d'Armagnac; and liberty came all too late. The form which in childhood gave promise of a noble manhood, was shrunk and withered, never to grow again into fair proportions. The rosy face was pale and elongated, and the voice was feeble and unmusical. The sap of his life had been drained to meet a tyrant's unjust decree, and he stood outside of humanity. Pierre Arnaut was now an old man, poor and without connections; and his good wife was also getting in years.

"You will never leave me," he said to them, with the feeble voice of a child. "Do not let me be alone any more!" And when the estates of the D'Armagnac family were restored to Francois, now the Count d'Armagnac, he refused to occupy, unless Pierre and his wife and Louise inhabited the same home as himself.

Sitting on some grassy mound in the garden, or in the library, looking over some prints, perhaps, but rarely reading or talking, quiet, gentle, and ever docile and affectionate, he passed away the remainder of his days.

At last, he came to the end of the pilgrimage whence hope and happiness had been so nearly banished. Louise, faithful to the last, sat by his couch and held his passive hand.

In the west, large masses of brilliant clouds, purple, crimson and orange, were piled up above the setting sun. The eyes of Francois were fixed upon the gorgeous spectacle. The sun went down amidst all this purple glory, and the soft twilight succeeded. Not a word was spoken until two stars came out, "like infant births of light;" then the silence was broken, and the words, "Mother! Henri!" came from the lips of the dying, almost like the sound of a clarion. Louise started at the clear trumpet notes, and gazed upon the face of the dead!

## THE WORKS OF NATURE.

BY MACH MAURICE.

I love to climb the mountain's brow  
At sunset's golden hour,  
And see the glowing orb of day,  
With calm, majestic, lingering ray  
Sink slowly out of power.

I love to see the pearly drop  
Steal soft o'er leaf and flower,  
And kiss with bright, pellucid lips—  
As every sweet the glad bee sips—  
Fair Nature in her bower.

I love to listen to the song  
That echoes through the grove :  
The little warblers full of glee,  
Are merry with their jubilee,  
In every bright alcove.

I love to watch the sparkling brook  
Go dancing through the vale—  
Now gliding smooth along its course,  
Now leaping mad with furious force,  
From source that ne'er will fail.

I love to stand by the ocean's side,  
And hear the billows roar;  
And see the swelling, heaving tide,  
Which onward moves with restless pride,  
Sweep all that comes before.

## THE SMUGGLER OF SARK.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THE island of Sark, on the northwest coast of France, is a beautiful little spot. It is composed mostly of porphyry and jasper rocks, and rises out of the sea like the tomb of a Titan. During the reign of Elizabeth it was a savage spot, and she gave it to Helier, Lord of Saint Owin.

Philip of Cataret, a descendant of the first lord of Sark, was a simple fisherman. Philip owned a little cottage not far from the harbor of Gasselín, and descended to his boat by means of a rope and pole, for descents by paths made in the flint-like rock were very few and far between. When Philip had been successful in his fishing, he went to Saint Pierre, in the island of Guernsey, which is to the inhabitants of Sark like London and Paris to those living in its precincts. Gaily and cheerfully he went on his excursions, making a little, but contented and never envying the splendor of his uncles the barons. Judith, wife of Philip of Cataret, was called the handsomest woman in the country, and their son Helier gave promise of being the handsomest young man.

Near Philip lived another family, a father, mother and their young daughter, whose name was Vaudin. The father had been, like Philip, a

sailor, or rather followed four different ways of life, farmer, sailor, hunter and soldier; but old wounds had obliged him to retire from the sea, and he aided his wife and Marion in selling their wares in the village. Marion and Helier, born nearly at the same time, grew up side by side, partaking the same joys, weeping at the same sorrow. All at once Philip, formerly so gay, frank and jovial, became morose and taciturn. His absences from home were longer and more irregular, and his visits in Guernsey were almost lengthened into permanent stops. He worked less, and slept more, and his sleep was troubled by dreams. His tastes changed, as did his habits and even his language; he began to complain that the food was bad, the bed hard, the soup thin, the cider flat; he asked no longer, he commanded. Judith suffered with closed lips. But Helier, noticing the disagreeable change in his father, asked him the reason. Then Cataret took him out of hearing of his wife and told him strange things of the pleasures of places far away.

"I can have them, and you can, too," finished the father, in a tone he had never used before.

"How will that be done?" asked the boy.

"By becoming rich, my son. Do you wish to become so?"

"Why, father, have I not everything I need?"

The face of Philip grew dark, and he sent his son away, who sadly thought that he must do evil to live so. At first the fisherman was absent a month, then two, then an entire season from his home in Sark. At each return, he seemed more impenetrable than ever. He would put on the table a bag of gold, but say nothing.

One day his worthy wife determined to have this living secret explained by her husband. Philip had called for his equipments necessary for the sea, without saying more than usual about his departure. Judith followed him into the chamber with a heavy bag of gold in her hand, and said in a soft, but firm voice:

"Philip of Cataret, see what you have given me in eight days, more than you ever gave me in three months. It is a large sum to sell fish for. I do not ask what you have hid from me; you are master of your own words and actions, and have a right to carve out my destiny as well as yours; but we have received from God an innocent child who is to obey our wishes, and follow in our steps, if they are not bad. I have some expenses to incur for our son; Philip, can I touch this money?"

"Have I not given it to you, my dear wife? Am I not sure you will make a good use of it?"

"The use does not purify the source, Philip. This money, was it honestly gained?"

"Honestly!" said the husband, with an effort. It is the price of work and victory, Judith. When Elizabeth, queen of England and duchess of Normandy, gave this island to my ancestors, she made the best disposal of it possible. My uncles, to-day, possess the property of my fathers; is it because I have done wrong? Has it come to such a pass, that you, the wife who bears my name, doubt my honesty?"

"You do not answer my question, Philip. Here is twice as much as you ever had in two years. Where does it come from?"

"I tell what I wish, and I do what I wish, is it not so?" replied he, coldly. "The money I have given you belongs to me. If you have any scruples about it, sell our house; I will buy it back when I return." And he left. More than a year passed without any news from him.

Helier Cataret was eighteen and Marion Vaudin just seventeen, and they loved each other more than ever. Judith gained consolation from them, and quietly went her way, paying no attention to the stories that were circulated about Philip. Judith often went to the rocks, searching vainly for the little red sail, the sight of which used to be so frequent and welcome. One day, when least expected, news of its approach was announced. Madame Cataret, followed by Marion, went out with fear in her heart, but she was soon reassured, for her husband came forward. She did not at first recognize Philip, for his dress was that of a rich captain, and his step was grave and haughty.

All the people assembled and followed him to his humble house, and he told them to go the next day to the Union, the only tavern in the place. For he had room for only a dozen at his table, and he would there give a splendid dinner.

No one knew what Philip had said to his wife on his return; only people noticed that the joy of poor Judith did not last long, and that she was more sad and pale than ever.

As to Philip, he was to all appearance a rich man. Judith had sold her house during his absence, and was now only a lodger in it. Philip bought it and remodelled it. A vessel arrived from France, filled with huge cases; they contained furniture more beautiful than those of the Lord of Sark; they could hardly go into the house. The garden was laid out in beds and smooth paths were bordered with beautiful roses and laurels. This garden was enclosed by a wall, and over the massive gateway was carved the escutcheon of the family, as if Philip had been the eldest, instead of the youngest of the family.

When the companions of his childhood, those who had always been on familiar, intimate terms

with him, asked him how he had gained all these riches, "By trade," he would answer, though he never related any of his adventures. Soon it got rumored about that Philip of Cataret had sold his soul to the devil, as no other way of accounting for his sudden wealth could be thought of.

This time his wife did not seem sad, neither did she go as usual on the rocks to watch the last glimpse of the red sail. She seemed only to live for her son. Sad things were passing between husband and wife, for she never spoke of them voluntarily, and to those who asked news of him she drooped her head, as if the image of Philip had been effaced from her heart by some crime.

"One day, after having talked with the priest, Madame Cataret made a visit at her neighbor Vaudin's. Her object was to ask Marion Vaudin for her son. The old people demurred, because the ways of Philip had become so strange.

"We are Christians, neighbor Judith, and our daughter is the daughter of a Christian; and we do not know that Philip is one. However, this is not our children's faults, nor thine I think."

So it was settled that Helier should have Marion for his wife, but they were not to see each other as often as formerly. Helier knew all that had passed; knew what was said of his father, and in an agony of rage and anxiety he demanded of the priest, who had been his instructor if his father was a sorcerer. He received an answer to the contrary, and went home satisfied.

The next week Philip of Cataret was again with his family. He stayed a little while and during his stay informed his wife that on his next voyage Helier was to accompany him. Judith questioned him as to his destination, but received no satisfaction. She was merely commanded to have her son in readiness.

One night Philip left the house secretly and did not return till the next morning. The next night the same thing happened, and his son resolved to watch him and find out where he went. It was the night before Helier was to leave, and bidding him good night, Judith placed on his finger a beautiful ring, saying, "Take care of it, my son, it will bring you happiness."

When all was still Philip left the house and his son followed cautiously. Although Philip did not know he was watched, he took every precaution to avoid pursuit; doubling like a fox when pursued by dogs; and stopping to listen at every turn. Hearing nothing he took his way quickly to what was called the Conpee, a sort of isthmus joining the two parts of the island, the Great Sark and Little Sark. Helier followed his father cautiously, when suddenly he saw him disappear as if swallowed up in the earth. With



trembling limbs and face covered with a cold sweat, he walked forward and came to a fissure in the rock. He knelt down on the edge and looked down at the sea flashing with phosphorescent light beneath him. There was no moon, but by the light of the stars he thought he saw his father suspended by a rope, half way between the tops of the rocks and the sea. All the stories of magic Helier had heard of his father flashed through his mind. The hour, the place, the low mounings of the sea, together with his intense anxiety, nearly unmanned him. His head swam, a faintness came over him, and he fell to the earth, but, as he did so his hands touched a massive iron ring, firmly imbedded in the rocks, to which was attached a strong cable. This single explanation restored him to self-possession and coolness. What he had thought was magic, was only a gymnastic feat. Helier seized the rope and began to descend. The rocks were said to abound in caves, but few were daring enough to search for them. Helier paused not to consider what would be the consequences of his act, he only knew that he was following his father. After a painful descent of some hundred feet or more, the young man touched the rocks and heard the sound of voices, echoing in the cave before which he stood. Creeping along carefully he placed himself behind a sort of natural pillar, from whence he could listen unobserved to the men who were assembled in the cave. They were seated on barrels, and talked of their business. Upon the floor, at their feet, was a prisoner bound with cords and his mouth gagged; he was dressed in the uniform of a custom-house officer. For a few years past there had been a custom-house established for the good of the island, to prevent the sale of brandy to English smugglers.

The faces of the smugglers were fierce and bronzed. One among them was black; he was a negro; but as young Cataret had never before seen one, he thought for a surety he was the evil one. They spoke in English, more or less accented, but Helier did not see his father among them; and as he was reaching forward in order to see better, his feet slipped upon the wet, moss-covered rock, and he fell with a loud crash.

At the noise the men sprang up, grasping their knives and pistols. The imprudent youth was raised, and brought forward, and placed upon a barrel. "Who is it?—Who are you?—Where does he come from?—From the moon?—A clerk?—A scholar?—A spy?—Some rope!—Yes, to the boat with the other one!—A weight for the neck!—Say thy prayers!"

"Who speaks of tying a stone to the neck of my son?" said he whom the young man sought

for. "A Cataret the spy of the custom-house! Do it if you dare! Let us go!"

And seizing his son as an eagle does his prey, he led him to the little strip of beach. The others resumed their talking and drinking.

"What did you come here for?" asked Philip.

"To know where you went nights, father."

"Ah? Well, it is not so very wrong, my dear Helier. It was thy mother who sent thee?"

"No."

"As common spy, then."

"Father!" And the young man's voice was indignant.

"Well, well, that is good. How did you come here? by the road from Singa?"

"No, by the rope, as you came."

The incredulous father seized roughly the hand he held; Helier uttered a cry of pain. Philip dropped the hand and his eye flashed with pride.

"Why did you wish to know where I went?" asked the smuggler, in a softer tone.

"Because my mother weeps, and I love her."

"A reproach, my son? You know now, do you not? And, now that you know, it will be worse for your mother than for you. You belong to us, and you will not again ascend. I would have chosen for you a different life. It is too late now to retract. Let us enter the cave, and close the bond; a glass of brandy, a poniard in your hand, an oath, and you are a free-trader. You came of your own accord to prove that your heart is brave. Embrace me, my dear son!"

"My father," answered Helier, "I owe you obedience in all things right, and resistance in evil. I have heard what your companions spoke about! They are not free traders, they are murderers! What will they do to the unfortunate man now in their power?"

"What they would have done to you if it had not been for me, boy. It is violence for violence! The custom-house officers kill us, we kill the custom-house officers! The tide rises, let us go!"

"I tell you I will not go! for my mother, for Marion, who calls me."

"Invoke neither the one nor the other," said Philip, in a sad voice; "you will return to them no more. You came at your own risk. Remain!"

Without letting go his hold on his child, the captain of the smugglers put his fingers to his lips and gave a shrill whistle. The negro came at the signal, and they spoke together in Portuguese. A few minutes afterwards, they were all assembled, the barrels were shipped. The sea covered the beach; the red sail was afloat. They carried the officer on board first, still bound and gagged. Then they took the young man who was dumb with despair. The smugglers

embarked after, and Philip wading knee deep in the water, came to his son, and throwing his cloak over his shoulders said, passing the back of his hand across his eyes, "Farewell, boy! Good-by, all! Take care of my child."

He unfastened the cable, gave one last look, and disappeared among the rocks. When the red sail was outside the island of Guernsey, in deep, blue water, they tied a stone to the neck of the officer, and threw him overboard. So anxious were they in preparing for his immersion, they did not see Philip's son as he plunged into the water. The darkness, and the rolling thunder, prevented their seeing or hearing where he fell.

After the fatal embarkation of Helier, Philip returned home and said to Judith; "I have seen Helier. The tide was just right and I ordered him to set out." This he said without a sign of emotion. But the next day, as he was conversing with the sailors on board his cutter, one of them said, pointing to an object floating among the rocks, "If I had not seen the captain's cloak on his back, I should say that it was floating on the top of yonder wave!"

Philip, hearing that, looked and saw only too plainly the cloak he had given his son, floating on the water. A frightful presentiment seized him, for he loved his child very fondly. "O, sea, hast thou then swallowed up my child?" Then leaving immediately, waiting not for his cargo, risking all, he soon rejoined the red sail. The negro related what had happened, and he split the black sailor's head with an axe. Then he sent the red sail to Sark, with a letter for the priest, which contained these words:

"Helier, your son and mine has been killed. I am the cause of his death. Tell his mother that I shall never return. She may do as she pleases about wearing mourning for me."

Madame Cataret fainted when she heard this. Even his crime could not wholly efface her love for her husband, and she almost adored her son.

Three years passed away and two women came in the autumn to a little cottage in Catel, in the island of Guernsey, dressed in mourning; they were Marion Vaudin and Madame Cataret. Marion's father and mother were with her also.

When they had been some time in Catel, a handsome, rich stranger came to visit in the village. He saw Marion's pale but still beautiful face at church, and was attracted by it. In a village where everybody is known, it was an easy thing to get acquainted, and soon Monsieur Bertram was the avowed suitor of Marion Vaudin. She refused to countenance his addresses, remained deaf to the words of her father and mother, and was faithful to the memory of her love.

One day Madame Cataret and Marion were conversing together when Monsieur Bertram was announced. Marion rose and left the room, deputed Madame Cataret to receive him. He seemed much disappointed at finding only Judith, and gave her a ring which he wished her to present in his name to Marion. The moment Madame Cataret saw the ring she uttered a cry: "Murder! murder! help me all! Here is the man who killed my son!"

The ring was the one she had given to her son the last time she saw him, as she proved beyond a doubt by opening the stone, and showing engraved underneath, the names of Helier and Marion. Bertram grew pale and stammered out incoherent excuses—said he had purchased the ring of a Jew pedler, well known in the island under the name of Levy. Levy was sought for, but he was absent. Levy returned and was accused by both Monsieur Bertram and Madame Cataret, and though he solemnly swore that until that moment, he had never bought, sold or seen the ring, he was thrown into prison; for what was his word compared to that of the rich, powerful banker.

The day before the trial of the Jew, a stranger entered the village and went directly to the bailiff and ordered the Jew, who until then had always borne the character of an honest man, to be set at liberty, for he was innocent, as he could prove. Leaving the house of the bailiff, he went to the Vaudins' cottage. He paused at the door and his eyes were full of tears, as extending his arms, he cried, "Marion!" She answered "Helier!" fell fainting in his arms. They thought her dead, but, though for a long time insensible, she revived to realize her joy. Madame Cataret seemed to renew her youth from the time her son returned.

After jumping into the water, Helier swam as long as his strength would permit, and then lost all consciousness. When he recovered his senses he was lying on the deck of a piratical vessel. He was kindly treated, and when wholly restored to health and strength, for his fatigue and exposure in the water brought on a fever, he was asked to join them, but this he sturdily refused. Seeing him so obstinate, he was placed in a vessel bound for Quebec. Before leaving the pirates he gave his mother's ring to the captain, as it was the only return he could make for his kindness. The captain was Monsieur Bertram, the pretended banker. The reason of his not wishing to say how he came by the ring, was explained. He would not voluntarily avow himself a pirate.

Helier returned to Canada with his mother and wife, the happy Marion. Well was she repaid for her years of patient, hopeful faithfulness.

WIND FANCIES.

BY ORTON H. HESS.

Softly the summer wind  
Steals o'er the lea,  
Waving the hanging vine,  
Rustling the tree;  
Like gentle balm it comes,  
Laden with sweet perfumes,  
And with soft voices that whisper to me,  
Telling me pleasant tales, dear love, of thee;

How, in its ramblings mid  
Haunts of the rose,  
Seeking where sweets were hid,  
Richer than those  
Breecies ever bore along,  
Vainly it searched among  
Flowers the sweetest, o'er garden and heath,  
Till on thy red lips it tasted thy breath.

And while caressingly  
Lingered it there,  
Twining love-knots for me  
In thy brown hair,  
Soft, through thy lips apart,  
Deep from thy gentle heart,  
Pure as thy spirit, a prayer was set free—  
Ask not the winds if it was for me.

Cool came the summer breeze,  
Fanning my brow—  
Sighing, away it is  
Gone from me now:  
Murmuring good-by to me;  
Bearing a sigh for thee;  
Leaving me thoughtfully pondering, if thou  
Lovest like the sephyr that's leaving me now.

CONFESSIONS OF A FLIRT.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

"I REALLY wonder that you are not yet married, Mabel!" said Alice Fleming, turning from the mirror where she was adjusting her hair, and addressing her friend Mabel Heath, who reclined listlessly on a sofa with an open volume in her hand.

"Do you?" responded Mabel, carelessly glancing over the top of her book while she turned the leaf and continued reading.

"Indeed I do; and I think besides it is very selfish for you to bury yourself in a book, when I am longing to hear your voice. We have been so long separated that I am jealous of whatever divides your attention with myself; and you know that one week of the three to which you have limited your stay with me is already past, and when the remaining two are ended, who can tell when we may meet again?"

"True," said Mabel, rising and laying aside

her book; "but forgive me now, and I will try not to be so thoughtless again."

"Thank you, Bella dear; but, as I was saying, I cannot but wonder, that while all our less beautiful and talented schoolmates are married and settled in life, you alone, the brightest and fairest of the band, are still 'in maiden meditation fancy free.' I am sure, had I been in your place, surrounded by such a host of admirers as used to follow in your train, I should have lost my heart to some one of them long ago."

"Very likely!" said Mabel, and there was a tinge of satire in her voice and a slight curl of her beautiful lip; "but mine is not a heart to be lost so easily. Indeed," she added with a laugh, "I have tried a dozen time to give it away, but the perverse thing refuses to go at my bidding, and sticks to me like the curse of Cain, in spite of all my efforts to be rid of it. And a most troublesome possession it is, I assure you; always insisting on being heard when I least care to listen to it, and compelling me to obey its dictates, instead of consulting my interests, as a rational being should."

"How unreasonable! No wonder you would like to be rid of it; but can you tell me how many of your rejected suitors have committed suicide or died of broken hearts in consequence of the perversity of the thing, as you call it?"

"Broken hearts, indeed! you are very sentimental for a woman who has been four years married. I have no doubt you think that had you rejected Hervey Fleming, he would have hung himself on the nearest tree; while I am just as certain that he would have fallen in love with the next pretty face he met, and been ready to endorse the sentiment of somebody who told more truth than all the bag-crowned sentimentalists ever wrote, when he said that,

"First love is a pretty romance,  
But not quite so lasting as second,  
For where one awakes from its trance  
There's a great stock of bliss in a second.

And though poets their raptures may tell  
Who never were put to the test,  
A first love is all very well,  
But believe me, the last love's the best."

I remember when I fancied that masculine hearts were really composed of as brittle materials as poets and novelists would have us think; but I long since learned that they were made of sterner stuff than to be shivered by a woman's frown."

"But how did you gain that knowledge? One would suppose you had been jilted yourself, instead of trifling with others as you are accused of doing."

"It is easy to see that you have provoked this discussion only to make me tell my experience;

and as you have such faith in attachments begun in childhood, I will go back to our school days and begin with Arthur Wells. You remember Arthur with his slight form, gentle manners, and pretty girlish face, and how you laughed when I told you I thought Nature to blame for not having made him a girl, and his coarse, hoydenish, romping sister Sarah a boy. There was a delicacy in Arthur's attentions, quite unusual in a schoolboy; and of all my stripling admirers he was the favorite. When at eighteen years of age he went away to learn book-keeping in the counting-house of a wealthy uncle in a distant city, I parted with him with sincere regret.

"When, after two years, he came back to spend a few weeks at home, he had become a tall, graceful young man, but with the beaming eyes and silken hair of his boyhood, and everybody remarked how handsome he had grown; but I thought little of his manly beauty, for my heart was lying low, in the grave of my loved and honored father, who had gone down in the strength of manhood to the silent city of the dead. And while I longed for sympathy in this my first great sorrow, he talked with boyish simplicity of my looking so oddly in my sable weeds, and wondered that I, who used to be so merry, could be so still and smile so sadly.

"With his twenty years he was still a boy in thought and feeling, while I, who had seen but sixteen summers, was an earnest, thoughtful woman; for when the heart has learned how much of suffering it can bear, its childhood has departed. I saw that he could not understand my feelings, and so locked them in my own heart, and when he asked me at parting to correspond with him, I told him I would always be glad to hear from him and to know of his welfare, but declined promising to answer his letters, and he forbore to urge it. I saw that he felt hurt, but he was too proud to complain, while Sarah, who was present, called me proud and cold, and accused me of holding myself aloof, and thinking, because I was pretty and fancied myself smart, that I was better than my mates. Arthur had been in the habit of sending me books and papers, but he never sent another or came to see me when he visited his parents, and I only know that he still lives in the city and was married long ago.

"Jerry Cameron, Horace Graham, Louis Kimble, and several others were among my early admirers, and I liked them all, for when time and the natural buoyancy of youthful spirits had restored my wonted cheerfulness, there was a warm corner in my heart for all who sought my friendship. I think I could have clasped all

God's creatures in one embrace, if my arms would have held them all. The young ladies with whom I mingled in society were so many dear sisters, their brothers were my brothers, and I rode, talked, and danced with all who sought my company, never questioning their motives or considering the probability of any among them becoming suitors for my hand, so long as they never spoke of love; and I was greatly amused when I first heard myself accused of coquetting with those I had never suspected guilty of harboring any sentiment for me warmer than friendship.

"My first serious annoyance was a Mr. Kinney, who came to spend a few days with some cousins in the village, and, for some inexplicable reason, enlisted at once into my service—though I would gladly have dispensed with the honor, for I had never seen any one I disliked so much. Others called him witty, fine-looking, gentlemanly and agreeable, but I was blind to his attractions, and he seemed equally oblivious of my dislike; and though I constantly declined his civilities, he persisted in following me from place to place, paying me the most marked attention wherever I went, and praising me in the most extravagant terms when I was absent.

"If I shrunk away from him, and became silent and reserved when he approached, he was delighted with such modest diffidence in one so beautiful; and if I treated him with cold disdain, he was astonished at queenly dignity in one so young.

"Of course his cousins, Kitty and Mary Barton, did all in their power to add to my discomfort by repeating his compliments to me; and as he prolonged his stay week after week, and called as often as he could find a pretext for doing so, I became almost desperate under the infliction.

"But all things earthly have an end, and he at last announced his determination of leaving, and came to bid me good-by. I received him more cordially than I had ever been able to do before, for I was very happy at the prospect of parting with him; and thought his visit was drawn out to an unconscionable length, the certainty of its being the last enabled me to bear it with equanimity, and when he offered his hand at parting, and asked if I would not think of him some times when he was gone, I readily gave the required promise, for I was sure I should never be able to forget him.

"A few weeks later I received a letter from him containing a bombastic and passionate avowal of undying affection, unbounded admiration, and idolatrous love, and begging me to be his wife. I was petrified with astonishment and blinded

with rage, for it suddenly occurred to me that his ineffable self-conceit had led him to attribute my avoidance of him to the coyness of love. But I think he must have been convinced of his mistake when he received my answer by next mail.

"I saw him once, a long time afterwards, and tried to avoid a recognition, but some one officiously introduced him, and he 'believed he had once had the honor of Miss Keith's acquaintance.' When next I heard of him he had committed matrimony instead of suicide, as you pleasantly suggested disappointed swains were apt to do.

"A few months after Mr. Kinney's case was disposed of, I became acquainted with Charley Fielding, and soon learned to like one as much as I had disliked the other. He was less handsome than some others of my acquaintances, but he had such a genial joyous-heartedness, mingled with so much of manly sincerity, and such a true, noble soul looked out from his eyes that he was deservedly a favorite with all who knew him. He came several times to see me, and I began to watch impatiently for his coming, though I never told him I was glad to see him or asked him to call again, for I thought he only came to pass an idle hour, and would gladly have concealed even from myself the secret of my growing preference, till one day he startled me by an abrupt acknowledgement of affection. What he said I scarcely knew, for soon as he commenced speaking I had an intuitive knowledge of what was coming, and became too much confused to hear distinctly, but I comprehended that he cherished a deeper regard for me than I had ever dared to hope, and wished to know my feelings in return.

"But it was so sudden, so unlooked for, that had my life depended on it I could not have articulated a syllable; but stood silent and trembling beneath the anxious inquiring eyes that sought my own. He must have construed my silence into annoyance or displeasure; for when, after the lapse of several seconds that seemed to me so many hours, I ventured to raise my eyes, he extended his hand and said, so coldly and so proudly, 'Good-by, Miss Keith, we may never meet again;' and in another moment he was gone. I hoped he would return, but he did not; and, as I would not inquire for him, it was some weeks before I knew that he had gone to the West Indies with an invalid relative, and would not return till the next summer. It was evident he cared very little for me, or he would not have gone without a better understanding, and I proudly resolved to forget him, and was sometimes angry with myself that I succeeded no better in banishing him from my thoughts.

"Then there was Percy Clark, who was ten years older than I, and seemed always to consider me as a child, though I had reached my twentieth year. He would never call me Miss Keith or Mabel, even in company. I was only 'Little Bella' to him whatever I might be to others, and I was often annoyed by the childish epithets he bestowed on me, as well as by what seemed the assumption of superiority with which he would lecture me in his grave, quiet way for my waywardness; but he was very kind, and I regarded him as one of my best and truest friends, and sought his advice as I would that of an elder brother.

"No wonder I was astonished when he told me of the deep earnest love with which he had regarded me from my childhood; how he had watched the development of my powers as I grew to womanhood, and waited for the time when he could ask me to be his 'own dear little wife.' I could not believe him serious, and even when I saw that his cheek grew pale and his lip quivered with emotion, I laughed at his proposal as a jest. I must either laugh or weep, and would not encourage him by any show of sympathy; and though I knew he must despise me for my heartlessness, it was better so, I thought, for he would feel less pain at finding his love unrequited if he learned to scorn its object.

"But O, how bitterly I reproached myself when he was gone for the blindness with which I had unconsciously encouraged his delusive hopes! I had never shed such bitter tears since I stood beside my father's grave as I wept that night. I had even an absurd idea of writing to him, accepting his offer, and devoting my life to his happiness, as an atonement for my unintentional fault. Would not that have been romantic? I thought then that it would be heroic. After such a wretched night as only sentimental people know, I fell asleep just at daybreak, and awoke with the thought that by following the resolution with which I had gone to sleep I should do him a great wrong, for I could not so completely live a lie all my life as to prevent his seeing that my heart was not in my duties, and being made miserable by the discovery.

"I think I suffered more from his disappointment than he, for he gradually changed his quiet studious habits, for a life of gaiety, and was soon a leader in the ranks of pleasure. But he never scolded or petted me, or called me 'Little Bella' as before, and I used to listen to the merry jests that flowed so freely from his lips, and wonder if he was really as happy as he seemed, or whether men were like ourselves, most mirthful when most sad.

"Once, some months after his proposal, I met him at a brilliant assemblage of the fashionable and gay, and a lady, behind whose chair he was standing, beckoned me to her, and as I stood beside her a moment in a position to hide him from observation, he bent down and pressed his lips to the hand I had laid on the back of his chair. I started at the touch, and looking up met a look that sent a pang to my heart and made me sad the remainder of the evening, it was so full of hopeless anguish. But he didn't die of grief—not he. He married like a sensible man, and is leading the prosy, hum-drum, comfortable life of married people in general.

"Then there was Fred Gordon; wild, impulsive, warm-hearted Fred, with many noble qualities, and as many glaring defects. He had two sisters: sweet, artless, brown-eyed Fannie, and laughing, sunny-haired Eva. How I loved them both, and Fred I regarded almost as much, and with the same sisterly affection. Judge, then, of my dismay, when Fannie, in her simple-heartedness, began to talk of how happy we would be as sisters, and I found that he spoke to them of me as his intended, and that our union was looked upon by the family as certain.

"I ought to have known while I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung with him, where it would all end, and that when I praised him when he pleased, or scolded him when he teased me, his vanity might draw more flattering inferences from my words and actions than they were intended to convey; but I believe all young girls are fools, at least I know that I was one, and see no reason for supposing myself an exception to the general rule.

"After Fannie's revelation I tried to be very circumspect in all I said or did,—to guard every look or word, and if possible to convince him that 'I remained Mr. Gordon, most sincerely your friend,' but that I had no warmer sentiment to bestow, and thus to escape the dreaded overture. But it needs must come and ours was a broken friendship. The girls too seemed to look upon me as the destroyer of their brother's happiness, and though I would gladly have told them how little I had intended to act the trifler, and how much I regretted what had happened, they shunned all approaches to the subject; and though I still loved them as well as ever, I was forced to accept a cold, formal friendship in return. I think that but for the publicity such a course would have given the affair they would have broken off our intimacy.

"Next came Harry Neal, who was one of the most worthy young men of my acquaintance, and thought 'my word the gospel, and my will

the law.' No doubt it would have been a very sensible disposal of my hand to have given it to him, but I was not a sensible young lady then, any more than now, and as I had acquired sufficient penetration from recent experience to discover that he only wanted a favorable opportunity to declare himself, I contrived to quarrel with him in such a way that he could only blame himself, and then took care to avoid giving him an opportunity of seeking a reconciliation. I always felt in thinking of it as if I had been guilty of meanness, but I was heartily sick of triumphing over the victims of my coquettish arts, as I was accused of doing.

"He grew moody, shunned society, and became a picture of dejection, and there was no lack of gossip among our acquaintance to insinuate that disappointment 'like a worm in the bud' preyed in his whiskered cheek. For my part I always believed that he was afflicted with jaundice, especially when a few months later he married and settled down apparently the most contented of mortals.

"Walter Harris, the most incomparable of dancing partners, became suddenly sentimental in the midst of waltzes and cotillions, and made love in time to music; but I would as soon have thought of listening to a declaration from a fiddle-bow. He and Fred Gordon are still bachelors, and while Fred sows wild oats with praiseworthy diligence, Walter dances as gracefully, and I have no doubt with as light a heart as ever.

"Jerry Cameron made advances, but though he was one of the earliest and at one time the most favored of my cavaliers, I had discovered that beneath his pleasing address was hidden a sordid, selfish nature, and that his sparkling wit could too easily take the form of malicious and ill-natured satire, and wondered how I could ever have liked him. He too remains single, and wealth appears to be the only bride he wants.

"Louis Kimble followed suit, and Louis was such a dear, delightful, pretty fellow; but I would no more marry a universally acknowledged pretty fellow than I would plight my faith to a poodle or canary. Luckily, however, there is a diversity of tastes in such matters, and Mrs. Kimble evidently thinks she has drawn a first class prize in the matrimonial lottery, in marrying the elegant Louis.

"Robert Stanley had for some time been one of our most frequent visitors, but whether he was paying court to mama or myself, I could hardly have told, until he confided to a friend, that he was 'charmed with Bella. He could not help being pleased with her, but he feared as much as

he admired her, for he was afraid she would have no scruples about stealing a fellow's soul, if she could get it and make no return.' Of course his confidant lost no time in communicating to me what he had learned. You know young gentlemen never betray each other's confidence. It is only the female part of creation who are ever guilty of such treachery. Poor Robert! I thought he had need of all the soul with which nature had endowed him, and that it would be an act of meanness to deprive him of the smallest portion of it, and took care to keep him at such a distance that I should be in no danger of yielding to temptation, and picking his pocket of so valuable an article. He followed me awhile longer, apparently much puzzled and disconcerted at my coldness, and then suddenly married a pretty, lovable little girl, and became to all appearances the happiest of Benedicts.

"Then, too, Esquire Norton came from his dingy counting room, to place his heart and hand at my disposal. A hand that was never open to relieve the wants of suffering humanity, and a heart as dry and dusty as his ledger, and hard as the gold he worshipped. Singular as it may seem, I declined the honor of his alliance; and he wooed and won a brilliant devotee of fashion, who seems to find equipage, dress and splendor good substitutes for happiness, and presides over his elegant establishment with inimitable grace.

"And stiff-rig Major Garland came down from his pedestal of pride, and asked me to 'do him the distinguished honor of sharing his name and fortune.' The name was well enough, the fortune unexceptionable, but the incumbency, Ugh!

"There were others, but I am tired of enumerating them, and think that I have already proved that though love may be as potent a passion as any that ways the heart of man, its effects are seldom very disastrous."

"But, Mabel, dear," questioned Alice, "did you never see Charley Fielding again?"

"O, yes! he came back at last, and for awhile kept haughtily at a distance, but at length ventured to approach me in company, and then to call on me at home, and continued to repeat the experiment occasionally for several months; but he was jealous of every one who approached me, and I could not conceive how he had acquired a right to know how much or how little I cared for any one but himself, and did not take much pains to satisfy his curiosity. And, besides, he was evidently too proud to commit himself again, without more encouragement than I would condescend to give; and so the distance between us grew wider every time we met, until he absented himself altogether, and finally left the place.

"When last I heard of him he had attained a position that, highly as I had appreciated him, I had never supposed him competent to fill, and was still unmarried; for 'our distinguished representative,' as the newspapers call him, is probably more fastidious than simple Charley Fielding. He has probably quite forgotten Mabel Keith, and I have learned to wonder how I could ever have been so silly as to fancy that I loved him."

Hon. Charles Fielding was a cousin of Alice's husband, and she had long suspected him of cherishing an unfortunate, perhaps hopeless, attachment for somebody, she could never guess who; and now she fancied herself quite too shrewd to be deceived by the declaration that "she wondered how she could ever have been so silly," with which she thought Mabel was trying to cheat herself. That young lady, however, knew nothing of the relationship, and consequently when Mr. Fielding again sought her favor, could not suspect that he had been influenced by any revelations from her friend; and it was not till she had been several months a wife, and in a fit of her old perversity assured her husband that she did not care half so much for him as he imagined, and had only married him because society was so organized as to make marriage a kind of necessity, that she learned he knew how long and vainly she had striven to forget him.

#### THE USE OF ARSENIC AS A COSMETIC.

We have been favored with the following extract from a private letter from London, for the authenticity of which we can vouch, although, for obvious reasons, the communication is strictly confidential: "I have several times used arsenic dissolved in water to wash my face, when I have had freckles from getting in the sun; and very often my hands, to get stains off and make them look white. I have always thought it a common thing, and was surprised to hear there was any danger in doing it." And the *Kelso Chronicle* observes that it can be proved by many a shepherd on the green hill-sides of Scotland, that arsenic, dissolved in water, can be used with impunity. Each autumn, at the sheep-dipping period, a solution of arsenic, with other ingredients, is prepared, so strongly poisonous that a few drops lapped by a dog, or falling into the mouth of a sheep, will produce speedy death. Yet in this mixture the hands, and, to some extent, legs, of the shepherds are steeped for weeks together. We feel it to be a matter of mere justice to give publicity to these statements, but we must observe that it would be a great mistake to suppose they at all encourage the practice in question.—*Edinburgh Evening Courant*.

Ceremony keeps up all things; it is like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.



## LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

O, ye disaffected mopers,  
 Ever wedded close to strife;  
 Drinking gall till ye are toppers—  
 Stumbling over sunny life!  
 Is there not a ray of gladness  
 Dancing round your gloomy heart?  
 Why this cheerless, moping sadness?  
 Nature smiles in every part!

Joys forever are abounding,  
 Floating gaily o'er the earth;  
 And the inner voices sounding,  
 Answer well their priceless worth!  
 Even in the infant's prattle,  
 Mirth in merry accent rings;  
 Joyous as the streamlet's rattle,  
 Or the bird that ceaseless sings!

Why, then, fret the soul with sorrow?  
 Sorrow that can ne'er atone;  
 Woe that brings a darker morrow,  
 Shutting up the soul alone!  
 Better far to hope and cherish  
 Glimpses of a brighter day;  
 Faith and hope will never perish,  
 Though they've but a single ray!

What if friendless and forsaken,  
 Will repining aught restore?  
 Think! are all but you mistaken?  
 None that loves you evermore?  
 Storms and clouds in life will gather,  
 As you battle with the strife;  
 But the greater part's fair weather—  
 Look to the sunny side of life!

## THE WAY 'T WAS DONE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Tom had gone away with the horses—the last train of cars had been gone two hours—the line of coaches had not commenced their summer's running, and I wanted to go to the village of Sandown, three miles off. Now what was I to do? It was a terrible day in June; the hottest, and driest, and dustiest that you ever remember. Moreover, there was the least shadow of a black cloud in the occident, which threatened a damp jacket to the individual who might have the temerity to venture forth about sunset.

But my business at the village was urgent, pressing—very! As you're a pretty good friend of mine, reader, I don't mind telling you about it, though, of course, you'll think just as I did, that it was urgent—pressing—very!

Melissa Grant and I were great friends once, we are now, for that matter; but as Melissa lives in the western part of Texas, and I am here in New Hampshire, we don't get much chance for

social intercourse. But this terrible day in June that I've commenced to write about, Melissa resided with her highly respectable and venerable parents in the rural and delightfully magnificent village of Skunkton, in the thrifty and prosperous State of Maine. O, if I only possessed the wonderful, descriptive powers of some writers, what a place I would make—in the reader's imagination—of that Skunkton in the State of Maine.

Melissa and I had attended school together, and at parting had vowed irrevocable and everlasting affection for each other; and for three years we had corresponded at intervals of one week, an interminable period to two souls as devoted as ours.

Well, I hadn't heard from Melissa for *seventeen days* ending this terrible day in June, and I was beginning to get a little nervous at her long silence. I had mentally accused the post-office department of a heinous and diabolical conspiracy to destroy the friendship of me and my darling Melissa, and several times I had thought of the expediency of writing to the postmaster general, for an explanation. It was very plain that the mail had been robbed, or the letter been miscarried, or our postmaster had detained it at the office, on purpose to bring me there in person! N. B. Jim Johnson (that's our postmaster), was very desirous of having me (to use his own affecting expression), "become the pardner of his busom, the sharer of his life, and the maker of his dear little children's clothes—pirafores and sich." Ladies and gentlemen, will you credit my assertion? I declined the honor.

Well now, to come back to that horrible day in June; I made up my mind that I should go to the post-office and see for myself. I'd teach Jim Johnson to steal my letters! So in positive disregard of the kindly warnings of my friends, to the effect that I should be "melted," "roasted," "tanned," and "burnt to death," if I persisted in walking three horrible miles with the thermometer at ninety-eight degrees, I set off. I felt in an ill humor, and didn't care whether I was dressed well, or the contrary. So as luck would have it, I was attired in a faded pink calico dress, a gray Talma (hot enough to roast an African), a cast-away chip bonnet of my Aunt Hulda's, and a pair of shoes which were ventilated on the old and time-worn plan. My *robes des voyages* were, as the reader will probably understand without my telling him, none of the best, but in my misanthropic mood, I rather enjoyed the *outré* costumes.

What my meditations were by the way, I do not particularly recollect; but I arrived at the village after a hard walk, and wiping the sweat

and dirt (as I said before it was shocking dusty) from my face, and made my way to the post-office.

"Ah, ah—eh—good morning—no, good afternoon, Miss Ayer!" says Jim Johnson, bowing and looking at himself in an opposite mirror.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," says I, imitating him; "is there a letter here for me, Miss Irene Ayer?"

"Well, I rayther guess not, Miss Irene—take a stick of candy, do; it's the real cream." Johnson kept "refreshments," in connection with his other business.

"Thank you, I'm not partial to sweets; will you be so good as to look for the letter?"

To tell the truth I am fond of sweets, but from a knowledge of the fact that the flies had roosted on Johnson's cream candy for more than six months, I did not care to partake at the second table.

Johnson rummaged around his "narrow precincts" for the space of fifteen minutes, but without success; and I turned to go out, angry with Melissa, with the post-office department, with Jim Johnson, with myself, and everybody else.

"If the next mail don't bring a letter for you, Miss Irene, I shall see that you have one anyhow," called Mr. Johnson, as I was going.

"You needn't trouble yourself!" I said, rather curtly, and drawing my thick green veil close over my face, I put myself *en route* for home. Poor Jim Johnson! How much he did look like the picture of the sun in the old-fashioned almanacs—all eyes.

Tired enough I was, I can tell you. My head went round and round like a top (as it properly was), my feet felt like two large-sized turkey's eggs, and the dust flew so that I could hardly see my way. To crown all, it began to thunder hoarsely in the black cloud—which was coming up in a hurry, blown by the rapidly increasing wind—and I knew that in all probability it would rain before I could reach a place of shelter. I began to accelerate my locomotion, until I had attained a "dog trot," and got myself in a steaming perspiration, when I heard a carriage coming up behind me. I wouldn't look round, but kept on until the horse stopped at my side.

"Will you ride?" called out a clear, musical voice, "it will rain soon."

"Thank you for the information," I returned, crossly. "I can walk, I'm not afraid of a sprinkling."

Lest the reader should have forgotten it, I will mention again that I was out of temper on that terrible day in June.

"Very good," said the gentleman, with a half-

concealed inclination to laugh trembling in his tones, "but it may be more than a sprinkling, and you'll take cold. This side, if you please; we shall get the storm from the other."

He had alighted, and was waiting to assist me in. I was sulky, and refused his offered hand, climbing in on the side next to the storm, and sitting down in obstinate silence. If the gentleman had been old, and homely, and half-dead with the gout, I could have forgiven him for seeing me in such a plight, but as he was young, eminently handsome, and remarkably *distingue*, I could never pardon him. Moreover, he had a black horse—my favorite color—and no man who drives a black horse can possibly be very disagreeable.

The stranger would have entered into conversation, but I replied to all his courteous remarks with ill-concealed vexation, and after several attempts, he settled back in his corner in a state of most profound *obmutescence*, as Professor Long-head used to say. As I looked sideways at him, I fancied I saw the least resemblance of a smile hovering about his lips, and a mischievous look in his eyes, which did not speak remarkably well for his gravity. Up came the black cloud, and down came the rain in bucketfuls. The man put up the chaise-boot, and touched blackly with the whip. On we went like a streak, fences and trees flew quickly by, and my home appeared in view.

"I will stop here; I said, beginning to repent my sullenness, "and you drive your horse into the shed there, and come in out of the rain."

"Thank you; I am not afraid of a sprinkling, neither is my horse," he returned, lightly, "I can go on as well."

"But it is something more than a sprinkling, and you'll take cold," I returned, half mockingly, half earnestly. "You'd better come."

He sprang out at the gate, flung it open, and led the horse into the shed, and politely assisting me out, followed me into the house. He was presented by me to my friends as "Mr., a gentleman who had brought me home in his chaise away from the rain." No doubt my family were highly edified with my extensive knowledge of "Mr.," and his virtues.

I immediately retired on pretence of changing my wet clothes for dry ones, but in reality to change my unbecoming ones for those more becoming. Besides, my hair was in a splendid fix, uncurled, untwisted, and unfixed generally, and with the dirt and sweat, it had contrived to stick up at every point, until my head would have made an admirable model for the construction of a porcupine.

Ah, truly J. G. Holland "hit the right nail," when he tuned his lyre to sing of "Dignity in Hot Weather."

"Besides—the weather! What can poets do?  
With the thermometer at ninety-two?  
Grandeur in shirt sleeves, grace with no cravat,  
Sublimity beneath a palm-leaf hat!  
Love with no dicky! *Beauty in a sweat!*  
Truth at the pump, with hands and forehead wet;  
Fame drinking soda! Glory with a fan!  
Passion asleep upon a cool divan!  
And Faith and Hope, in wrappers, throwing dice,  
To close the quarrel o'er a chunk of ice!"

By the friendly aid of cold water, combs and brushes, I made myself quite presentable, and assuming a plain but tasteful drab lawn, fastened at the waist with a crimson ribbon, I went below. "Mr." was chatting merrily with my father who seemed wonderfully pleased at something, and I began to be afraid that my knight had amused him with an account of his daughter's flagrant impoliteness. My fears were speedily dispelled, for immediately on perceiving me my father arose and said:

"Mr. Wuthering, allow me to present my daughter, Miss Irene; Mr. Robert Wuthering, daughter; the son of Giles Wuthering, my best friend, of Richmond. You've heard me speak of him? Mr. Robert was on his way here when he overtook you; lucky, wasn't it? Saved him from inquiry!"

Ha! then that was the upshot of the matter! Mr. Robert Wuthering—the man endowed by my romantic fancy with all the virtues and graces of an Adonis—the man before whom I was to make my first appearance in rose-colored muslin to imitate Aurora—the man whom I had intended at fascinate at first glance, and fill twenty pages to my divine Melissa with his praises! Ah me! he had caught me in a shower, at the rate of four knots an hour; with a hole in my shoe, a faded dress, an antiquated bonnet belonging to a maiden aunt, and a face on which dirt and cleanliness strove equally for a mastery! "horrible! more horrible! most horrible!"

Bah! if he should fall in love with me I'd never marry him, no never! for I had vowed never to give my hand to a person devoid of taste, so I forthwith resigned myself to the prospect of going, sometime, to visit Mr. Robert Wuthering and his red-headed wife, and twelve children (my hair is dark brown).

Mr. Wuthering and I had a social evening together; we talked of the weather (singular topic), of the president, of the signs of a fair day to-morrow, of the roses under the windows, and of the extremely hot afternoon we had. So we began with the weather—had the weather all the way along—and ended with the weather.

That night (following that terrible day in

June), I dreamed that the world was one mammoth chaise, and the sun a black horse, and as the pageant rolled by (I suppose I must have been standing at the time, somewhere in "the limitless void of space"), I saw Mr. Robert Wutherings by the dozen, peeping out at every point.

Mr. Wuthering had come to spend July and August with us, as I learned from the conversation at breakfast-table the next morning; and he said he was going to help the boys on the farm, about haying, and should depend upon me to rake all the grass he cut. I had not regained my good humor, so I played with my coffee and said nothing. Mr. Wuthering did not address me again, and as soon as breakfast was over, he and my brother Tom went a fishing up to the trout pond, taking their dinner with them.

They did not return until near tea-time, and then they were apparently very well pleased with something, for they both wore upon their faces a "we know something" sort of an expression, and by-and-by Tom let out the secret. They had encountered Bessie Williams (she had been christened Betsy, but changed her name for the more *recherche* cognomen of Bessie), at the pond, and Mr. Wuthering had called her the Naiad of the place, and her rosy cheeks had grown rosier, (she positively paints!) and she had simpered and smiled, and asked him, "What luck?"

Then he had made her some reply, precisely what, Tom did not see fit to divulge, but it must have been something superlatively silly, for she gave him in answer, "Dear me, sir; I didn't know you wanted to be caught!"

All the time that Tom was telling this, Mr. Wuthering sat, looking terribly conscious, and vainly trying to stop Tom's mouth, by nudgings and winkings. How I despised him! Bets Williams was the worst enemy I had!

Well, time passed rapidly on, and Mr. Wuthering and I were no better acquainted than at first. Sometimes he said good morning to me; and once he asked me for a geranium blossom from a plant in one of my flower-pots, but he never asked me to ride with him, though he knew I admired black horses, for he went every morning in the direction of Mr. Williams's house, and Tom hinted that he went to give Miss Bessie an airing. Very likely; for Bets put on great airs whenever I saw her. You'd have thought she was going to marry the lord high chancellor.

July was gone, and August with its fogs and dog-days, crept on. All this time I had heard not a word from Melissa, and I had begun to be dissatisfied with everybody, Melissa and Mr. Wuthering in particular. He might have paid

me a little more attention; it was due me from my father's guest, and sometimes I felt so badly about it, that I went up to my room and cried just a little bit, only a little.

So it passed on, and one hot afternoon, while my mother had gone to see a rich neighbor, and the men were at work in the meadow, I went into the parlor, and drawing the curtains, laid down on the sofa. I think I must have fallen asleep, for I had no recollection of seeing any one enter the room, and when I opened my eyes, there was Mr. Wuthering squat—yes *squat* down on the floor beside the sofa. I arose with dignity.

"Sir, allow me to pass!"

"Stop, if you please, Miss Consequence; I have important documents for you!" holding up a letter.

I sprang towards him to grasp it, but he only held it higher.

"O, please, Mr. Wuthering; let me have it quick! Let me have it, I say! I have been looking for a letter this long, long time!"

"On one condition, Miss Irene, you can have the letter! only *one*, mind you!"

"Name it!" I exclaimed with my eye on the coveted epistle.

"If you will kiss me, you can have it; not until then!"

"Never!" I cried, with the strict determination of adhering to my word. "If you want kisses, go and ask Bets Williams!"

He laughed outright.

"That is too good, Miss Irene. On my honor, I declare that I have not seen Miss Betsy since the next day after my arrival here, and then Tom did all the talking, and kindly credited it to me. But apropos to Bessie Williams, do you consent to the condition?"

"No, I do not!"

"But this is a very beautiful, very tempting-looking letter; and there is something enclosed which feels as if it might be a miniature, or something equally attractive."

"Give it to me this moment!" I tried to snatch it away from him.

"Not until you have kissed me! It is but a little thing to ask in exchange for so valuable a document. Come, consent, and it is yours!"

"Well, but—"

"Nonsense, Irene!" He drew me towards him, and—well, I might as well confess that I *did* kiss him, for everybody will think I did, whether I say so, or not.

He gave the letter, I opened it, and a card fell out. I read the names engraved thereon:

"MR. & MRS. JEREMIAH WILSON.

Miss Melissa Grant."

"Married! and I not at the wedding! Ungrateful! False! Treacherous!" I exclaimed, aloud, in my excitement.

"Never mind, Irene," said Mr. Wuthering, "we'll pay them in the same way—that is, if you'll consent to assume towards me the same relation that Melissa bears to happy Jeremiah Wilson!" The impudent creature.

Mr. Wuthering and I were married last October, and I am as happy as I wish to be. I have not been out of humor but once since our marriage, and that was on the evening after the performance of the ceremony, when Mr. Wuthering called me aside and informed me very gravely that we had kept the fifth commandment to the very letter; for his father and my father had betrothed their children seven years before, and he had come to Sandown for the express purpose of seeing, loving, and marrying me! I pouted, and he kissed me to seal the contract. So that's the whole story.

#### THE POWER OF MONOSYLLABLES.

To one whose attention has not been drawn especially to the subject, it will be surprising to call to mind how many of the most sublime and comprehensive passages in the English language consist wholly or chiefly of monosyllables. Of the sixty-six words comprising the Lord's Prayer, forty-eight are of one syllable. Of the seventeen words composing the Golden Rule, fifteen are of one syllable. The most impressive idea of the creative power of Jehovah is expressed entirely in monosyllables: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." One of the most encouraging promises of Scripture is expressed in fifteen words, all but one of which are monosyllables: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Among human compositions several remarkable instances of the same character occur. Of twenty-six words in the following verse, all but two are monosyllables:

"My God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies."

Few sentences in poetry or prose, whatever their length, contain so much doctrinal instruction, afford so much precious consolation, or inspire so much exulting hope, as the following, in which all the words but one are monosyllables:

"Jesus, my God, I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost."

—*Sunday School Journal*.

#### A WINDING RIVER.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky.  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

LONGFELLOW.

## PRETENDED FRIENDSHIP.

~~~~~  
 BY O. G. WRIGHT.  
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Though by the rules of modern style,  
 Falsehood and fraud may truth pretend,  
 'Tis not a soft and flattering smile  
 That proves a true and faithful friend.

'Tis not where each to-morrow drowns  
 The fondest memories of to-day;  
 Deceitful smiles are hidden frowns,  
 And friendship there is thrown away

Such friendship is too quickly won,  
 And trusting hearts are captive led;  
 It like the viper, fawns upon,  
 Then stings the hand that gave it bread!

It sweeps the heart with chilling breath,  
 Like frost flakes on the flowers of spring,  
 And, like the icy hand of death,  
 Leaves grief and sorrow with its sting!

~~~~~  
 KATE MOORE AND I.  
 ~~~~~

~~~~~  
 BY MARGARET VERNE.  
 ~~~~~

KATE MOORE puzzled me. I didn't know what to make of her. I complimented her, and she flashed her eyes at me. I said romantic things to her, and she curled her red lips, and set her white teeth together, as if she longed to bite me. If I made an attempt to joke her, she made me swallow my own words so fast, that I was in imminent danger of being choked. Sometimes I hated her, sometimes I loved her. She said that I was rough and uncouth, and I said she was vain and conceited. So we quarrelled incessantly.

"Kate, you'll never make an architect," said I, one morning, stretching myself out on the sofa beside her, and taking up her embroidery frame. "Who ever saw a house, a big white house stuck upon blocks like that? And chimneys planted side by side on the end? why they look for all the world like cat's ears!"

Kate's face crimsoned. She was working a portrait of her deceased dog—her little white pet that had unluckily come to its death while attempting to bathe in a boiler of scolding water.

"And what do you call that?" I continued, pointing to pet's narrative, "a lightning rod? That's no way to have it; whoever heard of a lightning rod on one end of a house and not the other? That's just like a woman's calculations. I suppose you call that bunch where the chimneys are perched, a wing?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you got the house set on red grass for?"

"Grass! Can't you tell grass from flames?"

"What, you are not trying to work the *fac simile* of that boiler wherein poodle was drowned, are you?"

"No, I am drawing an ideal picture of your estate below."

"What do you mean?" I pointed downwards, away down. Kate bowed.

"I am most happy to learn of this," said I, rising hastily, and falling upon my knee before her. "The interest which you manifest in my future—"

"Wait a moment," interrupted Kate, flinging a sofa pillow upon the floor beside me. "Kneel upon that, it will be easier."

I knelt on the pillow and continued. "The interest you manifest in my future, prompts me to offer you my heart, hand and fortune for your acceptance. I am yours, Kate, wholly yours!"

"Let me take advantage of possession. Go and wash your face, sir, at once; it is unpardonably dirty."

I sprang to the glass, and Kate pointed to my upper lip. She meant my moustache. I was angry in a moment.

"Go to the de—dragon!"

"I obey you, sir," she said, and walked directly towards me.

I leaped out of the room, but I didn't stay long. I thought I would go back and talk soberly to her, for the day before I had been told by her brother that she was engaged to a young southerner of great wealth and distinction; said engagement having been kept a secret at her request, and that she was to be married in the fall.

"I wish to ask you a question," I said, going back to her. "I wish to say something in earnest to you."

"Go on."

"Kate Moore, are you engaged to be married?"

"Frederick Hueston, I am."

I didn't speak to her again for three weeks. I flirted desperately with every girl in town, that summer. I put myself to a great deal of trouble, for the sake of annoying Kate. I walked home from church with Miss Hale instead of her. I rode past her window with beautiful Miss Lake, and then went directly home to see how she felt about it. But she only curled her lips and smiled, and went on with that everlasting stitch, stitch, stitch, until I wished that the southerner, for whose coming she was so steadily making ready, was somewhere in the vicinity of the moon.

"Kate," I said to her one evening, a week previous to the coming of her betrothed husband, "I have a secret to tell you. Will you listen to me?"

"With pleasure."

"I am going to be married on the same evening with you, if you are quite willing."

"I am," was the answer.

"I have come to make a confession to you, besides, Kate. I have been very rude to you. Is it too late to ask your forgiveness?"

Kate held out her hand.

"Don't you think one grows better for loving?" I asked.

"I do."

"It does not seem to me, to-night, as if my old, wild, bantering moods would ever come back to me again, so quiet and calm, and sweet shines this new moon of love upon my heart. In loving one, Kate, I love all the world more. Is it not so with you?"

"It is," she answered, in a low voice.

We stood together for a long time that night, by the deep bay window, looking out towards the west, where the sunset had left upon the high hills broad bands of gold. We watched the grand old woods, as they wrapped themselves up in the purple of the night; and then we looked nearer, nearer home, upon the green lawn, blossoming vines, and then—God be praised—into our own hearts, and read a lesson there.

That night I was taken very ill. For many weeks I tossed deliriously upon my bed, my life despaired of by those who watched over me. I love to think of my awakening from that long sickness, painful though it was. I love to think of that quiet room; of the little table with its white cloth, upon which sat a vase of flowers; of the lace window-curtains that looked as if they were barred with green, so plainly did the shadows of the blinds lay across them; and best of all I loved to remember the half opened shutter, where a rich stream of mellow, autumn light came into the room, and showed me the golden side of life, at the same time it did the brown braids of Kate Moore's shining hair.

"Kate!" I called.

She was by my bedside in a moment, with one white finger pressed upon her lip.

"This is very kind of you," I said.

"Well, don't think of it, don't mention it if it is. Be quiet."

"Are you married yet, Kate?"

"No, you were too sick."

"And so you waited for me?"

"Yes."

"Is he here?"

"Yes."

"Go away!" I said, turning my head upon the pillow.

"I will," was the quiet answer.

"Kate Moore," I said, sitting bolt upright in bed. "I don't thank you for speaking so gently to me. Say you *won't* go away."

"Well, anything, only keep quiet."

I threw the pillow at her with all my might, which was not very tremendous, and sank back exhausted.

I dropped to sleep again, and when I awoke, Kate was gone, and in her place sat her mother, the noble wife of my guardian. I suppose that I frightened her away. During the days of my convalescence she did not come up to my room to see me. Once I looked through the blinds and caught sight of her, as she rode in the morning beside her lover, a dark, handsome man. I saw that she looked beautiful in her black hat, and long, drooping feathers, and I wheeled around in my chair, and kicked the ottoman upon which my feet rested, half way across the room, by way of showing my displeasure. That was all I could do.

The day following I managed to get down stairs, and was presented to Mr. Albert Torrey. As a matter of course I was bound to hate him, and hate him I did, right heartily. Not that there was anything very disagreeable about him, except that he was the betrothed husband of Kate Moore, and that he kept her to himself all the time, without allowing her an opportunity of speaking to me. That was enough.

One day Kate came to me and asked if I would be pleased to keep the promise that I had made her on the night before I was taken sick.

"Most certainly I would," I answered.

"When are you going to be married, Kate?"

"Two weeks from this evening."

I thought her voice trembled. I didn't look at her. "Are you very happy?"

No answer.

"Are you very happy?"

"No, I am not."

My heart leaped up to my mouth.

"Do you wish to marry Albert Torrey?"

"No."

"Then you shall not!" I said, emphatically.

She uttered an exclamation of joy.

"How long since you were engaged to him, Kate?"

"Two years."

"Long enough for a woman to change a dozen times," I said.

"Very true,—and a man?" was the reply, given in Kate's old way of speaking.

But how was I to help Kate? you ask, reader. Ah, that was my secret, and wishing to keep it from every one, I likewise kept it from Kate, for she was a woman! (O my ears!)

That evening I was asked to read aloud in the parlor, and taking up a number of — Magazine, I read a thrilling story of love, desperation and drowning. A gentleman risked his life to save from drowning the lady he loved; said lady having been ignorant of his attachment up to that time. The story pleased me exceedingly.

"What do you think of it, Kate?" I asked, closing the book. "If the lover had left the lady in the water to look out for herself, would it have been any sign that he didn't care for her?"

Kate looked indignant, while Mr. Torrey answered vehemently:

"Absurd, Mr. Hueston! A gentleman who would not peril his own life to save that of a lady, is not worthy the name of gentleman."

"If the young man in question had been engaged to the lady, and neglected to rescue her, would it have been a breach of good faith on her part to have broken the engagement?" I asked.

"Certainly not. It would be a shame, a disgrace to a man, to ask a woman to marry him, after such a display of cowardice."

"Be careful, Mr. Torrey, remember that Kate, you and myself are going to sail on the river, to-morrow morning; perhaps the boat will tip over," I said, laughing.

"In case it does, and I leave the lady to you, while I selfishly swim to the shore, I will give up all claims to her;" he replied, bowing gallantly to Kate.

"Remember this promise," I remarked, turning to Mr. and Mrs. Moore. "Perhaps you'll have me for a son-in-law, instead of Mr. Torrey. I shall hold you to it, sir," I added, bowing to Mr. Torrey.

"I shall be happy to have you do so!" he added, coloring slightly.

A few moments afterwards I heard him ask Kate, in a low tone, if the river was rough; if it was very deep or dangerous. I caught Kate's eye, and—I'll confess it wasn't gentlemanly—winked knowingly, and she understood me.

Ah, that was a glorious morning on which we went to sail upon the broad, beautiful K——! The sun streamed over the waters, and the gaily dressed trees upon the water's bank fluttered and waved in the soft breeze, and tossed their red and yellow leaves around and upon the little boat.

Mr. Torrey and I managed the skiff. Kate sat leaning over the side, looking down, down into the blue waters, and now and then dipping her white hand into the wave, as the boat glided swiftly and smoothly along.

"Shall we turn towards that point, Mr. Torrey?" I asked, pointing to a green strip of land, nearly opposite us.

"Yes, but be ea-sy—ea-s-y—ea-s—"

By some unlucky chance, just as Mr. Torrey got into the middle of his last "e a-s-y," the little tiltish boat overturned, and with one hearty shriek he landed in the water, and without looking to see whether Kate was dead or alive, made for the shore.

Throwing one arm around the waist of the frightened girl, I followed fast in his track, screaming at the top of my voice the while, for him to come back for her, or she was mine forever. But he didn't heed me, and when we reached dry land, he was springing up a side-hill close to the shore, as if he were afraid that the whole river was at his heels.

"Kate is mine!" I screamed again, as the gentleman paused for a moment on the brow of the hill, and then started at a John Gilpin rate for the road.

"You are mine, Kate," I repeated in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, that evening. "Mr. Torrey promised to give up all claim to you, if, in case the boat should overturn, he should leave you to the mercy of the waves. Will you hold him to his promise?"

Kate came forward and put her hand in mine.

"I should be very sorry to hold Mr. Torrey to an engagement, which he himself acknowledges, would be a shame to him, under such circumstances, to ask a continuation of," she said, in her own peculiar, sarcastic way.

Mr. Torrey got along with it very well. Said he had great faith in Providence, and he didn't doubt that it was all for the best. He presumed that if he had married Kate, they would have both been miserable all their days.

"Yes," Kate said, in answer, "she presumed so."

"Come here," I said to Kate, after we were left alone in the parlor, late that evening. "Sit down here beside me, or, if you will—" I opened my arms, and—well, that's nothing to you, reader, don't be inquisitive.

"I want you to train me, Kate, and make a better man of me," I began. "I am rough and uncouth," she put her hand over my mouth, "but I love you to desperation, and you can make of me just what you wish, a true, noble husband, or a very fiend. Will you adopt me?"

"With all my heart!" she answered.

"Wasn't it a very lucky affair that of the boat overturning?" I asked, turning my head away. I don't know how I said this, but Kate started, and looked me searchingly in the face.

"Frederick Hueston," she said, placing both hands on my shoulders, "did you tip that boat over?"



I did not answer, and she repeated the question.

"Tell me the truth; remember I am going to make a good boy of you," she said, taking me by the ears.

"Yes, I did, Kate," I answered.

She looked at me, bit her lips, and then laughed outright.

"You see that was the only way I could keep my promise of being married on the same night with you," I said, by way of excuse.

"Was *that* what you meant by being married the same night?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, meekly, for she had me by the ear again.

"What impudence!"

But what is the use of talking? We were married at the appointed time, and, true to her promise, Kate has made a better man of me.

P. S. Reader, my two-year-old Kate is the image of her mother!

#### RAILROAD JOKES.

The superintendent of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad discharged a conductor belonging to that road. The conductor was asked why he was discharged. "Well!" said he, "I was discharged for giving a free pass." "What made you such a fool as to give a free pass?" "Well, you see," replied the conductor, "I got tired riding alone, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to come along for company." A collision occurred on one of the roads terminating in the city some time ago. The road in question is celebrated for curvatures. The engineer was thought to be to blame, and accordingly he was taken to task by the superintendent. "Did you not see the light?" said the superintendent. "Yes," replied the engineer, "I saw the light, but I thought it was the other end of my train!"

#### A RARE REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

We were shown to-day, the cane which General Stark held in his hand before the battle of Bennington, and which he shook at the advancing British army, exclaiming, "Boys, I'll win this fight to-day, or Molly Stark shall be a widow." He won it. The cane is of jointed Indian wood resembling bamboo, apparently heavy, but in reality light. Its color is brown, mottled with yellow. The crown is mother of pearl. It was bequeathed to Henry B. Hirst, Esq. by Mr. Stevens of Newburyport, Mass., and was delivered to him by Capt. Thomas Brown, of this city. Mr. Stevens was a descendant of General Stark. The cane never left the family. Mr. Hirst intends presenting it to the Hall of Independence. —*Philadelphia City Item.*

One watch set right, will do to try many by; and on the other hand, one that goes wrong, may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

#### THE FLORENTINE BRIDES.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

THE glory of the spring sunshine was flooding a pleasant valley beneath the Appenines, broken only by the shadow of the olive tree and the wild vines that mantled over the rude chasms and rifted rocks, concealing their rough outline, while the rugged base of the hill was softened by the covering of moss, and the shrubs of thyme and lavender, whose fragrance fed the air eternally; and where, lower down, the cypress and juniper bent lovingly over the ridges where leaped the cascade, like a mimic cataract.

On the hillside itself, sheltered and enclosed by a cluster of pine trees, a small and humble dwelling, scarcely distinguishable in their deep shadow, nestled in a little nook, leaning its vine-covered roof against one of the giant rocks.

From out this sequestered nook came a vision of beauty, such as is seldom seen in the palaces of Florence, — a maiden of tender years, light and swift of foot, and with a careless grace in her step and attitude that could not fail of arresting the attention of the beholder. Her dress, although poor and coarse, was yet picturesque and becoming. A crimson woolen jacket was laced tightly across the bust, and a blue petticoat was plaited about the hips, and fell in not ungraceful folds about the bare feet which gleamed up in their whiteness, as they touched the brown leaves that lay thickly around, and which had been falling for years in that valley, where the winds could not reach or scatter them.

With a basket, in which she gathered the sweet crop of lavender and the odorous bundles of thyme, she went as a bird goes from flower to flower, until it was brimming over with sweetness, and then rapidly ascending the hill, she looked long and eagerly, as if expecting some one in the direction of the setting sun. Even in that sunset hour there was no mist. The soft, clear, transparent atmosphere showed every object at a great distance, investing all things with that peculiar and beautiful tint with which the sky of Florence paints the commonest sight. With one exquisitely shaped, but olive tinted hand, she shaded the dark eyes that looked out so earnestly into the distance, while her fragrant load hung carelessly on the other arm. Just such a picture, with just such surroundings, and with the last rosy tint of sunshine falling around her like a robe of light, would the pencil of Michael Angelo have delighted to portray. And, indeed, that matchless artist was then living in the fair city, towards which the earnest

gaze of Leonore was now directed. As she looked, the sun went down, and instantly all was deepest twilight at the spot which she had left but a few moments before. The dark shade of the pines almost hid from her eyes the little dwelling beneath them, and she hastened to find its entrance, which her fleet steps reached long before the convent bells had done ringing for vespers.

Once within that quiet retreat, she called, "Father!" in a sweet but plaintive voice, and a response came from a low couch made of the mountain moss. An aged man lifted his white head from the rude pillow, and calling her gently to his side, he asked if she had seen or heard aught of his son.

"Nothing, father," she answered mournfully; "nothing, but I met Pietro, the goat-herd, and he told me that the siege was going on, and that in the city famine and distress were staring them in the face; that the cry was, 'Death to the Medici!' and that the palaces of the Medici were many of them burned; that Francesco Carducci was haranguing the people, threatening to rid them himself of the family he hated."

The old man sighed heavily, but spoke not; and the young girl set aside her basket and prepared the simple meal of bread and milk for her father's supper, and then assisted him to rise.

"Thanks, thanks, dear child," whispered he; "well have you repaid the care I took of your helpless infancy. Now I am a child, and you are in the place of a mother. Dear, I cannot help you through this wearisome life, but Giulio will be your guide."

The girl blushed a rich, rosy crimson, as he uttered Giulio's name.

"Alas!" she said, "we little know what will befall him ere we behold him again." She repented, a moment after, that she had said this, for the old man's head drooped, and his countenance wore an air of deep dejection.

She passed round the little table, laid her hands caressingly upon the long white hair that streamed down the neck and shoulders of the old man, and spoke more encouragingly.

"Giulio will do his duty, father, and the rest we must leave to God."

"Ah, little did I think five years ago that a child of mine would be resisting the power of the Medici family! but you know, Leonore, they are not what they were in the days of Lorenzo, nor even of John. Time was when I was proud of being a follower and friend of the Medici. Now I hear that Alessandro de Medici is the vilest of the vile, and that his cousin is fast imitating his excesses. My poor Giulio! I trust he will be

spared to protect you, my child, from that lawless wretch who spares neither woman in his love nor man in his wrath."

A sound was heard beneath the window like the cautious step of a mule,—the only animal to which the hillside was accessible; and in a few moments a young boy entered with a small strip of parchment in his hand, which he presented to Leonore. She took it, and going close to the old man, read these few words: "I am safe. Miccolo Capponi is Gonfaloniere of Florence."

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Bertucci, "not more for my son's life than for the sway of Capponi. Under his rule Florence will wear off the foul stigma that awaited her under the degenerate scion of the Medici; and you, my Leonore, will not vainly pine for the return of Giulio. When he returns, if he is prosperous, you shall become indeed my daughter."

"Nay, father, the new Gonfaloniere has a daughter. Is there no chance that Giulio will forget the mountain maiden, in the new honors and dignities which he may enjoy under her father?"

"Do you judge so meanly of my son, Leonore? Did he not promise, from the moment when I brought you from the arms of your noble father, who even in death seemed to clasp you to his heart, that henceforth, you should be more to him than any sister? And have you not both plighted yourselves a hundred times in my presence? You would not swerve from this, Leonore; why suspect Giulio to be less true than yourself?"

"I do not, father. It was but the silly promptings of a girlish jealousy; but look, father, while we talk thus, this poor lad is famishing."

And she eagerly ran for a bowl of the sweet, fresh milk and a loaf of bread for the boy.

"Thanks, lady! I escaped from the city last night, where famine and hunger abound. O, but this is indeed refreshing," he added as a spoonful of the fresh, creamy liquid passed his lips. "Could you see upon what we have fed! Dogs, horses, and even rats have been our only food for days."

"My poor boy!" said Leonore, compassionately, yet shuddering at his recital of the horrors of such a siege.

She traced a few words upon the end of the parchment, and gave to the boy, when he had finished the meal, which it did Leonore good to see him devour. She looked out of the window, and was thankful that the moon was now high enough to light the child upon his backward track; and then speeding him on his way, she

turned to talk over the tidings brought by Guilio's little messenger.

The elder Bertucci had been an ardent friend and follower, as has been seen, of the family of the Medici; but since the sad death of John, he had exiled himself to this lonely spot among the Appenines, not choosing to appear against them, since age had disabled his arm for the battle for injured Florence. His son Guilio had no such scruples; and he had almost immediately left his father on seeing him safely bestowed, with the young Leonore as his attendant. He had been gone, however, much longer than they could have anticipated, and Leonore began to fear that the scanty resources left them in their flight would fail them soon.

Now she could sit down glad, contented, happy *almost*; and when the old man, whom she called father, had lain down for the night, Leonore fastened the door and windows, and sat where the full moon was shining upon the floor, to think of the absent and to anticipate their meeting.

Leonore had heard of Ippolita Capponi. Her beauty and goodness was the theme of many of the love-inspired Florentines, who had visited her adopted father before he left the city. What if Guilio, with his young, impassioned heart, once so full of tender devotion to herself, should be captivated by the beautiful Ippolita? That way Leonore dared not look,—the thought brought a pang to her heart that took away her very breath.

Her mind was somewhat re-assured the next morning, when the elder Bertucci talked to her of the approaching re-union. And even sooner than she could hope for, Guilio appeared, worn and exhausted, it is true, but with a heart full of love for the inmates of the cottage. Days now glided on like fairy dreams. Her jealousy was all forgotten in the new joy of his presence; and yet Guilio said nothing of their union. She did not heed that at first; but by-and-by the fact forced itself upon her, and made her unhappy indeed.

Guilio could not indeed forget Ippolita. Amid the regal stateliness of the Capponi mansion, the young girl had unveiled her transparent heart to his gaze as clearly as though her fresh red lips had given utterance to her love. Her father, too, had distinguished him with such marks of approbation as might well embolden him to believe that he would have no objection to trust him with his daughter's happiness, and Guilio had dreamed of love and ambition united, until it had grown to be a part of his daily life.

In vain, for the sake of the pale flower who was already beginning to droop by his side, did

he strive to banish the idea from his mind. In vain, for his father's sake, who he knew fostered this hope for years in his adopted child's heart, did he try to take up this cross. The image of Ippolita came between him and every other idea.

It was in the midst of these fluctuating resolves, that he received a summons to Florence, from the pen of Michael Angelo himself. The great artist had laid down the pencil for the cares of state, and in view of the fast increasing infirmities of the Gonfaloniere, and the evil machinations of his enemies, he had summoned Guilio to Florence.

The decision was almost like death to the poor heart that leaned upon him for support, but he flattered himself that he was only obeying the sacred call of friendship, when he prepared to go.

"I will not leave you, Leonore. You and my father shall accompany me to the outskirts of Florence, where I can see you every day."

He was true to his word; and, even before he entered the Capponi palace, he saw them comfortably arranged at a little villa on the banks of the Arno.

Once more involved in the cares and turmoils of state, Guilio saw but little of Leonore; but every day, at the palace of the Capponi, his eyes rested on the loveliness of the Gonfaloniere's matchless daughter. Meantime, Leonore abandoned herself to grief for his absence, and after a sleepless night she resolved to visit the city and seek him out if possible. No longer restricted to the careful attendance upon his father, and the scanty means by which she had supported life in the Appenine cottage, she left him in the care of a servant, and dressing herself in a garb which Guilio had praised, she took her way through the olive groves that lined the entrance to Florence, and reached at last the noble palace which she sought. She found it all too soon for her peace; for beneath the vine-mantled arches there stood Guilio and Ippolita together. Conviction came upon the mind of the unhappy girl, rousing her to frenzy. With a cry that sounded as if it came from the caverns of the doomed, she sprang across the leaf-strewn road, and disappeared from their sight.

Guilio recognized her at once, and it was but the work of a moment to reach her side. It was a helpless and altogether hopeless look which she cast upon his face,—a look in which no shadow of recognition dwelt. The feeble intellect of the young girl had fallen before this confirmation of her jealous fears.

With the active benevolence of a generous mind, as free as the winds from jealousy or suspicion, Ippolita bade him convey her, whom he

called his sister, to her own apartment, where she tended and nursed her into something like reason. Then she left her with Guilio, to make his peace with her, while she went back to her father. She saw no more of either that night; for Guilio had taken Leonore home in a carriage. When he came into her father's room the next morning, he looked pale and troubled; and, with rare delicacy, Ippolita forbore to question him. Her father seemed fast sinking under the cares of state; and Ippolita dreaded lest they should be too much for his exhausted frame and spirits. Every day the burden of grief seemed heavier to his daughter; and any falling away of friendship on Guilio's part would have been the worst of all cruelties.

On the other hand was the drooping plant which lived only in his sunlight, — how could he throw aside the young heart that clung in very weakness to him? His was a strange destiny, thus to bring sorrow on all who loved him, and how could he shun the wretchedness which seemed to threaten them all?

That he had owed to Ippolita that his love was most truly bestowed upon her, could not be denied; and not even the compassion he felt for Leonore could make his love less; while she, with a generous self-sacrifice that bound him more strongly to her, offered to resign it all to the frail being whose life seemed so bound to his.

But another source of anxiety developed itself for Ippolita. The Gonfaloniere grew rapidly ill, and required all his daughter's attention. Then he was all the time inquiring eagerly for his young friend, Guilio Bertucci; and thinking now only of her father, Ippolita began, spite of her compassion for Leonore, to entreat him to stay with them until the last sad scene should be completed; "and then, — then Guilio, I will trouble your life no longer. I will then retire to the convent of Santa Lucia —"

"Never, Ippolita! That dismal sepulchre shall never be your home while I live."

"Hush! think you that I will be that poor girl's murderer?" asked Ippolita.

"Let us not speak of the future. The pall deepens around us full heavily; we will not draw it closer than we can help."

A few days more and the worn frame of Miccolo Capponi was laid to its last rest. Ippolita, as she bent over her father's lifeless body, had scorned all consolation, even Guilio's; and, except that he took all care of the ceremonies of burial, he did not intrude himself upon her. The first long week of loneliness over, she began to wonder if he would ever come again, and at last she sent for him to take her farewell. He

remonstrated and entreated in vain. She was determined to shut herself within the gloomy walls; and Guilio had only the mournful satisfaction of tending the beautiful ruin that was wearing out at home.

It was fortunate for all that he did so, — for the elder Bertucci was fast sinking into death. Guilio closed his eyes with pious care; and, yielding to his father's request, whispered hoarsely while the death-rattle was in his throat, he took Leonore to the church of Santa Agatha and married her. Ippolita heard of their marriage in her cell. She prayed most earnestly for strength to bear this new struggle with her destiny.

Alas! she had enough to think of in the fate of Florence, — Florence, abandoned since the death of her father to the lawless sway of Alessandro de Medici. In the convent of Santa Lucia the sounds of wailing came to her ears, because of the enormities committed against the independence of Florence. We pass over the frightful era of 1527, certain that its details could only excite the deepest disgust in every heart.

Not long did Leonore survive her marriage. Guilio laid her beautiful head in the grave, almost with a sensation of deep thankfulness that the brief life was over, since no sign of amended intellect could be perceived; and sooner even than his own fervent passion could excuse it, he hastened to the convent of Santa Lucia and claimed the thin, pale inmate of the lonely cell for his bride. Sorrow had sprinkled the bright locks with silver, and the lustrous eyes had grown dim; but heart met heart in perfect trust and faith; and soon the pale cheek grew bright and glowing once more. Guilio bore her to a mountain home, where health dwelt in every breeze that touched her brow. Afar from stricken, oppressed, degraded Florence, they lived in this solitude of the mountain passes, scarcely hearing the faintest hum that swelled from the city's choking atmosphere.

Light broke in upon Ippolita's darkened life, and its reflected rays brightened that of her husband. Looking back on the dim road which both had travelled so long, they could not but accept with deepest gratitude the joy now presented to their lips.

Living apart from Florence, and shunning even to hear of her degradation, — avoiding, even to each other, all mention of the stormy past, their existence flowed on, all the more serenely perhaps, because its early morn was so deeply troubled; and although more than three centuries have passed, the name of Bertucci is still preserved as coeval with that of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

## PLAINT.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Leave me in my wretched station,  
 Leave me in my woe alone;  
 With the curse that on my spirit  
 Lieth heavy, like a stone!

Night and day I hear the whisper,  
 "Seek it, but you'll seek in vain;  
 Ask for love and get in answer  
 Scorn and bitter words that pain;

"Lay your offering on altars  
 Long forsaken; you will mark  
 In the ashes not an ember  
 Sentient with the vital spark."

O, to think that youth and promise  
 Thus go begging on the earth;  
 And the pearl of true affection  
 Made a thing for jest or mirth.

Leave me in my wretched station,  
 Leave me in my woe alone;  
 With the curse that on my spirit  
 Lieth heavy, like a stone.

Leave me in the halls of shadow,  
 Where the sunlight may not fall;  
 With the memories and visions  
 Of the past upon the wall.

And perchance the after record  
 Of my loveless years will say,  
 "He a 'sorrow's crown of sorrow'  
 Wore with patience, day-by-day."

## MY FIRST BRIEF.

## A LEAF FROM A COUNSELLOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M. D.

WITH the exception of medicine, there is no profession so difficult to obtain a footing in as law. It frequently happens that the best years of a young man's life are passed in some obscure street waiting for a stepping stone which is to lead him to professional honor, and what is more important still, put money in his purse. No one knows but those who have had stern experience for their mentor, all a young man has to go through before he can obtain a respectable position in this world of competition and cares. None but these can tell of the heart-sickness, a thousand times worse than any bodily ailment, which these strivers after reputation are obliged to suffer. But there is one satisfaction. With a steady purpose, sterling integrity, and unflinching perseverance, the day of fortune will come; it may be delayed—but come it eventually must, and then, when the end is gained—the struggles to attain it appear much less than they really were.

In 1846 I was admitted to the bar. I shall never forget my feelings of pride when I saw for the first time my name,

HENRY MELTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

in all the glory of gilt letters on a black label, nailed to the front of a dingy looking house in Chamber Street, in the city of New York. Know then, gentle reader, my offices were situated in that same house. They were two in number; the first being a kind of reception room, and the other my sanctum. I remember how the latter was furnished distinctly, although so many years have intervened since then. The principal articles of furniture were two large bookcases, containing my library—the lower shelves were filled with large books, bound in sheepskin and backed with a red title. The upper shelves contained works of a little lighter description, and if the truth must be told, the latter were taken down much oftener than the former.

Well, I seated myself at my desk the same day that the before mentioned shingle was exhibited outside, and expected that I should soon be overwhelmed with business, but I soon found myself deceived; day after day passed, and not a soul called. I was in despair, my small means were slowly oozing away, for, in spite of all my economy, I was obliged to eat.

Six months passed away and I had not a single client. One day I heard a ring at the bell, but I took no heed of it now; when I first occupied my offices such a peal as that would have caused me to pass my hand through my hair, straighten down my vest, and seize one of the pale, yellow-bound books with red titles—but I had been so often deceived, that I scarcely noticed it now, or only expected my boy to enter stating that "a man wanted twenty-five cents for the Herald," or some other demand upon my purse. What, then, was my surprise, when the boy opened the door, saying with a smile:

"If you please, sir, there's a lady wants to speak to you?"

I started, and was completely dumb-founded for a moment; but the boy looked at me with so curious a glance, which appeared to say "first client," that I immediately recovered myself, and assuming all the dignity I could command, I told the boy to inform the lady that I should be disengaged in a few minutes.

After having arranged some paper on my desk, and taken down one of the aforesaid sheepskin bound volumes, I requested the lad to show the lady in.

Immediately afterwards she was ushered into

the room. I had no opportunity of judging whether she was old or young, as she was closely veiled. It was evident she had recently suffered some loss in her family, for she was dressed in deep black. I invited her to be seated, and placed myself in a listening attitude.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Melton?" she asked, in a musical voice.

I bowed affirmatively.

"I wish to consult you, sir," she continued in the same clear voice, "on a matter which nearly concerns my happiness. I will at once lay the case before you for your opinion. I should first tell you my name is McLeod, Margaret McLeod—"

"McLeod!" I interrupted with a start. "Not any relation to the gentleman who last week was—" I hesitated to finish the sentence.

"Murdered, you were about to say," she continued. "Yes, sir, I am his daughter." And she lifted her veil from her face as she said this, revealing features of unsurpassed loveliness.

I gazed with increased interest on my fair visitor, for the fact is, the murder of James McLeod had made a great noise. The papers had been filled with the details of it during the past week.

"You are aware," continued Miss McLeod, "that a young man named Harvey Johnston, is arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed; but I *know* him to be innocent!"

"Indeed!" I returned, "how is that? Appearances are very much against him, if we can judge by newspaper reports."

"I tell you he is innocent, innocent!" she exclaimed, bursting into a flood of tears. "Harvey could never have committed a crime like that! O, you don't know him, sir, if you did, not the slightest shade of suspicion would remain on your mind for a minute."

By the vehement tone in which she addressed me, I immediately penetrated her secret, that she was in love with Harvey Johnston. I gently hinted that such was the case to her; she immediately acknowledged it to be the truth.

I besought the young lady to lay the whole facts of the case before me as she knew them. This she proceeded to do, and the substance of her statement was as follows.

Mr. James McLeod was a retired merchant, living up town, as Bleeker Street was then called. He was a widower, his family consisting of himself, his daughter—the only child he had—a middle-aged lady, who acted as a kind of governess, and two female servants.

Mr. McLeod was a very stern man, who never changed an opinion, and who would be obeyed

to the letter in his household. He scarcely ever smiled, but passed through the world unloving and unloved. It is true his only daughter, Margaret, sometimes appeared to soften him, but still he never seemed to regard her with the fondness of a parent. He was polite to her, and that was all. As for Margaret, she loved her father as much as his cold nature would allow her; but never having received any tokens of love from him, it can scarcely be wondered that her affection was more a matter of duty than feeling.

Up to within a year from the date of this history, they had lived a very retired life, seeing little or no company. Their house in Bleeker Street was a very large one, so they could only occupy a small portion of it, and I remember the impression of loneliness conveyed to my mind by Mrs. McLeod, when she was describing the uninhabited part of the house.

One day her father informed her that he had made an engagement for her and himself to spend the evening with a former partner of his. It was here she first met Harvey Johnston, and they were soon attached to each other. They became fast friends, and the friendship soon ripened into love. For a length of time they met clandestinely, Margaret not daring to make her father acquainted with her passion. At length Harvey persuaded her to allow him to make known his suit to Mr. McLeod. He did so, and met with an indignant refusal; in fact, Margaret's father had even gone so far as to insult him, and forbid him from ever speaking to his daughter again. It is scarcely needless to say that his orders were disobeyed—the lovers corresponded and met as before. At last Margaret McLeod, made up her mind that if her father would not give his consent to her marriage, she would marry without it, but she wished Harvey to make one more effort.

This brings us down to the day of the murder. On that night Harvey paid Mr. McLeod a visit, about nine o'clock in the evening—high words were heard to pass between them, and then there was a blank.

About eleven o'clock that same night a policeman was walking down Bleeker Street, and discovering Mr. McLeod's front door open, he mounted the steps in order to close it, when he fancied he heard the noise of footsteps in the house. He entered and ascended the stairs. When he reached the front drawing-room a terrible sight met his gaze. Mr. McLeod was lying all his length on the floor stone dead. A pool of blood was beside the body, as well as a knife with which the deed had evidently been

committed, for it was proved upon a further examination that his throat had been cut from ear to ear. But the strangest part of the story was, that Harvey Johnston was discovered in the room with the murdered man. When the policeman first entered the room he discovered him groping round the walls, for the apartment was quite dark until the policeman brought his lantern. Of course Johnston was arrested, and the proof against him appeared overwhelming, for it was found that the knife with which the murder had been committed belonged to him. A coroner's jury was summoned and Harvey Johnston was committed to take his trial at the ensuing assizes for the wilful murder of Mr. McLeod, and every one who read the details of the coroner's inquest appeared to be perfectly satisfied of his guilt.

Such was the substance of Miss McLeod's statement to me, of course in her relation she frequently wept, and made repeated asseverations of her lover's innocence.

"Now, Mr. Melton," she added, as she concluded, "I want you to undertake his case—and for Heaven's sake do everything you can for him, for I confess to you that all my hopes of happiness in this world are wrapt up in him. Spare no expense—I am certain it will be proved that he is innocent."

"But, my dear young lady, I am afraid his case is desperate. What is his explanation?"

"I have neither seen nor heard from him since his arrest, but I *feel* he is innocent."

"I am confident such evidence as that will be of but little avail to him in a court of justice; however, I will call and see him, and hear his statement; I will then let you know the result."

With a reiterated request that I should spare no expense, and promising to call the next day, the young lady took her leave.

The moment she had gone, I put on my hat, and wended my way to the Tombs. After making my business known, I had no difficulty in obtaining access to the prisoner, and was immediately conducted to him. I found myself in the presence of a very fine young man about five and twenty years of age. He was possessed of a fine, open countenance, and I sought in vain to discover the slightest indication of guilt in any one feature. All was placid and serene there. I made known my business to him, at the same time stating that I had been sent there by Miss McLeod.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed he, the moment I mentioned her name, "she believes in my innocence then. Yes, yes, I know it must be so, she knows me too well to suppose for a moment that I could commit such a horrible deed!"

He paused an instant and hurriedly wiped away a tear, supposing that I did not notice him.

"I have now been incarcerated here for more than a week," he continued, after a pause, "and yet I cannot realize the fact, it appears like a hideous dream to me. I ask myself is it possible I can be arrested for murder? And for the murder of the father of my own dear girl! But no jury can bring me in guilty."

"Mr. Johnston," I replied, "truth compels me to state that the evidence against you is fearfully strong."

"Why, Mr. Melton, you surely do not believe me guilty of this hideous crime?" said he, his face flushing with indignation.

"Let me hear your statement," I replied, "and then I will answer your question. You are aware of the nature of the evidence against you. It can be summed up in a few words. A gentleman is found murdered in his drawing-room—a policeman enters the apartment and discovers you there alone with the murdered man—and the deed is found to be committed with your bowie-knife, besides your clothes being sprinkled with the victim's blood."

"Mr. Melton," replied the prisoner, lifting up his hand to heaven, "I swear before God that I knew nothing of the murder until the policeman entered the room with his lantern. The discovery of the horrid deed inspired me with as much surprise and terror as it did him."

I looked at Johnston after he had uttered these words, to see if he were not deranged. But no, his countenance was perfectly calm and collected.

"Explain yourself," I exclaimed, "for the life of me, I cannot understand you. You appear to me to be speaking paradoxes."

"I will give you a plain statement of what I know of the matter. You can form your own opinion as to how far I am implicated in it. On the night in question I went to pay Mr. McLeod a visit, in order to obtain if possible his consent to my marriage with his daughter Margaret. I found him in the front drawing-room. I suppose it was about nine o'clock when I visited the house. Mr. McLeod received me very haughtily. I should say some months ago I had an interview with him on the same subject, which passed off anything but satisfactorily. The moment I broached the matter again to him, he became very violent, and used very harsh language to me—at length my blood was up, and I believe I retorted in very strong words. I have no idea how long this interview lasted; it must have been sometime, however, for I felt it my duty to enter into considerable explanation, and to free myself



from various charges he brought against me. At last I took up my hat to go, and had already turned towards the door, when some one approached me from behind, and clapped a handkerchief to my mouth, saturated I suppose with chloroform, for in a moment I was senseless, and God is my witness that I am utterly ignorant of all that passed in the room after that. I only recovered my senses a few minutes before the policeman entered the room with a light. And this is all I know about the matter."

While Johnston was making this explanation, I scrutinized his face closely, but could not detect the slightest appearance of deception in his features.

"But how do you account for the murder having been committed with your bowie-knife?"

"It must have been taken from my pocket while I was insensible, for I acknowledge the knife is mine, and that I had been accustomed to carry it about with me for some months past."

"Have you any idea who could have committed the deed?" I inquired, after a pause.

"None in the world," he replied; "it must have been some one from the outside, for there were none but women in the house."

After a little further conversation on the matter, I took my departure, without giving him any decided opinion as to my belief in his innocence. When I reached my office, I seated myself in an easy chair, and pondered over the matter long and seriously. I was well aware that Johnston's statement was an impossible one, and would of course have no weight in a court of justice; but there was something in his manner of telling it me—something in his frank, open countenance, which impressed me strongly in his favor, and after mature consideration I came to the conclusion that the statement might be true. But it is one thing to believe in a person's innocence, and another to prove it. The next question to be decided, was, if Johnston was innocent, who was the murderer? Here, I must confess, I was totally at fault, I had not the slightest clue to guide me. It appeared certain to me that none of the inhabitants of the house could have done it, for as I have before said, they consisted only of Miss McLeod, Miss Leroy, an old maid who acted as a kind of governess to Margaret, and the two servant girls. I made up my mind that it must have been some one from without, and the door having been left open, favored the supposition. I began to invent a thousand different theories as to how the murder was effected, until my brain grew dizzy. The thought then entered my head to go and search the house where the deed had been committed, to see if I could dis-

cover any clue there. I immediately acted upon it, and in a few minutes found myself before the door of the late Mr. McLeod's residence.

It was a large, gloomy looking house, bearing anything but an inviting aspect, and just such a place as one would imagine to be the theatre of some dark deed. I knocked at the door, and requested to see Miss McLeod. I was immediately shown into a parlor, and in a few minutes she entered the room.

I then informed her as to the result of my interview with Harvey Johnston. I also told her that I believed in his innocence, but did not seek to disguise from her the fact that there was much to be done before we should be able to convince a jury such to be the case. I then requested permission to search the house. It was immediately granted.

My search did not amount to much. I noticed, however, one thing—the drawing-room door was so situated that when any one stood on the threshold of it he could not see a portion of the room on account of the projecting fire place. I was further satisfied that a person might easily have entered from without, ascended the stairs, stupified one or both of the inmates of the drawing-room with chloroform, and then committed the deed. I was about leaving the house, when the thought struck me I had not examined Mr. McLeod's bedroom. I hastened to repair my forgetfulness. I found it to be an ordinary sized chamber, with nothing special in it except an old bureau, which immediately struck my attention from the fact of my father having possessed one exactly like it. I opened the top of it, and found that it contained two secret recesses like ours at home. I opened these recesses, and discovered one to be empty, the other contained a single paper, which proved to be an old letter, yellow with age. I felt justified in opening and reading it. It ran as follows:

"ALBANY, N. Y., May 19, 1826.

"You have basely deserted me, and deceived me,—all my burning love is now turned to bitter hatred; but do not imagine you shall escape with impunity. By the living God I swear to be revenged! I can wait years—ay, years, to accomplish my purpose! Think on it and tremble!"

HELEN MORRIS."

On the outside it bore the superscription, "Mr. McLeod, 52 Front Street, New York." I read the letter over several times; it was, to say the least of it, a curious document, and I decided to keep it in my possession, not expecting that it would lead to any discovery—it appeared to be written too long ago for that, and the chances were that Helen Morris was long ago summoned to her long, last home.

I returned home, weary and unsatisfied. For the next three weeks I made every possible exertion to clear up the mystery without the slightest success. The day of trial approached, and I had not discovered the slightest evidence to corroborate the prisoner's statement. Scarcely a day passed but Miss McLeod either called herself, or sent to know what progress I was making. I could give her but very slight hope of being able to save Harvey.

On the evening before the day fixed for the trial, I seated myself in my office, utterly dispirited and worn out. I had now no hope of being able to convince a jury of Johnston's innocence. I was well aware that his statement would be laughed at, and the only witnesses I could bring forward, would be as to character. I was miserable at the idea of bringing such a lame defence into court—and my first case, too!

I thought I would smoke a cigar, and try if that would have any effect in soothing my irritated nerves. I tore a piece from an old New York Herald, in order to light it, when by some strange circumstance, what, it is difficult to explain, the following advertisement among the "personals" caught my eye:

"If the lady who purchased the chloroform of Messrs. R. & C., apothecaries, 201 Broadway, will call upon the latter she will have the purse restored to her which she left on the counter."

I snatched the other portion of the paper for the purpose of discovering the date, I found it to have been issued the very day after the murder.

To throw away my cigar, put on my hat and rush from the house was the work of a moment. I had not far to go, and soon found myself in Messrs. R. & C.'s store.

"A lady bought some chloroform of you about two months ago?" said I, to a gentlemanly looking clerk, behind the counter.

"Yes, sir."

"She left a purse on the counter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you be good enough to inform me if she has ever reclaimed that purse?"

"She has not, although we advertised it several days."

"Who served her with the chloroform?"

"I did."

"Did you notice her appearance?"

"She was quite elderly. I was surprised at her buying so much at a time; but she stated she wanted it for her husband, who is a physician, and so I let her have it."

"Would you know her if you were to see her again?"

"I believe I should. I noticed that she wore a blue shawl with a red fringe—it struck me particularly, because it had such an uncommon appearance."

I could obtain no further information from the clerk, and returned to my office with even my last hopes swept away.

The next day I was in court early. I determined to do all I could for my client; but without the faintest hope of success. The case was soon called on, and the prosecuting attorney commenced his address—he stated to the court what he intended to prove, and as he recounted the fearful array of evidence against the prisoner, I could not help turning my eyes to the latter, and observed he stood perfectly aghast at the strong card made against him. Not a single event that had transpired during his intercourse with the McLeod family but was turned into the strongest evidence against him.

Miss McLeod was the first witness called. Her testimony made fearfully against the prisoner. She acknowledged there had been a violent quarrel between Harvey Johnston and her father some time previous, and that the former had been very much irritated by some epithets bestowed on him by Mr. McLeod, and had even vaguely threatened vengeance.

By the cross examination of this witness, I elicited the fact that the prisoner's disposition was good, kind and amiable; but her anxiety to say as much as possible for her lover did him more harm than good. And when she descended from the stand, many reproachful glances were cast after her.

The two servants followed and gave much the same evidence as Miss McLeod. I declined to cross examine them. Witnesses were then called to fix the ownership of the knife on the prisoner at the bar. I elicited nothing on cross examination; and it was the same with the policeman who first discovered the murder.

The governess, Julia Leroy, was next called on the stand. For a moment or two she did not reply to her name, it had to be repeated two or three times. At length she made her appearance, and ascended to the witness box. The moment I cast my eyes on her I saw something which made my ears tingle, and sent the blood coursing like fire through my veins; but I had sufficient command over myself to say nothing.

"Miss Leroy," said the prosecuting attorney, "you, I believe, were a friend of the deceased, and lived in the same house with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"You opened the door for the prisoner at the bar on the night of the murder?"—"I did."

"Relate what passed."

"I showed Mr. Johnston into the front drawing-room where Mr. McLeod was sitting, and I returned to the back drawing-room, where I was at work, sewing, when the prisoner rang the bell. The two drawing-rooms are only separated by folding doors, so I could hear nearly all that passed. Mr. McLeod and the prisoner soon got to high words—and I heard the former call the latter a 'villain' and a 'scoundrel.' Mr. Johnston retaliated, and swore he would be revenged on him at some future day. And then their voices lowered, and I could not make out what they were talking about. I went to bed at ten o'clock, leaving them still in the room together, and was roused by half-past eleven by the intelligence that Mr. McLeod had been murdered. This is all I know about the matter."

"As I suppose the counsel for the prisoner will not cross examine this witness," said the district attorney, seating himself, "this, your honor, closes the case for the prosecution."

"Stay," said I, rising, "I wish to ask the witness a few questions if she has no objections."

The witness, who had already descended from the box, took her place again on the stand.

"Madam," said I, "you are unmarried, I believe?"

"I am."

"What is your name?"

"Julia Leroy."

"Would you have any objection to write it down for me on this piece of paper?"

"None at all," she replied, doing as I had requested, and handing back the paper to me. I glanced at it and placed it before me.

"Miss Leroy," I exclaimed, slowly, "I am about to ask you rather an ungallant question, but you must forgive it. Will you be good enough to tell the court your age?"

She hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"Certainly, I am forty-five next birthday."

"Thank you," I returned. "Will you be good enough to answer the next question as explicitly—have you ever had any use for chloroform?"

She turned fearfully pale, and for a moment or two made no reply—at last, she said:

"I appeal to the court if I am to answer such stupid questions?"

"It appears to me," said the worthy judge, "that the cross examination is entirely extraneous to the matter in question, but of course, if the counsel insists, the witness must answer the questions he propounds."

"I reiterate my question," I replied, quietly, "do you ever use chloroform?"

"I do use it occasionally for the toothache," was the sullen rejoinder.

"Now, madam, listen to me, and answer the question distinctly. Did you, or did you not purchase four ounces of chloroform on the day of the murder, at Messrs. R. & C.'s drug store, in Broadway?"

The witness reeled in the box, and had to support herself by catching hold of the sides of it. She turned as pale as death, and could not speak for more than a minute. I kept my eyes fixed on her as if I would read her very soul. She partially recovered herself, and replied in a firm voice:

"Well, I did buy four ounces of chloroform on the day mentioned—and what then?"

"I simply wanted to know, that is all."

"Very well, I have answered your question. Have you anything more to ask me?"

"Yes—were you ever known by any other name than Julia Leroy?"

The woman glared at me and made no reply.

"I insist on an answer," I continued.

"No," she replied boldly, summoning up all her courage.

"Now, madam, answer me," I replied, in a stern voice, "did you not live in Albany in 1826—and was not your name then Helen Morris? It is no use your denying the fact, for I know all," I added.

She gave one shriek, and exclaimed in a heart-rending voice:

"Yes—I acknowledge it—I committed the deed—I am guilty! I am guilty!" And then she fainted away.

An indescribable scene of confusion took place in court. Harvey Johnston was remanded, and the witness, Julia Leroy, was taken into custody.

The fact is, the moment she had entered the box I knew I stood in the presence of Mr. McLeod's murderer, for she wore a *blue shawl with a red fringe*. The two facts of the case passed through my mind like lightning, and I immediately divined that this Julia Leroy was no other than Helen Morris, and after she had written her name, I was certain that such was the case. Why such an idea should have entered my head, I know not, it appears to be inspiration.

That same night Julia Leroy made a confession. It appeared when she was a girl, Mr. McLeod had become acquainted with her, and by his wily arts effected her ruin. She lived with him some time, and then he deserted her, and it was then she wrote the letter I had found in his bed room. From that time she lived only to accomplish her purpose, and after a lapse of some years, obtained an introduction into his

family. She waited for twenty years, until a favorable opportunity occurred to put her scheme into execution. At length the time seemed come. She obtained a supply of chloroform, and first rendered Harvey Johnston insensible by its influence, and before Mr. McLeod had time to give the alarm, she took away his life in the manner before referred to by means of a bowie-knife, which had fallen from Johnston's pocket, as he fell. She used the latter weapon in preference to the one with which she had provided herself, as being more likely to fix suspicion on the young man.

In one month she was found guilty, and only saved herself from an ignominious death by taking poison.

About three months after the events described, Harvey Johnston and Margaret McLeod were married, and I have reason to know they have lived happily ever since. As for myself, this case was a stepping-stone to renown, and amid all the favors of fortune with which I am now surrounded, I always regard the hand of Providence in the success I experienced with MY FIRST BRIEF.

#### THE BRAZEN BULL.

Perillus, a brass-founder at Athens, knowing the cruel disposition of Phalaris of Agrigentum, contrived a new species of punishment for him ~~to~~ inflict upon his oppressed subjects. He cast a brazen bull, larger than life, with an opening in the side to admit the victims. Upon their being shut up in this engine of torture, a fire was kindled underneath to roast them to death; and the throat was so contrived that their dying groans resembled the roaring of a bull. He brought it to the tyrant, and expected a large reward. Phalaris admired the invention and workmanship, but said it was reasonable the artist should make the first experiment upon his own work, and ordered his execution. Ovid mentions that the Agrigentines, maddened by the tyrant's cruelties, revolted, seized him, cut his tongue out, and then roasted him in the brazen bull, by which he had put to death so great a number of their fellow-citizens, 561 B. C.—*Rollin*.

#### "BOY ALL OVER."

A distinguished lawyer says that in his younger days, he taught a boy's school, and the pupils wrote compositions; he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort. The following are specimens:

"ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be idle. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the *site*. Finis."

"ON THE SEASONS.—There is four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. They are all pleasant. Some people may like the Spring best, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death. The End."—*Olive Branch*.

#### WAS IT TRUE?

BY EDGAR L. VAUGHAN.

When you whispered to your neighbor  
Of the sin of Alice May,  
Were you certain of the truthfulness  
Of what you then did say?  
Were you *sure* the name of Magdalen  
Was fittest for her brow?  
That Alice May no longer  
At virtue's shrine could bow?

Or had you *heard* the story  
That other lips let drop:  
And since you envied Alice May  
You would not let it stop;  
But sent the tale of slander  
From lip to lip, until  
It took from tongues of gossips  
The venom that can kill!

O, lady, you are haughty  
In your beauty and your pride;  
You step stately as an empress,  
With your lover by your side;  
But when you told the story  
Of the sin of Alice May,  
You were not half so innocent  
As Alice is to-day.

Hast ever seen the lily  
Hang its pale head and die?  
So Alice May ere long will do,  
Beneath the world's cold eye.  
But He who sits on yonder throne,  
And sees the thought within,  
Will hold lost Alice guiltless,  
And charge you with the sin.

#### THE CRUSADER'S BRIDE.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

CARLOTTA was the only daughter of the Duke di Vicenza. Her great beauty was the universal theme throughout all Naples. Painters vainly attempted the portrayal of her lovely and expressive features upon canvass, sculptors to model her exquisitely moulded form, while poets sung in constant praise of her manifold charms.

At the period of which I write, Carlotta had attained her eighteenth year, and although her hand had been sought in marriage by the proudest representatives of the most distinguished families in Italy, there was but one of the noble throng who daily knelt beside the shrine of the fair Neapolitan, upon whom she bestowed marks of more than ordinary consideration and favor.

Alfonso Loretto was the last surviving heir of a proud and ancient family, whose martial exploits had gained for them a name and position in Naples, which even a king might have envied. It was but a short acquaintance that had existed

between the fair Carlotta and the brave Alfonso. But as all things in that delicious climate early reach maturity, so did their love suddenly burst forth and ripen into perfection.

It was on the occasion of the first crusade, that Alfonso Loretto, thirsting for fame and glory, eagerly joined the proposed expedition to the Holy Land. At his departure, both old and young grieved; for the gay cavalier was none the less beloved for his virtues, than he was noted for his bravery. He had sought his parting interview with his betrothed, promising, when the war should have ended, to return to Naples, and laying his laurels at the feet of his heart's idol, proudly claim her as his bride. A fervent kiss imprinted upon the fair brow of the young girl, by her lover; a murmured prayer for her safety and welfare; then hastily regaining his seat in the saddle, Alfonso was gone. From her balcony, Carlotta waved an adieu, till distance obscured from sight the snowy plume of the graceful cavalier.

A year passed by, during which time the young girl kept herself in strict retirement. In vain her fond parents urged their daughter's re-appearance in the fashionable circles, of which, for so long a time, she had been the brightest ornament. To their entreaties, Carlotta only gently remarked, that without Alfonso's much loved society, she could no longer enjoy the festivities and pleasures of life, with the same keen relish as of old.

But even in the splendor and solitude of her own home, the devoted maiden was not entirely exempt from the protestations and annoying attentions of one, who would willingly have sacrificed all the wealth which his coffers contained, to make the beautiful Carlotta his wife.

From their earliest childhood, Ludovico Poveri and Carlotta di Vicenza had been playmates and constant associates. Their family mansions were situated side by side, and as time wore on, the doting parents saw only in prospective a happy union, and a glorious future for their children.

Ludovico from a boy, however, had shown signs of a most violent and uncontrollable temper. On the contrary, Carlotta was gentle and amiable, yet possessing great strength of mind. As years rolled on, and the two advanced towards maturity, the fair girl saw but little to love and admire in the person of her assiduous and watchful cavalier. The seeds of jealousy, which had early been sown in the breast of the over-indulged boy, now sprang up like tares, choking out all the good fruit of his nature, and yielding a bitter harvest, of strife and unhappiness, to the full grown man.

No pledge of marriage had been given by the parents of either party, although it was a generally acknowledged fact in all Naples, that Ludovico and the lovely daughter of the Duke di Vicenza would in due time be united in wedlock. Whatever rash hopes the young Poveri may have entertained concerning the subject in question, were soon speedily dispelled by the presence of a rival in the affections of his mistress, in the person of Alfonso Loretto.

Even Ludovico himself was not insensible to the charms and graces of the brave cavalier, which he much feared would at last result in the latter's carrying off the palm that he had so long believed was rightfully his own. With a feeling of secret joy, the envious Ludovico witnessed the departure of his rival, the noble Alfonso, from Naples; hoping, thereby, to regain his former favor in the eyes of the lovely Carlotta.

But the attentions which had been gratefully received by the child, were no longer acceptable to the woman. Long and untiringly did the importunate cavalier press his suit, but though months sped by, the devoted Carlotta still held most sacred the faith which she had plighted to the absent one.

Alfonso had been gone from his native city just a twelvemonth, when suddenly his correspondence, which had been from the first frequent with the object of his choice, was abruptly broken off. How to account for such singular conduct on the part of her lover, Carlotta knew not. The idea of his faithlessness, however, never for a moment presented itself to the mind of the trustful girl.

For weeks and months Carlotta kept the secret of her sorrow buried, as she believed, within the avenues of her heart, still hoping and trusting that all would yet be well. There was one, however, whose serpent eye did not fail to discover the hidden grief of the young girl, in the slowly paling cheek, the melancholy and dreamy eye, and the sweet yet pensive smile that lingered about the cherub-mouth. Yes, the deep anguish of a noble and devoted heart was happiness to the disappointed and rejected suitor! She who had scorned his noble offer, was at last to be humbled. Triumph and revenge were near at hand!

Two years had flown by. Palestine had at last been wrested from the hands of its Mohammedan foe. The news of the victory had spread throughout all Italy, and Naples, with outstretched arms, awaited the return of her noblest sons. The day subsequent to that on which the joyful intelligence was received in the city, a letter of recent date was placed in the hands of Carlotta.

A flush of joy illuminated for a moment the countenance of the delighted maiden, as glancing hastily at the superscription, she recognized the oft-familiar handwriting of Alfonso. Would that her fond dream of bliss might prove a lasting one!

Eagerly tearing open the freshly indited epistle, Carlotta ran her eye quickly over its contents. But as she read, the color fled her cheek, her frame shook violently, until at last the fatal missive dropped from her hand, and shrieking out the name of Alfonso, the overpowered maiden sank to the floor.

Ludovico who had been watching the effect which the contents of that fatal letter produced upon the innocent and unsuspecting girl, now sprang forward, and raised the prostrate form of the unconscious maiden from the marble pavement. Placing her upon a low couch, and hastily ringing a bell for a servant, Ludovico, pale and excited, at once summoned the fond parents to the bedside of their insensible child.

Carlotta still slept on, nor heeded the endearing epithets which the half-distracted parents lavished upon the senseless ear of their idolized child. The old nurse approached, and raising the fair head with its raven tresses from the pillow, she strove to warm into life again the cold and motionless features; but the fast stiffening hand returned no welcome pressure, and murmuring, "Alas, she's dead!" the old nurse relaxed her hold upon the form of her she had ever fondly loved, and sank weeping upon the pillow beside her.

Here let me drop the curtain, reader, upon a scene of so much deep woe; whose only fitting representation is that which the immortal Shakspeare has given us, at the close of the fourth act of *Romeo and Juliet*.

At an early hour the next morning, a solitary traveller might have been seen quickly threading his way along the narrow streets of Naples, as if bent upon some important errand. As his eyes glanced from balcony to balcony, from which brilliant draperies were suspended, he observed here and there heavy folds of black, which gave to the otherwise brilliant and festal scene an appearance of half-mourning. Pausing for a moment, he pressed his hand heavily to his brow, and uttering a few incoherent words, then redoubled his former pace. It was still so early that few, if any, of the inhabitants were astir. A sudden angle of the road, however, brought him face to face with a person clad in the garb of a fisherman.

"Tell me, signor," said the traveller, accosting the humble stranger, "what mean these signs

of mourning, so strangely blended with the gay trappings which Naples so proudly displays on this occasion of her welcome to her victorious sons?"

"Know you not, signor," said the fisherman, in a sorrowful tone, "that the fairest flower in all Naples is dead?"

"What mean you? Santa Maria! it is not—?"

"Carlotta!" he would have gasped, but that the stranger interrupted him by saying, "It is indeed Vicenza's only daughter, she who was betrothed to the brave Alfonso, who was this day to return and claim her for his bride! Methinks it will be a sorry welcome, which the noble cavalier will receive," said the old fisherman, with a sad shake of the head.

"Is she buried?" cried the traveller, seizing convulsively the arm of his unknown companion, and gazing wildly into his face.

"Ay, this very morn, at early twilight," was the reply.

"Where sleeps she?" said the agitated man, still detaining his informant prisoner.

"In the church of St. Lorenzo, with her ancestors."

Alfonso heard no more, his eyes swam, his brain reeled, and groaning heavily, the horror-stricken cavalier staggered and fell backwards to the ground. When the young Loretta awoke, he found himself alone in the solitude of his own apartment. Faithful servants had watched beside his couch, until their eyes had grown weary, and finding him at last sleeping calmly, they had left him, to seek a few hours' repose for themselves.

Slowly the young man arose from his pillow. His limbs were still weak, but he at last succeeded in dressing himself. Approaching the window, he threw it open. The cool night air was refreshing to his feverish brow. It was near midnight. The streets were still and deserted, while only a few stars studded the deep blue of the firmament.

As he stood beside the low window, with the night breeze gently stirring his disordered curls, a sudden thought took possession of his soul, and turning away, he murmured, striking his breast violently. "False though she be, I will yet see my Carlotta once more!"

Hastily donning his hat and cloak, Alfonso stole noiselessly out of the house. Each step forward seemed but to impart additional strength to his enfeebled limbs. Bending his steps in the direction of the cathedral of St. Lorenzo, he sped onward, impelled by the desperation of his own thoughts.

A few moments brought him to the church

door. A few pieces of gold given to the sacristano soon gained him admittance, who then retired, leaving the sorrow-stricken man in possession of the keys.

Alone, at that dread hour of the night, and within as it were the sepulchre of death, Alfonso, for the first time in his life, felt a strange sensation like that of fear creeping over him. The wind which a few moments before had been so calm, now howled wildly without, and moaned sadly among the shadowy aisles of the cathedral. A few candles burning low in their sockets, before the effigies of the virgin, gave forth but a sickly light, in that dark and gloomy abode of worship.

Despite the sacrilege of the thing, Alfonso grasped from its socket, one of the candles that burned upon the altar, and rushing forward, he hastily descended a narrow flight of steps which led to the sepulchre beneath. But his rapid descent, and the draught of air which came through the door which he had left ajar, extinguished at once his feeble light.

The extreme darkness of the passage, and the superstitious fears which involuntarily crowded themselves upon his brain, quite overpowered and unnerved the brave soldier, and he sank momentarily upon the ground. Its excessive dampness chilled but yet revived him, and rising, he groped carefully about, to find if possible the door of the tomb.

"Holy mother, I thank thee!" he murmured, as his hands grasped the massive iron doors. With almost superhuman strength, he pressed his strong shoulder against them, and slowly they receded, creaking fearfully upon their hinges. The light from within, though a dim one, blinded for a moment the eyes of Alfonso, who had been for so long a time in perfect darkness.

Half breathless with terror, and shivering with the coldness of the place, the grief-stricken man advanced to gaze once more upon the countenance of one he still loved, false though she had been to him. The light which burned at the foot of the cross, at the head of the sarcophagus of Carlotta, but half revealed the features still lovely in death.

Moving to the side of the marble coffin, Alfonso laid his hand lightly upon the fair and noble brow. But its icy touch sent a chill to his heart, and he leaned against a neighboring pillar for support. On opening his eyes, a flood of silvery light greeted his sight, which poured in through the half grated window in the roof.

Summoning fresh courage, the agitated youth once more advanced towards the funeral couch of his heart's cherished idol. Serene and angelic

seemed the repose of those beautiful features, in death. The dark hair was smoothly parted over the brow, cold and white as Parian marble, and fell in soft curls upon the snowy pillow, around which lay scattered pale white lilies, whose purity seemed out-rivalled by the whiteness of that delicately moulded bust.

Alfonso gazed long and passionately upon the lovely form before him. "Beautiful angel! though false, may Heaven forgive thee, as I do now!" he murmured, as he clasped his hands in prayer. Then glancing once again at that pure and innocent face, he cried, "Why do I thus accuse thee, Carlotta? Perchance thou wast still true to him who madly loved thee! O, Death," he murmured, "thou alone hast knowledge of her secret!"

Just then his eye espied something like paper placed in the belt of Carlotta's shroud. Seizing it, he tore it open. It was indeed his cruel letter, in which, having been informed of the inconstancy and utter falsity of his love, he had at once denounced her as a heartless thing, unworthy of his deep and holy affection. Such sudden and unmerited punishment, falling upon the head of one whose faith was firm and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar, and whose only crime was that of excessive love, paralyzed at once the senses of the horror-stricken girl, and laid her a cold and powerless corpse at the feet of Ludovico. The parents of the deceased had buried with their heart's treasure the fatal letter, whose contents, they believed, had been the cause of her death.

Tears streamed from the eyes of Loretta, as the conviction that he had killed Carlotta slowly forced itself upon his mind. Dashing them back, with a desperate effort, he exclaimed, while he wrung his hands in agony, "O, Heaven! let now thy vengeance fall upon the murderer!" Then snatching the cold and lifeless form to his breast, he cried, while he pressed kiss after kiss upon the icy brow, "O, speak, my Carlotta! my wife! if but for once, to let me know that I am forgiven, and I will die contented, here by thy side!"

The soft curls which lay upon his breast slightly moved. Alfonso started as if life were still present there; but a second thought assured him that it was produced by the current of air which swept through that abode of death. As the young man was about replacing his lovely burden upon her cold pillow, he thought he heard a sound, like that of a gentle breathing. He pressed his hand to her heart, O, God! the life pulse still was there, though scarcely perceptible. Was it a fearful illusion or reality? He caught her wildly to his heart, chafed the cold hands,



and poured out his feverish breath on her icy lips. Slowly the drooping lids unclosed, a faint color stole into the pallid cheeks, and with a faint sigh, Carlotta awoke. Alfonso gazed upon the scene before him, like one struck dumb with amazement.

Raising her head from the breast of her lover, the young girl stared wildly about her, while a cold shudder ran through her slight frame. "O, cruel Alfonso!" she murmured, "they told thee I was false! Take back thy letter! Thou lovest me still! my husband! my Alfonso!"

A loud shriek vibrated throughout that dreary vault. "She lives! She lives!" cried the overjoyed man, and seizing her in his arms, he bore her swiftly up the stairs leading to the body of the church. The delight which the fair Carlotta experienced on being restored to life again, as it were, by her lover, and his oft-repeated assurance that he still loved her, imparted a glowing thrill of happiness to the hearts of both.

Carefully wrapping the shrouded form of his betrothed in his cloak, Alfonso lifted her carefully in his arms, and carried her at once to her father's mansion. It was some time before they could gain entrance to the house, for the old porter, half vexed at being thus early aroused from his slumbers, answered but slowly the impatient cavalier's summons.

Dashing by the few terrified servants who were up, Alfonso pursued his way along the silent corridor, with his fair burden still clinging to his arm, until they reached an apartment, whence issued sounds of grief. The two paused a moment, but Carlotta could wait no longer, and throwing aside the heavy cloak of Alfonso, she rushed into the room, and murmuring "mother!" fell upon the neck of her terror-stricken parent. Ludovico started as if a shot had pierced his breast, at sight of Carlotta. "Art thou come from thy grave to haunt me?" cried the terrified man, as he fell pale and prostrate to the floor.

The unexpected fear and remorse evinced by Ludovico caused suspicion to fall upon him. Traitor as he was, he had caused reports of Carlotta's falsity to reach the ear of Alfonso, informing him at the same time, of her intended marriage with himself. Alfonso, guided by the impulse of the moment, had indeed penned the cruel letter, which had rendered, for so long a time, the devoted girl senseless; and whom the physicians, in their great ignorance, had pronounced dead. An early interment, as is usual in warm countries, speedily laid the idolized Carlotta in an early grave, from which her lover had indeed most fortunately rescued her.

A few days after the event just mentioned had

transpired, Ludovico mysteriously left Naples, unknown to his parents and friends. Alfonso, true to his promise, now claimed his chosen bride, and ere a month had passed by, the church of St. Lorenzo, which had so lately witnessed the sad burial of the young Carlotta, once more resounded with the hymns of rejoicing, on the occasion of the marriage of the happy pair. The funeral lilies, were exchanged for a wreath of orange blossoms placed upon the snowy brow of the happy bride, by the hand of her husband, Alfonso Loretto.

In a retired convent, many hundred leagues distant from Naples, dwells a man, who despite his monk's hood, closely shaven head and black, flowing gown, many could not fail to recognize as the once base-hearted but afterwards repentant Ludovico Poveri.

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#### A GOOD NAME.

Sometime in 1838 or '39, a gentleman in Tennessee became involved and wanted money; he had property and he owed debts. His property was not available just then, and off he posted to Boston, backed by the names of some of the best men in Tennessee. Money was tight, and Boston bankers looked closely at the names. "Very good," said they, "but, but—do you know General Jackson?" "Certainly." "Could you get his endorsement?" "Yes, but he is not worth one-tenth as much as either of these men whose names I offer you." "No matter; General Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money upon the strength of his name." In a few days the papers with his signature arrived. The moment these Boston gentlemen bankers saw the tall A, and long J, of Andrew Jackson, our Tennessean says he could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon the signature without the slightest trouble. So much for an established character for honesty. However men may have differed with Andrew Jackson politically, no man could deny him the merit of being an honest man.—*Evening Gazette.*

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#### GENUINE FOOLS.

He who wipes his nose on a nutmeg grater, and picks his teeth with a razor.

She who says "no," to a proposal of a gentleman when she has reached the age of thirty.

He who gets so drunk at night, that he puts his clothes to bed, and hangs himself on the back of a chair.

She who rubs her cheeks with brickbats in order to give them color.

He who puts on his hat, and takes his cane, and starts out in pursuit of an honest and disinterested politician.

She who pinches and slaps a child to make it quit bawling.—*Punch.*

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You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

## A BOMBAY BALL.

On one memorable occasion, when the rain had been unusually heavy, when the roads were flooded, and the river had risen so high, as to invade not only gardens, but even the interior of bungalows, a ball took place at Dapoorie. The day had been so rainy, especially towards evening, that the guests arrived late; and we began to think no one would come. It was a dismal night, though the rain had ceased. Presently, carriages were heard; but out of them came people perfectly useless at balls—a middle-aged colonel, or a collector, who I knew made a point of never dancing. Then, wheels approached again, and a troop of young hussars advanced. I began to think all womankind had been drowned. At last, some ladies appeared. I always knew by the expression of the aid-de-camp's face, who was about to enter. He was all smiles when frounces, feathers and fans were at hand; while his face lengthened at the sight of swords, spurs and sebetaches. The natives are glad to be invited to what they call a "European natch," and on this evening two emirs of Scinde came to the ball; they reside in Poona since their country was taken from them. One was an elderly man, with a snow-white beard; the other, a young man with a black beard. Their dresses were picturesque—the former wearing full red silk trousers and a long white dress, over which was a crimson pelisse embroidered in gold. The younger had a similar costume, with the exception that he wore a green cloth jacket richly adorned with gold lace. Both had red caps, square at the top, very like that of a lancer, and extremely handsome swords. After saluting the governor, they walked with a solemn and stately step to a sofa prepared for them, on which the elder one sat down and tucked his feet under him, having left his slippers on the ground; the younger emir arranged himself to see the "natch" in a very curious position, sitting with his knees close up to his nose. I thought he might have chosen a more becoming attitude. Their servants stood behind the sofa with small hand-punkas, constantly moving them over their masters' heads. With their Eastern ideas, they must have considered the polking and waltzing very strange, and how they stared at the performers! This did not surprise me; for the dancing at an English ball is by no means so quiet and dignified as that of a natch-girl at a durbar.

The rain having ceased, great numbers of blister-flies flew into the ball-room, and a scene followed I never can forget. These insects often alight upon persons without their being aware of it; and should any one unwittingly crush one on their face or neck, a large blister instantly rises, and causes considerable pain and inconvenience. On this evening there was a complete swarm of blister-flies. Some of these little tormentors climbed up into frounces, hid themselves in folds of net, visited the mysterious recesses of complicated trimmings; some crept up gentlemen's sleeves, others concealed themselves in a jungle of whisker, and there was something very attractive in a bald head, the owner of which, in removing the insect, was sure to blister his hand or skull, or both. One heard little else all the evening but "Allow me, sir, to take off this

blister-fly, that is disappearing into your neck-cloth," or "Permit me, ma'am, to remove this one from your arm." This, however, did not stop the dancers, and they polked and waltzed over countless myriads of insects that had been attracted by the white cloth on the floor, which was completely discolored by their mangled bodies, at the end of the evening.—*Lady Falkland's "Chow-Chow."*

## NOVEL SCENE IN FLORENCE.

A lady, writing from Florence, says the New York Evening Post, gives the following curious account of the funeral ceremonies of the sister of the Grand Duke, familiarly known among the people there by the appellation of "the hump-back." This sister is said to have exercised an immense influence over the Grand Duke.

"There has been a grand funeral here; the sister of the Grand Duke died, and was laid out in state in the Palatzo Pitti; crowds went to see her; she was hump-backed, and appeared like a child of ten years, though about fifty years of age. She was laid out in full dress of white satin, and covered with jewels. She was exhibited for five days. Priests were performing mass all the time, and her ladies, in deep mourning, praying by her side; it was rather a theatrical exhibition. On the day of the funeral she was carried through the streets in full view, with no covering for the face, and reclining on a sofa. Immense crowds of course thronged the streets and balconies."

## POISON IN FINE LACE MANUFACTURE.

Our wealthy ladies who wear fine Brussels lace are ignorant of the sad fact, we believe, that in its preparation the poor female operatives often lose their lives by inhaling a poison employed in removing finger marks from it. The poison is the carbonate of lead, applied in the form of powder in the finishing operation. A portion of this is inhaled by those who use it, and their health soon gives way. Good wages are generally paid to these lace operatives—but so unhealthy is the business—so fatal is the lead poison proven in its effects—that it is only a work of dire necessity to engage in it. It is a sad reflection that many a rich piece of lace worn by a lady has cost not merely a high price in money, but the life of a fellow-being. Lace manufacturers have long endeavored to find a suitable harmless substitute for carbonate of lead, but hitherto in vain, we understand.—*Boston Transcript.*

## LOVE IN LITTLE.

The whole world is far too spacious  
For one earthly soul's embrace,  
Only in the father's bosom  
Finds it an abiding-place,  
Human heart is quite too small  
For its love to mantle all.

Then, with earnest soul and single,  
To a breast that's true and free,  
Trusting all and all confiding,  
Yield thyself exclusively:  
In the love which holds one heart,  
All the world shall take a part.—*RUCKERT.*

## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY CONSTANCE BERNÉ.

O, what were a place in the temple of fame,  
The hopes of the poet or sage,  
To the pleasure, the rapture of leaving my name,  
My mark on this beautiful page!

And yet I conceive of a pleasure more bright,  
A joy which would never depart;  
'Twould be forever and ever to write  
My name on the fair owner's heart.

A name engraved there more safe would be  
Than if 'twere embalmed in rhyme—  
'Twould defy all the waves of oblivion's sea,  
And the hard iron finger of Time.

## THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"HERBERT, come to me! Come close here beside me, where I can lay my head once more upon your heart. I want to tell you something."

Herbert Grey closed his book hastily and approached the speaker.

"You are not so well to-day, Maggie," he said, passing his arm round the wasted form and drawing her carefully to his breast. "You seem weaker, dear, but I think it is likely that last medicine might have that effect before it would make you better. I don't think you have coughed so much to-day as usual."

"No, not nearly so much; but I am sinking fast—I cannot last much longer, Herbert."

"O, don't get low-spirited, Maggie. You have had such good courage all along, don't give up now. You will get well yet, Maggie. I know we shall bring you round. Think of the children, dearest, you must get well for their sakes."

"I do think of them, Herbert, and it is of them I want to arrange for their future when I shall be gone."

"I beg of you don't talk so, Maggie, you are not going to die. My own dear wife you will get well, you must get well."

"Never more in this world, Herbert. You have blinded yourself all along to my danger, and I myself had hopes, but the last few weeks have made a great change in me. I am dying, and we must both summon all strength to meet the change. We both know who has ordered this, and it is for the best. I will not murmur, hard as it is to leave you and my dear little ones. I dare not murmur, but I have much to say while my strength lasts, and you must promise me something."

The stricken man could make no reply, he knew that she was right, he had blinded himself. Had he not known for months that she was the prey of that cruel destroyer who ever selects the beautiful, the best, the dearest for his own? Could he look on her and yet deceive himself? No! The very hand he held was sufficient to tell him there was no hope; transparent and attenuated to the last degree, the pulse beating faintly beneath his fingers, he realized for the first time that but a few hours could possibly elapse ere it should cease altogether.

"Herbert, will you promise me what I want?" She tried to raise her head, tried to look into his eyes once more.

"Anything, Maggie, anything to make you happy. I would willingly lay down my life to save yours, for life will be nothing to me when you are gone."

"You must not speak so, Herbert, God has ordered it much better. You must live for our dear children's sake, live to take care of them, to be to them all that I would have been; and more than this, you must marry again for their sakes."

Herbert Grey started, in the depth of all his sorrow he could not repress the astonishment this speech of his dying wife's occasioned him.

"Margaret! I don't understand you, dear; it surely is not your wish that I should give our dear children a step-mother?"

"It is, Herbert, it certainly is my most earnest wish. I believe it has come to me like an inspiration; but I know, I feel that it will be for their happiness that another should take my place, and that other—" She paused a moment. "O, promise me first; promise me that you will marry her, only her; my strength is going so fast I cannot speak much more."

There was a momentary look of irresolution on Herbert Grey's countenance, but it passed away the next instant.

"If you have well considered this, Maggie, if you are sure that it will be for the children's benefit."

She half started up in the bed.

"O, can you not trust their dying mother? Herbert, Herbert, if you would have me die happy, promise to obey my wishes."

He knelt at the bedside and took both her thin hands in his own.

"Maggie, you know well that you were my first and only love—no other can be to me what you have been—but if for the love of you and your children another is willing to be my wife, I swear to you solemnly to obey your wishes and make her so." The tears fell fast over the

thin, white fingers, and he hid his face to prevent disturbing her with his uncontrollable emotions.

It was a solemn and sorrowful moment for Herbert Grey, but it was a yet harder trial when he led his little boys in to take a farewell of their mother, and held the baby-girl in his arms to receive her last kiss and dying blessing.

"Teach them all to love *her*, Herbert," she said, as one after another she pressed them in her arms. "I cannot hope that they will long remember me, nor is it best they should."

The children were taken away, and Herbert once more supported that frail form in his arms, striving to relieve the painful respiration, to rest the weary head, and lend some of his own abundant strength to his fast sinking companion.

"Draw the curtains, dear," she said at last. "Let in the light, and let me look once more on the pleasant scenes I have loved so well." And then, as the bright rays of the setting sun streamed in through the opened window, gilding and lighting up the room with a glowing radiance, the dying woman looked smilingly on the picture before her, the fields and the trees and the bright waves of the lake, glittering like a surface of diamonds; the neighboring cottages with their gay gardens, and in the distance the home of her youth, the well-loved home which she had left for a still dearer one; all these she gazed on with a lingering look, and then she turned to him who was reading her every thought, and the smile became sweeter, and the look more tender.

Herbert saw the change, the shadowy change which came over the loved face, that change which none who see ever forget; and while with one hand he summoned the friends and attendants from the adjoining room, with the other he gently laid the fair head back on the snowy pillows, and silent, overpowered and awe-stricken, watched the passing away of that gentle spirit which had been to him truly, "more than all the world."

A little while and

"How desolate they stand,  
That little household band."

There was no joy in the future to Herbert Grey, now she who had shared all his hopes and fears, encouraged all his best aspirations and been like a second self to him, lay cold and pale and unconscious before him, never more to stand by his side, never more to speak to him while life should last.

The mournful cries of his infant daughter for her mother first awoke him to a remembrance of the cares and responsibilities resting on him for the future, and painful and unwelcome as the interruption was to his sad musings, it was best

it should be so; anxiety for his children usurped his grief for his own loss, and in soothing their sorrows he found relief for his own.

"I have brought this poor little creature in to see if you can do anything to pacify it," said my friend, Mrs. Stayner, entering my sitting-room with Margaret Grey's infant in her arms on the day of the funeral. "Herbert is completely worn out, and we have persuaded him to take some rest, and the child cries continually for its mother. Poor Maggie," she continued, bursting into tears, "how her children miss her, already, I wonder what they will do before a year is over?"

Now I had known Margaret from girlhood, had loved her dearly, and sorrowed over her loss as for a beloved sister. There was no one in L—— to supply her place to me, no one for whom I could feel the same attachment; and her children were dear to me as my own. The little one, used to my care, soon slumbered, although the tears on its pale cheeks, and the sobs which oppressed its little breast, told how pitifully it had missed its accustomed care.

"I wonder what Herbert will do?" Mrs. Stayner said, after a while. "He will miss poor Margaret sadly, I never saw a man so overcome in my life. But there," she added, in a different tone, "what is the use of wasting pity on any man, they are all alike—feel dreadfully at first—you'd think their hearts would break, and in a year or less they are ready to marry some silly young thing who is just as ready to take them, children and all. I declare, I have no patience with them. I should not wonder a bit if Herbert Grey was married in a year from now."

"I should not wonder either," I replied, but I did not let her know what good reason I had for thinking so.

"You shouldn't?" she exclaimed. "Well, I don't care, if Herbert Grey gives Maggie's dear children a step-mother, I shall never like him again, and I don't care who she is, I shall hate her."

"But what can he do?" I ventured to remonstrate. "You know he has no relatives here, and Margaret was as friendless as himself. Who could he get to take care of his house, if not a wife?"

"O, plenty would be glad to. You must not try to convince me that any children ought to have a step-mother. You don't know how I hate the very word."

"But are you not a little prejudiced, my dear Mrs. Stayner? All step-mothers are not cruel or unfeeling, even I myself have known very

nappy families where there was a second wife."

Mrs. Stayner was warm hearted and impulsive. I knew she was often betrayed into saying and doing things her after judgment repented, and I was anxious, if possible, to get her to think differently on this subject.

"Perhaps I am prejudiced," she answered, "but Heaven knows I have had reason to be, and I tell you this day, I would sooner see my dear children in the grave, sooner take my last look of them forever in this world, and live the rest of my life childless, than know that I should leave them, and another woman take my place. I would this day that Maggie's poor child lay beside her, for something tells me that bad as Herbert feels now he will probably marry again."

"But, Mrs. Stayner, think of the father's feelings, what a comfort this little image of her mother will be to him by-and-by; he would have no motive for life or exertion if his children had been taken too."

"Wouldn't he! stuff and nonsense; you cannot make me believe any such doctrine as that, for I know better. 'A mother is a mother all the days of her life.' You know the rest of the old saying, and there never was a truer one. My father was as kind a man as ever lived until he married again, and *she* turned his heart right away from us children at once. O, if you knew all my step-mother caused me to suffer, you would not blame me for detesting the very word."

"I don't doubt in the least that you were unfortunate in your father's choice; but then I think it is wrong to blame a whole class for the fault of a few. I think a step-mother's trials are exceedingly hard; very few love her, very few assist her in the right way, and she has such an amount of prejudice to overcome, so many difficulties to conquer, and altogether such a thankless office, that it is scarce to be wondered at that so many fall through."

"O you talk like every one who has not had experience. I will give you a little of mine, and see what you think of it. My father had no need to marry, for my eldest sister could have kept his house, and by the time she would have married, there was another to take her place; but he thought it would be a delightful thing for the girls to 'have a companion,' and so one morning when my mother had been dead a little over a year, he brings us home a dashing, gaily dressed lady, and introduces her as our new mother. I never shall forget how I felt, as I looked at her rosy cheeks and large black eyes, so different from the remembrance of our pale,

delicate mother; but my dislike was completed when little Milly, our baby and darling, ran toddling up to her, and taking the bright silk of her dress in her little hand, exclaimed in her half formed words, 'pitty, pittu sing,' looking round on us to join in her admiration. I could have loved her had she kissed the child, had she even spoken kindly to it, but she snatched the dress rudely away, and stepped back with such an angry exclamation that the little thing staggered and fell to the floor, and then, frightened and sobbing, came and hid her face in my bosom. Poor little Milly, that was but the beginning of her sorrows, they increased daily, faster than her strength, and when, after a few months of neglect and ill usage, she closed her little eyes forever on trouble, I could have screamed for joy, dearly as I loved her. I would not attempt to tell you half we children suffered, because I never dare to let myself dwell upon it. My two eldest sisters married, hastily, and unhappily, as it proved, but they thought anything better than the home misery. My brothers went away, disgusted with my father's weak compliance with his wife's every wish, even to the cruel punishing of his children. Milly and Georgie, the two youngest, died, and three years after our mother's death there was not a child at home but myself. On me, poor, miserable slave that I was, my step mother spent all her ill temper. Even to this day I ache when I think of all the blows she struck me; how I dreaded to feel her hand upon my shoulders or my face, and the shame I have felt when strangers saw the crimson marks her fingers left on my cheeks. Then her child, a great, fat, ill-tempered boy, was a double torment, and many are the weary days I have carried him in my aching arms, not daring to sit down lest he should cry, and knowing that his cries would bring certain punishment. Well, Mr. Stayner came at last, he asked my father for me, and took me away before my step-mother had time to find out anything of his plans. I know he married me out of pity for my wretchedness, but if his compassion has since turned to love, why all the better for me. He is fifteen years older than I am, but his youth was better nurtured than mine, and he is in reality the younger of the two. For his and my children's sake I take the most watchful care of my health. On no account would I do ought to increase my natural delicacy of constitution, and I am persuaded that if all women did so there would be fewer little orphans, and fewer step-mothers."

I must confess that my conversation with Mrs. Stayner did not make me more contented with the future prospects of poor Margaret's children,

and I could not quite control the anxious questions which at times would arise: Had the dying mother's instincts failed her? Had she been deceived in the person she had chosen to fill her place? I could only leave these questions for time to answer, for I was totally unacquainted with Miss Browning (the lady in question), except as I had heard my friend speak in high terms of praise about her. She had never come to L——, never returned any of Maggie's visits, but they had always corresponded, and extracts from some few of her letters had impressed me with the idea that she was very pious. Margaret told me once that she had met with a great sorrow in early life, and I pictured her always dressed in black, thin and pale, and melancholy, a sort of recluse who never smiled. The months rolled on, as they will do, and Herbert Grey's first year of mourning was nearly at an end.

It was surprising what a change so short a time had made in the late happy home and its inmates. The housekeeper was old and ill tempered, home was not what it had once been, and Herbert sought companionship among those who like himself were happier in the tavern parlor. I do not mean to say that he was dissipated, far from it, but our hotel was a very pattern of hotels, and the landlord a very model of a landlord, and it was far pleasanter to spend the long winter evenings in the society of a dozen good tempered, fun loving fellows of the neighborhood, than to sit at home and listen to old Mrs. Green's querulous complaints about the children, and the trouble they gave her, finished off with a full description of her last attack of the rheumatism. The children looked neglected and untidy. Though their mother had kept her room for six months previous to her death, her watchful care was ever over them, and her hands ever ready to attend to the wants of their wardrobe. The little boys now ran about with uncombed locks, collarless necks, belts hanging loose, and a general air of untidiness about them, while the fair little baby girl with her soiled dress and face, scarce looked like the same child.

It now began to be whispered about that Herbert Grey was going to marry again, but nobody knew anything definite of his intentions. The gossips of L—— were in despair.

"I should not wonder if it was Polly Smith," said Mrs. Russell (the anxious mama of half a dozen unmarried daughters) to me, one day.

"If what was Polly Smith?" I replied, as if unconscious of the subject on which all L—— was alive with curiosity.

"Why, if she was the gal Herbert Grey was going to marry. It won't be her fault if he

doesn't, for they say she is back and forth there continually; I should think she would have more decency." Mrs. Russell was wrathful.

"I hardly think it can be," I answered, "as I received an invitation to her wedding yesterday; she tells me in it that Joseph Barton and she will be married next Wednesday evening."

"The land! Who would have thought that? Well, I am glad my Melinda turned him off. I don't think much of him any way; but I wish I could find out who it is Grey is after." And finding nothing was to be gained from me, she went away on her fruitless errand.

A few days after, Mrs. Stayner came.

"Of course you hear all the talk that is going now, Mary, about Herbert Grey marrying—now do tell me who you think it is, or if there is any truth in it at all. Living here right alongside of them you must know more than we do at the other end of the town."

I assured her I never saw any very remarkable occurrences at my neighbor's, and advised her and all to wait for time to solve the mystery. The solution to the problem came at last, and great was the excitement. Mr. Grey came into our house very early one morning and asked as a great favor that I would take care of his children for a couple of days.

"I need not explain to you, Mrs. M—— where I am going, or the business which calls me away. I trust for the future that my children may be better cared for than heretofore."

"But where is Mrs. Green?" I asked, as the two youngest ran to my breakfast table and began to devour my children's bread and milk as if famished.

"O, she raised rebellion yesterday, when I told her my plans, and while I was gone fishing with some friends, took herself off, carrying all the eatables with her that were in the house, locking the door and leaving the children to take care of themselves. I did not get home until just now, so you must excuse their rudeness, as they have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours." He tried to laugh, but it was a poor attempt, and I saw a tear in his eye.

"I am going to M——," he added after a pause.

I saw he expected me to say something, although at the moment my heart was full.

"I think you are right—your children are suffering—you yourself have not improved since Margaret's death; I sincerely believe it will be the best thing for you."

"I believe so too," he replied, with much feeling.

"An' I'll give Bertie some of my berries,"

said my little Lillie, carrying her saucer of ripe strawberries to where the oldest boy stood watching his brother and sister eating, yet not liking to sit at the table without an invitation.

Herbert himself refused all entreaties to take some breakfast. He could not eat, he said, and I saw strong feelings were at work—he certainly had not given his children proper care and attention since his wife's death. He kissed them fondly now, and turned to go.

"We shall be here to-morrow evening, if there is no delay in the boats, if not for certain the next night. I am afraid it would be asking too much, but the house looks dreadfully, if you will let your servant arrange a little, just make things more comfortable."

"I'll see to it, it shall all be right." And then he went away, but not looking much like a bridegroom.

Herbert Grey was married—had come home—had installed his new wife mistress of his house—had appeared at church with her—and had resumed his business the same as ever.

How the gossips talked! How they pulled the bride to pieces, and criticised her dress and her appearance, and her "lofty manner" when introduced to one or two of the congregation.

"She was too gay, the idea of a pink bonnet! She was proud, that was certain. Did you ever see such a condescending bow as she gave Mrs. Russell? She could smile sweetly enough at the minister's wife."

"Perhaps the minister's wife smiled at her," some one ventured to suggest.

"O, no, it was plain she thought herself above the people of L—. Well, it was no matter, they would show her they did not care for her, even if she did wear flounced silk dresses and lace mantillas. Herbert Grey had made a pretty 'spec' of it this time; he'd better increase his business if he meant to dress up his new wife like that all the time."

But why attempt to repeat all the jealous speeches made about a lady with whose appearance it would have been hard to justly find the slightest fault?

True, I had myself been surprised, so very different was the reality from my ideal; but then I had no right to imagine her thin and pale; and that there was no lack of true feeling was plainly evinced on her first meeting with the children.

"Poor Margaret's baby!" she said, as she bent over its crib, in the chamber whither I had taken her on the night of their arrival. "I never saw this one," she said to me, at the same time wiping away her tears. "But Margaret wrote that it was named for me."

She seemed quite calm and composed under the strange circumstances of her "home coming," and I felt at once that it would be no slight trouble which would discompose her mind or temper.

Of course, as time passed on, I could not avoid seeing and knowing a great deal of the new step-mother, and I must confess that I became daily convinced more and more of the wisdom of Margaret's choice. Her patient yet firm kindness with the children was admirable; her judicious treatment of her husband was exactly calculated to win him from the somewhat dangerous companions he had mingled with of late. The circumstances under which they had married were so peculiar that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, they would not have lived happily; but not such was Mrs. Grey's intention.

She knew that Herbert did not love her when he married her. He was too honorable not to tell her plainly that it was in compliance with his wife's wish, and as a mother to his children, that he sought her, and she in turn as plainly told him that the only man she had ever loved was in his grave. But no one in L— suspected this, and many and loud were the complaints against Herbert's heartlessness in so soon transferring his affections.

"I knew just how it would be," said Mrs. Stayner. "Out of sight, out of mind. I am sure I thought he loved Maggie as well as his life, and now you see he can't stir out but he must have the new wife with him. I never knew him to go to church more than once a day in my life, and now he never misses a service; and I actually hear he intends becoming a member."

"Well, don't you think it is a good thing?" I asked, a little annoyed at her injustice.

"O yes, but then—well there is no use mincing the matter. I said I should hate the one he put over those dear children, and I don't care how nice she may be, or how much any one may like her, I shall keep my word."

"Yes, and be as unjust as a great many more of our neighbors," I could not help saying.

Annoyed at my defence of the stranger, my visitor soon went away; and I could not help smiling, as I saw her blushing receive a magnificent bouquet and some fine fruit which Mrs. Grey and little Lina had been gathering in the garden. There was no resisting the pleasant manner with which they were offered, but I well knew the recipient would have willingly been any where else just then.

It was some time before it was known in Lee that Mrs. Grey "had money," or, in other words, that instead of coming on Herbert's purse



for dress and feminine expenses, he had actually been able to make an increase in his business through her assistance. It made quite a difference in people's remarks about her. What did it concern any one if she thought flounced dresses were most becoming to her and wore them accordingly, if she purchased them herself? Absolutely nothing. Even Miss Melinda Russell, the most determined of husband-hunters and the bitterest "pill" in the parish—even she condescended to say that she had always thought Mrs. Grey looked "stylish," and carried her head with an "air;" and as to the pink wedding bonnet, everybody knew that bright colors, and especially pink, became "dark" people. Miss Melinda's complexion was uncertain, and on the strength of it, she always wore light blue and passed for a blonde.

In the succeeding years of our intimacy, I learned much of Mrs. Grey's early history, and it was one of trial and suffering such as few are called on to bear, and as very few would have borne with the sweet, unmurmuring spirit she did. Her childhood, passed in all the miseries of a drunkard's home, had been one scene of suffering and horror. Brothers and sisters perishing for food, a heart-broken mother dying amid cruellest want and ill-usage, a father ending a life of dissipation and riot by a dreadful act of self-destruction—all these were the memories of her earliest days. Taken from all this by the death of her relatives and adopted by a very distant connexion, she had passed some years very happily at school, and here she made the acquaintance of Margaret Thornton, with whom she had formed a life friendship.

Betrothed at sixteen to Margaret's brother, with the approval of the kind friend who had adopted her, life seemed to have as fair a prospect as young heart could wish. Her lover was all that her fondest fancy had ever pictured, and for a few years they enjoyed the most perfect happiness, full of hope and faith and love, looking on the future without dread, and lingering on the present in the very fullness of content.

Alas that such fair hopes should be blasted! But were it not so, earth would hold our hearts too closely, we should give no thought to heaven. Robert Thornton was killed in the very flush of early manhood, stricken down in the fulness of his strength and health, and henceforth his betrothed turned with loathing from the voice of love, burying her heart in the grave of him she had so idolized.

Many suitors came, attracted by Miss Brown-ing's well known virtues, no less than by the wealth she possessed—for her adopted father

had left her his heiress; but no thought of marriage had ever entered her mind until Herbert brought his wife's last letter and wishes, asking her to be a mother to his children and a guiding companion to himself. Neither dreamed, at the time of their marriage, that aught could banish the remembrance of the heavy afflictions Providence had seen fit to lay on them; but it was not possible for two persons, possessed of such estimable qualities, to dwell long together without a strong and enduring love arising in the heart of each, and I believe this day that in all L— (and our town has become a city now) there is no more fondly attached couple than Herbert Grey and his second wife.

Quite a number of years have passed since she came among us; those who were girls then have become wives and mothers, and those who were little children have grown up to take their places. Mrs. Grey is very kind and indulgent to all young people, especially all young lovers; and more than once I have suspected her of favoring a growing intimacy between her eldest step-son and a certain little playfellow of his, in whose welfare I take the deepest interest. But so let it be. I could not have selected a husband for my child better fitted to make her happy than the son of my loved Margaret.

The step-mother has had her trials, as well as her triumphs; it could not be supposed that her lot would be otherwise. Richard, the second son, has been a grievous trial to all his friends, especially to her who loved him even as her own; and when through aggravated acts of disobedience he had incurred the wrath of his father to such a degree that the doors of his home were closed against him, it was that gentle mother's pleadings alone which obtained forgiveness for the young rebel—her tender remonstrances, and loving arguments, which brought the headstrong boy to a sense of his ill-doing and sent him penitent and humble to his father.

I believe the bond of love and sympathy between the step-mother and her young charges would have been imperishable had it remained as at first; but to make it perfect, three years after her marriage a little daughter was given to Mrs. Grey, a little tender, beautiful blossom, to be the pet and plaything of the whole family. It is only natural to suppose that this child is dearer to her than the others; but not even the prying eyes of the most malicious can discover any difference in the treatment the two girls receive, or if there is any, it is in favor of the step daughter.

"Maggie is such a baby yet," she said to one who remarked this, "it matters but little about her dress—the simpler the better: but my little

Lina is almost a young lady now—she must not be vain, but she must dress as well as others of her age."

I have said there was a great change of opinion in L— respecting Mrs. Grey; but almost the last one to give in and own her a good step-mother was Mrs. Stayner. She was conquered at last, however, and it was done in this way: Mr. Stayner got injured in the mill he owned. His arm was badly crushed, and for several months he was under medical care. The children caught the scarlet fever at school, the two youngest died, and then the mother herself became sick. It was not known at first what trouble they were in; Mrs. Grey was the first that heard of it, and the first to assist them. She was untiring in her efforts; day and night she spent the hours when she ought to have rested, at the bedside of the suffering woman. Mrs. Stayner's little infant, born in the midst of suffering and death, she carried away and cared for in her own happy home. The remaining children got well; Mr. Stayner recovered. The wife and mother also, after long weeks of illness, slowly regained her health, but she had forever lost her enmity to her kind neighbor.

Frankly she confessed how uncharitably she had thought and spoken of her, and with tears asked forgiveness; it was more than granted, a strong friendship sprang up between the two, and if ever you come to L—, I warn you not to say anything to Mrs. Stayner against step-mothers in general and against Mrs. Grey in particular.

I wish, in conclusion, that I could inform you that Mrs. Russell had seen the fulfilment of her long cherished wishes, in getting her daughters married; but it is not so. They still bloom among us—fading flowers, it is true, but nevertheless they still bloom, coming out each year with regenerated wardrobes, bountiful supplies of rouge, etc., and an endless variety of manoeuvres. I should not dare to say how many times these interesting damsels have announced their engagements, how many times their wedding-dresses have been in course of preparation, and the wedding days appointed; yet one and all of the timorous swains have proved unequal to the trial, and to-day there is in L— an unequalled choice of strong-minded young ladies, should any "well-to-do" young man wish for such an addition to his household comforts.

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#### HYPOCRISY.

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,  
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,  
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien  
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombazine.—DR. WOLCOT.

#### HANDEL.

Viewed with reference to the period in which Handel appeared, his noble beauty as a melodist has never been sufficiently dwelt on. Some fifty airs from his vocal and instrumental works, including the *minuets* and *gavots* of his overtures, could be named as rich and voluptuous in their sweetness as any tunes that the slighter tune-makers of Italy have ever poured forth, and infinitely surpassing them in novelty, fire, and distinctive character. There is Italian beauty without Italian effeminacy in every line from Handel's pen—and it is because of this, among other reasons, that we receive with mistrust from him any specimen at all doubtful, in which labor has been bestowed on poor or unmarked phrases, or conducted with the solicitous pedantry of the conscious laborer. He did not inherit Palestrina's style, for that, indeed, was carried to perfection by rare Pierluigi himself—and it was Handel's mission to invent, to carry out, not to copy; but the secret of Palestrina's solemn and gorgeous sweetness may be said to live in his works. No modern writer has ever approached these two men in the combination of power and vocal sonority, wrought by devices to all appearance entirely different.—*London Critic*.

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#### TEA AS A BEVERAGE.

According to the investigations made by M. Peligot, in regard to the chemical combinations of tea, and communicated by him to the French Academy of Sciences, that article is found to contain essential principles of nutrition, far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties, being, in every respect, one of the most desirable articles of general use, and decidedly superior to soup, in its nutritious qualities. M. Liebig also gives as his opinion, based on accurate chemical research, that in respect both to tea and coffee, their beneficial effects on the health are very great, and are due to the same substance, "theine," or "caffine," and that these two are in all respects identical. He thinks that they are justly to be considered as elements of food for organs as yet unknown, which are destined to convert the blood into nervous substance, and thus recruit the energy of the moving and thinking faculties.—*Scientific American*.

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#### DIVISION OF TIME.

The ordinary year does not consist of 365 days 6 hours, but of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49 seconds, which is 11 minutes 11 seconds less than an hour, or a whole day in about 130 years. This is adjusted by omitting three leap years in four centuries, and it is settled that the common years, which would otherwise be leap years, shall be those which terminate centuries in which the first pair of figures is not divisible by four. Thus, the years 1800 and 1900 are not leap years, but 2000 is leap year; 2100, 2200, 2300 are not leap years, but 2400 is leap year. If this method be adhered to, the present mode of calculating will not vary for five thousand years.—*American Almanac*.

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A covetous desire in the heart of youth is the germ from which may spring a poison tree, whose atmosphere is pestilential, and the taste of whose fruit is death.

## A NIGHT UPON THE COAST.

BY WILLIAM BENTLEY OLIVER.

"God help all poor sailors this wild, stormy night!" said old Captain Carson, as he sat beside his blazing fireside, one raging night in March, when the Storm King had marshalled his forces by the shore and on the sea.

"Amen!" fervently responded the dear old woman opposite, beside whom stood a diminutive work-table, on which lay an open Bible.

"I am right glad that we are not expecting Ned this month," said the captain, after a pause. "And yet they are often safe when we think they are in the greatest danger; and when the winds are calm and hushed upon the coast, they are sometimes in the greatest danger. Only the good God above knows what comes to the sailor's heart in the time of peril."

Mrs. Carson looked up from her knitting-work, and caught an expression on her husband's face, that made her feel anxious.

"Surely, John, you would not think it possible that Edward could be on the coast? You will not deceive me about it, dear?" And the lady dropped her work, and put her hand beseechingly on her husband's shoulder.

The captain returned her caress, and clearing his voice, which was somewhat husky, replied, "It is barely possible, but I hope not probable."

Mrs. Carson sat looking into the fire for some minutes before she again spoke.

"Mrs. Johnson was looking through her spy glass, just as the storm came on; and she declared that the ship which she saw off Norman's Wharf, was the *Cincinnatus*."

"Did she? Well, although as a general thing she is wonderfully correct, I trust for once that she was mistaken. Ned's ship sails slow; there are three others expected before him—and now, wife, you must trust my judgment a little as well as old Mrs. Johnson's; who, although she has watched this bay for so many years, and knows all the vessels pretty well, yet she is liable to a mistake as well as the rest of us. I wish I had been where I could see it. I should have known it instantly, and then I could put your mind at rest at once. Come, nothing is better for low spirits than employment; I will hang on the kettle, and you shall make some cocoa and coffee, in case any one should be needing it in the storm. Thank Heaven that Ned is not expected; but then there are other poor souls who may be cast upon the shore and need our attention."

"And they shall have it, for my Edward's sweet sake," answered his wife.

"And so they shall, my dear. Now just try to think that Ned is only half way across the Atlantic, and will not be here till the fifteenth of April. I wish all the poor fellows were as safe."

These words comforted the mother a little, and she went about her preparations. She even unlocked a chest and took out her thickest blankets, and hung them over a chair, roused up the fire until a more genial warmth diffused itself through the room, and then opened the door leading to the bed room, that the surplus heat might warm that too.

It was the great equinoctial storm. Stout trees that had borne the weight of many tempests before, were now bent almost to the very ground, and some wholly uprooted. Sheets of blinding rain deluged the streets, yet freezing into ice almost as soon as they fell; and everything on the wharves broke loose, and boards and even timbers were taken up by the fierce wind, and carried to unknown distances.

It was evident that no vessel near the coast could ride out such a gale uninjured. As if the wind and rain had not sufficient horrors to appal the stoutest hearts, there came on a fearful accompaniment of thunder and lightning. It broke upon the stillness and darkness of a momentary lull, as if the spirit of the storm were bent on exhibiting all his horrors at once.

In the midst of this terrible war of the elements, the outer door was softly opened, and a woman whose face was as pale as marble, entered. She looked like one coming from the shadowy land of spirits, so chill and stony was her face. Her wet garments scattered the rain drops on the floor, and her feet, hastily thrust into slippers, left a wet track upon the carpet. It was Ellen Carson, the wife of their only son, whose dwelling was just across the narrow yard that separated it from his father's house. As she stood there with her wet garments clinging to her figure, and the long, dripping hair which had escaped from its confinement and was hanging loosely over her shoulders, she seemed more like the embodied spirit of the storm, than a human being.

Captain Carson led her to a seat beside the blazing fire. "Why, Helen! dear girl! how came you to venture out on such a night as this?"

She could not answer, but the look of composure which she saw in his face reassured her. She laid her head upon her mother-in-law's lap, and then the tears came to her relief.

"O, father, mother!" she whispered. "I have had such a dream about Edward. I lay down on the sofa, because I could not think of going to bed, and fell asleep. I cannot tell you what I

dreamed—it was too terrible to repeat.” The old captain soothed her, and she entreated them to let her stay there by the fire all night. “It is so dreary at home,” she said, shuddering.

“Stay, certainly, yes, dear. I should have come in for you, if the thought that you might have gone to bed had not prevented me; and I was afraid of disturbing you.”

All this time the loud thunder was shaking the walls of the dwelling, and the flashes of lightning came sharp and fast through the windows. One peal that almost stunned the listeners, succeeded a blinding flash, and then, in the brief pause of the storm, which gave it time to collect new forces, a voice was heard outside, calling for Captain Carson to come to the beach.

“Anything ashore, Wilbur?” he asked of a man who hastily thrust his head in at the door.

“Ay, ay, plenty of ‘em,” said the man, and there’s nobody there to tell the landmen what to do.”

The captain waited only to don his pea jacket and nor’wester; and with the activity of a younger man, he set off for the beach.

Once only, as Mrs. Carson glanced at his arm which he had injured some years before, she was about to entreat him not to go, but a look from him silenced her.

“You are right, John,” she said. “Somebody’s son is there, and needing the help that Edward may be needing elsewhere. Go!”

“Yes, go, dear father,” said Helen, “and let me go with you.”

“No, indeed, you are mad to think of such a thing.”

He was gone in a moment; and the next minute Helen was in her own house, and fastening around her a thick coat of her husband’s, and putting on her own little water-proof boots. A close hood and mittens, and a warm woollen comforter completed her dress, and then, by the flashes of lightning, she saw her way to the beach. Her mother-in-law did not oppose her going, for slight and delicate as Helen was, she had proved herself, more than once, a very Grace Darling, in point of courage, in emergencies when others failed. So Mrs. Carson sat down to wait, calmly, if she could, their return.

In the pauses of the storm, she fancied that she heard voices, and running into the passage she would peer out into the darkness. As the clock struck twelve, the rain ceased to fall, the wind fell into a low murmur, the clouds passed, and gave a glimpse of the moon shining in the rifts. Once she looked out and saw a mass of moving figures, undistinguishable in the distance, and her heart beat with apprehension. After all,

Edward’s ship might have been near! She shivered as much with fear, as with cold, and went back to her warm fire again, to busy herself with the preparations which she was always careful to make when there was any prospect of a wreck being near.

Soon she heard footsteps at the door, and some people brought in a woman and child, and laid them tenderly down on the warm carpet. Frail and delicate-looking creatures they both were, the child with its small limbs and white face, and the mother, scarcely less pale, with her soft, wet ringlets mixed with sand, and streaming over her white neck, from which the covering had been rudely torn by the rocks over which she was dragged by the waves.

Mrs. Carson took up the little child, bathed and rubbed it, poured some warm milk between its lips, and wrapping it in warm flannel, laid it in her own bed, where a sweet and natural sleep soon followed. The mother was less easily coused; but after great effort, she suddenly opened her eyes, and called feebly for her child.

Until now, Mrs. Carson had been so completely occupied with the stranger, that she had not noticed that her husband and Helen were still absent; but now, putting the mother in bed with her child, she went out herself into the cold, to seek them. The sound of the moaning deep came upon her ear, as if grieving for the work it had this night accomplished. Taking the path that led towards the beach, she looked eagerly forward, now straining her eyes to find out what was before her, now pausing to hear if there was any sound save the murmuring of the chafed and angry waves.

As she approached nearer, she saw by the light of the moon, now riding serene and beautiful in the deep blue overhead, a group upon the sands, apparently watching the progress of a raft which bore slowly but steadily towards the shore. Beyond it, but still not far from the beach, was a ledge of rocks, on which lay the shattered remnants of a large vessel; and all along the path over the sands, lay the fragments of a vessel, broken spars, bits of wood, with here and there a box or bale which had been flung on by the violence of the waves.

Passing these, the aged woman picked her way to a group on the sands, and recognized her husband and Helen among those who composed it. They did not hear her approach, for every eye was intent upon the floating raft. Her foot stumbled upon some object, and as she stooped to pick it up, she saw, by the light of the moon that it was a piece of dark wood, with CINCINNATUS painted in large white letters upon it.

"My Edward!" said the poor old woman. And she pressed on towards her husband with a quickened step, but with a sinking heart.

"Poor wife!" exclaimed Carson, as he saw who it was. "This is no place for you. Helen, do go home and take her with you."

"Not until I know what can be known of Edward!" was her reply.

The men were throwing out great ropes, and although the sea still rocked heavily, and the wind blew high, one or two adventurous young seamen had manned a boat, and were already half way out to the raft. It was a scene for a painter—that group of hard-looking, weather-beaten sailors, and the two feeble and delicate women beside them, all unconscious of the cold, and their feet sinking in the wet sand, speechless and tearless, but not without hope in their faces, as they were seen by the light of the moon.

Onward came the raft, and in came the little boat; and as they came side by side, one or two feeble figures were seen to pass slowly from the overcharged raft to the boat, assisted by the boat's crew.

Swiftly now the boat came on, and was soon heard grating upon the sands. Tenderly were the poor fellows lifted out, and kind hands wrapped them in dry clothes, and carried them on litters, to the houses of the fishermen, where, upon every hearth, burned the warm and glowing fire. A groan of disappointment burst from Carson's heart, and was echoed by his wife and daughter; but not a word was spoken.

Moments seemed hours now until the raft should arrive, guided as it evidently was, only by weak and feeble hands. The wind had changed and was now blowing from shore; so that it was with difficulty that the raft floated on. Two or three figures stood feebly up, and voices were faintly heard amidst the noise of the vexed waves, while below lay a mass of bodies, immovable and undistinguishable.

It reached the shore at length, and Helen, with all a loving woman's disregard of danger, where the beloved object is in peril, pressed close to the water's edge, her little feet crowding down the slippery sea weed that had thrown its slimy roots upon the beach. Carson drew her resolutely back; but O, the face she lifted up to him beneath the moonlight! so full of tender and mournful sadness! and he had no heart left to bid her hope.

The ropes which the hardy fishermen held were now needed; and as they were made fast about the prostrate bodies, and dragged one after another through the surf to the shore, Helen cast a despairing look upon each face, living or dead.

There was but one man left upon the raft to be drawn forth, and her horror became so great that she could not look upon that one.

"It is not Edward!" she said, as she leaned heavily against the weeping old man. "Let us go!" And ere the words were fairly out of her mouth, she was in a dead swoon upon the beach.

Heart-stricken, Captain Carson laid her in the arms of a stout fisherman who bore her to her own cottage, where, in a deadly stupor, from which nothing could rouse her, Helen lay all night.

When the morning came, the solitary raft, entangled in the seaweed, lay still and immovable; and the brave little boat which had rendered service to many of the poor fellows, was fastened by a rope thrown around a huge log; and was now tossing like an eggshell. Up and down the little ascent that led to the houses of Captain Carson and his son, people were passing and repassing all the morning with still anxious looks. At the captain's house the little delicate mother and child lay, tenderly cared for by the neighbors who had gone to supply Mrs. Carson's place.

On the hearth-rug lay Edward's dog, which had followed Helen in there, and had not been allowed to leave the house. Sometimes Lion would rouse himself, and placing both paws on the window-sill would utter a loud cry. When the door was opened, he sprang out, knocking down a neighbor's child, and made scarcely three bounds to Helen's cottage. His cry arrested the attention of some one, who let him come in. His first movement was to a low couch, where a man lay with his feet and hands sorely wounded. There he gave a joyful bark of recognition, and then fell to licking the poor bleeding hands, until the bandages loosened and fell off. On the bed lay Helen, to whom consciousness had not yet returned. Lion rushed to the bed, and his loud cry wakened her slumbering senses; but as if all the agony of the night, burst at once upon her recollections, she cried out, "Edward! Edward! dead, drowned!" The poor wounded hands were thrown up wildly at this cry, and a low moan answered it. Captain Carson approached the bed, and taking her tenderly in his arms, as if she were an infant, he carried her to the couch.

O, could that pale, disfigured countenance and that long black hair, all wet with spray, and tangled with the berries of the seaweed, be her own Edward's? The wounded arms were around her neck, and Edward's lips, parched, cracked and painful, were kissing her pale mouth. There was no word spoken, until the aged mother came, and laying her hands upon both their heads, she said, solemnly, "God hath blessed you, my dear children, let us bless His holy name!"

## THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. OF GERMANY.

BY CHARLES GITHENS.

[Upon entering the city of Wittemberg, as its conqueror, Charles V. was met by the Duke of Alva and the Bishop of Arras, who suggested to him that the bones of Luther might be disinterred, and scattered to the winds. Charles indignantly replied: "*Let him rest; I war against the living, not the dead.*" This incident is related in a new theological dictionary now being translated from the German, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Bomberger, of Philadelphia.]

'Twas nobly said! these words of thine,  
Great monarch, hero, sage,  
In fadeless characters shall shine  
On glory's brightest page!  
Not all the triumphs that lend grace  
And splendor to thy name,  
More justly claim than these a place  
Upon the scroll of fame!

The sculptured stone and storied verse  
The conquests shall record,  
And thousands glowingly rehearse  
The achievements of the sword—  
In Germany's chivalric son  
A hero true we find,  
A greater victory here is won—  
The triumph of the mind!

## SEAMEN OF CAPE COD.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

THE Cape Cod man is amphibious. He is born with a natural proclivity to the water, which element gets to be, in time, his most accustomed abode. We will suppose, dear reader, by way of exemplifying our subject, that you have had, once on a time, the honor of playing the pedagogue over some four or five dozen urchins, somewhere or other on that long, narrow hook of sand denominated Cape Cod. You have finished your term; and being about to take your departure for the land of trees and *terra firma*, you engage one of the said urchins to wheel your trunk to the stage-office for the sum of six cents, federal currency. Or it may be that he paddles off with you to the packet schooner in which you are to attempt the perilous voyage across the salt waves of Massachusetts Bay.

Some ten years roll by, and you find yourself, one fine summer afternoon, standing on the steps of the Hotel d'Amerique, at Marseilles, picking your teeth with a melancholy air, and looking in the direction where, as you imagine, Italy should be. You reflect that you have been living rather faster than you had intended. You inwardly spout an indignation speech against the stars which have doomed a person of your genius and energy to grope your way along through life, denied the means of expansion, and the power of

improving your capability of enjoyment. In the midst of this brown study, your attention is suddenly diverted. A sun-burnt youth, with an eye like an eagle, and a step as springy as that of a wild deer, hurries quickly up the stone flight. He almost brushes you in passing. He turns again, with a single glance thrown sharply in your face. He extends to you his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?"

You seize his hand with a cordial grasp, for he is a countryman. Nevertheless, you do not know him from Adam, and in a friendly way give him to understand as much.

"What, not know me? Don't you recollect Tommy Cook who used to do errands for you, and went to school to you, on Cape Cod? Ah, you have me now. I'm in here for a few weeks. Master of ship Skimmer of the Sea, yonder."

A few words more, and you separate. A sense of confusedness afflicts you. You endeavor to render it probable to yourself that this Captain Thomas Cook, master of a first class clipper ship of a thousand tons or more, is the up-growth of the Tommy whom you rapped with the ferule some ten years since. Having, in your boyhood, been conversant with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and various other impossibilities of the kind, you finally succeed in realizing the change to your imagination.

"Unfortunate man that I am!" say you. "Why, was I not born on the back side of Cape Cod, and having there taken my first degree as boy cook on board the 'Happy-go-Lucky' fishing craft, and with this diploma in my pocket, pressed straightway up the sure road to fortune." Of course you cannot doubt that mere chance has prevented your super-excellent qualifications from being developed in the full blaze of success. In conclusion, you solace yourself with the conviction that the world will, very presently, be astonished by a sudden explosion of your genius.

As we have already remarked, the Cape Cod man has an affinity to salt water. He can plough the land at a pinch; but the profession does not run in the blood. He is as apt to hold the plough tiller-wise. He naturally shouts you port, and starboard, instead of gee and whoa. He runs his team into a board fence, and blames his cattle for a set of land-lubbers. He tells you that "anybody can farm it that's stupid enough, but as for him, he can't stand it, and so he's off to sea."

Captain Grover, having worthily won a comfortable competency, came to the conclusion that he would abandon the tossing sea, and pass the rest of his days in the bosom of his family. Said he to me:

"I have a little property afloat which is earning me something, and with that, joined to what I can raise from off my bit of farm, I can surely manage to keep myself whole. I mean to put my hand to the plough, and earn my bread after the fashion of the good old patriarchs. You didn't catch them knocking round on the briny billows, grinding down their teeth on salt junk and mouldy biscuit. No, nor making gimlets of their eyes, for the purpose of finding their way through an India-rubber fog, or a darkness blacker by far than the hide of a Guinea nigger. So (added the worthy captain, plunging his shovel into the ground with a vigorous effort,) here I anchor. No more tumbling and rolling for me. Henceforth, I sit in the shade of my own apple tree."

As he uttered the last word, we observed him casting an admiring glance towards a puny stick, which bearing aloft five green leaves, trembled in the midst of the otherwise denuded garden. Some months after, I again met the subject of my story. Having paid my respects, "How prospers the farm?" I inquired.

The captain turned color; he was for a moment silent. Evidently his mind was engaged with painful reflections.

"Ah," he said, at length, shaking his head, "It wont do; it wont do. My man tells me that if I will only stay in the house, and let things alone, he will be able to do something. But if I persist in breaking the plough, and twisting the cart wheels off, and laming the cattle, and that sort of thing, then there is no use of his staying, and he must leave. D'ye see, I haven't got the hang of these land matters, as yet. Think I shall go to sea a trip or two, just to amuse myself and get a little rest from my labors. After that I shall be ready to commence again with fresh courage. As for farming, I can do it as well as other people can, only I have not yet got fairly broke in."

It is now six years since Captain Grover returned to the sea. He has not made any advance in farming experience, and the last that I heard of him, he was banging it round Cape Horn "just by way of amusement."

As a natural consequence of the varied experience of its inhabitants, there is as much of human nature to be found on Cape Cod as on any equal portion of the globe's surface. Having weathered themselves in all climes and countries, its people pick up many new ideas, and not a few eccentricities into the bargain. Therefore it is that amid much of the highly finished jewelry of social demeanor, one will occasionally light on a nugget of rough diamond; or, to drop all

troublesome similes, a character salient and fresh as it came from Nature's original mould.

Such a character was presented by staunch Jack Morrison, who, albeit now somewhat in his wane, flourished in all his prime some ten or fifteen years ago. He was then a stalwart man of six feet high, with shoulders like those of an ox. His hair was scarcely less grizzled then than now. His voice was like the hoarse surge, as I have heard it of a blustering winter's night, echoing afar from the desolate beach of Race Point. Jack Morrison, in short, belonged to the old sea-dog school, rough but kindly. Jack was too independent to take up a master's berth. He would be nothing less than first officer, and he would be nothing more. Attacked at various times, by liberal offers, Morrison remained firm in his determination.

"I don't wish to be nosed round by no owners," he would say. "Let me go mate, and then I know where I am. I'm independent then, and nobody can say anything agin me, except the cap'n; and I reckon I'm as good as any cap'n goin', anyhow."

This last argument, emphasized as it was with a downward blow of the fist, seemed to his own mind a perfect clincher; and the possibility that others might not comprehend its full force never entered his thoughts. That these words of his were not "conceived of the empty wind," as Shakspeare has it, the following incident may serve to prove.

In years long since gone by, Morrison sailed in the good ship Neptune, Charles Johnson commander, bound to the East Indies. Johnson was a young and rather inexperienced man, the son of a wealthy merchant and owner of the ship. Morrison had been engaged as first officer, with liberal pay, it being tacitly understood that he was to act as captain's nurse, as the phrase is. That is to say, he was virtually in charge of the ship, at the same time that he was expected to pay the honors due to the nominal captain. With many men this would have been decidedly an inconvenient position, as Johnson, though a fine young fellow, was, like many other raw captains, a little apt to be puffed up by his newly bestowed authority.

On a certain day, in the regions of the tropics, when the Neptune was moving with a scant breeze through the glittering sea, the wind presently fell away till it was nearly calm. Impatient at the laggard pace, Captain Johnson began to crowd on more sail. The experienced Morrison, on the contrary, smelled danger in the deceitful calm, and checked his young superior. The latter chafed at the restraint. It was time, he



thought, to take the reins a little more into his own hands. Was he to be snubbed thus, forsooth? No, not he. He would show his authority. And so, with an angry voice, he reiterated his commands.

"Nonsense, Charley," exclaimed Jack, with a parental shake of the head; and waving his hand slightly towards the crew, the latter arrested their steps, glancing in comic bewilderment from the nominal to the virtual commander.

"Mutiny, by Heaven! Mutiny!" cried Johnson, almost beside himself with rage at being called to order after such a fashion. "Here, sirrah (turning to the cabin boy who just at that moment popped his head above the level of the deck), bring me my pistols!"

"And hark, you rascalion," added Morrison, with complete composure; "just fetch mine also, while you are about it."

The boy ducked his head, and in a moment returning, both pair of pistols were in possession of their respective owners. At this instant a perception of the ludicrous broke in on the brain of the young ship-master. Mr. Morrison stood opposite him, a shooter in each hand. A huge quid revolved in his starboard cheek, and one eye was nearly shut, while the other remained uncommonly wide awake.

"Now, Charley," said the gray-haired senior, slightly leaning his head towards the right shoulder, "it's no use tryin' to make a fool o' yourself; 'cause you aren't. You see, you're cap'n, and nobody dare say nothing to the contrary; if they do, I'll know why. But the thing is, I'm twice as old as you be; old enough to be your father. And besides, I know five times as much about the ship, as you will these three years. So it stands to reason that I know best."

At this moment, Jack's attention was suddenly concentrated to the main yard. At the same time Captain Johnson appeared to be watching some invisible object on the lee quarter; but presently, turning away with a peculiar queerishness in his countenance, he vanished down the cabin stairs. In less than five minutes afterward, the Neptune lay nearly on her beam ends, the wind howling through her rigging, and the sea around covered with driving foam. "Charley," was duly submissive for the rest of the voyage, and now-a-days often laughs over the recollection of his first trip in company with Mr. Jack Morrison. The latter still lives, and long may he wave!

To conclude. It was believed of old, that the true Yankee flourished most vigorously on Connecticut soil, and on the estates of our little sister Rhoda. But we object to this dogma; and will

assert, on the contrary, that the man of Cape Cod is the genuine Yankee, personified in all his best and most essential qualities.

Of the Cape Cod man it can most truly be said that he is everywhere to be found, and that, when found, he is very apt to stand first among the workers. He is always staunch, always many-witted. Nothing can permanently capsize him; for, whatever ill luck may befall, he is soon right side up again, moving on with fresh courage. Being amphibious, he can take to the land if necessary, as well as to the water, though it is true that he prefers the latter. And in the matter of friendly acquaintance, of all Yankees and of all men, not one will wrench your hand from your arm with such thoroughly hearty shake, as the Cape Cod sea captain, the genuine nobleman of nature, liberal as the air, and genial as the day. May his race never diminish nor his shadow grow less!

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#### LORD BROUGHAM AND MRS. DAVIS.

One day, when an important cause was coming on, a parcel of papers had been sent from Mr. G——'s office to Lord Brougham, but one was forgotten, and Mr. G——, hastily recollecting it, bade me run with it instantly, and deliver it very carefully.

I went, and was shown into a room, where I saw a person whom I took to be a clerk. I gave the packet into his hand, and told him to be sure to give it to his master.

He nodded his head, and said quietly, "I dare say I shall."

I was provoked at his taking it so easy, and said to him:

"You sulky old fellow, I'll tell your master. Look at the paper. It is of great consequence, Mr. G—— says, and you must look at it." I would not rest until he did so, and then I went away.

Mr. G—— told me afterward that it was Lord Brougham himself, who was so pleased with my faithfulness about the paper, that he gave Mr. G—— half a sovereign to give me "for my impudence."—*Life of Mrs. Davis.*

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#### NEVER TOO LATE.

It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar after he had written for the press ten years. It is never too late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty. It is never too late to drop any habit; James, the novelist, wrote sixty-nine volumes before he could shake off his "solitary horseman." It is never too late to be a "wide awake" character; an old gentleman who has ceased to read the *Daily Evening Blunderbuss*, has entirely recovered from the sleepiness that used to afflict him. It is sometimes too late to "pop the question;" a man once did so to a "charming vidder," just as she had reached her house after burying her first husband; "You are too late," was the reply, "the deacon spoke to me at the grave!"—*Picayune.*

## WOMAN.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

Beautiful maid, with the laughing eye,  
On whose fair brow no shadows lie;  
Wouldst know the future? read thy heart—  
Its throbbings note—its pulses mark;  
Seest thou aught of childhood's joy?  
One jewel, that time may not destroy?  
Or seest thou not in each quivering string  
The thrillings of sorrow, which time may bring?

Thou read'st unrest in thy depths unstirred,  
A cry for something before unheard;  
A restless yearning for dreams of joy,  
More rich than childhood's hours employ;  
And know, fair maid, thy wish is heard:  
Each pulse shall thrill before unstirred,  
And love's young, rapturous dream be thine,  
And strains awake, almost divine.

For one brief hour enjoy thy bliss,  
Drink deep the cup; for hours like this  
Come not again through coming years,  
Through life's long course of smiles and tears;  
But idols perish one by one,  
Till hope, and faith and trust are gone;  
And deeper, sadder hours are thine:  
'Tis woman's lot—vain to repine.

And bitter tears are thine to shed,  
O'er marbled forms of early dead;  
And weary watchings thine to share,  
And thine to breathe the anguished prayer,  
When light hath fled and hope is o'er,  
And beauty's dream returns no more;  
And in thy heart all wrongs conceal,  
Nor dare the festering wound reveal.

## BLANCHE OF NAVARRE.

BY HINTON STANFORD.

IN the year 1442, Alphonso V. reigned in Arragon; but wishing to remain mostly in Naples, he delegated his authority to his brother John, as Lieutenant-General. The first wife of this prince was Blanche, the widow of Martin, King of Sicily. They had three children—Carlos, Prince of Viana; Blanche, who was married to Henry VI. of Castile, by whom she was repudiated, and Eleanor, who married Gaston, Count of Foix, a French noble. The Princess Blanche the elder, died 144—. Carlos succeeded to the crown of Navarre, and in dying (1461), bequeathed it to his sister, Blanche. In 1447, John of Arragon had married a second wife, who had one child, Ferdinand. She was the daughter of Frederic Henriquez.

Far different was Joan Henriquez to her predecessor, Blanche of Sicily. Ambitious for herself, her husband and her own son, it galled her to the quick, to see the younger Blanche occu-

pying Navarre; and it was no hard matter to arouse jealousy of Blanche in the bosom of John himself, and also of Eleanor Countess de Foix.

Eleanor had one son, Gaston de Foix, who married, early in life, a sister of Louis XI. of France. On pretence of increasing their French connexions by marrying Blanche to the Duke de Berri, John carried Blanche forcibly across the mountains, intending to seize upon her kingdom, and probably condemn her to perpetual banishment.

It was a dreary night in November, when the unhappy queen arrived at the little town of St. Jean Pied de Port, near the Pyrenees. Worn and ill with sorrow and apprehension, worn down by repeated afflictions, deserted and persecuted by those who should have sustained her, she sat in the little parlor of the inn, without fire, and almost without light. A meagre supper was laid for her, but she had no heart to partake of it; and she, who but a few days before was an honored queen, was now sitting in loneliness and desolation, with not a soul "so poor as to do her reverence."

From the moment of her brother's death, Eleanor de Foix had looked with a jealous eye upon Blanche; and now that her father had begun the persecution, she resolved to pursue the advantage thus afforded her. She had her taken away by a strong guard, and confined in the castle of Ortes in Bearne.

While at St. Jean Pied de Port, Blanche had resigned all right to Navarre in favor of her former husband, Henry IV. of Castile; and when sent to Bearne, she wrote to him. Her letter was an affecting appeal to the dearest and tenderest emotions of his nature. She portrayed all her sufferings, her wrongs and desolation. She besought him to think only of their early love, their early mistakes, and their early errors; and then to continue estranged from her if he could have the heart to do so.

Whether he ever received this letter or not, is a problem yet unsolved. Most probably he did not, so closely was Blanche watched in the castle. In that gloomy pile, which would seem from its situation and architecture to have been designed for a prison, the unfortunate Blanche lingered for two years.

While the world has been ringing with the misfortunes of Mary Stuart, a century later; her imprisonment and cruel death; her beauty, and the jealousy of Elizabeth; there has been little said of her whose captivity was still more dreary and desolate than that of Mary at Lochleven. Blanche of Navarre needed but the magic touch

of the "Wizard of the North" to have made the memory of her beauty and misfortunes as world-wide as those of Mary Stuart.

Within this execrable place, Blanche lost the bloom of youth and health; and at times she dreaded lest reason should also forsake her. Her room was in a tower, looking only towards the north. No ray of sunlight ever penetrated her gloomy apartment, and the single window was so barred with iron, as almost to exclude the light of day. Neither books nor needlework were allowed her; and her time was spent mostly upon the hard and uncomfortable bed. After she had written to Henry, she was denied the use of writing materials.

Her sole attendants were a withered old crone, and her son, a lame dwarf, whose repulsive looks made her shudder every time he entered her room, which indeed he seldom did, as the stairs were difficult for him to climb. The old woman, whose name was Ringold, usually brought up the meagre, ill-cooked food, which often Blanche was unable to taste.

At the end of six months, Dame Ringold was seized with a rheumatic affection which made it impossible for her to ascend the stairs; and a pretty young girl, living in the neighborhood of the castle, was prevailed upon to take her place, in waiting upon the prisoner.

Bertha was too tender and kind-hearted to behold the poor queen in this state without endeavoring to alleviate her sufferings; and obeying her impulses, she secreted various articles about her person, which she thought would conduce to her comfort, and in that way conveyed them to the chamber. The better to conceal her interest in Blanche, she kept up the appearance of reluctance to attend upon her; though she sometimes awakened suspicion in Dame Ringold's mind by spending so much time with the prisoner. Bertha quieted her by asserting what was really the case, that the apartment needed a thorough cleansing; and by spending an extra half hour every day, she could put it in order so that the dame would have nothing to do when she recovered. A softer pallet and pillow, a supply of writing materials, a few books and some clean linen were among the comforts which the kind-hearted girl bestowed upon the desolate prisoner; and these had to be assiduously hidden from the eyes of Ralph Ringold, who still continued to make his Saturday visit of inspection.

Meantime none knew, save her cruel sister, that Blanche was still alive. Reports had been industriously circulated of her death; which was said to have taken place at St. Jean, the little town where she had stopped with her father, al-

though none knew she was carried thither against her will. The story that she had died of a malignant disorder, accounted for the absence of any public obsequies; and the father, repudiating any claim put forth by the former husband of Blanche, assumed the government of Navarre.

Afraid lest her father should at last yield to some sudden burst of parental remorse for his conduct to Blanche, the Countess de Foix resolved to despatch her prisoner by poisoning her. An opportunity did not offer very speedily, on account of the illness of Dame Ringold, as she dared not trust the dwarf with a secret of such magnitude. And fortunately Dame Ringold kept her bad rheumatics; and pretty Bertha had leisure and inclination to wait on the prisoner. She contrived too, to be present whenever Ralph Ringold thrust his ugly large head and misshapen figure into the presence of Blanche, which he did regularly at the end of every week.

All this time Eleanor de Foix was as jealous of her father as she had been of her sister. She saw that he was ruled completely by her step-mother, who was very proud of the Henriquez blood; and she dreaded lest Navarre should eventually fall into the hands of Joan's son, the young Ferdinand, and thus deprive her of the succession. Eleanor held countless conversations with her son Gaston, in regard to this. The young man sympathized with his mother in her desire to rule in Navarre; but he had never believed that she would use any unrighteous means to procure her sister's death. Nor, after a close council, in which Eleanor more than half hinted at such an expedient, could he be made to understand that such a thought had ever occurred to his mother.

Alone, therefore, the wretched woman matured her scheme, and as Dame Ringold alone could be trusted with the secret, she visited the old woman, and gave her orders to poison the broth which Bertha Wever was to take to her.

The result is known; but who can paint the distress of Bertha, who, for eighteen months had ministered every day to the lonely prisoner? She wept over her, called her by every endearing name, and followed her to the grave with every demonstration of attachment.

From a lower room of the castle, Dame Ringold watched the burial, and urged Ralph to take her out to the church yard that she might see if she was apparelled rightly. At least, this was her excuse; but the true object of her wishing to see Blanche after her death, was to ascertain if any appearance lingered about her of a tendency to excite suspicion.

Ralph, too indolent to stir without sufficient

motive, refused; and for many days the old crone was terrified by the apprehension of the country people talking of the strange look of the prisoner after death. For the simple villagers knew well enough that Blanche was a prisoner; but as they were told that she was so by the order of the king, none dared to speak of it as an injustice.

But retribution was at hand. John was taken suddenly ill, and before he had time to make any disposition of the crown to Ferdinand, he died, leaving it for Eleanor, whose right of succession it was.

With a heart beating high at the fruition of the long cherished hope of becoming Queen of Navarre—an ambition for which she had stained her soul with numberless crimes—she assumed the reins of government, and stifled down any reproaches of conscience which might well arise from the ghosts of the past. She gathered around her a gay court; affected more state and dignity than Navarre in its palmiest days had ever known; and began her reign in splendid extravagance. She banished from the court her step-mother and Ferdinand, and admitted only those who ministered to her love of display and power.

But the excitement proved too much, even for the strong nerves of the murderess of a sister. In less than three weeks from her accession, fatal symptoms began to appear; and her physician, knowing her danger, advised her not to put off any important matter for a single day. Inexpressibly angry, she dismissed him and sent for another, but with the same result. Then she knew that she must die; and conscience began its dreadful work upon her mind, frightening away all repose, and bringing before her eyes the murdered Blanche.

Three weeks of rule, for which a life had been the sacrifice, a sister murdered, and for which there had been years of vain longing, was the reward for all this. She died in all the agonies of remorse, and memory conjured up the most frightful images to terrify her in the dying hour. The crown was taken from her posterity forever, and the succeeding years branded her memory as the murderess of Blanche of Navarre; while the brief season of her reign is scarcely mentioned at all, save in words of execration. The only merit which can be attached to her name is this: that she has helped to make a page in the "Romance of History."

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The nearer we approach the grave, the more frequently are we visited by sickness. This may be unpleasant, still it is useful. The more afflictions we have, the more willingly we die.

#### AN AMATEUR GLUTTON.

A certain gastronomic wager was once decided at a French tavern, in the sixteenth century. Prince Henry of Bourbon, the son of the Great Conde, was supping there with a number of his friends. Prince de Conti, who was a tremendous bore, kept hammering away at one eternal theme, the extraordinary appetite of his beagles. "My kennels absolutely ruin me," said he; "I can't tell what possesses the dogs, but they eat at least a thousand crowns worth every month!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Prince Henry; "I'll bet you anything you please, not one of them can eat at a meal so much as my servant, La Guiche."

"When we are again at Versailles," returned Conti, "I will back a certain beagle of mine against him."

"Very good; but in the meantime I should like you to see what the fellow can do. Look here; it will soon be midnight. I will wager a thousand louis that La Guiche eats up the whole of that piece of meat while the clock is striking twelve." Prince Henry pointed, as he spoke, to an enormous shoulder of mutton that had not been touched.

"He can't get through half of it," exclaimed Conti; "it's a bet."

"Done!" replied Henry; and La Guiche was sent for.

He was a little wiry fellow; and, when he was told of the wager, the grin he gave developed a set of teeth that a wolf might have been proud of. It wanted ten minutes to the hour, and in the interim La Guiche made his preparations. He seated himself before the shoulder of mutton, cut every particle of meat off the bone, arranged it in twelve portions, and remained, fork in hand, in an attitude of expectation. At the first stroke he swallowed two of the immense morsels; at the sixth, he was one ahead, and took advantage of the fact to swallow a goblet of vin de Baune which his master handed to him. The ninth stroke sounded, and the glutton exhibited symptoms of being beaten. The Prince de Conti shouted with exultation at the prospect of winning, for ten strokes had gone and two pieces remained.

"A hundred louis for yourself," cried Conde, "and the stewardship of my hotel in the Marais, if you gain the wager. Make another effort."

La Guiche made a superb rally; he drove his fork into the remaining pieces, and took them in at one swallow. But he fell on the floor, black in the face, and all but suffocated, as the clock left off striking.

"Carry him away," said Conde, "and take every care of him; he shall have the stewardship and the money!"

La Guiche obtained both; but never, as long as he lived, touched another shoulder of mutton. This gluttonous adventure is recorded in a pamphlet printed at Dijon in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-three, and entitled: The admirable way of La Guiche to eat methodically a joint of mutton while twelve o'clock is striking.—*Records of French Life.*

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It is ignorance, after all, which blinds us to the sins we so often commit. We act like slaves, not knowing indeed when we are free.

## THE TWIN BROTHERS.

BY MAURICE SILLINGSBY.

SEVERAL years before Ohio was admitted into the Union as a State, John Mercer, a fur trader of moderate means, with a wife and child, and a twin brother, named James, to whom he was much attached, had emigrated from New York to one of the small settlements in the aforesaid territory, where he had opened a small retail store for the accommodation of trappers and backwoodsmen; bartering the products of civilization for furs, venison, honey, etc., which he regularly transferred to the New York markets.

Sometimes when an extra opportunity for speculation presented itself, he might be found hurrying from one trading post to another, often-times absenting himself from home for a week or fortnight at a time. On these occasions he invariably acquainted his wife with his intended route, and the number of days it would necessarily require to transact such and such business. Therefore, when he returned home safe and sound, as he usually did, at or before the expiration of the time mentioned, Mrs. Mercer was never known to exhibit any symptoms of alarm, for she had made up her mind to the effect that if she borrowed trouble on the score of absence, merely, that the migratory habits of her husband must necessarily keep her in a perpetual state of worryment; but if by chance he over-staid his time, her mind, hitherto comparatively at ease, would suddenly become tortured into the most gloomy doubts and forebodings. She could neither sit, stand, nor sleep, but would pace the room for hours and days together, while her active imagination, never for a moment quiet, would conjure up every possible and impossible horror, till the return of the absent one, in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, would happily restore her to her wonted composure.

While John was absent on his trading excursions, the business at home necessarily devolved upon Mrs. Mercer, for James, though I have hitherto neglected to mention it, had been subject from his boyhood to temporary fits of despondency, or rather insanity, and when attacked would wander about for a day or two at a time, seeking out the most lonely spots, and conversing with no one till such time as the dark cloud was dispelled, leaving his mental horizon awhile serene. Owing to this constitutional infirmity he was of no great practical advantage to any one, although John regarded him with a sincere, brotherly affection, and perhaps valued him the more highly from the fact of his dependence.

John was standing one morning behind his counter, when a young man entered, and informed him that for a glass of grog he would impart to him some very valuable information. John, assenting to the proposal, the young man went on to say that a company of no less than five trappers, heavily laden with furs, were having a grand carouse at a log house about five miles down the river.

"Don't you know the man's name they are at?" eagerly inquired John.

"I should if I heard it," replied the customer.

"Is it Sherman—Bob Sherman?"

"Yes, you are right! It's Sherman—that's the name! His wife is a sister to one of the trappers; that's how it happens they are there. They're a goin' to cross the river in the afternoon, and go on to the next trading post."

"Good!—but I must have their furs before they leave Sherman's at all events. It's curious that Bob didn't think to mention me. They'd have saved at least ten miles travel by coming here, besides fording the river; and I'd have given them as much for their furs as any other man alive, into the bargain!"

The moment the young man quitted the store, John called his wife, and acquainted her with the circumstances already narrated, and told her that within an hour, if he hoped to effect anything, he must be on his way to Sherman's. If he arrived there in season, he would in all probability secure a profitable investment for his money. At all events he might see what could be done, and then have ample time to get home before night.

"If Jim hadn't mounted his high horse again he might be of some service about the store."

These remarks were uttered while Mrs. Mercer was preparing his knapsack, which he invariably wore on such occasions, and in a few minutes after he was on his way to Sherman's.

On his arrival he found that the trappers had already crossed the river, some two hours before, carrying with them the largest and finest lot of furs that Sherman had ever seen brought into the settlement.

"Have you any means of crossing the river?" demanded John, after the other had concluded.

"There is the old raft that I carried the company across on—that's the only thing!" responded Sherman. "If that will do I can bring it round in no time, and take you across before they have got three miles from the river."

"Anything will do, so that I can cross," answered John. "I must overtake them before they reach Snyder's, or I shall just have my trouble for my pains."

"Well, I will have the craft up to the point yonder in five minutes, so you can get ready and come down to the shore as quick as you like." And with this Sherman hurried off for the raft.

John immediately unstrapped his knapsack, and handing it to the squatter's wife, started directly for the point in question. When he arrived, Sherman had just doubled the bend in the river, and was coming up to him.

"I thought in order to overtake them," remarked John, as he stepped on board the raft, "that it would be the best policy not to encumber myself too much, so I left my knapsack in charge of your wife, who promised to take care of it till my return. If I should be lucky in overhauling them, I shall be back several hours before sunset, so you must keep a sharp look out, and be ready with your raft to take me back when I come."

Sherman promised; and observing before they parted that John had neglected to bring with him any weapon of defence, he removed from his belt the long hunting knife which he carried, and gave it to him. It was a kindly act on the part of Sherman, but in the end it came near costing him his life.

In all new territories, before anything like a seasonable system of law and order can be established, a few circumstances are oftentimes sufficient to fix the most grievous guilt upon a party, and the punishment meted out to the offender or the supposed offender, is by no means a tardy process. It is summary in the extreme, being never instigated by feelings of pity, but of revenge.

All that day, till nightfall, Sherman watched for the return of Mercer. At length, finding it too dark to distinguish objects at so great a distance, and thinking he might possibly arrive late, he went down to the river, unfastened his raft, and crossed over. Here he remained for a long time, pacing up and down the shore till the lateness of the hour convinced him that John would not be likely to return that night, and with considerable reluctance he gave up his watch and returned to the cabin.

The next morning two men from the settlement made their appearance at Sherman's to inquire after John. The squatter told his story, but neglected to mention anything respecting the knife and knapsack. One of the visitors with a thrill of suspicion observed the latter article partially concealed in one corner of the cabin, and referred to the circumstance on his return to the settlement. In an hour's time the merest supposition had assumed the mammoth proportions of indisputable probability. Everybody

remembered now that they had noticed something vicious and sinister in the expression of Sherman, and no one doubted for a moment but that John Mercer had been foully murdered for his money; and furthermore, that Robert Sherman and the gang that was reported to have been there on the morning preceding; or that Robert Sherman, unassisted by any one but his wife (a very meek and inoffensive creature), had committed the bloody deed—if it had been committed—of which no one was quite sure.

Accordingly, before noon a warrant was issued against Sherman, and the sheriff, with two or three of the settlers to assist in the enforcement of the law, started for the squatter's cabin. Sherman was at home when they arrived, and not having observed their approach, was not a little confused and taken aback by the appearance of the officer, which only added weight to the general conviction of his guilt.

In a moment the cabin was filled with the lamentations of Mrs. Sherman and the children. Sherman himself stoutly denied the charge, and insisted that Mercer was as well as any man present; and furthermore, if they would cross the river and go on to Snyder's they would find him there, or perhaps meet him on his return. To this appeal the poor wife added her tears and entreaties, till she at length prevailed upon the sheriff to allow two men to cross the river and go on to Snyder's, which was about sixteen miles distant. In the meantime Sherman was conducted in triumph to the settlement, there to await his trial in the afternoon, if he should fail to substantiate by proof what he had so solemnly asserted both before and after his arrest.

In less than two hours after the prisoner's arrival at the settlement, the two men who had been sent to Snyder's, returned in great excitement, and proclaimed that they had discovered the body of the murdered man, and exhibited a long hunter's knife, besmeared with blood, which they had picked up in the path near by, and which was immediately identified by no less than four persons as the property of Sherman.

This strong reinforcement added to the already accumulated burden of proof, was a sufficient signal for the opening of the trial. Sherman, who had less reason than any one else for supposing Mercer dead, after the first shock of feeling naturally attending his arrest had subsided, congratulated himself, and soothed and strengthened his wife and children, who had followed him to the settlement, with the hope of a speedy liberation. But when the trial opened, and all the circumstances attendant upon the case were laid before the magistrate, who took upon him-

self the responsibility of a final jurisdiction in the case—the knapsack found in the squatter's cabin, and shown to be the property of Mercer; the body which was instantly recognized—and above all, the knife found near the remains of the murdered man, and identified as the property of Sherman; all went without one mitigating circumstance to establish the prisoner's guilt.

Suffice it to say, that after a very brief investigation, poor Sherman was found guilty of murder in the first degree. Pale as death the prisoner arose, and explained to the court the circumstance of his having given the knife to Mercer; but he could offer no explanations regarding the subsequent horrible tragedy, and a smile of malignant incredulity settled upon the faces of all present. Not one in all the multitude, save his wife and children, believed him innocent. Already the crowd had become excited to the highest degree, and fiercely insisted on his immediate execution. The magistrate, perceiving the direction that public sympathy had taken, and being as irresolute of principle as he was ignorant of the commonest features of criminal jurisprudence, arose in a half bullying attitude, and coolly informed the prisoner that he would be allowed two hours' time to make his peace with God, after which he would be taken to a place provided by the sheriff, and there hung by the neck till he was dead. Poor fellow! his head dropped despairingly upon his hands, his wife and children clung sobbing to his knees, while simultaneously arose around them a wild and jubilant shout of satisfactory triumph. The absolute want of sympathy and pity which it expressed, awakened in the prisoner's soul a sudden thrill of indignation, and springing to his feet he shouted to the excited mob to listen. And then in a voice made eloquent by despair, he proclaimed once more his innocence, begged upon the magistrate as he felt his responsibility before God to give him time—to clear up the mystery which involved him. He called upon the people to behold the sufferings of his wife and children—the agony, the terrible loneliness of their situation if he was to be torn from them.

There were symptoms now of a wavering in the crowd; but the magistrate, entrenched in his high office, and like most ignorant men doggedly opposed to the idea of recalling even for a moment the fiat of their judgment, remained inexorable to every appeal of humanity, till a superior brute force was brought into the arena to conquer the supreme objection.

That power was already at hand in the person of Tom Hinniker, a mammoth bee-hunter,

standing six feet and ten inches in his moccasins, who had suddenly elbowed his way through the crowd. As he approached the magistrate's chair, Sherman reached out his hands eagerly towards him, and exclaimed:

"O, Hinniker, for the love of Heaven, save me—save me!"

But the bee hunter walked straight up to the magistrate's desk without noticing the prisoner's appeal, and said, in one of those great, strong voices, before which cowards instinctively shrink away:

"Look ye here, old gentleman, I wish to be civil, I do, and obey law; and if Sherman has killed the man, why I want to see him strung, of course; but I aint satisfied yet. I've got to go over the track as far as Snyder's and back again before I can make up my mind!"

"What odds does it make to us," cried the magistrate with a bullying swagger, "whether you are satisfied or not?"

"Look here!" cried Hinniker, bringing his huge palms together with a sound resembling the explosion of a pistol, "it makes just this difference: Bob Sherman once saved my life, and do you suppose I'll stand quietly here and see him hung like a dog while I have a chance left to save him? No, sir! not if I had to slaughter your whole settlement!"

The towering form of the bee-hunter was before him, and he knew that one blow from his huge fist would launch an ordinary man into eternity in a moment.

"What do you want of us?" demanded the magistrate, with a visible tremor.

"I want you to put off the hanging till after the body has been brought to the settlement. And I'll be one of the company to bring it if you can't find enough without me, though I am bound to go on to Snyder's and look a little deeper into the matter than anybody has yet thought of doing."

"I will defer the execution till to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, if that will answer your purpose," returned the magistrate, sulkily.

"That is all I ask," returned the bee-hunter. And the next instant he was seen elbowing his way out, followed by a trapper, named Colter, and a half breed Indian.

The night which succeeded was one long watch of sorrow and anxiety to the squatter's family, but daylight at length brought the hyena-like herd around, still snuffing for human blood. In front of the log tavern a rude gallows had been erected by order of the sheriff, and thither the multitude had assembled to await the auspicious hour mentioned at the close of the trial.



Eight o'clock arrived, and the hopes which had animated the prisoner during the night began to decline. Half-past eight, and the excitement of the multitude was fiercely augmenting. A quarter to nine and no news from Hinniker. Nine!—and still no tidings. Five minutes past, and the crowd grew impatient—they did not consider how dear, how precious those moments were to the condemned. Ten minutes—and they shouted vociferously to the sheriff to bring out the prisoner. At the same moment another shout was heard in the distance, and the one thought of the multitude was arrested from its one intense purpose, and borne away in quest of a new excitement.

A few minutes served to clear up the matter by bringing into view several persons with what seemed to be a rude litter formed by boughs, and borne onward triumphantly in their midst. Conspicuous among them was the tower-like form of the bee-hunter, who kept waving his arm aloft, and shouting at every step. The sheriff who had been pacing solemnly up and down in front of where the prisoner was confined, as though he had been dreading the consummation of the tragedy, now came forward and addressed the assembled multitude. He told them in a few minutes more the fate of the prisoner would be decided. If he was innocent, no one would rejoice more than he at the forbearance which had been exercised in the present crisis. And now if nothing should have turned up at the eleventh hour in favor of the unfortunate prisoner, they might soon expect to witness the harrowing spectacle of a public execution—the first that had ever disfigured the history of the settlement.

The approaching party were now within half a mile of the gallows, and the voice of Hinniker could be plainly heard in spite of the general tumult which prevailed:

"Hurrah! Hurrah for Sherman! Mercer is alive! Long live Sherman!"

And the crowd that five minutes before would have looked coolly on to see him hung and quartered, echoed back the shout:

"Long live Sherman!"

When the litter, borne by the intrepid bee-hunter and his party, arrived at the place of execution, the people formed themselves into a hollow square around them, all eager to listen to the wonderful revelation which was expected to be made. Nor were they mistaken, for John Mercer, supported in a sitting posture on the litter by the strong arm of the bee-hunter, and elevated above the sea of heads—very pale, but still the identical person—was plainly visible to every one there.

"Alive! alive!" were the words that went up in one mighty volume from the people.

"Now, my friends," cried Hinniker, elevating his voice so that all might hear, "are you satisfied of the innocence of Sherman?"

"We are! we are!" was the universal shout.

"Mr. Sheriff, I discharge the prisoner—bring him forth!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah for Hinniker!"

When Sherman was brought out, with his wife and children still clinging to him—not now in sorrow, but in joy—the bee-hunter once more elevated his voice and spoke as follows:

"Now my friends, you see how it is, if it hadn't been for my timely arrival in the settlement, Sherman here," placing his great, protective hand on the squatter's head, "would have been a dead man before this. And his family, instead of rejoicing as they now do, would have been broken hearted! No mortal man could have repaired their loss. You see how it is now?"

"We do! we do (cheers)!"

"Well, then, I will now tell you how it all came about. First, what Sherman told you was every word true—every word, my friends. You all know James Mercer, don't you? Well, you also know him to be a twin brother of John's; and you also know, barring the wild look which was his misfortune, that they resembled each other like two peas! Well, it was he that was discovered, instead of John; but there was not so much as a mark of violence upon him—not one! You will all have a chance to see, presently, for they are bringing the body here. He evidently died in a fit, or of heart disease, or something of the sort; and the two blockheads whom the sheriff sent to look after the business, why, they never so much as looked to see if he was wounded. So that, you see, removes the principal link in the chain of circumstances. Now for the knife. After John and Sherman separated, the former thought he would make better headway through the bushes if he had a stout stick to poke them aside, so he set to cut one; but in the attempt was just unlucky enough to sever the main artery of the wrist. Of course he dropped the knife, and that explains there being blood stains upon it when found. The reason why he did not return, as anticipated, was simply because he had bled nearly to death before he overtook the trappers, as the whole fire of them, to a man, can testify. And now, my friends, you understand the whole matter as well as I."

And as the bee-hunter concluded, three loud cheers rent the air, and the crowd soon separated, seemingly well pleased at the happy disposition of affairs.

## Curious Matters.

### Curious Parallelism of Customs.

It is a custom in Berwickshire among women-workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips with short shanked hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower parts of their backs, on the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his "First Foot-steps in East Africa," narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who "lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, tramping and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed."

### Effect of Malpractice.

When Rev. Wm. H. Milburn, the celebrated blind preacher, was a boy of five years, one of his eyes became slightly affected, in such a manner as to require treatment from a physician. Dr— (we wish we knew his name,) was accordingly called, and while applying a caustic preparation, the boy winced and cried, as would be very natural for a child under such circumstances, when the physician became enraged, crushed the little fellow between his knees, and dashed the burning caustic in his eyes, destroying his sight forever.

### Strange Occurrence.

A woman in Baltimore, cooking her dinner in the yard, the other day, finding that the pot did not set level, took up a small sized bomb shell that had been lying there for six years, and placed it in the fire beneath the pot, not apprehending any danger. At the time of the dinner being well cooked, she approached and commenced taking out some vegetables. The shell having by this time become well heated, exploded, a piece of it striking her hand, and lacerating it dreadfully. The pot and its contents were blown up the chimney.

### Re-marriages in England.

A Lelpsic paper states a curious fact, that in the commencement of the seventeenth century, the singular custom of re-marriages was prevalent. If a man was absent from home for a long time, so that his wife had reason to believe him dead, she had a right to contract a second marriage. If it happened afterwards that the first husband returned, and wished to be established in his former position and right, a re-marriage took place between the long suspended pair.

### A Feline Setter.

A sportsman of New Jersey has a cat which he has trained to accompany him on all his hunting expeditions. She will start up birds, rabbits, squirrels, etc., with the same sagacity as a dog, and pursue and "stand" them almost invariably with success. Being naturally soft and sly in her movements, she is regarded as more valuable for game than any dog could be, since the best trained canine will sometimes become bolsteroous, and thus do mischief.

### Remarkable Burial.

The Hightstown Excelsior says that a young man of twenty years, residing with his mother in a lonely cabin, some fifteen miles from that place, in the pines died a short time since, and that he was dressed in the habiliments of the grave, his coffin was made, grave dug, and all the other labor incident to depositing the body in the last resting-place, was performed by his mother, unaided by any other person.

### The Witch Mania.

Germany in olden times was fanatical enough in relation to witches. The old records state that in the year 1683, a famous witch named omp Anna, who could cause her foes to fall sick by merely looking at them, was discovered and burned, along with three of her companions. Every year in this parish, consisting at most of a thousand persons, the average number of executions was five. Between the years 1680 and 1684, the number consumed was thirty. If the executions all over Germany had been in this frightful proportion, hardly a family could have escaped losing one of its members.

### Fagots for Heretics.

The Aldgate church in London has a fund bequeathed to it in the dark days of persecution. Its specific purpose was to purchase fagots, not to warm the cold, or prepare food for the hungry poor, but to burn heretics! Some centuries have now passed, and the supply has so far exceeded the demand, that there is no more room for storing away the abundant fagots. The trustees of the fund, it is said, now give away the proceeds, to keep alive the poor, and comfort and save the very class that a different age had consigned to the stake.

### A case of Needle-Swallowing.

Dr. Seavey recently extracted a needle nearly two inches long from the back of a little girl six years of age, daughter of Mr. Wm. Leavitt, on Washington Street, in Bangor. The needle was swallowed more than a year ago, and was found under the flesh, between the seventh and eighth ribs. The child has been troubled with "an affection in the back" for the past six months, and it was thought she had the spinal complaint. It appears that the circumstance was not known to the parents, or had been forgotten.

### Giant Rose Tree.

There is now growing in the grounds of Mr. J. Buxton, florist, Wandsworth-road, London, a rose tree of extraordinary size and beauty, which is just coming into bloom. An engraving of this remarkable tree appeared in a London journal in 1850, since which time it has continued to increase in size, and is at this moment nearly forty feet in circumference, with a height of more than twelve feet, and contains from 3000 to 4000 beautiful roses.

### Remarkable Discovery.

A copper kettle has been found seventeen feet below the surface, near Alton, Ill., imbedded in a vein of coal. It was found on Buffalo Rock, on the Illinois River. Some citizens think it was brought there by some of the early French missionaries, over 200 years ago; others give it a much earlier date. All ask how could it come into a solid bed of coal. This question none can answer.

### Human Petrification.

A curious fact of human petrification recently came to light near Eaton, Ohio, where the body of a woman, on being removed for re-interment, was found to have changed into solid limestone, preserving a remarkable fullness and plumpness, as in life. The weight of the body was estimated at about 600 pounds.

### Wonderful Speed.

A dog lately followed his master, who left in a railroad train, and overtook the cars before they had left the first station, a distance of eight miles. The animal had run the distance in twenty-two minutes.

## The Florist.

Roses, wild as crimson flashes,  
O'er the busy tumult rise,  
Giant lilies, white as crystal,  
Shoot like columns to the skies.

### Cattleya.

Orchideous plants with large, splendid flowers, natives of South America. They may be grown either in pots, in peat mixed with lime rubbish, or on pieces of wood or cocoa husks hung up in a hot house, the roots being wrapped in wet moss. All the species of *Cattleya* are easily propagated by dividing their roots; and they are particularly valuable because they do not require the excessive heat that most tropical Orchidees do.

### Roses.

Roses should be planted in autumn, generally speaking; but some of the more tender Chinese and Musk Roses may be planted in spring. Every fifth or sixth year, roses should be taken up, their roots shortened, and re-planted in fresh soil, the old soil being effectually removed; and every year in March about a bushel of well rotted manure should be laid on the surface of the ground round the stem of the tree.

### Mulching.

This practice is seldom resorted to in flower-gardens, though it may be applied advantageously to Camellias and Magnolias, and any other half tender shrubs. It consists in laying a quantity of straw or litter round the stem of the plant, so as to cover the whole of the roots during the winter, and either removing it or forking it into the ground in the spring.

### Arundo—Graminea.

A splendid bamboo-looking reed, rather tender in severe winters; but which, if the season be favorable, will grow in rich soil, kept moist, to the height of ten or twelve feet in one year; producing a fine oriental appearance when standing singly on a lawn, or near a piece of water. The Ribbon grass is one variety.

### Dillroynia.

An Australian shrub with heath-like leaves, and pea flowers, which are generally scarlet or orange. They should be grown in pots well drained, and in a mixture of peat, loam and sand, and they should be regularly watered. They are propagated very readily by cuttings, which should be stuck in sand under a bell-glass.

### Ice Plant.

This little plant is, we think, well known to everybody. It is a tender annual, with thick, fleshy leaves, that have the appearance of being covered with crystals of ice. There is not much beauty in the flowers, but the plant itself is highly ornamental.

### Double-flowering Peach.

This shrub is very beautiful. The flowers are large and full, like tiny roses. There is a white and pink variety. Unless the trees are kept headed down and well pruned, they become straggling and unsightly. Particular attention should therefore be paid to this point.

### Tupa Lobeliaceae.

This is a new name given to the large, upright-growing kinds of *Lobelia*, with scarlet flowers.

### Cactus.

With regard to the culture of the cactus in this country, it is found that, generally speaking, they ought to have a season of complete rest, followed by one of violent excitement; that is, they ought to be kept almost without water from October to March, and then watered profusely while they are coming into flower. They ought all to be grown in pots, well drained with cinders. When received late in the year, that is to say in October or later, they should not be potted till the following spring.

### Banksia.

Evergreen New Holland shrubs, with curious flowers, much resembling a kind of brush, but generally more remarkable for the beauty of their leaves, which are curiously notched and cut. All the species grow well in a mixture of sandy peat and loam, with the pots well drained. Cuttings are raised from the young wood root, with some difficulty in sand under a bell glass, with some bottom heat.

### Capiscum Solanaceae.

The pods belonging to this genus produce the Cayenne pepper; and they are very ornamental from their brilliant color, which is a bright scarlet, and their remaining on all winter. They are generally tender annuals, requiring artificial heat to ripen the fruit; but there is one species, sometimes called Cherry pepper or Bell pepper, which does not require so much heat.

### Splendid Lily.

One of the most admired of the lily tribe, is the "lancifolium," having showy blossoms, and throwing out in great profusion a rich and refreshing fragrance. In order to grow them to perfection, they should be re-potted every season, putting them at once into the pots they are intended to flower in.

### Prunella.

Herbaceous plants with shiny flowers, natives of Europe and North America, which are well adapted to rock work or geometrical flower gardens. They should be grown in rich, light soil; and they are increased by dividing their roots.

### Luculia Gratissima.

This is a remarkably fragrant plant, with large flowers, something like those of the *Hydrangea*. It should be grown in a green house, in a mixture of light turfy loam and peat.

### Mutisia Compositae.

This is a curious plant, with tendrils at the extremity of the leaves. It is a native of Brazil, and requires artificial heat. They are propagated by cuttings.

### Fall Flowers.

Not fragrant, but showy and very brilliant are the garden plants in this vicinity just now. The cultivation of garden flowers is yearly increasing.

### Sasanqua.

A kind of *Camellia*, very pretty. The blossom resembles that of the tea tree.

### Snail Flower.

A climbing plant, a native of India, with lilac flowers, nearly allied to the Scarlet runner.

## The Housewife.

### Plum Jelly.

Take only those plums which are perfectly sound; remove the stalks, and put them into large stone jars; if damsons, make an incision in each; cover the jars with bladder; put them in deep pans of water over the fire, and let the water boil gently for three or four hours, till all the juice has come from the fruit; then strain through a jelly-bag, and boil with an equal weight of lump sugar, taking care to stir it constantly.

### To sweep Carpets.

The oftener these are taken up and shaken, the longer they will wear, as the dust and dirt underneath grind them out. Sweep carpets with a stiff hair brush, if you wish them to wear long or look well. At any rate keep a good broom purposely for the carpet.

### Black Currant Jelly.

Boil the fruit till the juice flows; then strain it through a jelly-bag, and set it again over the fire for twenty minutes; after which, add half a pound of sugar for each pound of juice, and boil the whole ten minutes longer.

### To repair broken Glass.

Dissolve some isinglass in gin, just sufficient to cover it; make the broken parts quite warm (better put them into a warm oven), dip them into the liquid, and if possible tie them together for a little time.

### Greengage Jam.

Rub ripe greengages through a coarse hair sieve; put the pulp into a preserving pan along with an equal weight of lump sugar, pounded and sifted. Boil the whole to a proper thickness, and put it into pots.

### Gold Cake.

Take yolks of one dozen eggs, five cups flour, three cups sugar, one cup butter, one and a half cup cream or sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda.

### Silver Cake.

Take whites of one dozen eggs, five cups flour, three cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup cream or sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda.

### Black Currant Ice-Cream.

Take one large spoonful of currant jelly; add to it the juice and a pint of cream. Pass the whole through a sieve, and freeze it with ice.

### Sweet Potatoes.

They are finest, roasted in the ashes; next best, baked; are very nice boiled till tender, and then pared and laid into the oven of the cooking-stove to brown.

### To make camphorated Vinegar.

Reduce half an ounce of camphor to a very fine powder, mix it with a little rectified spirit, and dissolve it in six ounces of acetic acid.

### Sponge Cake.

The weight of ten eggs in sugar, six in flour, ten eggs. Season to taste.

### Spiced Beef.

A piece of the buttock of beef, weighing fifteen or sixteen pounds, should be covered with a pound of salt and turned every day for a week. It should be washed in cold water, well rubbed with two ounces of black pepper and a quarter of an ounce of mace, bound tight or skewered, and placed in a stone, covered stewing-pan, with two or three sliced onions fried and three or four cloves, covered with water, and baked for five hours. It should then be allowed to grow cold, and will be a very nice breakfast or supper dish, being as tender as potted meat. The liquor in which it has been stewed, when the fat is removed, makes excellent stock for soup.

### Ear-ache.

If children scream much, are very restless, and toss the head about, in this painful affection, it may be concluded that an abscess has formed in the ear,—a most painful disorder, to which no relief can be afforded till the abscess breaks. Fomentations or poultices should be used. A toasted fig, applied hot, over the ear, is a good poultice. After the abscess is broken, the ear should be occasionally syringed gently with warm water, to cleanse it from the discharge.

### Stewed Beefsteak.

A beefsteak is much improved by stewing. The steak should be an inch and a half thick. It should be fried a light brown on both sides with two small onions sliced, then put into a stewpan with a carrot and a turnip cut in dice, a little celery, salt, and pepper, covered with a little broth or water, and then stewed gently over a slow fire, or in an oven, for two hours, when the steak will be exceedingly tender, and the gravy delicious.

### To clean Mirrors.

The greatest care should be taken, in cleaning a mirror, to use only the softest articles, lest the glass should be scratched. It should first be dusted with a feather-brush, then washed over with a sponge dipped in spirits of wine to remove the fly-spots. After this it should be dusted with powder-blue in a thin muslin bag, and finally polished with an old silk handkerchief.

### Potted Shrimps, or Prawns.

Let the fish be quite freshly boiled, shell them quickly, and just before they are put into the mortar, chop them a little with a very sharp knife; pound them perfectly with a small quantity of fresh butter, mace, and cayenne. Shrimps (unshelled), two quarts; butter, two to four ounces; mace, one small saltspoonful; cayenne, one-third as much.

### To remove Warts.

Children are liable to these disfiguring excrescences on the hands, if not immediately attended to. They may be removed by dissolving washing soda in water to the consistency of cream, and applying it morning and night.

### Paste Blacking.

Ivory black, one pound; treacle, half a pound; olive oil and oil of vitriol, of each two ounces; water, a sufficient quantity.

### Simple Remedy.

Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## PHOTOGRAPHING ON WOOD.

In preparing wood engravings, says the New York Scientific American, such as are employed in all books and newspapers where the pictures are printed on the same sheet and at the same time with the types or letter-press, the picture is first drawn by hand on the smooth block of wood, and the lines and shades are subsequently raised—or, rather, the white surface is *sunk*, by the skill of the engraver. A patent was issued on the 5th of May last, to R. Price, of Worcester, Mass., for a process of photographing on wood in lieu of drawing by hand, which has since been so far developed by the proprietors, C. J. B. Waters & Co., of No. 90 Fulton Street, New York, as to be pronounced successful by some of our best engravers. The surface is so prepared as to be sensitive to light like the glass or paper employed in the ordinary photographic processes, and the image of any object is thus impressed upon the block with greater accuracy than it is possible to accomplish it by human skill. We have seen some wood blocks bearing very fine pictures produced by this means, and a number of such pictures have been engraved and printed, showing that it is practicable so to use them. The principal defect of such "sun pictures" for this purpose, is their too great delicacy and faintness. If this can be overcome, and the features be produced with the vigor and strength of ordinary India ink work, the invention will very greatly facilitate the production of illustrated books and newspapers, and it is quite probable that, with practice, engravers can accustom themselves to work from these drawings as now produced, without difficulty. Another defect, that all objects beyond the focus of the instrument are represented but hazily, is probably a serious one in taking views from nature; but this may be ultimately overcome to a great extent by placing the object to be represented at a great distance, and employing an equivalent to a telescope to magnify and strengthen the image before it is thrown on the block. This latter would reduce the difference in distance of the various parts of a machine for example, and enable all parts to be equally well delineated by the action of the light. At present the invention is most successful in reducing engravings from copies.

## A TRUE HERO.

It is the duty of the press to chronicle all instances of brave and self-denying devotion and heroism—all efforts of humanity to rise above and aspire to the lofty standard which the divine founder of our religion inculcated. Too little attention is given to active virtue—too much to daring crime. An action recently performed on the ocean strikes us as meriting warm, enduring eulogy. During the passage of the steamer Glasgow, from New York to Glasgow, a female with a child in her arms was accidentally swept overboard. Mr. Robertson, husband of the vocalist and actress, Miss Georgia Hodson, observed the accident, and, heedless of danger, lost not a moment in plunging into the boiling ocean. A life buoy was thrown to him, which he caught simultaneously with his grasping the sinking mother and infant. The engines were backed, blue lights were burned, as it was almost dark, and a life boat lowered, and the woman and her infant, as well as their gallant preserver, were rescued from their perilous situation. A medal has been ordered for presentation to the hero of this noble exploit.

It is the men who perform such deeds as this who are the heroes of the world. We find the types of truest manhood not on the battle-field, where valor is stimulated by thousands of admiring witnesses, but in the privacy of life, where few, perhaps, behold the heroism, and where no selfish purpose is to be attained by the heroic act. The woman who, like Miss Nightingale, braved the hospitals to relieve suffering humanity, is, to our eyes, more of a heroine than the woman, who, throwing aside the native gentleness of her sex, dons the arms of a warrior and plunges into the maddening ranks of battle.

THE WEEKLY NOVELLETTE.—This charming weekly journal is becoming a great favorite everywhere, and is really a gem in its way, a real literary casket of jewels. For sale everywhere for four cents per copy. Terms, \$3 a year. Each number is elegantly illustrated, and every four numbers form a complete novel.

Serious people must not look at the last page of *Ballon's Dollar Monthly*; it is too funny, they will be sure to lose all sense of gravity at those irrepressibly comic illustrations.—*Picayune*.

## WHEN DID THIS CENTURY BEGIN?

A question very often mooted, and the subject of vehement and ardent discussion is, "in what year and on what day did the nineteenth century begin?" The question is not a new one. It has been often debated, and many persons still question whether it has yet been conclusively settled. The inquiry reduces itself to this: "Does the date adopted to designate the year of the Christian era indicate the figure of the current year which is elapsing, or the number of years which have elapsed?" In the former case, the nineteenth century would have commenced on the 1st of January, 1801; in the latter case, the first of January, 1800. The last solution is defended on the following grounds:

The existence of humanity or of a nation must necessarily be reckoned by the same processes as the life of an individual. Now in the numeration of our years, we only account for those which have elapsed. Thus we only say that a child is a year old at the moment when he has entered on his second year, and that a man is forty at the moment when he enters his forty-first year. Thus, and for the same reason, we come to say that the Christian race has had 1800 years of existence, until the moment when it enters its 1801st year, which amounts to saying that the nineteenth century began at the precise moment when it reckoned 1800. Or we may state this opinion as a sort of mathematical formula: Twelve months equal one year, or 1200 months equal 100 years. By following this equation to the figure under discussion, we reach the conclusion that, to complete eighteen centuries, it is rigorously necessary that eighteen times 1200 months shall have passed away. Hence it follows, that this lapse of time being furnished, on the day on which 1800 could be reckoned, the nineteenth century commenced. But this is a simple theory of numeration which has not the force of law in chronology.

The contrary opinion rests on the following considerations: The year 1, it is said, commenced on the day of the birth of Christ, and consequently, after the lapse of twelve months, we must apply the figure 2 to the second year. For the same reason we designate by 100 the hundredth year, the day on which ninety-nine years had elapsed, and for the same reason, again, 1800 at the end of 1799 years—whence it follows that the nineteenth century did not begin till the 1st of January, 1801. We must then understand the figure, not as the number of years elapsed, but as the ordinal number of the year in course of accomplishment, as is proved by the established chronological formulas. In

Latin, it is said, for instance, that "such an event happened in the one hundred and first year of our Lord." And we write, such a man was born in 1801, which signifies in the eighteen hundred and first year of the era—that is, in the first year of the nineteenth century. Hence the century began January 1, 1801.

We think the last opinion the most plausible. The figure 100 should evidently be taken as a numeral adjective, the termination "first" being understood. Now, to say that an event happened in the year eighteen hundred and *first*, is necessarily to speak of the last year of the eighteenth century, and the problem is thus resolved. Therefore the nineteenth century began at midnight between the 31st of December, 1800, and the 1st of January, 1801.

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**PARTICULAR NOTICE!**—One more number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" will close the present volume and year, and we are particularly anxious that our friends should renew their subscriptions promptly in order that we may print enough for all. We shall commence the new year with an issue of *one hundred thousand*, but even this immense number we fear will be insufficient, though it is all we are able to print with our present machinery, until the fast press now building is completed. It will be remembered that we were unable to supply thousands of our subscribers with the complete volumes who failed to subscribe at the commencement of the present year, nor is it now possible to obtain a single set of the Magazine for the year 1857. Send in your subscriptions early, therefore, and secure the work complete.

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**GEORGIA.**—The value of the taxable property of this State increased \$30,000,000 last year. It was the result of internal improvements and a wise development of natural resources. Georgia is setting a good example.

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**THE LAST MAN.**—A man was lately sent to the Worcester Lunatic Asylum, for persisting in planting horse-chestnuts in expectation of raising sorrel colts.

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**FOGYSM.**—"A conservative," said Douglas Jerrold, "is a man who will not look at the new moon, out of respect for that ancient institution—the old one."

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**A TRUE BILL.**—Newspapers have been called the only paper currency that is worth more than gold or silver.

## THE KINGDOM OF SPAIN.

Modern history affords no story more striking or impressive than that of the fall of Spain from the height of power and splendor to deep decrepitude and nullity—but a few centuries ago the chiefest and the wealthiest power in Europe, now one of the weakest and poorest. Historians commonly assign three principal causes for the rapid decay and downfall of this unhappy country, the expulsion of the Moors, the conquest of the New World, and the establishment of the Inquisition. Spain was a free country under the Cortes of Aragon, Leon, and Castile, which may be traced to the year 1188; and was the first kingdom of Europe, in point of date, to possess representative government; for England cannot produce indisputable evidence of that system prior to the reign of Henry III., in the year 1225; while Germany can only refer to her first Diets in 1293, and France to her States General in 1303, in the time of Philip the Handsome. As the representative system, which was the bond of national union, became enfeebled in Spain, the people, losing all sense of common action, surrendered their liberties, and, with them, their antique grandeur of character, when unity of temporal authority and of religious creed became concentrated. The Spanish monarchy was not consolidated till the joint reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Aragon and Castile were united under one crown. Ferdinand, impelled by an intolerance which he mistook for piety, determined to expel the Moors, an industrious race, eminently skilled in agriculture and the arts of irrigation. Under their management the crops were abundant; but after their expulsion the soil became comparatively barren, and it has never recovered its fertility. At the same epoch the Jews were driven out of the country, to the number of 800,000 persons of both sexes. This expatriation of the followers of Mahomet and Moses deprived Spain of a vast body of laborious and intelligent citizens, and materially checked the accumulation of wealth. It is true that many of both classes remained, pretending to have been converted; but the policy of Ferdinand was more rigorously enforced, at a later date, by Philip III., when the remainder of both races was banished. Thus the severest blows were struck at labor; and agriculture and commerce—those solid pillars of national greatness—received a shock which was the first symptom of the decline of the empire. The kingdom contains 60,000,000 acres of cultivated land, 16,000,000 of meadow, 14,000,000 of fallow, 4,600,000 of irreclaimable land, and 18,500,000 of swamp and alluvial land. The swamp and

alluvial land, about one-sixth of the whole area, is susceptible of drainage, and would be brought into high culture in America; but the resources of the whole country are neglected. The conquest of the New World, one of the principal causes of the transitory grandeur of Spain, was also one of the causes of its decline. Mines of gold and silver are exhaustible; but the wealth of an industrious people, based on labor, and derived from agriculture, manufactures and commerce, must increase from century to century, unless the pernicious hand of government intervenes under the idle pretext of regulating the process of production, and of teaching farmers, traders, and merchants how to conduct their own business, which they understand much better than their rulers. Spain, in possession of the precious metals, neglected her domestic industry, her most enterprising citizens crowding to her South American dominions, to which the mother country became subordinate, as Montesquieu has well observed. Home improvements were neglected—fertile fields were allowed to run to waste; and thus the injury inflicted by the expulsion of the Moors and Jews was aggravated in a new form. Even the mines of Spain, so highly estimated by the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, rich in quicksilver, copper and lead, were sacrificed to the silver products of the New World—for, in 1535, Charles V. issued an edict which forbade mining in the old country, asserting that more profitable investments could be made in America. The third prominent cause of the decline of the empire was the establishment of the Inquisition. In the plenitude of its strength it formed a body apart from Church and State, directing even an armed force, and exercised both civil and religious domination. The property, the honor, the life of every citizen were at the mercy of this horrible tribunal. After murdering Moors and Jews, it shed the blood of Christians—Philip II. gave up his own son as their prey. After that sacrifice no family was safe. Philip II. drove the Lutheran mechanics from the seaports, and forced laborers from the vineyards to supply their place, to the duties of which they were incompetent. A high tariff was proclaimed to support native manufactures, and Spain was ruined through her self-imposed isolation. Spain culminated to the zenith under the emperor Charles V. But her gigantic power is now broken, and the former possessor of the precious metals is now unable to pay her debts. How full of warning is her eventful history!

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CHARACTER.—True character is shown more clearly in trifles than in great deeds.



## A CONVICT SHIP.

We think it was Bishop Heber, who contrasted the gay and festive appearance of a man-of-war leaving harbor with all her sails set, a cloud of snowy canvass, her pennant streaming in the sunshine, her flag dallying with the breeze, buoyant, exultant, "like a thing of life," with the probable world of woe within her wooden walls—the homesick or sin-stricken hearts, the gentle natures bowed down under the iron thrall of naval discipline. This picture was recalled to our mind the other day on reading a notice of the sailing of an English convict ship. The names of some of the unhappy company on board that vessel had filled a large space in the public ear; were once mentioned with respect and honor, and now coupled with epithets of commiseration or detestation according to the relationship of the speaker with these unhappy offenders against the law, and sufferers by its just administration. From the undistinguished mass, expelled from the dear old mother home of the land of their birth, having run through those stages in the career of crime which usually bring the culprit to this crisis, there rose out a company, many of whom were men the mention of whose names was wont to be accompanied with feelings of confidence and respect, painfully and sorrowfully conspicuous—pre-eminent in all that can cover their owners with shame and confusion of face. Never, we believe, in the annals of England, did convict ship carry such a load. Sir John Dean Paul the titled convict, with his two bank-partners Strahan and Bates; Robson the crystal palace swindler; Redpath the wholesale forger; Agar the treacherously dishonest railway guard, so long and patiently plotting the gold robbery with unwearied determination and perseverance; Saward the barrister aider and abettor of numberless of the frauds perpetrated during the last twenty years. Surely such a list of names may well fill us with shame and sorrow. If we except the railway guard, these men would have held their dignity outraged at not being counted gentlemen, and the companions of gentlemen. They all filled positions of respectability and importance. The imputation of a petty falsehood or a mean shuffle would have filled them with a high indignation, and yet at this moment they wear the convict's dress, herding with the common mob of vulgar criminals, the touch of whose passing garment would once have been held as foul pollution. These men were prompted to the crimes for which they are now suffering punishment by the baneful love of luxury, which is one of the crying evils of the times, and which accompanies civilization

like a shadow on both sides of the broad Atlantic. Once, England boasted her exemption from such crimes, but now she can no longer claim a proud pre-eminence in this respect; for, as luxury is increased, so corruption is no longer circumscribed by geographical boundaries, and where extravagance is the order of the day in social life, there we may expect that dishonesty will rear its head.

## A STRIKING SCENE.

A very dramatic scene lately occurred at Ems, the famous German watering place, at the hotel d'Angleterre. There were several Russian officers who had made the campaign of the Crimea, and a French general. The latter bore the scar of a sabre wound on his right cheek, and opposite him was a Russian officer favored with the same wound, but on the left cheek. The two soldiers, infected by a sort of natural curiosity, exchanged glances, and, during the dessert, when the conversation had become more familiar, the French general said, with a smile, to his neighbor, "We both wear the same decoration," pointing to his scar. This advance placed them on a footing of intimacy, and it came out that both had engaged in General D'Allonville's cavalry affair at Eupatoria. As they were talking, they examined each other with more scrutiny, and finally recognized each other as the mutual authors of their honorable wounds; they had fought hand to hand in one of those fierce duels so common in the shock of cavalry. A keen emotion was displayed at the same moment on their faces; they sprang to their feet and shook hands with an energy so touching, that the spectators were moved to tears, and drank the officers' healths with the utmost enthusiasm.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.—Cheapness in all departments of literature is the present order of the day, a fact of which we are forcibly reminded by glancing over the well-filled and handsome pages of *Bailou's Dollar Monthly*. This magazine, copiously illustrated, elegantly printed, issued on paper of the finest texture, and overflowing with tales, sketches, poetic gems, adventures, editorials and general miscellany, is furnished, with its *Amorous page* in each number, for one dollar a year! The original series of humorous illustrations at the close of each month's issue is alone worth the price of the work. With a steadily increasing list of subscribers, Mr. Bailou now claims nearly ninety thousand circulation.—*Christian Memorial*.

STRANGE.—'Tis very queer that people always "sink twice" before they are rescued from drowning—but then there would be no merit in saving them if they didn't.

A SHOCKING BAD 'UN.—What animal has the greatest amount of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a hogs-head full.

## BEN. D'ISRAELI.

A very clever fellow certainly is Benjamin D'Israeli, who has risen to as great distinction as a politician as he had previously obtained as a novelist. His "Vivian Grey" was the cleverest novel for a young man, that this century has produced. It seems he has been in Paris lately, and one of those busy gossips, a Parisian correspondent of one of our papers, thus sketches him!

"It is said that the ministers of Louis Napoleon had frequently consulted Mr. D'Israeli, while in Paris, on the Swiss question. The emperor himself paid him the most marked attention, and more than once solicited him to express his opinion freely on the state of affairs. He looks considerably worn by the political excitement he has passed through of late years. The jet black hair seems as black as ever, but the crop is by no means so luxuriant. The Jewish physiognomy, as he grows older, becomes more and more characteristic. The eyes are especially Hebraistic. His complexion is a sallow brown, but regularly smooth and childlike, and altogether he reminds one more of a large school-boy, than of one whose words have echoed to the farthest ends of the world, and shook from his throne England's greatest statesman. His voice is peculiarly soft, and his manner more subtle and cautious than seems consistent with very large breadth of mind. His wife is evidently a person of superior mind. She is some ten years older than himself, if one may judge from appearances, but I should conceive of invaluable use to a man carving his way, like D'Israeli, to place and power. She is plain in features, with a coarse yellow skin, but her ears and eyes are everywhere; not a sound or a circumstance escapes her where there is the slightest chance of realizing political capital; and the moment she has got hold of it, she is off instantaneously to fetch her husband to clinch the nail she has partially driven. She calls her husband "Dizzy," and her handwriting is that of masculine character, and her expression of that diplomatic terseness which bespeaks her peculiar order of mind. She was originally the wife of Mr. Wyndham, and by her influence brought in D'Israeli on the radical interest, as his colleague for the borough of Maidstone. Afterward, becoming a widow, with five thousand pounds a year, she became Mrs. D'Israeli, and no doubt gave her husband support and encouragement when he uttered his philippics against Peel."

**HARD BEDDING.**—An advertisement lately appeared, headed, "Iron bedsteads and bedding." We suppose the linen must be *sheet* iron.

## DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY'S SON.

Joseph Napoleon Ney, Prince of Moscowa, and eldest son of Marshal Ney, died lately at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. The prince was born in 1803, and had entered the army as a matter of course. He attained the rank of general of brigade, and then left active service. The prince was in his youth an ardent supporter of the turf, and was one of the fourteen founders of the French jockey club; he likewise distinguished himself as a gentleman-rider. He was a first-rate musician, and exerted himself at one period to introduce a taste for classical music into France. With that view he organized concerts, to which the finest voices of Parisian society contributed; these aristocratic concerts attracted at the time immense interest. As a composer, the prince was less successful; his opera entitled "Regina," proved a dead failure. He contributed some papers on Cowes, and yachting, to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but they were not very remarkable. The prince married the great heiress of France, the daughter of Jacques Laffitte, but the union was an unhappy one and led to repeated lawsuits and demands for a separation. The political career of the prince was peculiar. He was appointed peer of France in 1831 by Louis Philippe, and at once joined the opposition ranks. He delivered a famous speech in defence of the memory of his father. In 1828 the prince became a violent red republican, and he formed one of the principal members of a German democratic club, of which Herwegh the communist was the leader. This club sent forth a column of republicans on a revolutionary excursion into Baden, and the prince distinguished himself by addressing an encouraging speech to the column before its departure. On the re-establishment of the empire, the prince became a warm imperialist, and was named a senator.

**SHARP RETORT.**—A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "O, doctor, you're a great butcher!" To which the doctor rejoined, "O, yes, I'm used to sticking calves."

**QUERY.**—Why are good husbands like dough? Because women knead them—and because they are the flower of society.

**A BIT OF TRUTH.**—The heart, like the veins, bleeds more readily when warm.

**AGRICULTURAL.**—A man in clover marrying a woman in weeds.

## THE FRENCH ZOUAVES.

The Zouaves are in theory natives of the French provinces of Algiers disciplined by French officers, and bearing exactly the same relation to the French army that the Sepoys in India have to the regular British troops. The Zouaves derive their name from the Gaouaoua or D'Ait-Gaoua, also called Zouaves, a Kabyle or primitive Berber population inhabiting the mountainous district between Bougie and Dellis, who are remarkable for their spirit of independence and warlike disposition. M. Carette in his work *Etudes sur la Kabyle proprement dite*, says that the confederation of the Zouaves comprises 201 villages and 94,000 souls. The organization of the Zouaves as a corps of the French army dates from the latter part of the year 1830. The force originally consisted of two battalions, but Frenchmen were almost from the first admitted into it. In 1832 the two battalions were formed into one, and in 1833 it was ordered, that of twelve companies composing a battalion, only two were to consist of Frenchmen; though each company of natives could admit into its ranks a dozen French soldiers. At the end of 1835 the Zouaves were again divided into two battalions, each composed of four companies of "indigenes," and two of French. For various reasons, but especially in consequence of the intrigues of Abd-el-Kader, most of the natives have been long since induced to abandon the service, and few new recruits enter it; so that the corps of Zouaves is now composed almost exclusively of Frenchmen. The uniform has remained unchanged from the first, and consists of the same full pantaloons and *borneos* which has now become so well known. The present emperor has raised the number of regiments of Zouaves from one to three (of three battalions each), and they are now recruited by conscription like the other portions of the French army. Within a few years, since the hostility of the Arabs has in a measure been extinguished, and Abd-el-Kader has been withdrawn, a new body of native troops has been added to the French army in Algiers. This constitutes the three battalions of the *Tirailleurs Indigenes* of the provinces of Oran, Constantine, and Algiers. The latter has increased so much, that in 1854 the emperor divided it into two battalions, forming the regiment of *Tirailleurs Algeriens*, who acquired renown in the East under the command of Colonel Coimpfeu. It was reserved for the Crimean war to display the perfect character of the activity and fierceness of these Gallic confederates. Active as cats, and ferocious as tigers, no steep restrained and no fire appalled them—their element was carnage.

## DILATORY PEOPLE.

There is a class of people who are always late. They are invariably late to the cars, and they inevitably have to jump for it, if they are going upon a steamboat jaunt. Everything with these people is put off until the last moment, and then, if the plank is removed, they stand a capital chance of jumping overboard in attempting to leap upon the deck after the paddle-wheels have commenced revolving. If the boat started an hour later, it would be all the same to them, for they would just as inevitably be behind time, and come up, or down, a little too late to take things cool and comfortable. These late people have to stir their stumps or be left behind, when they have steamboats or railroad cars to deal with; but they are the bane of the existence of punctual persons with whom they have dealings, and who have no resource in the way of tapping a big bell or blowing upon a steam whistle to hurry up the delinquent eleventh hour men. One procrastinating man will delay the best laid plans of hundreds, by failing to come up to time, and he wastes hours for others in his disregard for minutes.

**A RUSTIC'S RETORT.**—During the last century, one of the bridges at Paris, the Port au Change was so called because it was covered with houses in which the "money changers" lodged. One day, a rustic who was strolling over the bridge and saw no goods in the shops, stopped at one of the broker's counters, and asked the proprietor with a stupid air what he sold. The man of money, thinking to quiz his rural inquirer, replied, "Asses' heads." "Egad!" replied the peasant, "then you must do a great business, for you've got only one left in the shop."

**PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The King of Naples has forbidden the practice of the photographic art in his dominions. But the King of Naples is a vicious bigot, which accounts for it.

**DIVORCE.**—In the State of South Carolina, the marriage laws are so stringent that not a single divorce, it is said, has ever been granted.

**A HOUSE-FULL.**—In Philadelphia there is a widow lady who has twenty-five children, all living at home and none of them married.

**SCOTCH IMMIGRATION.**—The emigration from the Clyde to Canada, is going on rapidly.

**REMEMBER.**—Economy itself is a great income.

## Foreign Miscellany.

There are but twenty-five American residents in Liverpool. So it is said.

Seventy-one horses were killed at a recent Madrid bull-fight. This is called fine sport!

The amount of gold now on the way from Australia to England is about \$3,500,000.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, that used to ring with O'Connell's philippics, is now a warehouse.

The civil war among the Zulus in Southern Africa has cost the poor wretches 100,000 lives.

The French have obtained leave to bridge the Rhine between Strasbourg and Kehl.

A line of packets from Trieste to America is about to be established by the Austrian Lloyd.

The Indian mutiny has shown the inefficiency of two thirds of the British officials in the East.

The Paris Academy of Medicine have again broached the idea of burning the dead.

A bronze medal is to be given to soldiers who served in the great wars of the French Empire from 1792 to 1815.

Some rascal has stolen £2000 belonging to the church at which the celebrated Spurgeon is pastor, in London.

Frederick Sauvage, who was the first who conceived the idea of applying the screw as an auxiliary of steam, died lately in a maison de sante of the Rue Picpus, in Paris, very poor.

The troubles in India are beginning to have an effect in raising the price of indigo and saltpetre, which are exported in large quantities from the districts where the revolt has occurred.

In various counties of England, Protective Societies have been formed of persons who pledge themselves not to purchase a thimble-full of sugar until it has declined four cents per pound.

The Emperor of Japan is to despatch to the various European powers, as an ambassador, the Governor of Simoda, with full powers to conclude treaties of commerce with all the European States.

The Journal du Havre, of a late date, has an article paying the highest compliments to Lieut. Maury, U. S. Navy, for his "sailing directions," and scientific observations designed to shorten the passages of ships across the ocean.

The issue of the London Times each morning makes a pile of fifty feet high. Every four days it would make a column as high as the London Monument. The entire force employed in the printing department is three hundred, including reporters and proof readers.

The French Academy, on the proposition of M. Empis, director of the Theatre Francais, has resolved to give a prize of £400 for the best comedy in five acts, and in verse, which may be represented at Paris in the course of the next three years.

A woman in Halifax, England, was recently discovered in a dark hole connected with a gentleman's residence, presenting a sad, shrunken and emaciated appearance. She had been there eight days, and during that time had not tasted of anything but water, which she had procured from a tap in the yard near her hiding place.

Out of the 50,000 men raised in Spain by the last conscription, 12,000 have raised substitutes.

The princess royal of England is only sixteen, and will be married next January—sure.

The Society of Antiquaries of Vienna has decided that henceforth ladies may be admitted as members.

A bronze statue, by David, has been erected in Paris to Xavier Bichat, the celebrated anatomist and physiologist.

Mr. Charles Turner, one of the best mezzotinto engravers that England has produced, recently died, at the age of eighty-three.

The Emperor of Austria has granted an annual sum of 50,000 florins towards the restoration of the Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna.

The annual remittances of the Chinese in Singapore, for the support of their wives and families in China, amount to \$250,000.

A private letter from Rome says that the misery of the poor there is very great. Bread is exceedingly dear, and grain is exported in large quantities, whilst its importation is prohibited.

The emigration from Germany to America has taken an increased start this summer, 10,000 able-bodied men having departed from the duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin alone.

In the kingdom of Naples the wheat harvest is equal to an ordinary crop and a half, whilst the bean harvest is double. There will be a considerable increase in the quantity of wine made above the produce of last year.

A subscription has been opened at Paris for a statue to Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. M. Paul, the sculptor, has been commissioned to execute the statue, which will be inaugurated in June, next year.

Several riots have taken place in Sweden, excited by hatred against the Mormons. In one district, the authorities have enacted a heavy fine against any one lending his house for the purpose of their meeting.

A desperate riot has taken place in the island of Madagascar; eighteen hundred of the insurgents were captured and sentenced to death. The Crown Prince, however, who rejoices in the reform-promising name of Rakeout, opposed their execution, which had not taken place when the mail left.

A constable in England having been dismissed because he insisted upon wearing a moustache, brought an action to recover damages from the high constable, but the court nonsuited him, considering the order prohibiting the wearing of them a very proper one.

The engagement of Mr. J. B. Gough, the celebrated tetotal lecturer, with the National Temperance League and the Scottish Temperance League, extends over three years—the arrangement being that he lectures four months each year in Scotland, and eight months in England.

The Wesleyan Church is gaining ground in France. The Conference is to be held at Lausanne this year. There will be a large increase of church members, and several new stations, among them Marseilles, will be recommended to conference. With one exception, the places of worship have prefectorial authorization.

## Record of the Times.

The wool crop of this year will exceed that of last by 3,000,000 pounds.

Only think of American edge-tools beating-English ones in the English market!

Maize, or Indian corn, originated in America, is little cultivated in Europe.

A hen at Andover lately laid two eggs connected by a ligament, like the Siamese twins.

Hydrophobia occurs most frequently in cold countries, and during autumn, winter and spring.

There are 2600 sugar plantations in the United States, yielding the South \$12,000,000.

Potash strewn around rat-holes, it is said, will drive the vermin away.

The ocean is said to be very perceptibly encroaching on and covering land in New Jersey.

To preserve flowers in water, mix a little carbonate of soda in it, and it will keep them a fortnight.

A Leavenworth paper states that the present population of Kansas, as ascertained by the census just taken, exceeds 70,000.

The highest price that flour has reached during a period of sixty years was in 1796, when it sold at sixteen dollars a barrel.

The debt of Missouri is \$12,000,000, mostly created by subscription to four railroads: the Pacific, North Missouri, Iron Mountain, and the Hannibal and St. Joseph road.

A new patent has been granted for a type-composing and distributing machine. The specification states that by its means both setting and distributing may be going on at the same time.

The question as to who was the bravest son of New York, in the Mexican war, has been definitely settled by the Committee of the Common Council of the city bestowing Gen. Jackson's gold box upon Lieut. Col. Garrett W. Dyckman, of the 1st Regiment New York Volunteers.

The crops in Ohio, are estimated this season as follows: Oats, 20,000,000; Rye, 1,000,000; Barley, 500,000,—making an aggregate of 28,000,000 bushels, and being an average of 40 per cent. increase on the crop of 1850. The hay crop, it is estimated, is three times that of 1850.

The assessments of Chicago for 1857 fixes the value of real estate at \$28,918,196; of personal property, at \$7,213,053; making a total of about thirty-six and a quarter millions. The increase from last year is about four and three-quarter millions.

The Albany, N. Y., Evening Journal, while alluding to the splendid crops of hay and the abundance of grass, complains that butter costs from 18 cents to 20 cents per pound. In Buffalo the butter is 12 cents, while in Philadelphia, with the same abundance of hay and green feed, butter is sold from 32 cents to 35 cents per pound.

A woman having left a child (a little girl three weeks old) in an Iowa hotel, a short time ago, quite a competition arose among the childless parents thereabouts as to who should take possession of the "little stranger." The dispute was finally settled by a "raffle," and the winner bore off his prize in triumph.

New York pays for election expenses, \$20,500. Boston, \$1196.

The Chinese sugar cane is reported to be doing very well in Texas, resisting the drought.

Benjamin Franklin has been called "a man of genius ruled by common sense."

The mate of a vessel at New York recently stabbed a garrotter who had nearly strangled him.

A move is on foot to establish a State agricultural society for Louisiana. A fine field for one.

Whatever evil the base man finds in his soul he attributes to another.

A tunnel across the Hudson River at Albany is talked of.

If we get knowledge into our minds edgewise, it will soon find room to turn.

The schooner Madeira Pet, for Liverpool, with a cargo of hides, etc., sailed from Chicago last month.

There is now in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, more than three times the stock of sugar that there was a year since.

Elizur Smith, of Lee, has contributed \$500 towards the erection of the new Chapel at Williams College.

A nervous grocer at Newark, N. J., had \$640 in bills, and fearful of robbers, placed it in a measure of oats for safe keeping. His horse ate it by way of dessert with his next meal.

A steam fire engine at Cincinnati, recently threw a beam through one hundred feet of hoisting rope and a half inch nozzle, two hundred and fifty-one feet.

The "Bond Island Light," at the mouth of the Kennebec river, consumes but a single pint of oil in a night. A new and valuable improvement magnifies the slight flame so that it is seen by the mariner at a great distance.

Sixty Portuguese, refugees from the island of Madeira, arrived at New York recently. They have been compelled to leave their native island on account of religious persecution, and are bound to Illinois, where there is a colony of refugees from the same island.

Gall Borden, Jr.'s patent process for concentrating and preserving milk has recently been put in successful operation in Burrville, Litchfield Co., Conn., and milk reduced to about two-ninths its original volume is now sold at about thirty-two cents per quart.

In Ischna, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., there is a family named Farewell, unsurpassed in numbers by any in our knowledge, among whom the utmost harmony of feeling has prevailed for years. Not long since there was a school in their district composed of twenty-six scholars, all cousins—and the school was taught by an own aunt to all the children.

A beautiful cabinet specimen of crystalized copper and silver, was lately purchased at the Lake Superior veins, for the Smithsonian Institute. It is of several pounds weight, and contains a large amount of silver. It formed a bar of metal some eight or nine inches in length, of crystals joined at the ends, composed of copper on the one side and principally silver on the other.

## Merry-Making.

Mrs. Partington says the best *anecdote* for pizen is not to take the plaguy stuff.

An old adage verified—a miss, now-a-days, in circumference, is as good as a mile.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

Why is it impossible for cattle keepers to be good soldiers? Because they are all cowherds, (cowards).

A professor at a university was lately displaced because he regulated the astronomical clock to keep *mean* time.

When is a man truly over head and ears in debt? When he has not paid for his wig. True to a hair.

We know a chap who attaches "M. D." to his name, as an abbreviation of his occupation of Mule Driver.

Those mammas must look upon their daughters as mere dirt, who are desirous of getting them off their hands.

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusement, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

An editor, slightly balloony, hearing a toast given in honor of the fire department, arose and replied, assuring the convives he was a member of the "mighty engine."

"See here, my friend, you are drunk," "To be sure I am, and have been for the last twenty years," "You see, my brother and I are on a mission—his mission—he lectures, and I set a frightful example."

"You find your moostarchers a great comfort, don't you, Tom?" "Well, yes; but I'm afraid I must cut 'em, for one's obliged to dress so doosed expensive to make everything accord."

Two ladies in an adjoining city went to a ball, the other night, in a furniture wagon—no ordinary carriage could contain the immense dresses they wore.

"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller." "I should be happy indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to stand higher in your estimation."

"Shall we take a 'bus up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin about town. "O, dear, no!" said the alarmed girl, "I wouldn't do that in the street."

A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before or "Esq." after the names of such of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, as will pay twenty-five cents extra, or add both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra.

A young gentleman asked a young lady what she thought of the "marriage state in general." "Not knowing, can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I could put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence at Syracuse, New York, by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment:—"O, he read it well enough, but I'm darned if I believe he ever wrote it."

"I have no dependence on you," as the sailor said when he let go his hold of a rope and tumbled into the sea.

"Which can travel the fastest, heat or cold?" "Why heat, you dunce? Can't anybody catch cold?"

Honesty is a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brick-bat.

If you ask a young lady to walk out with you, she first looks at your dress, and then thinks of her own. There's where she's right."

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? It is because they *leave* out their summer clothing.

Employers should keep a close watch upon their clerks who "live fast." Ditto upon those who live "loose." Ditto upon those who live "tight."

A professional brother of Boston has forwarded to the Jersey City "retired physician whose sands of life have nearly run," a cask of fine beach sand to supply the vacuum.

Would you rather die by the guillotine or be roasted to death? By the latter process, because a hot stake (steak) is better than a cold chop.

Philip II., of Spain, gave a whimsical reason for not eating fish. "They are," said he, "nothing but element congealed, or a jelly of water."

A doctor up town gave the following prescription for a sick lady a few days since. "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots!" The lady recovered immediately.

"My dear," said an Irish gentleman to his wife, "I would rather the children were kept in the nursery when I am at home, although I should not object to their noise, if they would only be quiet."

A butcher's wife was examined as witness in a recent case at the Sunderland County Court, and on being asked if certain accounts were "cooked," she gravely replied that she "did not know they were eatable."

"Why, Charley," said a Yankee to a negro preacher, "you can't even tell who made the monkey." "O, yes I can, massa!" "Well, who made the monkey?" "Why, the same one made the monkey, massa, that *made* you!"

A new mode of travelling has been invented in England, which entirely supersedes the tardy method of railroads. A large, hollow cannon-ball, capable of holding eight persons, is fired from a gun of corresponding dimensions, and the passengers speedily arrive at the end of two journeys at once.

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOW'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOW, Boston, Mass.

# MR. DOBBS'S EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.



Dobbs isn't much of a judge of horse-flesh, but thinks this too bad.



Satisfactory horse obtained, Dobbs's great object is to get on—no matter how.



Bystander suggests that Dobbs be elevated and the animal turned round.



Not understanding the curb and snaffle, Dobbs's first movement puts him to the expense of great paces.



Well off, he avails himself of the united strength of mane and tail.



Hangs on with manly firmness to the end

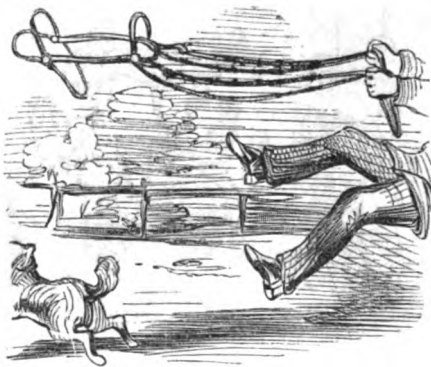


# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Of a humane disposition, finding the steed dissatisfied, Dobbe calls him "good old hoesy," and thinks he'll lead him home.



Uncalled-for interference of little dog and the result.



Practises in private with the assistance of a manual on horseback.



Home practice rather severe.



Takes a dozen lessons in the ring.



Mr. Dobbe all right at last.

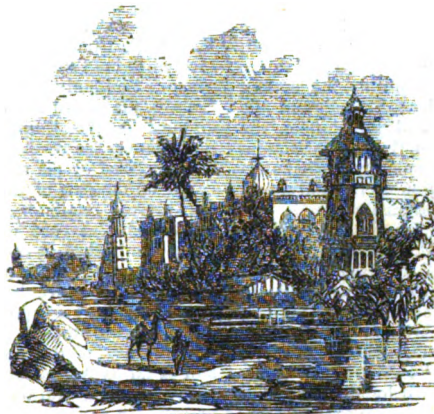
# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.—No. 6.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1857.

WHOLE No. 36.

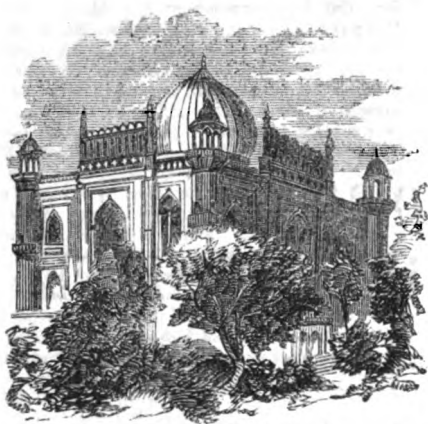
## INDIA AND THE EAST INDIANS.



IMPERIAL PALACE, AT DELHI.

As the attention of the whole civilized world is now directed to the East, and particularly to that portion of it over which Great Britain lately held undisputed sway, we have selected India as the subject of the initial article of the present number of our Magazine. At the very time when the difficulties between the Chinese and the British promised to open the long-sealed empire of the East to the ingress of western arts, commerce and civilization, a mutiny of the native troops in Hindostan, springing up of a sudden and spreading with fearful rapidity, has concentrated the whole energies of England on the scene of disaster, and menaced her oriental power where it seemed most firmly established. How and when this formidable insurrection is to end, are questions of the gravest importance. By a glance at any map, it will be seen that Hindostan, or India proper, embraces a vast extent of territory; it comprises, in fact, an area of 1,200,000 square miles, nearly equal to one third of Europe, and has a population variously estimated at from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty millions. On one side of it lies Thibet, from which it is separated by the

chain of the Himalaya Mountains, the Burman Empire and the Bay of Bengal; on the south, the Indian Ocean; on the west, the Sea of Arabia, Beloochistan and Afghanistan, with Turkestan on the north. It is politically divided into the British territories, the Protected States and the Independent States. The British territories comprise three presidencies—Bengal, Madras and Bombay. The Bengal presidency embraces nearly the entire valley of the Ganges, the districts watered by the tributaries of the Indus, and some territories in Indo-China. The Madras presidency includes a large portion of the southern peninsula of Hindostan. The Bombay presidency embraces the western side of the peninsula from about the 16th parallel to the Gulf of Cambay, with part of the interior table-lands, and the province of Sind lying along the lower course of the Indus. The Protected States, situated mainly in the central part of Hindostan, still retain their own forms of government, though they are under the protection or control of the British. The Independent States comprise Nepal and Bootan, two states lying along the southern slope of the Himalaya Mountains.



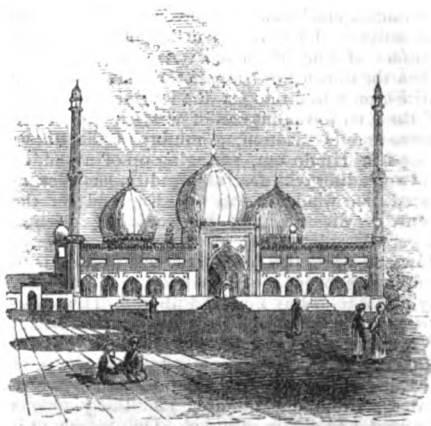
MAUSOLEUM, AT DELHI.

These belong to and are governed by native sovereigns. Besides the divisions above named, there are some small settlements belonging to the French and Portuguese. With the exception, therefore, of the Independent States, and the settlements of the French and Portuguese, the whole of Hindostan is under British superintendence, the government being chiefly in the hands of the East India Company, subject to the supervision of the sovereign of Great Britain.

The Assyrians under Semiramis and the Persians under Darius are said to have penetrated into the northwest part of this region. Alexander led his victorious legions into the Punjab. The Greeks, the Parthians and Scythians invaded it. About A. D. 1000, Mohammed of Ghuznee invaded India, penetrating as far as Kanoje, Bundelcund and Gujerat. In 1174, the Ghaznevide dynasty was overturned by Mohammed of Ghore, who also invaded India on several occasions, and whose successor, Cuttub, in 1215, founded the Patan or Afghan sovereignty, which had its seat at Delhi. The Patan dynasty lasted till 1525, and, during its continuance, Hindostan suffered from the successive devastations of Genghis Khan and Timour. Baber, a descendant of Timour, in 1526 established the Mogul dynasty, of which, after himself, Akbar, Jehangire, Shah Jehun and Aurengzebe were the most celebrated sovereigns. In the time of Aurengzebe, the Mogul dominion had reached its culminating point, and in his reign the Mohammedan conquest of the Deccan was achieved; but his rule was disturbed by the rise of the Mahratta power under Serajee, and after the death of his successor, Shah Allum, in 1713, the Mogul sovereignty waned into decrepitude. The Nizam, and other viceroys of the empire, then founded for themselves independent kingdoms in various parts of India, which were soon afterwards devastated by the incursions of Nadir Shah and a fresh invasion of Afghans. While the foregoing dynasties ruled in Hindostan, Southern India was long the seat of several independent Hindoo sovereignties; the principal of which were Bejapoor and Bijnagur, but which were successively conquered by the Mohammedans. Shortly after

the fall of the Bhamanee empire of the Deccan, and twenty-seven years before the foundation of the Mogul empire by Baber, the Portuguese under Vasco de Gama, in 1498, arrived at Calicut, which was then governed by a prince named the Zamorin. Within a short period they had possessed themselves of Goa, Diu and other places on the west side of India, the trade of which coast was for a period wholly under their control. They were followed by the Dutch, who, however, confined themselves to trading with India, and never made any important settlement on its soil. In the eighteenth century, the French found means to establish colonies, chiefly on the east side of India; but before the termination of that century, their progress towards domination in India was checked, and early in the present century their influence over Indian politics and native sovereignties was thoroughly destroyed by the English.

For many years, as we have before remarked, the British power seemed firmly established in India. Sovereignty after sovereignty was annexed, or absorbed into the British possessions; enormous wealth flowed into the coffers of the East India Company. A handful of Englishmen seemed to hold the whole rich peninsula in their grasp. Suddenly a revolt broke out among the Sepoys, the petted native troops, thoroughly disciplined in the European fashion, and almost immediately the revolt swelled to an insurrection, characterized by the most brutal and bloody excesses on the part of the rebels, and provoking the severest retaliatory measures on the part of the British. According to the report of Europeans established in India, the conspiracy was to have taken effect simultaneously at Calcutta, which was to have been totally destroyed, at Allahabad, at Cawnpore, at Meerut, at Lahore and Peshawar, that is to say in all Bengal, in the provinces of the northwest, in the Punjab and as far as Afghanistan. In fact, the rebellion broke out at Meerut on the 10th of May last, and on the 11th at Delhi. This famous city supplies the subjects for several of our engravings. We will mention these engravings in the order in which they occur. The first view represents the



GREAT MOSQUE AT DELHI.

imperial palace at Delhi as seen from the Jumna. It was formerly one of the most superb palaces of the East, as splendid and almost as extensive as the Moorish Alhambra, but it is now in a decayed condition. The second picture represents a magnificent mausoleum where the ashes of a monarch repose. It is surmounted by a commanding dome, and is altogether a fine specimen of oriental architecture. Next in order comes the great mosque of Delhi, a very striking structure. It is surmounted by three large domes, and flanked by very tall and graceful minarets. We next present a portrait of the king of Delhi, a tool in the hands of the insurgents, his policy being submission to the British government, from whom he receives a large pension.

The history of Delhi is deeply interesting. Two hundred years before the siege of Troy, a terrible war was brought to a conclusion in Upper India. The war of the Mahabharata was waged between the rival lines of Pandu and Curu for the possession of the territory of Hastinapura. The former proved victorious, but, broken-hearted by the deaths of so many friends and kinsmen, their leaders perished miserably in pilgrimages over the snows of the Himalayas. An equally wretched fate awaited the object of contention, for a sudden rise of the Ganges overwhelmed what was at that time the paramount city in Northern India. According to a somewhat doubtful tradition, the next capital was Indraprest'ha, or Indraput, founded by Yundishetira, on the right bank of the Jumna. There is no doubt, however, that this was a place of some importance, from the end of the twelfth to the middle of the fourth century before the Christian era, at which period the seat of government was removed to Oogoin. It is probable that it recovered some portion of its former greatness towards the close of the fourth century after the Christian dispensation, for the Iron Lath, or pillar, near the Kutub Minar, records the warlike achievements of a certain Raja Dura, of whom nothing more is known than what he himself has thus handed down to posterity. But its true revival cannot be dated earlier than A. D. 782, when Anungpal, the founder of the Tuor dynasty, restored Indraprest'ha to its former pre-eminence, though he appears to have changed its name to Delhi. The original and real significance of this designation is veiled in obscurity. One ingenious etymologist mentions Delip, or Delipa, who lived previously to the Mahabharata. Ferishta talks of Delhu, a prince of many virtues, who was deposed by Phoor, Rajah of Kumaon—the Porus of classical writers. A still more fanciful interpreter has discovered in the word an allusion to the fable touching the Kheel, or iron pillar of the Pandus, the pedestal of which was supposed to be placed in hell. An infidel prince of the Tuar line, unconvinced of the truth of the ancient saying, caused its foundations to be laid bare to a great depth, when suddenly "blood gushed up from the earth's centre, and the pillar became loose (*dhille*)."<sup>1</sup> A pertinent objection, however, has been made to this theory, that the word on which so much stress is laid happens to be of Persian rather than of Sanscrit origin, and consequently could hardly have been applied to an Indian city that was in a flourishing condition some centuries be-

fore the first invasion of the Mahomedans. But passing over these old wives' fables, we begin to tread on surer ground when we arrive at the epoch of Mahmood of Ghazni. It is evident that the Rajah of Delhi was at that time a personage of considerable influence, for Ferishta particularly mentions him as having joined a confederacy of Hindoo princes to oppose Mahmood's third invasion of India in 1008. In his fourth incursion, that fanatical conqueror, after the capture of Tahnesur, which was under the Raja's protection, "was desirous of proceeding to Delhi." But his nobles told him it would be impossible to keep possession of it, till he had rendered Mooltan a province of his own government, and secured himself, from all apprehension of Arundpal, "Raja of Lahore." Again, on his seventh expedition, Mahmood having marched against Mathura, "and entered it with little opposition from the troops of the Raja of Delhi, to whom it belonged, gave it up to plunder." Some years later, in 1043, we read that "the Raja of Delhy, in conjunction with other Rajas,



KING OF DELHI.

re-took Hansi, Tahnesur, and their dependencies, from the governors to whom Mahmood had entrusted them." They then proceeded against Nagrakote, when the Delhi Raja pretended that the great idol of Nagrakote, which had been destroyed by the Mussulmans, had appeared to him in a dream of the night, and promised to meet him in the temple. The rumor of this vision naturally brought a host of zealots to the Raja's camp, and the prediction, as usual, fulfilled itself.

The last of the Hindoo princes was the Rajah Pithora, or Pirthi Raj, rendered famous by the gratitude of his favorite bard. Pirthi Raja was, strictly speaking, the head of the Chohans of Ajmere, but being adopted by his grandfather, the chief of the Tomaras of Delhi, he united these two states under his sway. The government of Delhi, however, was more particularly conducted by his brother-in-law, Raja Chund. In the year 1191, these two princes defeated Shahab-ul-deen, the Ghorian, on the plains of Tiroori, between Tahnesur and Kurnal, the cock-pit

of India; but two years afterwards fortune was less propitious to their courage. Chund fell in battle, and Perthi Raj, being made prisoner, was slaughtered in cold blood. After this decisive victory, the conqueror easily reduced Ajmere, and then returned to his native country, leaving his lieutenant Eibuk to achieve the work of conquest, which was accomplished by the capture of Delhi, Coel and Meerut. This remarkable man was a Turkoman slave, purchased by the Ghoran ruler, and named by him Eibuk, because of his having a little finger broken. On the assassination of his sovereign, Eibuk declared himself independent, by the title of Sultan Kutub-ul-deen, or the "Polestar of the Faithful." With him commenced, in 1206, the Ghorian or first Tartar dynasty, and it was in allusion to his origin that Hindoo writers have delighted to affirm that "the empire of Delhi was founded by a slave." A slave, his own brother-in-law, also succeeded him in 1210, for his son Aram was too feeble to rule a nation of warriors. Though a slave, Shums-ul-deen Altumsh was descended from a noble family in Toorkistan, and, like Joseph, had been sold into captivity by his brethren out of envy. After various singular adventures, he was purchased by Kootub for 50,000 pieces of silver, and subsequently raised to the highest offices. Shums-ul-deen governed with a vigorous hand, and compelled nearly the whole of Hindostan Proper to acknowledge his supremacy. His name is further immortalized in connection with Kutub Minar, a remarkable pillar near Delhi, two hundred and forty-two feet in height. On his death, in 1236, he was succeeded for a few months by his son Kookn-ul-deen, a sensual prince, and therefore deposed in favor of his sister, the Sultana Regia. This princess, says Ferishta, had no other fault than that of being a woman, which in her case seems to be a fatal one. She is described as being a fluent reader of the Koran, a rare event with her sex, and a high merit even in men. She was also a just and able ruler until she became fascinated by an Abyssinian slave, her master of the horse, whom she raised to the highest dignity of the state. As a natural result, the nobles deemed themselves injured and insult-



A BURMESE ENVOY.

ed, and under the leadership of Altuma—himself a Turkoman slave—broke out into open revolt.

In the battle that ensued the favorite was slain, and the sultana made prisoner. But her conqueror soon became her captive, and warmly espoused her cause. The nobles, indignant at his treachery, put both himself and his bride to death, and placed her brother Beiram on the throne. His reign was brief, for having endeavored to rid himself of the chiefs to whom he owed his elevation, he was two years afterwards thrown into prison, and then deprived of life. The next king of Delhi was Alla-ul-deen Masand, son of Rookn-ul-deen, and an inheritor of his father's vices. After a cruel and licentious reign of five years, frequently troubled by eruptions of the Mogul hordes, he was also deposed and put to death. The throne then reverted to a grandson of Shums-ul-deen's Altumsh, by name Nasir-ul-deen Mahmood, whose disposition and habits were rather those of a literary student than a monarch. He affected to regard himself as only the steward of the public revenues, and supported himself almost exclusively by copying the Koran. He had only one wife, who performed all the labors of the household without the aid of a single female servant. Nasir-ul-deen, however, was fortunate in his Wuzer, Gheias-ul-deen Bulbun, another Toorkoman slave, who restored the disputed supremacy of Delhi, and surrounded the court with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental pageantry. On one occasion, when a Persian ambassador was expected, the Wuzer went out to meet him at the head of 50,000 foreign horse in the king's pay, 2000 elephants, and 3000 carriages of fireworks. At that time Delhi was the asylum of twenty-five fugitive princes, who had been dispossessed of their territories by the wild hordes of Ghenghiz Khan. The taste for magnificence displayed by Gheias-ul-deen during his wuzerat was still further developed on his accession to the regal power in 1266.

"His state elephants were covered with purple and gold trappings. His horse guards, consisting of 1000 Tartars, appeared in glittering armor, mounted on the finest steeds of Persia



PALACE AT LUCKNOW.



and Arabia, with silver bits and housing of rich embroidery. Five hundred chosen foot in rich liveries, with drawn swords preceded him, proclaiming his approach and clearing the way. His nobles followed according to their rank, with their various equipages and attendants."

Like Francis I. of France, Gheias-ul-deen was fortunate in becoming the patron of poets and historians, driven by the troubles of the times from their native states, and who have exhibited their gratitude in their high-flown panegyrics. It does not appear, however, that his sagacity at all merited such enthusiastic laudation. Having been immoderately addicted to wine in his youth, he subsequently prohibited its use under severe penalties. He also excluded Hindoos from holding office, and enacted game laws of great stringency. In consequence of the harshness of his administration there were frequent rebellions, which were punished with terrible severity. His reign lasted twenty years, during which Delhi enjoyed an eminent degree of prosperity and importance. He also built the small towers of Gheiaspoor and Murzahun, the ruins of which are familiar to all who have resided at Delhi. His successor was his grandson Keihobad, a licentious voluptuary, and a mere tool in the hands of his wuzer, Nizam-ul-deen, by whose instigation he invited the principal men of the Mogul settlers to a banquet, at which they were ruthlessly murdered. He afterwards turned his wuzer's counsels to such good purpose that he caused him to be poisoned, but was himself assassinated after reigning only two years.

The Khijee, or second Tartar dynasty, now commenced in the person of Jelal-ul-deen Khijee, who also had been a slave. This old man, for he was seventy years of age, inaugurated his accession to the kingly power by putting to death the son of his predecessor; but with that exception he showed himself just and merciful. He is best known, however, to Mohammedan writers as having changed the color of the royal umbrella from red to white. He also removed the royal residence to Kelokree, which he enclosed with a wall, and beautified with gardens and terraces along the banks of the river. In the seventh year of his reign he was murdered by assassins, hired by his own nephew, Ala-ul-deen Khiljee, who then ascended the throne without opposition.

The commencement of this reign was as glorious as the latter part was the reverse. One of his generals, after a successful invasion of the Carnatic, is said to have brought back 312 elephants; 20,000 horses, many chests of pearls and jewels, and one hundred millions sterling in gold. However this may be, Guzerat was conquered and annexed, and the Moguls were defeated on several occasions. His prowess, it must be admitted, was tarnished by his cruelty, for the common men among his prisoners were butchered in cold blood, while the chiefs were trampled to death by elephants. He was guilty of a yet greater atrocity than this. In a moment of jealousy he discharged all the Mogul converts from his service, and when some of them, in despair, conspired against him, he ordered the whole of them, 15,000 in number, to be massacred, and their wives and children sold into slavery. Towards the close of his reign, his arms experienced

many reverses, which coupled with his habitual intemperance, accelerated his death, after twenty-two years' enjoyment of the royal title. His son and successor, Mobaruk Khijee, was as cruel and licentious as himself, though one of his first acts was the release of 17,000 prisoners. In war he was bold and vigorous, recovered the revolted provinces of Guzerat and the Deccan; but in time of peace he was dissolute and effeminate, and went about to the houses of the nobility dancing and singing, and attired as a female actress. He was assassinated in the year 1321 by his favorite, Khosroo Khan, a converted Hindoo, who destroyed every member of the royal family, but was himself speedily overcome and put to death by Ghazee Khan Toghlagh, governor of the Punjab.

In the absence of any lawful heir to the throne, Chazee Khan was unanimously proclaimed sultan by the title Gheias-ul-deen Toghlagh. He thus became the founder of the third Tartar dynasty, and constructed the castle or fortified town of Toghlaghabad, the ruins of which form one



WAR ELEPHANT.

of the most interesting objects in the panorama of desolation viewed from the summit of the Kutab Minar. Gheias-ul-deen was likewise a warrior; and it was after his return from Tirhoot that he was killed by a wooden pavilion—erected by his son Juna Khan—falling in and crushing him. Though generally suspected of parricide, Juna Khan encountered no opposition in assuming the title of Sultan Mohammed Toghlagh. This prince affords a memorable example of the insufficiency of great abilities to achieve success, unless tempered and guided by judgment. He is represented as a munificent, devout, accomplished, and enterprising monarch, but unstable in purpose and visionary in counsel. Having bought off a horde of Moguls, at a price which drained his exchequer, he invaded China with an army of 100,000 men, in order to recruit his finances. He lost his army in the snows of the mountains, and then equally in vain attempted to refill his treasury by issuing copper tokens, which completed the ruin of his credit. Not content with massacring the inhabitants of Canonj, he would surround extensive tracts of coun-



CONFRONTING PRISONER WITH WITNESS.

try with armed men, and narrowing the circle by degrees, would put to the sword every living soul found within. In one of his expeditions he lost a tooth, which he buried with great solemnity, and erected a monument to its memory. Soon afterwards, on the impulse of a mere caprice, he removed the seat of government and the people of Delhi to Dergiri, from which he permitted them to return only that he might a second time transport them to his new capital; in the words of Ferishta, "leaving the noble metropolis of Delhi a resort for owls and a dwelling place for the beasts of the desert." And it was truly a noble city, if we may credit the report of John Batuta, a native of Tangiers, who travelled through Hindostan near the middle of the fourteenth century. "We proceeded," he says, "from Masud Abad till we came to Delhi, the capital of the empire. It is a most magnificent city, combining at once both beauty and strength. Its walls are such as have no equal in the world. This is the greatest city of Hindostan, and indeed of all Islamism in the East. It now consists of four cities, which becoming contiguous have formed one. The thickness of its walls is eleven cubits." These four towns were Serees, founded by Ala-ul-deen Khiljee, Jahanpanah, Shahpore, and Kelokree—situated at some little distance from the site of the modern town of Delhi.

Mohammed Toghlagh died in 1351, and was succeeded by his nephew, Feeroz Toghlagh, who built Feerozabad and Jahanamah, and improved and beautified the metropolis. His name, indeed, is identified with a host of public works, thus enumerated by Ferishta, though the round numbers are at least suspicious: Fifty dams across rivers, to facilitate their navigation; forty mosques; thirty colleges, with mosques; twenty palaces; one hundred caravanserais; two hundred towns; thirty tanks or reservoirs; one hundred hospitals; five mausolia; one hundred public baths; ten monumental pillars; ten public wells; one hundred and fifty bridges. The six years that followed upon the death of Feeroz were stained with the horrors of civil war, but in 1394 his grandson, Mahommed Toghlagh II.,

was placed upon the throne, though a minor. The Delhi monarchy appeared tottering to its fall, the nobles did what seemed good in their eyes, and no one took thought for the people. In the midst of this weakness and anarchy, a formidable enemy appeared in the field. On the 12th of December, 1398, Timour the Tartar arrived before the walls of Delhi, but on the left bank of the Jumna. His first step was to send a division across to the other side to storm Jahanamah, the site of the palace of the late Maharajah Hindoo Rao Bahadoor, and the scene of the recent engagements when the insurgents in attempting to carry a battery of British guns were gallantly repulsed by the Ghoorkas. A few days afterwards Timour cruelly slaughtered his prisoners to the number of 100,000, because they were reported to have expressed some exultation at the approach of Mahommed's army. He then crossed the Jumna with the whole of his forces, and encamped on the same ground as that now occupied by the army of retribution. A hard-fought battle ensued, in which the Tartars were victorious, and in the course of the following night Mahommed Toghlagh and his vizier, Mulloo Khan, fled to Guzaret. A deputation of the principal inhabitants came out on the morrow to tender their submission to the conqueror, and were promised pardon and protection. At night Timour celebrated his triumph by the customary debauch, and in the flowery language of Sherif-ul-ali Yeydee—"the tree of pleasure was forthwith planted in the garden of enjoyment. The brains of delight and pleasure were perfumed with the sweet odor of musk-smelling wine. From the splendor of the royal cup the festive meeting was lighted up with joy and ease of heart. A festive meeting is the opener of the heart and the creator of joy; and Sahid Kiran (Timour) shed the light of his countenance on the heads of the princes, and ameeris, and pillars of state." But while Timour and his chief officers were revelling and making merry, his barbarous soldiers had come into collision with the inhabitants of the city, and a general massacre ensued.

"A great many of the infidels set fire to their own household property and burned themselves,



CRIMINAL ON TRIAL.



together with their wives and children. Then the soldiers, notwithstanding the Hindoos opposed them with great courage and resolution, stretched forth the hand of power and violence in quest of plunder and spoil. At this crisis the nobles ordered the gates to be shut, that the army outside might not enter, nor any great amount of harm be done. But on this night (Thursday) 15,000 troops were in the fort, and throughout the whole night they continued to plunder, and to set on fire the houses of the people, and to feed the flames. In some places the Guches (Hindoos) with great resolution stood on the defensive, and blood and slaughter ensued. Early in the morning, when from the inroad of the King of the Stars the property of the Hindoo night was entirely plundered (that is, when darkness was dispelled by the rising sun), all the army entered the city, and a great noise was created thereby. On that Friday, the 17th day of the month, many of the Mahallas in Jahanpanah were publicly plundered. On Saturday, the 18th, the same state of riot continued; and every man of the army took captive about 150 persons, men and women, and brought them out of the city, so that to the meanest man belonging to the army not less than twenty persons became captive. And the other plunder and spoil consisted of various kinds of jewels and pearls, and particularly rubies and diamonds, various kinds of valuable cloths, various kinds of costly things, vessels of gold and silver, and money without count, on which was the impression of Ala-ul-deen Khijee. And the amount of this money and the other property was so great as to defy narration by the two-tongued pen. And amongst the spoil there were female slaves who wore bracelets on their arms and ornaments on their legs—the very toes of whose feet were adorned with rings of great value. Respecting medicines, simples, and aromatics, no one now inquired.

"On Sunday, the 19th day of the month, they turned their attention to old Delhi (Shapoor), whither many of the Hindoo infidels had fled. These being collected in the Jama Musjid, were prepared for battle and slaughter. Ameer Shah Malik, and Alee Sultan Tovachee, having taken with him five hundred warriors, went towards it, and with the stroke of the infidel slaughtering-sword sent them all to eternity; and the heaps of the heads of the Hindoos reached to heaven, and they bodies became a prey to beasts and birds. Thus, on the day above mentioned, all old Delhi was plundered, and the inhabitants who remained alive were made captive. Several days successively were they occupied in bringing the captives out of the city, and each ameer obtained possession of a crowd of slaves. Amongst them were some thousands of tradesmen and artizans; and concerning these the royal order was issued that some of them should be distributed amongst those princes and nobles who had attended on the royal person, and had not entered into the city; and also some amongst those princes and nobles who had been appointed to different stations without the city. And as the pious resolve of his highness, Sahib Kiran, according to the proverb—that the resolve of a good Mussulman is better than his actions, had written on the tablets of his heart that he should

erect a Jama Musjid of cut stone in his capital of Samarand; the royal order was issued that all the stone cutters should be kept for the king's particular use. \* \* With good fortune and prosperity Sahib Kiran remained fifteen days at Delhi, and the beams from the crescent of his victorious standard were removing the rust from the looking-glass of the sun and moon, and the excellencies of his government and his victories were such as to have created envy in the souls of Jumsheed and Alexander had they been alive."\*

The pious savage, before he "turned his attention to the other provinces of Hindostan, for the sake of the destruction and extirpation of other infidels," repaired to the mosque at Feerozabad, and "uttered to God the prayer of two inclinations, with perfect sincerity and humility; and thanked God for his mercies, which were beyond the bounds of conception." From the departure of Timour until the advent of the Affghan Baber, the kingdom of Delhi was restricted to a very narrow territory around the walls. Two dynasties in succession occupied the power-



A NATIVE LAWYER.

less throne—the former known as that of the Synds, the latter as that of Lodi. It was in the year 1525 that the victory of Panceput laid Hindostan at the feet of the Causal conqueror, who boasted of being sixth in descent from the terrible Timour. Through one of those singular misapprehensions with which history abounds, Baber and his descendants have been famous throughout the world, under the title of the Great Mogul. There was probably not a drop of Mogul blood in his veins. The Moguls were a small but ferocious tribe of barbarians, who marched in the van of the desolating hordes of Genghiz Khan, and by their horrible cruelties spread such a terror of their name, that the trembling natives of Hindostan applied the term to all invading hosts that arrived from the northwest; in the same manner as they now call all white nations Feringshees. It is thus that the early European traders were taught to regard the king of Delhi

\* This curious account is taken from the Zuffernamah of Sherif-ul-Ali Zeydee, translated by the late Mr. Cargill, president of the Delhi College, and published in the Journal of the Archaeological Society of Delhi, January, 1853.



A NATIVE POLICEMAN.

as the Great Mogul, the only designation by which the last Asiatic dynasty has been known to Europeans. Baber himself died at Agra in 1530, for the city had now become the seat of government. His son Humagoon suffered a series of misfortunes which terminated in his flight into Persia. During his exile, three usurpers successively held the supreme title, and one of them, Selim, Shah of Chunar, built the fort of Selimghur at Delhi. Humagoon was eventually restored, but meeting soon afterwards with an accidental death, was succeeded by the Great Akhber in 1556.

This able monarch resided principally at Agra, where he built the present fort; he also erected a tomb to his father in the neighborhood of Delhi. He is more justly celebrated for having organized a postal system throughout his vast dominions. At every ten miles there was a station-house, with an establishment of two horses, and a certain number of running footmen. The distance of one hundred miles was gone over in twenty-four hours, and the 500 miles from Agra to Ahmadabad were accomplished in five days. He had never fewer than 4000 runners in his pay, besides 12,000 horses, 1000 camels, and from 5000 to 6000 elephants. He was also desirous of maintaining one thousand hunting leopards; but it is said that some mysterious disease carried them off whenever they exceeded the number of nine hundred.

His son Selim, who succeeded him in 1605, changed his name to Jehangeer, or Conqueror of the World, but took no pains to merit the appellation.

In the early part of his reign he was mild and benevolent; but, after suppressing the rebellion of his son Khosroo, he impaled in a row seven hundred of his misguided partisans. It was in his time that the first English envoy appeared at the court of the Great Mogul. Sir Thomas Roe, in his narrative of what he saw and did on that memorable occasion, dwells at great length on the meanness and cupidity of the prince-royal and the chief nobles, against whom he appears to have been waging continual warfare. Of Delhi he merely remarks that "it is an ancient

city, and the seat of the Mogul's ancestors, but ruined." Sir Thomas's antiquarian lore was evidently very limited, for he quietly states that the Kutub Minar was erected by Alexander the Great. In the following reign, that of Shah Jehan, the condition of old Delhi does not seem to have improved, for Tavernier says of it:—"Dehly is almost come to ruins, and indeed is nothing but a heap of rubbish; there being no other houses remaining but only for poor people. Neither are there above three or four lords of the court that reside at Dehly, where they set up their tents in great enclosures." However, a new era was approaching. In 1631, Shah Jehan founded the modern city of Delhi, which he called after himself, Shahjehanabad. This was really a handsome city for those times, as may be perceived from Bernier's lengthened and perhaps highly colored description. Tavernier is more calm and prosaic.

"Gehanabad," says he, "as well as Dehly, is a great city; and there is nothing but a single wall that makes the separation. All the houses of particular men consist of great enclosures, in the midst whereof is the place for lodgings. The greatest part of the lords do not live in the city, but have their houses without, for the convenience of the water. As you enter into Jehanabad from Dehly, you meet with a long and broad street, on each side whereof are vaults where the merchants keep shops, being only platformed at the top. This street ends in the great piazza before the king's house; and there is another very fair and large street, that runs towards another gate of the same palace, in which live the great merchants that keep no shops. The king's palace takes up above half a league circuit. The walls are of fair cut stone with battlements. The moats are full of water, paved with freestone. The great gate of the palace has nothing in it of magnificence; no more than the first court, into which the great lords may enter upon their elephants."

He then gives a description of the interior of the palace too long to transcribe, but which contrasts strangely with Bishop Heber's account. The bishop had no opportunity of beholding the



A NATIVE INDIAN JUDGE.

peacock throne, valued by Tavernier, himself a jeweller, at six and a half millions sterling. It was so called, because the canopy was surmounted by a peacock with his tail spread out, consisting all of sapphirs and other proper colored stones; the body is of beaten gold, which is en-chased with several jewels; and a great ruby upon his breast, at which hangs a pearl that weighs sixty carats. On each side of the peacock stand two nosegays as high as the bird, consisting of several sorts of flowers, all of beaten gold enameled.

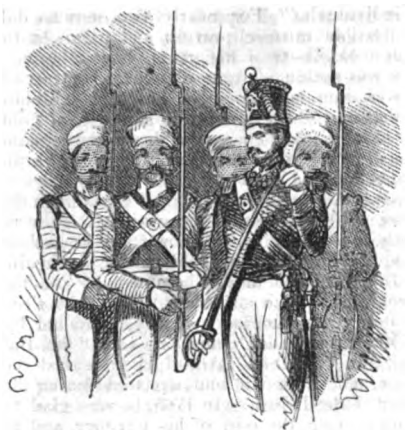
It is too well known to need repetition, how the unfortunate Shah Jehan was deposed by his heartless, calculating son, Aurungzebe. That prince, who has enjoyed a meretricious fame, was first proclaimed emperor in Delhi, which once more became the capital of the empire. After his death, in 1707, the power he had so laboriously built up rapidly crumbled away. Only thirty years later, the Mahrattas, under Bajee Rao Peishwar appeared at the very gates of Delhi, and plundered and burnt the suburbs. In 1739, a more grievous affliction overtook the imperial city. A shepherd of Khorassan had risen, from being a reckless freebooter to the throne of Central Asia, by the title of Nadir Shah. A messenger whom he had despatched to the court of Delhi having been murdered by some of the hill tribes above Peshawar, he peremptorily demanded redress from the emperor. His remonstrances being treated with cool indifference, he suddenly poured down into the plains of Hindostan, and defeated Mahommed Shah in a pitched battle near Kurnul. The ill-fated monarch repaired to the camp of the victor, by whom he was kindly received, and a few days afterwards they set out together for Delhi. At first, the Persian soldiers of Nadir Shah preserved the strictest discipline, and abstained alike from injury and insult. But a report having gone forth at night that Nadir was assassinated, the treacherous inhabitants rose upon the unsuspecting soldiery and murdered 700 of them. The retaliation was speedy and severe, but for a time Nadir endeavored to appease the fury of his followers, until one of his chiefs was shot dead by his side. He then gave free reins to vengeance, and for several hours the Persian soldiers raged like maniacs through the city. Many houses were set on fire, still more were gutted, and thousands of dead bodies encumbered the streets. According to the lowest computation, 8000 of the citizens were killed, but there is reason to believe that 30,000 would be the truer estimate. Fraser, indeed, who lived in the times of which he was writing, speaks of as many as 120,000 having been put to death. He also affirms that at least 10,000 women threw themselves into wells to avoid a worse fate than death, and that 80,000 Hindoos perished in addition to the foregoing during this Persian invasion. Even when the work of slaughter was stayed, torture was employed to extort confessions as to the concealment of treasure. Many persons of eminence were severely beaten until they ransomed themselves, and outrages of all kinds were perpetrated with impunity. In short, "sleep and rest forsook the city. In every chamber and house was heard the cry of affliction. It was before a general massacre, but now the murder

of individuals." For nearly two months did this terrible misrule prevail, and when Nadir Shah took his final departure, it was because there was nothing left to plunder. He carried off with him between eight and nine millions sterling in coin, several millions worth of gold and silver plate, the peacock throne, vast quantities of jewels, precious stuffs, and costly furniture, and a long train of horses, camels and elephants. A sort of stupor settled down upon the wretched inhabitants, from which they were hardly roused by the necessity of providing their daily food for their wives and children. Again, in 1756, the imperial city became a prey to the fierce Affghan levies of Ahmed Shah Abdallee; and four years afterwards it was plundered by the Mahrattas under Sedasheo Rao, "the Bahao." In 1761, Shah Allum II. ascended the throne, and, in an evil hour, declared himself the enemy of the British. In 1765, he was glad to obtain peace at the cost of his territory, and to accept a pension of £260,000 a year, together with some landed estates and other advantages.



MILITARY EXECUTION.

But, with the usual fickleness of the Oriental character, he seized upon the first opportunity to repudiate this treaty, and to throw himself into the hands of the Mahrattas, who failed to protect him even against the Rohillas. A fierce chieftain of that warlike people, named Gholam Kandir Khan, made himself master of the city, and after heaping all manner of insult on the hapless emperor, thrust out his eyes with his own dagger. He himself ere long received as little mercy from Madhjee Scindiah, who caused his ears, eyes, nose, hands, and feet to be cut off while he was still alive. Mahratta or Rohilla, it made but little difference to the blind monarch, who must have hailed, with mingled shame and delight, the victorious entry of the British under General Lake, in 1803, after the defeat of the French officers in Scindiah's service. This was on the 12th of September; but on the 8th of October Delhi narrowly escaped being surprised by Holkar, who suddenly appeared before the walls with upwards of a hundred guns, and perhaps 70,000 men. The British garrison consist-



NATIVE SOLDIERS AT DRILL.

ed of about 800 Sepoys, with eleven guns, in addition to a small force of irregulars, horse and foot, who either deserted or fled at the approach of the enemy. Colonel Ochterlony was the resident, but the military command was vested in Colonel Burn, and nobly did he acquit himself of his arduous duty. On the ninth day of the siege, after delivering a murderous assault, Holkar was compelled to withdraw with disgrace and loss. At that time the walls were in such disrepair that they crumbled under the concussion of the guns that were mounted on them. Since then, however, they have been considerably strengthened, and could scarcely be breached without heavy artillery. It is probable, indeed, that if a battery could be opened upon the palace walls from the opposite side of the river, an early success might be obtained; but this could only be done before the rains had swelled the volume of waters.

Previous to the present insurrection, the king of Delhi was in the receipt of an annual pension amounting to £150,000, and the use of the palace or fort, over the 12,000 inmates of which he played the part of a sovereign, excepting that he had no power to take life. From a mistaken delicacy, and partly, perhaps, from an overweening confidence in our own power, he was permitted to retain the title of king; but that privilege would in any case have expired with the present occupant of that unreal throne and shadowy dignity. Whether of his own accord, or reluctantly yielding to a pressure he could not resist, the mock king has now sealed the final doom of his dynasty. The last of the Mogul monarchs has taken his seat in the hall of audience; and, in the words of the Persian poet, quoted by Bishop Heber,—the spider shall hang her tapestry in the palace of the Cæsars.

Following, serially, we present a sketch of the palace at Lucknow, a cumbrous and not very striking pile of buildings. Then comes the picture of a Burmese envoy on his way to Calcutta, surrounded by his running footmen carrying sunshades. These Burmese runners have wonderful endurance and speed. One of them will tire out a horse, and there are more frequent relays

of the latter than the former on the journey. Burmah was once the most extensive and popular state in Farther India, but since the war with the British, in 1824-26, it has been materially "curtailed of its fair proportions." It is enclosed on all sides by lofty mountains, and its soil is fertile but sadly neglected by the inhabitants. In the year B. C. 300, at which period the Boodhist religion was introduced, the government was permanently fixed at Prome, where it continued for 395 years, under the reign of twenty-four princes. After this it was removed, under a new dynasty, to Pagan, where it continued nearly twelve centuries, under a succession of fifty-five monarchs. In A. D., 1300, the seat of government was established at Panyah, and continued there fifty-six years, under three sovereigns. In 1364, it was removed to Ava, where it continued 369 years, and first became known to Europeans in the 16th century. About the commencement of the last century, the Burmans were conquered by the Peguans, a people they had themselves enthralled, and kept in subjection for the two preceding centuries. At this period Alompra founded the present dynasty. He was succeeded by his son, Uparaja, who made Pakaing his capital. On the death of Uparaja, three years after his accession to the throne, his brother Sembuen succeeded to the sovereign authority, and removed the seat of government to Ava. In 1776, Sembuen was succeeded by his son, Senkusa, who, after a reign of five years, was succeeded by Paongkacha, who removed the capital to Amarapoora. After a reign of thirty-eight years, Paongkacha was succeeded, in 1819, by Nunsun, who removed the court once more to Ava; but on the almost total destruction of that town by an earthquake, in 1839, Monchoboo became the seat of government. In 1837, on the death of Nunsun, his brother Sewara succeeded to the throne, to the exclusion of the rightful heir. The British governor of Madras, in the 17th century, made friendly advances to the Burmese monarch, which, being graciously received, in 1709, Captain Alexander Hamilton paid him a visit, the details of which he recorded in his "New Accounts of the East Indies." In 1757, the British were allowed a site for a factory within the empire, but subsequently, aggressions on the part of the Burmese, and insolence to British ambassadors, provoked a collision, which terminated in the subjugation of the greater portion of the Burman empire to the British arms.

Further on is a graphic sketch of an India war elephant marching to battle flanked by infantry and cavalry. These intelligent animals are extensively used in the present war both by the insurgents and the British.—The succeeding five pictures illustrate the administration of justice in India. First, we have a prisoner under guard, confronted with the principal witness, who is to appear against him; then the criminal on trial, anxious and suppliant; next, the keen native lawyer, making his plea with eloquent and graceful gestures; then the Indian judge, all pomposity and dignity; and lastly, the native policeman, proud of his office, and unapproachable as the great Mogul himself. This picture is followed by a sketch of the terrible punishment to which the British have, on many occasions, subjected the captured mutineers—blowing them to

pieces from the muzzles of the cannon.—Following the “military execution,” is a cut representing a file of Sepoys on drill. These troops, unfortunately for the English, as it has turned out, are thoroughly disciplined in the use of European arms.—A spirited sketch of tiger-hunting in the jungle, in which the elephant again figures, is next in order. This is a most exciting sport, and even Bishop Heber, when in India, followed it with enthusiasm.—Our next engraving represents the ceremony of bathing a dying girl in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The Ganges, as our readers are well aware, is a river sacred in the eyes of the inhabitants, a stream hallowed by their religion, and even an object of idolatrous worship. Not only do they purify and sanctify themselves by ablutions in its waters, but they esteem themselves blessed, and die happy in the hope of bliss eternal, if the pure water of the river can but lave their dying limbs. This superstitious observance is illustrated by the engraving before us, suggested by a passage in the journal of Mr. Claxton. The accuracy of every detail in this singular scene may be implicitly relied upon. Mr. Claxton says:—“I took a boat and went up the river again to the Ghaut. As we came up, a number of natives hurried down the steps, carrying a woman. They put the bamboo couch into the river, and some women poured water over her face and head, and scattered flowers about her. The Hindoos believe they have secured the happiness of their friends if they put them into the Holy River before they die.” Our readers are aware of the numerous superstitious practices connected with the Ganges, and which the Hindoo Brahminical aristocracy have found it to their interest to insist upon the observance of from the remotest antiquity. A large proportion of the swarming inhabitants of its fertile valley perform very frequent—if not morning and evening—ablutions in its waters, and bear away, as we see several of the figures in the picture prepared to do, a portion in earthen jars. Quantities, indeed, of the water are carried to all parts of India, and sworn by in courts of justice. The ceremony of the picture, besides the others we have named, and that of the Brahmins and other Hindoos throwing lighted tapers towards sunset into the broad bright stream which “sweeps by them, guiltless of their impiety and unconscious of their homage,” are all comparatively innocent, and some of the observances are highly beneficial to the inhabitants, as well as very graceful in fancy; but other practices are to the last degree cruel and heathenish. Many, especially females, commit suicide by sinking themselves at the particularly-sacred spot where the streams of the Ganges and Jumna unite. Children were sacrificed by being thrown into the river, before the British government interfered. Many poor expiring creatures are not tended, like the woman in our engraving, but left with their bodies half in the water and half out, till the rising tide overwhelms them. Many are laid where the tide cannot reach them, and their case is more pitiable still. Beneath a burning sun, they are left without food; and many of them who would very probably recover from their diseases, if proper attention were paid to them, are literally starved to death, or devoured by jackals at night.

The next engraving represents an Indian

mail-cart driven at full speed. These carts are a sort of boxes on wheels, on top of which sits the driver, brandishing his chabook or whip, while his companion is engaged in blowing his horn, as much for the purpose of scaring his horse to the top of his speed as to give notice of his arrival at the post-house. Between the two they contrive to make very good time. The horses are changed every six miles, and as they are driven at full gallop, are enabled to average ten miles an hour, including stoppages. This was the rate of speed on our turnpikes in the good old days of coaching.—The next picture delineates a Burmese lady in her peculiar costume, followed by an attendant maiden in a much lighter dress carrying a water-jar upon her head. A Sikh preacher, seated in a sort of pulpit, a group of Santhals skirmishing with bows and arrows, and a party of idolaters worshipping a group of hideous images, completes our series of illustrations, by the help of which our readers will form a very adequate conception of life in India in its varied phases.

To return to the insurrection which is now convulsing the country. On the 13th of May it extended to Ferozpoor. On the 22d, it reached Peshawurand, the fort of Murdan, where Col. Spottiswood blew out his brains in despair. Lahore, the great station of Meean Meer near the city, Lodiani, Hansi, Hissar and Moulton were agitated by turns; while a vast insurrection had already taken place in the country of the Rajpoots, who are called the bravest of the Hindoos. Such was the movement of the insurrection from northwest to west. If we turn to the south, we see it at Muttra, at Burtorolee, at Alighur and Kyr; it menaces Agra, where the regiments had to be disbanded, it spreads to Nussarabad, near Adjmir, to Neemuch, to Indore, to Mhow, to Nagpore, to Gwalior, and even into the Nizam, where it was checked, first at Aurengabad, and afterwards at Hyderabad. It even penetrates to Baroda, in the Guzerat, a short distance from the coast. To the east-southeast, it descends the basin of the Ganges, struggles at Barilley, at Shah Dijnhanpore, at Cawnpore, at Bithoor, at Feroukhabad, at Fyzabad, and at Lucknow, the



TIGER HUNTING.





INVALID BATHING IN THE GANGES.

capital of Oude. The fertile province of Doab, between the Jumna and the Ganges, that of Allahabad and the kingdom of Oude, are a prey to the most violent agitations. The kingdom of Oude becomes particularly a focus of insurrection. There a man of rare talent, gifted with astonishing energy, makes head against the revolt. England will never forget Sir Henry Lawrence. But this brave spirit had but a handful of men under his command; he saved the populous city of Lucknow after two or three risings, but he could do nothing against the unchained masses of the entire country, and he perished a victim to his devotion and his duty.

At about seventy-five miles south of Allahabad, there stands, on the banks of the Ganges, a city almost as populous as Paris. It is Benares, the Rome of the Hindoos, and thousands on thousands of pilgrims flock to this sacred place. The Brahmins occupy no fewer than eight thousand houses there; and this thrice holy city belongs to the south only in appearance, since the Hindoos believe it rests on the point of Siva's trident. Every Hindoo who has the satisfaction of dying there, after having performed the prescribed ablutions, is exempt from transmigration, and his soul is wafted directly to the paradise of Indra—for it is no sooner freed from its terrestrial envelope, than the sacred bulls, wandering through the city, carry off its sins on the point of their horns. It is enough to say, that Benares is the grand focus of Hindoo superstition. Its inhabitants, subject to a constant religious excitement, are irritable and intractable. A movement was therefore expected from them, when the Sepoys should give the signal. They gave it; but the English, with six guns, soon crushed the revolt, and erecting new gibbets, each furnished with three ropes, launched so many of the soldiers who had fallen into their hands into eternity, that the terrified population dared not stir. No less serious apprehensions had been felt at Calcutta. For a long time a general massacre of Christians had been feared, the Sepoys were disarmed, and the Europeans twice sought refuge on board of vessels anchored in the Ganges.

A crowd of other points have been agitated by

the revolt. Regiments have risen from the Indus to Southern Bengal, and the inhabitants of cities have more than once joined them, particularly in cities where the Mussulmen were in great numbers. Acts of atrocious vengeance have been committed by the insurgents; the English have used reprisals; they have not flayed their prisoners alive, like the Sepoys, but they have piled them up before the muzzles of their cannon and blown them to rags. We fear much that these cruelties will not produce the salutary effect anticipated. Every native who falls beneath their blows is looked on as a martyr; and it is enough to recall the incredible macerations of the fakeers, the drownings in the Ganges, and the voluntary sacrifices of the devotees of Juggernaut, to know that there does not exist in the world a race more prodigal of life than the Hindoos. The insurrection, at the date of our going to press, has not yet seriously affected the presidencies of Madras and Bombay; but its agents, who are persons invested with a religious character, are trying to raise the regiments and the people. The attempts made at Baroda, at Aurungabad and Hyderabad failed; but it is much to be feared that, the Nizam, and some other countries, so harshly treated by the English, will raise in turn the standard of revolt. If the vast presidencies of Madras and Bombay should remain loyal in the midst of such a revolt, it might be regarded as one of the most extraordinary events in the history of India, and such a fact would give Great Britain an unlimited confidence in the future.

When we figure to ourselves the English, numbering a few thousands, isolated in the midst of the immense plain which forms the arena of insurrection, and surrounded by hostile or indifferent populations, we cannot suppress a deep admiration of the courage they have displayed. The Sepoys have not been their only enemies; sickness has decimated them, and they have been forced to endure a heat such as has not been known in India for thirty years. But the sickly season is long past. With the month of October a season eminently propitious to Europeans commences in India, and its arrival coincided with that of the large reinforcements sent from England. Gen. Sir Colin Campbell has shown that he knows how to profit by these advantages. The insurrection will probably be subdued—but at what a cost of blood and treasure!

The primary causes of revolutions are always obscure, because they are manifold, like the sufferings, the wants and tendencies of populations. We should not, therefore, be surprised at the numerous opinions which have enunciated within three or four months to explain the origin of the events which are occurring in India. Their secret is hidden in each of the years of a past which already dates a century, but it is fully proved that the leaders of the movement provoked it by skilfully exciting the religious sentiment. These mysterious conspirators have been carefully sought after. The greater part of the English journals did not hesitate to designate the Russians, or the Persians, with whom the influence of the cabinet of St. Petersburg always preponderates. The dethroned king of Oude was afterwards accused, and the governor-general saw fit to secure his person in Fort William, near Cal-

cutta. That this prince should have meddled with the revolt is an extremely probable fact, but officers best acquainted with India agree in attributing a Mussulman origin to the conspiracy. The London Daily News took this ground in its issue of July 13. We espoused this view of the subject long ago, and subsequent advices have tended to show that we were not mistaken.

The conspiracy was conducted with consummate prudence. Its chiefs understood that it was necessary, in the first place, to address the army rather than the civil population, who were deprived of all efficacious means of resistance, and incapable of acting together in a serious manner. If, moreover, the revolt had broken out among the popular classes, the Sepoys, strangers to the movement, would have readily suppressed it; by gaining over the regiments, on the contrary, they immediately turned against the English the forces they had organized for their own defence; they found themselves, as if by magic, at the head of the best disciplined and best equipped army ever seen on the Asiatic continent; they became masters of stores and munitions heaped up in military posts; to the financial resources placed at their disposal, they added those of the military chests of different corps of troops, at the same time they laid hands on a host of European officers entrusted with the command of the native troops, and they had reason to hope that the defection of the army would end in embracing the people through the whole extent of country.

The conspiracy, as we have before remarked, was to have been initiated at Calcutta. In the neighborhood of that city a fakcer was seen distributing little cakes among the Sepoys, who received them with avidity, and which were believed to be signs of rallying. Then, on the 5th of February, at Barrahpore, a cantonment a little north of Calcutta, occurred the affair of the cartridges. The paper in which the powder was wrapped, was said, according to the Sepoys, to have been prepared with pork and beef grease, which their religion forbids them to handle. It has been generally thought that the complaints on this subject were only a pretext for the revolt. But this view is incorrect. The native troops firmly believed in the reality of this wrong; and we see in this affair a new proof of the skill of those who were secretly preparing this formidable explosion. The army is composed of Brahminists and Mussulmen, whom it was necessary to raise at the same time, and the pretended preparation of the cartridges answered this twofold object; for the Mussulmen have no less aversion for swine, than the Hindoos have veneration for the bovine species, and particularly for the cow. A great number of Sepoys accordingly appeared upon the parade-ground, where, with faces almost entirely veiled, they took a solemn oath to die, if necessary, for their religion, and to massacre the Christians. Still, three months passed away without the occurrence of anything serious in India. Perhaps the leaders only wished to give a premonitory signal to announce that the time was near at hand. The season of the great rains, the season of fevers and cholera—the unhealthy season, as it is called—begins in India in the month of May, and lasts till the end of October. European troops can only operate

with the greatest difficulty during this half of the year, and a portion of the contingent is always in the hospitals. Either by chance or calculation, it was precisely at the commencement of the rainy season, the 10th of May, that the revolt occurred at Meerut, which completely decided the insurrectionary movement. This movement, it is probable, has as yet only spread in Bengal and the northwestern region. Grave reasons seemed to have decided the conspirators to place the theatre of their first operations in these countries. By the Indus they approached Afghanistan, whence they had nothing to fear, and which might create a new embarrassment for England, for from Central Asia there could issue only evil for that power; they are perfectly covered in the north, and the reinforcements sent from Europe can reach the scene of action only with extreme difficulty and with great delay. The English contingents, moreover, are quite small in the provinces of the northwest, and the same in Bengal. In fact, a report of the governor-general, under date of the 19th of March, informs us that, in this presidency, the ratio of the English soldiers to the soldiers of the native army, is as 1 to 24 2-3; while in the presidency of Madras, it is as 1 to 16 2-3, and in that of Bombay, as 1 to 9 2-3. Let us add that the Mussulmen are more numerous in the north of India than in the southern provinces, and that they found all their hopes on the restoration of the empire of Delhi, whose re-establishment took place immediately after the rising of the Sepoy regiments at Meerut. For this reason, we have given, in the present article, great prominence to the history of the city of Delhi, the focus of the insurrectionary movement and power.

But the English flatter themselves that there is no element of enduring vitality in such a movement as the Sepoys have begun; and the fiercer its spasms, and the more violent its convulsions, the sooner must it exhaust itself. Then comes the re-action, and that prostration from which there can be no second birth of energy and power. Once exhausted, there is no foreign source from which the Sepoys can recruit themselves; whilst to the English the "something beyond" is of almost incalculable magnitude and



INDIAN MAIL-CART.





A BURMESE LADY.

strength. This is no mere theory. Already we have some glimpses of the state of affairs within Delhi. A letter from a native, residing there, has been translated and published in all the English journals. Bearing on every sentence the impress of truth, it gives a lively picture of the state of the imperial city, and of the condition of the rebel army. It speaks of the terrible oppression exercised by the Sepoys upon the peaceful inhabitants. "They plundered," says the writer, "every rich house and shop in the city. They took every horse they found in the stables of the citizens. They killed a number of poor shopkeepers for asking the proper prices of their things." Everywhere, indeed, the rebellious Sepoys have been the dire enemies of the people. A scourge to mankind, wherever the spirit of mutiny has asserted itself, these lawless men have done such foul wrong to their own countrymen, that there is an intense desire in all the disturbed districts for the re-establishment of order and peace. When the day of triumph arrives, the English will be hailed as deliverers by thousands upon thousands of the suffering population.

Nor is it only that the Sepoys are making war against their countrymen. Already are they beginning to make war on one another. "The poor regiments," says the native writer quoted above, "are very jealous of those that are rich; as the rich Sepoys don't wish to go to fight, or to the field of battle simply, they are often insulted by their poor friends. I am of opinion their private feelings will compel them to fight with each other, some day or other, as many times during my stay at Delhi, I heard that there was very likely to be a quarrel between the rich and poor regiments." Firing, indeed, had been heard in the streets of the city, and there was no doubt that disunion was rapidly spreading among the mutineers. Meanwhile, they were finding that they had another enemy to contend with within the walls of Delhi. The Goojurs, who had aided them as poor men, are turning against them now that they are rich. Plunderers themselves, the Sepoys are becoming objects of plunder. The rabble of Delhi appear to track the Sepoys when they go out to fight, eager as wolves or vultures for the prey; and if there are not

dead bodies enough to spoil, they supply more for the hand of the spoiler. The native writer states that, on the night of the 30th of June, many Sepoys "disappeared forever; they (others) were plundered and beaten by Goojurs, and did not bring a farthing back with them. These Goojurs had joined in the massacre of our people, and in the pillage of our property; and they are now, with laudable impartiality, as well disposed to rob their own countrymen as to plunder the Feringhees." And so the internecine strife is kept alive in Delhi. The Sepoys plunder the bankers and shopkeepers, and the Goojurs plunder the Sepoys. Every man's hand is against his neighbor, and the battle is fighting itself. Even the sweetmeats (the "favorite mehtos") which the king sends out to the Sepoys, are stolen at the palace gate. "The guard at the door of the city" (the city-gate of the palace), says the native writer, "plunder it like the property of an enemy."

"Every man for himself" is, with the whole body of the Sepoys, the sole principle of action. There is nothing like a common cause. They do not rally round the throne of Delhi. They have no love for the king, no respect for the princes. "The old king," says the native writer, "is very seldom obeyed; the princes never." The Sepoys fight for themselves, and plunder for themselves. The cement of a great national object is entirely wanting. "The Sepoys," we are told, "plundered every treasury in the city, and put the money in their own pockets; they did not give a farthing out of this to the king." The Mogul himself would fain be divested of the greatness which has been thrust upon him; and the least warlike of men, the Shah-zada, who in a luckless hour have been called upon to command the rebel forces, are said to be in a state of deplorable terror—"their hearts palpitate from the firings and guns." If the mutineers can get hold of an European deserter, or of a wretched prisoner who has not the courage to die a hero rather than serve against his country, they promote him to high office, make him a brigadier of artillery, and send him to direct the fire of their guns. It is evident that there is no master spirit among them—no one who can keep together the discordant elements of the rebel army, and elevate the Sepoy mutiny, at its head quarters, into a great national movement.

It need not be said that this state of things must necessarily grow worse and worse, until Delhi becomes a very city of Satan. The great aim of every one is money. The Sepoys are intoxicated with rupees. Every man is his own banker, and carries his coin about him in his girdle. But silver is heavy, and gold is scarce; and so the money-dealers, having sold their gold at a profit of sixty or seventy per cent., are now palming off bright copper for good gold. The end will be, that the money-lenders will get all the coin into their possession; and that the Sepoys will then re-commence the plunder of the city, and find, in all probability, that the money has disappeared. When Delhi at last falls into English hands, we shall find the soil sown with rupees. The specie will of course be buried in the earth, and there will be "diggings" for British soldiery to outrival California in its palmiest days. And this day of triumph and retribution

must come. The English may be short of men and short of ammunition in camp before Delhi; but a few loyal men are better than legions of traitors, and ammunition when it fails in Delhi cannot be replaced. The failure of copper caps alone, if due precaution is exercised by the authorities, must be fatal in the end to the rebel cause all over the country.

The history of India, so far as England is concerned, dates back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the "Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies" was chartered by her majesty. This was a purely trading corporation, and retained its mercantile character for a century and a half. Necessity occasionally compelled them to thrash the Dutch and Portuguese; but these were accidental deviations from their beaten track. When Sir Thomas Roe waited upon the Grand Mogul at Delhi, he protested that all his countrymen wanted was liberty of trade; if this were granted, the emperor would have no more faithful subjects than they. They did not own a foot of land in India for over a hundred years after their incorporation. As a mercantile enterprise, the company was successful. By fair or foul means the stockholders made money, and aroused opposition. Pressure was brought to bear on the government; a rival company was chartered in defiance of the monopoly, and strenuous efforts were made to have the charter of the original association revoked. These efforts were met by copious corruption on the part of the old company; government and rivals were brought up together, the old charter was enlarged, and the rival company merged in the successful association. Within a short period thereafter, a purchase of twenty square miles of land was made, for warehouses and company's servants, at Fort William, Calcutta; and about the same time territorial establishments were erected at Bombay and Madras. These were the nuclei round which the company's dominions have grown up, and the greatest sovereignty in the world—the Chinese empire alone excepted—has been founded.

The beginning of the greatness of the company grew out of the efforts of the French. Their attempts to wrest Madras and Bombay from the English established British supremacy in Southern India, and developed the genius of Clive. What they began, Surajah Dowlah continued. He was viceroy of Bengal, a sort of feudal retainer of the emperor of Delhi. He fancied the English warehouses at Calcutta and Fort William were worth plundering; he plundered them accordingly. Not content with this, he suffered a hundred and twenty-three persons of English birth to be stifled to death in the Black Hole. For this, Clive, hastening from the south with 3000 men, met and beat him in the grove of Plassey, just one hundred years ago; and, following up that victory, gradually broke the power of the viceroys, till the last of the race was glad to accept a hereditary pension from the company, and the emperor made over to Clive, as governor, the absolute dominion of Bengal. This was in 1765.

Two men built up the British empire in India—Clive and Hastings. The former, as we have seen, commenced his career by saving the British trading-posts from French conquest, and ended

it by founding the British sovereignty of Bengal. Between Clive and Hastings there was an interval of some six years, during which time the history of the company may be briefly described as a combination of corruption, rapine and robbery by the company's servants in India, and pecuniary embarrassment and peril in England. Hastings certainly was no model of probity—a nabob of the nabobs; but he suppressed much irregular pilfering by the company's subordinate officials, and, by systematic spoliation in Bengal, by lending out his troops for the conquest of the Rohillas, by the conquest of Benares, and, lastly, by the plunder of the princesses of Oude, he contrived to support an immense establishment, civil and military, in Hindostan, to secure Madras from the encroachments of Hyder Ali, and, above all, to pay to the proprietors of East India stock a regular dividend of 10 to 12 per cent.

Since his day the progress of the company has been steadily onward in the work of conquest. It would be tedious to enumerate successively the various states and territories which have been annexed or made tributary; let it suffice to say that the whole peninsula, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, has been virtually placed under their dominion. Some native rulers are nominally independent, and are said to be "protected" by the company, whose resident gives "advice," which the native chief is bound to obey. Some states pay tribute, while the administration of their internal government is left to their native rajah. Others again—and these are the richest and most fruitful—form part of one of the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay. But it is well understood—whatever be the nominal condition of each state—that, for all practical purposes, all are the dominions of the company.

On the other hand, the East India Company has ceased to be a trading corporation. In 1814, the old charter was modified; the trade of India was thrown open, and the company's monopoly restricted to the tea trade. This charter lasted twenty years, during which the commercial transactions of the company largely declined, while its political importance increased in proportion to the extent of territory it added to the British



A SIKH PREACHER.



SANTHALS SKIRMISHING.

dominions. In 1833, in anticipation of the expiration of the charter, a new one was passed by the British parliament. By this the trading monopolies of the company were forever abolished, and its powers, and even its property, were declared to vest in the government of England, in trust for which they were to be held by the company. The only consolation which was left to the stockholders was a government guarantee of a dividend of 10 1-2 per cent. on the stock. On these, or very similar terms, the charter was renewed, for an indefinite period, at its expiration in 1854.

It will thus be perceived at a glance that, to all practical intents and purposes, the East India Company is a myth, and that the real governor of Hindostan is the British ministry. The ministry or cabinet which rules England also rules India, though under a different title—that of the Board of Control. By it all matters of Indian politics, finance, expenditure, legislation, war and peace are finally determined; the company cannot even draw a draft, or send an important despatch to the government of India, without a permit from the Board of Control.

As a proof of the energy with which the English are meeting the enemy, we will close this article by an extract from an English paper describing the defence and relief of Arrah:—“Among the many brilliant exploits performed by our countrymen in India, the defence and relief of Arrah must take a high place. Here were a dozen British gentlemen and two-score gallant Sikhs encircled by thousands of mutineers. Trusting that succor would speedily arrive, and unwilling to yield up a fortified post and fly from the rebels, Boyle, Wake, Littledale, Colvin and Combe resolved to defend themselves as long as powder and ball held out, and provisions remained in store. They did more; they increased their store by making a sortie, an act of great daring, and sweeping up some sheep; and they showed further forethought by sinking a well. The rebels whom General Lloyd had let loose upon the country came down in a swarm upon the little band. No doubt they made sure of their prey, putting that trust in their numbers

which they dare not place in their bravery. Joined by a local notable with some light guns, they regularly laid siege to Mr. Boyle's house. Their first assault proved fatal to a score, and cooled their courage, for they must have kept pretty well out of range to lose so few as fifty in the whole operations. Failing to storm, they betook them to a cannonade. Nay more, they attempted to mine the house, but were gallantly met by a countermine and frustrated. Not a life was lost by the defenders, and only one man was mortally wounded throughout the siege. Then for the hopes of succor. The brave garrison were cheered by hearing heavy firing on the 29th, and fancied that succor was at hand. They did not know what we know now, how disastrous to the approaching British force was the result of that night's encounter. They did not know that Captain Dunbar's force were paying a heavy penalty for over-confidence and the rashness of ill-directed valor. But although the tardy expedition sent by General Lloyd so lamentably failed, the noble fellows in the fortified house did not lose heart.

“Four more days they maintained their position, and still looked for aid. And the aid came. There was at Buxar, on the Ganges, a force of some two hundred men and three guns rapidly brought together under Major Vincent Eyre, of the Bengal artillery. This officer did not move with more speed than discretion, nor essay to march his men through an unknown country by night. He had to make a long march, and encounter an enemy whose strength was sure to outnumber his little band ten to one. Nevertheless he pressed on. The rebels appear to have met him at Jugdespore, to the northwest of Arrah. He put the horde opposed to him to flight, and having cleared the road with his two hundred men, he arrived at Mr. Boyle's house, and rescued its brave defenders. We know not which to admire the more, the brave men who had so splendidly earned their lives, or the officer who, with a strength of two strong companies, faced and overcame the rebels in the field. These actions, as an enthusiastic letter-writer remarks, show ‘what pluck and determination will do.’”



IDOL WORSHIP.

## THE YOUNG CONTINENTAL.

BY MARTHA W. BENTON.

It was towards evening, one day in 1775, when two young men whose plain, homespun attire and sun-burned countenances proclaimed them the sons of farmers, accustomed to the duties of the field, might have been seen threading a narrow lane bordered with thick foliage, on the outskirts of the pleasant village of Concord. The air of the two young lads was widely contrasted, the brow of the elder was contracted into an uneasy, half-fearful expression, which was very different from the firm, clear aspect of his companion, who soon broke the silence.

"Mark Morrison, you and I are old acquaintances—playmates," exclaimed the youngest; "but what you counsel me to do is apart from the true sentiment of a patriot. Though our country is involved in trouble, her sons are fully prepared to abide the consequences."

"That's just like you, Foster, always in your heroics," returned the other, with an attempted sneer. "A certain penchant of yours for the daughter of Farmer Maxwell has filled your head with all sorts of romance, and no doubt, were there any dragons to kill, you would be a second St. George. But come, Frank, I understand all. Florence will not like you any the less because you happen to wear a red uniform instead of a blue one, and I am rather confident it might raise you in her opinion."

"Rash fellow," replied his companion, "what you say cannot come from your heart! And as for Florence Maxwell, did I think she could countenance such a proceeding, I should deem her unworthy the name of a daughter of freedom."

"Every man has his own opinions, and mine happen to differ from yours; but it does not prove me any less in the scale of nobility than yourself. The contrast, too, in power between the rebels and the royalists, is enough to decide any one of sense."

Foster folded his arms, and cast upon his companion a glance of reproach and disdain.

"You are resolved, then, to betray the land which gave you birth," he exclaimed, with a curling lip. "Such sentiments would not surprise me, coming from your oppressors; but from you, Mark Morrison, the son of an American—bound to the land by ties stronger even than consanguinity, I blush for you. Seek not to waver me in my determination, for it is useless. By my soul's wealth, Morrison, I would rather plunge myself into a gulf of fire, than yield to so traitorous an impulse."

"Time and circumstance will soon occasion a change in your opinion," was the cool reply.

"Never!" replied Foster. "Be the fate of my country what it will, may I remain true to her interests through all vicissitudes, and if necessary, perish at her side. The hand of scorn will not be pointed at me while I live, and when I am beneath the sod, no voice will murmur, 'this is a traitor's grave.'"

"Very good, sir; but the terms of the British are worth consideration. And to tell you the truth, I have already implicated myself in this matter beyond retracting."

"What! have you enlisted then?" asked Foster, drawing back.

"To be sure; do you suppose I would talk so confidently if I had not? How astonished you would look if I were to tell you all. To speak plainly, Foster, if you will become one of us, I can offer you a lieutenant's commission in the body about to be raised. What do you say?"

"Scoundrel! another word on this subject and I would cleave you to the earth, though you were twice your weight!" shouted Foster, flushed with excitement and shame. "Mark Morrison," he continued, "I cannot conceal the contempt which your conversation has inspired in me. I am above disguise; henceforth our friendship is at an end. Go your way, traitor! The scorn of your countrymen will follow you wherever you turn your steps."

So saying Franklin Foster turned abruptly down an adjacent path, and Mark Morrison was alone.

"Curse upon my stupid blundering!" he muttered, clenching his hand. "In my carelessness I had well nigh exposed the secret intrusted to my keeping. It is not too late, even yet, I will return to the rendezvous, and secure Master Foster before he has a chance to do us an injury." And leaping quickly over the hedge, he soon arrived in sight of the forest that bordered the Charles River.

In the meantime, young Foster having quickened his steps, ere long reached a low, wood-bined cottage, at the door of which a family group was assembled. Near the door sat an aged lady, with her high cap, and silvery hair brushed carefully back from her brow, which, though wrinkled now, was evidently gazed upon with envy in other days. On her eyes were a pair of antique spectacles, and she held on her knee an old family Bible, from which her gaze was often cast to a couple of golden-haired children, who were playing in front of the cottage door. Opposite the venerable lady was seated a comely matron, engaged at her wheel, and by her side her hus-

band, a man of fifty years, who was examining a newspaper published in the vicinity of Trimount, and in the foreground, a lovely girl of seventeen years was laying the table for the evening repast.

"This is too provoking," exclaimed the farmer, looking up from the paper he was reading.

"What is too provoking, husband?" asked the matron, with an anxious smile.

"The British have landed a force, and I have good reasons to suppose they will turn their steps in this direction. Had I a son upon whom I might rely, I should be relieved of much anxiety in regard to leaving you all."

"I understand your meaning, husband," replied the wife, "and I would not bid you for a moment stay behind when you can be of service elsewhere."

"Spoken like an American matron," exclaimed the farmer. "By my faith, Bess, thou art as handsome as on the day we wed." And he pressed a kiss on her lip as he spoke, while the grandmother, with eyes upraised, seemed to be invoking a blessing upon her children.

"Here comes Frank," exclaimed Florence, whose eyes had been fixed upon the lawn during this dialogue, and a blush reddened the lily hue of her two cheeks as she spoke.

The farmer rose from his seat and approaching the new comer, grasped him by both hands, in a manner not to be mistaken.

"You are welcome, Frank; we were just speaking of you when Floy recognized your step. I believe the girl has keener ears than any of us."

Foster having reciprocated the old man's greeting, approached the object of their conversation, greeting her with cordiality and fondness.

"O you truant!" she exclaimed, playfully; "but I cannot chide you now. Isn't the sunset beautiful?"

"Beautiful indeed, and to judge by the rosy color of your cheeks, it has left its stain there too."

We need not prolong the dialogue, for the young here probably framed one out of their own vocabulary. Suffice it to add that while the elder folks prepared for the evening meal, Florence and Franklin strolled down to the neighboring hedge, and while she prattled thoughtlessly over a thousand different themes, in her innocence and girlish glee, Foster busied himself in plucking wayside flowers, and arranging them in her hair. And when silence superseded the silver echo of her voice, Florence scanned the features of Foster with eagerness, and wondering at the anxiety and earnestness depicted there, and which seemed to her unusual, she exclaimed, "Are you ill, Frank? There is something uncommon the matter with you."

"I am not ill, at least not in body, yet something there is that troubles me; but calm your fears." And without hesitation Foster unfolded to her all that had transpired between himself and Mark Morrison.

"You acted nobly! You are incapable of doing otherwise! But it is not that alone that troubles you?"

"I confess, Florence, that the thought of parting from you somewhat annoys me; but even passion, however strong, must sometimes yield to duty. America has need of all her sons. Should I linger behind the rest?"

"Should you do so, I should acknowledge that I had been deceived in the estimation I had formed of you."

"It grows dark," replied the youth, "and I must start immediately for Concord, to disclose my suspicions to the commander of the stores." And bidding an affectionate adieu, more substantial than words, he disappeared down the narrow lane, now growing dusk with the twilight.

As Foster took his way rapidly in the direction of Concord, his mind was filled with a thousand emotions. Love of country and kindred, and above all, of Florence Maxwell, occupied his thoughts by turns. It was growing dark; but having travelled the path from boyhood, he had no fear of surprises. It might have been better if he had observed more caution, for just as he was entering a deep patch of woods, singing to himself the fragment of an old hunting song, a hoarse voice at his elbow startled him with the cry of, "Who goes there?"

"If you are an honest man, pursue your way, and suffer me to pursue mine," returned Foster, "for I have urgent business to perform."

"Stir not! you are a prisoner to the king's first regiment," exclaimed another voice, rudely.

"The king's? Have the enemy arrived?"

"Come, come, youngster, we did not come here to answer questions."

"Unhand me! I am a peaceable man, and have done nothing to sanction this violence," he exclaimed, endeavoring to displace the hands that had rudely grasped him.

"Are you not Franklin Foster?"

"I am not ashamed of my name, I am Foster."

"All right then; hark'ye, neighbor, talking is useless, for we are two to one. If you submit, you may escape with a few days' detention, but if you are obstinate, we may take a fancy to roast you, or tar and feather you."

Foster was therefore constrained to swallow his indignation as well as he knew how, and by them was marched off to where the British commander, General Gage, was stationed. Here

Foster was arraigned before the colonel, into the hands of whose scout he had fallen. The officer looked on the unbending figure of Foster as though he had been a savage, and was about to speak, when the latter anticipated him.

"Why is it, sir, that a free-born American is subjected to this act of violence?" he began, advancing towards the officer, who drew back in surprise at the undaunted bearing of the youth.

"Heyday! here's language for you. His majesty must surely look to his possessions when they breed cubs like this. Do you know, sir, that you address an officer of the king of England?"

"I cannot doubt; your manner convinces me," replied Foster, disdainfully.

"So you have at least some perception; but so you may not question British chivalry, let me invite you to take some wine with me."

"Before I touch glasses with you, I must know why I am arraigned here?"

"That, sir, it is not my pleasure to divulge at present; your detention is one link in the chain of conquest, and you will not be very likely to be allowed to depart."

"I cannot see how the captivity of one can affect the whole nation."

"That is not strange! All persons do not see with the same eyes. As you will not drink with me, I am to consider you defiant?"

"Since you will have it, yes!"

"Very well! very well!" said the officer, "men are not apt to speak advisedly when they have blood at fever heat. Let us come to some amicable terms!" And the colonel rattled a purse of gold on the table. Foster cast a withering look at him and drew back.

"Do you defy us still?" said the officer, getting angry.

"I both defy and despise you. Let me tell you, I would sooner lose both arms from my body than have them touch one farthing of your gold upon the disgraceful terms which you propose! Do with me as you will."

"Take him away, Clark," exclaimed the colonel, addressing his orderly. "You need not be very particular about his fare, and as to bedding, if he intends to be a soldier, he will needs become accustomed to hard sleeping."

Foster surveyed the minion of tyranny, and then followed his captors, while the colonel, taking another glass of wine, remarked, "These rebel curs are just fit for serfs."

The news of Foster's misfortune soon reached the ears of the Maxwells, from whom intelligence was conveyed to the American leader at Concord, who to prevent the intended attack of the British upon their stores, arranged themselves

in a posture of defence. Each day that passed over the heads of the Continentals matured some new misfortune and called for new zeal and sacrifice.

Three months passed, and a different phase had come over the aspect of affairs. The struggle was at its height. Meantime, over Mark Morrison, the change from good to bad had been as rapid as could be imagined. With his usual shortsightedness, Morrison looked upon the final overthrow of the colonists as certain, and with an innate love of display, and a passion for money, he hailed the approach of the British army with pleasure.

In early life he had become infatuated with Florence Maxwell, and now in the service of the British, he had rank and wealth; was a sergeant in the infantry, instead of a homespun hard-working Continental, and he thought to make proposition for the hand of Florence which could not but enlist her pride.

It was while pondering over the distracted affairs of the nation, and the captivity of Foster, that Miss Maxwell, having strolled unconsciously to some distance from the cottage, was surprised by the appearance of an officer in scarlet uniform, who was approaching her rapidly, and was still more surprised when, in the features of the intruder, she recognized Mark Morrison. She would have turned back, but he detained her by placing himself in her way.

"Miss Maxwell, to seek to avoid me is useless. I have run many risks to procure this interview, and you must hear me."

"Must hear you, Mark Morrison! I am the daughter of an American patriot. Out of my path, sir!"

"Florence Maxwell," replied Morrison, "you are a high-minded girl. Whether I feel any regrets for the steps I have taken, it matters not now to say. I must follow the course I have taken, wherever it may lead me."

"Why are you here, Mark? Is it for the purpose of betraying those who have covered you with benefits?"

"Your opinion of me must be poor indeed."

"What then can be your object here?"

"What, Florence, can you not guess it?"

"It relates to Frank Foster!"

"No, no!" he replied, with a frown.

"What then can it be?"

"Florence, my time is brief, you must listen to me."

"What means this strange language? I do not comprehend you."

"I can easily make myself understood. Never for a moment, through all my frivolities and

changes, has the hope of winning you deserted me. I trembled at the sound of your lightest foot-step, and the lowest note of your musical voice found an echo in my palpitating heart. Now I have rank, money and powerful friends. Frank Foster has given himself body and soul to his country's welfare, and can never be yours."

"Mark Morrison," she replied, "it is said there are feelings in human nature too deep for utterance, and such is my scorn for you. I am the daughter of a patriot, and can give you only unqualified contempt."

"Beware! beware, Miss Florence, how you provoke me! I am a close friend, but an implacable enemy."

"How a moment changes you! This is the voice that a moment since pleaded so eloquently its love! Sir, you have my answer."

"Go, then, proud girl. Remember my words; it was no idle boast I made to you, and you will soon regret the course you have taken. A British officer cannot be insulted with impunity." And while Miss Maxwell returned to her cottage, Morrison made his way to the British camp.

The first impulse of Florence was to relate all that had occurred, and then a second thought restrained her. Her misgivings did not desert her, and when she retired to her pillow, it was with a drooping heart. About midnight she was called out of her slumber by the report of fire arms, to find her worst fears realized. The apartment was filled with light from the flames of the burning cottages, while the rapid discharges of musketry added to the horror. Florence, after a hasty toilet, proceeded to her parents to arouse them, when the door of the apartment flew open, and Morrison, with a weapon in his hand, dashed into the room.

"My parents! where are they?" she screamed, grasping him, regardless of his blade. "Have you murdered them?"

"Ha! ha! you are the suppliant now. Look, girl, this knife has tasted their blood! I warned you, but you would not abide it! I have kept my promise. The house burns above you; come, if you would not add another to the victims!"

But Florence had fallen, overcome with horror, and Morrison, lifting her in his arms, bore her from the fast consuming building, and placing her upon his horse, leaped up behind her, and spurred away from the scene of slaughter.

The news of this calamity spread far and wide, and a thousand sturdy souls nerved themselves to vengeance; and while the British scout were engaged in carousal and debauch, the Continentals made great havoc among their enemies, and besides slaughtering and taking them prisoners,

had the pleasure of bursting the fetters of many a comrade who had been pinioned by the enemies. Among these was Franklin Foster, and not having been informed of the fate of the quiet hamlet, and its generous and peaceable inhabitants, he sought once more the place of former recreation and interchange. Nothing but a heap of mouldering ruins was left to greet him, and, overwhelmed with sorrow, Foster fell on his knees over the funeral pyre of his friends, and swore by all that was sacred, to avenge their wrongs or lay himself beside them. In the midst of his audible reflections some one clapped him on the shoulder; turning, he beheld an old friend, and he exclaimed:

"Is it you, Nesbit? No voice could be more welcome. With whom do you serve?"

"With Warren, to be sure. Come, go with me; I know your spirit well, boy, and it was for that purpose I sought you."

"How did you think to find me here?"

"The captive bird when released, always flies to the nest that reared it; and I knew your affection for a certain damsel, who once dwelt in these whereabouts."

"Do not name her again. One thought of her who is now in heaven, would unman me."

"Come then, Foster, we're united to revenge. Be brave!" So saying, with his new recruit, Nesbit hurried towards the Continental army.

The stirring events of Lexington and Bunker Hill soon occupied the attention of all the true-hearted, and none was more brave or more intrepid than young Foster, and after the latter battle, he received a lieutenant's commission.

Circumstances about this time somewhat enlivened hope in the breast of Lieutenant Foster, that the fair Florence might have escaped the fate that seemed at once to have overwhelmed her; and brightening with the thought, in conference with the steadfast Nesbit, a plan was formed to make search for her throughout the British camp, and if retained there, to liberate her. Accordingly Nesbit was arrayed as a pedler, and with an accumulated Salmagundi of Yankee notions, made his way into the enemy's camp, and among the half inebriated soldiers the pedler made his waggish turn of mind and voluble discourse quite a subject of amusement.

Among the inmates of the bivouac, he found Morrison, and with the inquisitive questions of the ingenious Brother Jonathan, he soon gained from him the certainty of Miss Maxwell's welfare and imprisonment, and awkwardly withdrawing as became his unsophistical character, the pedler hastened from the camp, and was immediately lost to sight.



After having followed quite a circuitous path, he came to an old, shattered domain and entered it. Ascending to the highest floor, he soon came to the side of a prostrate personage, who would never, to any save those who had prepared the disguise, been known as Franklin Foster. His head was bound up with a piece of soiled cotton, and his face covered with some preparation which gave it the hue of death.

"Well, my poor invalid, how fares it with you, to night?" said Nesbit, jocosely, as he was divesting himself of his peddling attire.

"As well as can be expected, considering this swathing *a la mummy*. I am half turned to a pickle of oils and balsams," he replied, leaping from his bed; "tell me, what have you heard?"

Then the revelation of all the discoveries he had made, and all that concerned Miss Maxwell, occupied some moments of Nesbit.

"By a little ingenuity, we can obtain an interview with her, and perhaps succeed in effecting her release. But it must be done with great caution. The plan I should propose is to disguise yourself as a British soldier, or a servant to one, and under pretence of bearing a letter, you can come into her presence. Then the rest is easy."

The trial was accordingly made. Fortune seemed to favor our hero, and, when the British soldier entered on the errand, Florence Maxwell was seated, forlorn and sorrowful, with folded hands, musing on her misery. The heart of young Foster throbbed high beneath his red jacket, and unable to conquer the first impulse, he was rushing forward to fold her in his arms when she repelled him. Surprised and confounded, he drew back, exclaiming, "This from you, Florence?"

Florence looked again, and satisfied, allowed him to fold her to his heart.

"Forgive my disguise, but in my anxiety I forgot to remove my cap; but I come to release you from a captivity of which I know you are heartily tired."

With his arm around her waist, but too happy, young Foster meditated upon the best means of making her release, when a step was heard behind, and the British colonel, of whom we have spoken before, stood before the bewildered pair.

"So! ho! you liked us so well that you returned? You are a spy, I see, and martial law prescribes severely for those who may be caught working against the king."

"I fear no law save that of Heaven," replied Foster; "as for a king, I have none. My country has my allegiance, and I have sworn to abide or fall with her."

"You speak boldly, and you certainly deserve a better fate. The offer I once made you I renew, else death will follow."

"And I repeat again my scorn for you and your offer, and add that the person who continually makes infamous proposals is no gentleman."

"Be it so; you have chosen. Ho, there, corporal, I have some business for you."

"You cannot doom him, untried, to so ignominious a death," cried Florence, throwing herself at the colonel's feet.

"It is in vain to plead for him, my dear young lady. In time of war, soldiers cannot stand upon delicacy."

Florence Maxwell, however, continued to plead for her lover, until he was fairly torn from her. Just at this juncture an order came from headquarters to the colonel, to wait upon the commander, and muttering imprecations upon the rebels, he left Miss Maxwell in the care of a female servant, and obeyed.

Days passed, the faithful Nesbit hearing of the danger of his friend, gave intelligence to Washington, who having known much of the prowess of young Foster in the late engagements, and making negotiations with the British about that time, relative to the evacuation of Boston, he was enabled to interfere successfully in our hero's behalf, and the day after the British troops marched out of the town to make room for the patriot army, the American commander-in-chief placed the hand of the blushing Florence within that of Franklin Foster, and craving the benison of a kiss from the fair one, bade them love and be happy with each other.

#### A RUSSIAN CANARD.

A St. Petersburg letter, in the "Czar," of Cracow, gives the following extraordinary story, which must come under the category of canard: "A tragical drama has just taken place here, The agent of Count Sch—, who had been to the bank to receive 15,000 silver roubles, lost the packet of notes on his way home. The money was picked up by a clerk, who, instead of giving the money at once to the owner, followed him to his house, and inquired the name of the person who lived there. The finder of the money then returned home, hesitating how he should act. Upon arriving there, a violent quarrel took place between him and his wife, the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, the next morning went to the house of the count to give up the property; but the latter would not receive it, saying that the agent had committed suicide in consequence of the loss. Overcome by remorse, he returned home, where he found that during his absence, his wife had hanged herself from vexation at not having kept the money. He immediately cut down the body, and hanged himself with the same rope!"

## I LOVE TO STRAY.

BY ALBERT AINSWORTH SAUNDERS.

I love to stray at early dawn,  
When first awakes the day,  
A down the dewy mead and lawn,  
Or o'er the flowery bray;  
'Tis then the feathery songsters raise  
To God their sweetest notes of praise.

I love to stray at noon's bright hour,  
When all of nature's rife,  
Beneath the sun's meridian power,  
With busy, active life;  
The grazing herd, the waving grain,  
Enchants the view on hill and plain.

I love to stray at even-tide  
In some secluded spot,  
Along the winding brooklet's side,  
Or o'er the grassy plot,  
Where all the day in summer hours  
The bees have kissed the honeyed flowers.

I love to stray thus ever well,  
At morning, noon, or night,  
'Neath Sol's bright rays in shady dell,  
Or Luna's silver light;  
Each leaflet bright or flower wan,  
Suggests a thought to mortal man.

## THE CALVILLE APPLES.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOSEPHINE.

BY ESTELLE GRAY.

In the first time of the Consulate, when Bonaparte was truly Cæsar, that is, absolute master in the state which still retained the name of republic, the First Consul and his wife willingly quitted Paris to pass a few hours at Malmaison. Josephine especially loved the modest country-house, where, far from leading the empire and initiating herself into the ceremonials of court, she could indulge the simple tastes of the benevolent lady of a chateau, who banishes from her saloons all luxury and ostentation; still, Malmaison was a luxurious point which attracted all eyes, and Madame Bonaparte, notwithstanding her cares, saw there more courtiers than flowers, and was surrounded with the most elegant women and ambitious men of the time, and the *fetes* were multiplied incessantly.

One evening, as Josephine was dining at Malmaison, at the moment the fruit was brought in, a young man whose name we will not mention, as he is still living, was admitted to pay his court to the wife of the First Consul; he entered, followed by an individual about fifty years of age, who carried a small table that he placed before Josephine, and upon which he spread a

worn-out carpet. When these summary arrangements were completed, the stranger drew from a juggler's pocket three pewter cups, and began to play his tricks. The balls multiplied under his fingers, and he made them rebound like hail, according to his pleasure, then with a breath they vanished.

"Madame has only to speak," said he, resolutely, to Josephine, "and she shall be served at a wish. I regret that madame has finished her dinner, for I could have presented her with some dishes which did not appear on her table to-day; the roach from the Mediterranean, the sardine from Royan, or those small fishes that are found in that part of the world where madame was born for the happiness of France. But madame has only to wish—desire a diamond, or a linnet of the woods, a ruby from the East, or one of the nightingales which sing in our forests."

The man who thus placed his art at Josephine's service, seemed to wish that she should decide upon a nightingale, for he approached his ear to the cup, as if he already heard the harmonious notes of the songsters of spring; but Josephine, although she had always expended monstrous sums for her toilet, had a simple taste, and preferred a bouquet of flowers, to one of diamonds; she asked not for a ruby or a bird, but a rose. Scarcely had she spoken when the conjurer reversed his cup, and showed the astonished spectators a rose surrounded by buds, which gracefully expanded and filled the apartment with their fragrant odor.

"O," cried Josephine, "you have taken the most beautiful rose in my conservatory; that one I intended giving Bonaparte to-morrow, because it required the whole night to fully open."

"Excuse me, madame," politely replied the conjurer, "but this rose is mine, and I have the honor of offering it to the wife of the First Consul. I should not dare touch the flowers of Madame Bonaparte, besides I have never stepped my foot into her green-house."

Josephine sent one of her attendants to confirm the fact, and he returned saying that the rose destined for the First Consul was still blooming upon its stem. Josephine, simple and credulous as a creole child, could not recover from her astonishment; but nothing seemed to perplex the wonderful man who so delighted her; he drew from his pocket a number of birds, which came and picked the crumbs that had fallen from the table; then he filled a glass with water, and throwing the liquid upon the floor, myriads of beautiful flowers were scattered around the attendants. When admiration was at its height, and curiosity was wearied rather than exhausted,

Josephine took a sort of alms-bag that was attached to her arm-chair, and which they then called a *ridicule*, and sought for some pieces of gold, when the conjurer threw himself at her feet.

"Madame," said he, "you can repay me a hundred fold for the slight amusement I have given you, but not with gold—one favor, madame, one favor."

"What is it?" asked Josephine, who honestly believed the man had more power than herself.

Then he entreated her to taste some of the fruit that was upon the table. Josephine extended her hand towards some Calville apples which had tempted her appetite for some minutes, and using the knife to cut it with the indecision of a woman who expects a miracle, opened the golden fruit. There are some flowers, said the Latin poet, which bear written in their calyx the name of kings; the apple which Josephine held concealed in its heart a petition to the First Consul.

"Madame," said the conjurer, "you see at your feet an unfortunate creature, who has mingled with the quarrels of the kings and taken up arms against the republic. I was beaten in the Vendee with a cockade which is no longer that of my country, and when the party I served was conquered, I fled. I quitted France to live abroad! My country has disowned me, my name is erased from the list of citizens, and recorded upon that of the emigrants; one word from you, madame, and these precious rights will be restored to me, I can again become a Frenchman, and live in the midst of my people."

During this entreaty, Josephine curiously examined the fruit, the pieces of which lay upon her plate; she pressed with her delicate fingers the smooth and glossy skin, and admired the prodigy before her eyes; an apple that instead of seeds, contained a petition.

"Monsieur," said she to the emigrant, "I will do what you desire. The First Consul shall see your petition, and you may depend that I will do all in my power to have your request granted."

The conjurer arose, put his cups in his pocket and his little table under his arm, bowed almost to the floor, and departed.

"Monsieur," then said Josephine, to the young man who had introduced the skilful juggler, "you have made me pass a very pleasant evening, but this man must not leave us, Bonaparte must erase his name. They grant this favor to persons less amusing and less useful. I will summon that man when I have occasion for a miracle."

Under the Directory, the emigrants had re-

turned in crowds. The thoughtless Barras readily supposed that all hatred was appeased. It was not so with Bonaparte, who, without being suspicious, was prudent, and knew well that the commotion had been too great, even if the new state remained quiet. They then became more severe under the Consulate than under the Directory. The First Consul, it is true, regarded the Republicans as his most dangerous enemies; but he inspected the proceedings of the emigrants, and those who had fought in the Vendee or tarried in England, were doubly suspected by him. Fouché watched over the Vendee, and reported unceasingly to Bonaparte the most alarming accounts; but this did not prevent the infernal intrigue from breaking out some time after. It is known that Bonaparte's first movement was to accuse the Republicans of this plot, while Fouché, who saw in everything that troubled France the underhand dealings of the English, did not hesitate to accuse the royalist party.

At eleven o'clock in the evening, the First Consul left the opera, and arrived a little before midnight, noiselessly and almost alone at Malmaison. Upon hearing that Josephine had retired to rest, he entered her chamber, but finding her asleep passed into his own apartment.

"Madame requested me to awaken her as soon as the First Consul arrived," said a waiting-maid, who had dared to follow him.

"Do not do it," replied he; "let her rest. I wish to be alone."

And he lay down upon the iron camp-bed which had served him in his already numerous campaigns, and which, like all that belonged to him, has become historical.

The following day, at six o'clock in the morning, Bonaparte breakfasted standing in the dining-hall of Malmaison, while the carriage which was to convey him to Paris, was waiting in the court of the chateau, when Josephine entered. She ran to him, kissed his forehead, and taking his hand said:

"Would you go without seeing me?"

"What didst thou do yesterday, Josephine?" asked Bonaparte; "how didst thou spend the day? who came to see thee?"

"I was very much amused; if thou wilt dine with me to-day, I will give thee a surprise that will delight thee. Now I think of it," added she, drawing from her bosom a paper which she unfolded. "Strike out this name from the emigrant list; thou wilt do me a favor; besides, I have promised."

"A Chouan!" cried Bonaparte, passionately, as he read the petition; "Georges Marec, one of the adherents of Charette and Larochejaquequin!"

One of those men who for eighteen months followed the armies of the republic, to kill the isolated soldiers, to despatch the dying upon the battle-field—Marec, Marec—a man who came from England, who stealthily landed on our shores, whom Pitt doubtless charged. Fox, M. Fox my friend, wrote to me himself to distrust such miserable creatures. And how did you know this man? Where have you seen him? Why did you interest yourself in him? Speak, madame, speak.”

At this burst of anger, Josephine, agitated and abashed, began to weep.

“Come,” said Bonaparte, “do not weep, but answer me; undoubtedly thou didst not know that man; they impose upon thy goodness. The traitors thought that this request presented from thy hand could not fail to be granted, and then they would have proceeded boldly to Paris and perpetrated crimes almost under our eyes. Fouché was right; these people never change.” And thus speaking, Bonaparte took his wife’s arm in his, and began to walk with her in the dining-hall, unmindful of his unfinished breakfast.

“I do not know him,” said Josephine; “do not be angry, Bonaparte; destroy the petition; say no more about it. If thou knewest how he came to me—”

“That is just what I wish to know,” said Bonaparte. Then Josephine related how M. N—— had introduced into her house a conjurer, just as she had dined, and the wonderful tricks with which he had astounded her. Even this petition which Bonaparte held in his hand was something wonderful; it appeared to have grown in the fruit, or at least to have been placed there by a supernatural power.

“And to whom dost thou open the door of thy house?” said the First Consul; “to jugglers, to buffoons, who, not expecting to deceive the husband, seek to delude and fascinate the wife? Thou art a child, Josephine; some tricks have duped you; thou hast seen the conjurer’s pocket, and believed in what came out of it. And he then approached a sideboard, and took one of the fruit from the basket.

“Here,” said Josephine, “I found the petition in an apple like that. Thou knowest how I love the Calvilles, they are served to me each day, and it was chance that guided my choice.”

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders, and taking a knife, opened the fruit. The same miracle again appeared, a petition was found concealed in the heart of the apple.

“In two of them,” said Bonaparte, taking a second fruit, which he opened and found a third petition. All the fruits were then opened;

and all enclosed the same miracle. Then Napoleon showed Josephine by what skilful contrivance they had taken the seeds from the apples, and put in their place a paper carefully folded. “This man’s plan could not fail,” said he; “he arranged it so that thou shouldst choose according to thy taste; it was in agreement with the fruiterer, who from this moment shall never serve thee again; and as for thy conjurer, I will summon Fouché, and—”

“Ah, Bonaparte, I entreat thee,” cried Josephine, “that they may not come here to seize him. Let not the inviolability of my house be disregarded!”

“Thy house! he is here then?”

“No, he is not, but he will return here again; I had hoped that this evening thou wouldst be amused with—”

“Fouché will find him, never fear; thy house shall not be injured; but this dangerous man shall not plot as he pleases.”

Then, without wishing to hear more from Josephine, he embraced her, pushed away with his foot the pieces of apple and the petitions which were scattered upon the floor; hastened to his carriage which awaited him, surrounded by the consular guard, and departed for Paris.

It would be impossible to describe Josephine’s sorrow, who already began to merit the name of the good empress, which was afterwards given her. She was not exactly interested in that man, but the thought that she would be the cause of his imprisonment, and perhaps of his death, was insupportable to her. She ordered Georges Marec to be sought for throughout Malmaison. She was very anxious, asking advice of the persons who surrounded her, wishing at first to give some gold to him, and then to one of her attendants, who would accompany him as far as the frontier. They sought him in vain, M. N——, who had introduced Marec, had left Malmaison, and had not returned.

Finally, the dinner hour arrived, but Josephine, engrossed with one thought, could touch nothing. When the fruit was brought in, the folding-door opened and Georges Marec appeared with his little table, his ebony stick, and his juggler’s pocket.

“Ah,” cried Josephine, “fly, or you are lost; you are a *Chouan*; you have massacred the French soldiers; you deserve death. My house can no longer shelter you, fly.”

The conjurer looked at Josephine with a mild, tranquil air, and begging her only to grant him a quarter of an hour, he placed his table and drew out his cups from his pocket. This time he did not propose diamonds or rubies, or cause a

shower of flowers to fall upon them from the ceiling, it was little soldiers, little foot-soldiers and horsemen which came from his cups.

"Here are," said he, "the Austrians, the Prussians, and the Russians displayed upon the plains. See their battalions, their squadrons, their divisions. Look at Melas their leader, upon a white horse, at Suwarrow upon a black horse, their great captain, Suwarrow, who has promised his patron saint Nicholas to give him all the guns of the French soldiers. Look now at the French army; see General Bonaparte. He looks upon his enemies, he extends his hand, and every one knocks against each other and a battle ensues. Do you hear the noise of the cannon and the trumpet? Do you see the tri-colored flag which moves onward towards the general's enemies, which threatens them, which overtakes them! Long live the republic! long live General Bonaparte! the victory is ours!"

And by a master-piece of skill and mechanism, the battalions of soldiers seemed to come out from the juggler's cups and range themselves upon the table, where they went through the manoeuvres with which Georges Marec had deafened Josephine's ears. When the battle was gained, conquerors and conquered entered the pocket, while the conjurer declared that he would show to the august wife of the First Consul still more astonishing things: Mourad Bay, the Mamelukes, Kleber, Junot, Dessaix, the battle of the Pyramids, and in short the campaign of Egypt.

"In the name of Heaven, take this gold," said Josephine, for the danger which she knew threatened this man prevented her from enjoying this singular spectacle. "Take this gold and go away."

"Will you grant me a last favor?" said the conjurer, putting in his pocket the campaign of Egypt. "Deign, madame, to open one more Calville apple."

Josephine hastily did as he requested, and found the following letter:

"MADAME,—I bring the proof to the First Consul that the Marec who has had the honor of appearing before you and of asking a favor of you, is not the murderer and assassin who merits the utmost severity of the law; he whom you have patronized is an honest man, who, it is true, was in the expedition of Quiberon, but was loyally defeated and banished after the defeat of the royalists; he did not emigrate to England but to Germany, from whence he brought the puppets which have amused you. The other Marec is not named Georges, but Yves, and he is still in England, where every step is watched. I am happy, madame, to announce to you that your protegee is crossed off from the list of emigrants. I have the honor, madame, etc. I. FOUCHÉ."

"Well and good, said Josephine," with a sigh of relief. "Monsieur, let us see the campaign of Egypt."

Georges Marec had indeed passed two years in Germany, where he had juggled in order to gain a living. On his return to France he gave up his tricks, without precisely relinquishing his first calling. The influence of the empress obtained a situation for him in the *fournitures*.

#### A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH.

A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a runaway match in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of parents and relatives of every degree, and securing the co-operation of a friendly clergyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion, several miles distant, where the rites could be performed without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was as much mounting, and racing, and chasing, as occurred on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby Maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of approaching pursuers, and gave the horses the spur. But, alas! their enemies were better mounted, and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea "took," and the pastor at once commenced the ritual. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched the bridal rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife! When the old gentleman first learned what had been done, he was inclined to be furious; but being a gallant old fellow, and admiring a daring action, he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in consideration of the handsome and novel manner in which they triumphed over him.—*Dayton (O.) Gazette*.

#### AN HONEST MAN.

Samuel Eastman, late of Hardwick, 70 years old, some forty years ago found it necessary to secure the pecuniary aid of two friends, who became his sureties for the payment of a certain claim. Owing to the misfortunes of their principal, the sureties were obliged to pay the debt. Mr. E. remained in poverty until quite recently, when he received a small legacy from a deceased relative, and immediately sought to remunerate the two friends who, many years before, had kindly assisted him. Upon inquiry he learned that they were both dead, and that their families had removed to other places. But he persevered, and finally found the widows of his deceased friends, and partially repaid them, and added a solemn promise that he would soon cancel the remainder, both principal and interest.—*Barre Gazette*.

Economy is a pauper without a parish, whom no one will own or adopt unless compelled by necessity.

## THEN, MY LOVE.

BY WILLIAM HOTT.

When the beauteous morning cometh,  
 With its sunshine, songs and glee,  
 Twin the thought to me it bringeth,  
 Two in one, and they are we--  
 Then, my love, I talk of thee.

When the golden noontide streameth  
 Shadowless, unbound, and free,  
 And the soul of nature seemeth  
 Mine, in its immensity--  
 Then, my love, I think of thee.

When the misty moonlight velleth  
 Half the earth, and ebbing sea,  
 And the hush of night prevailleth  
 O'er my woodland home, and me--  
 Then, my love, I dream of thee.

Times there are--I may not name them--  
 Dear as any times can be;  
 None may know, and none may claim them--  
 Heaven look down forgivingly--  
 Then, my love, I love but thee!

## THE PAINTER'S PERILS:

—OR,—

## DOING ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

"Don't talk to me about daggerotypes, or photygraphs, or ambrytypes nuther," exclaimed Mrs. Prudence Pettycoat, as she stood, spectacles on nose, with her left arm extended, her thin, wiry form drawn up to its full height, and her head thrown back so as to give somewhat undue prominence to her sharp chin. "Don't tell me of sun-pictures! I should like to know if the operator, as he calls himself in the saloon over in Pumpkinville, can beat that?" And the enthusiastic lady pointed with the forefinger of her right hand to a scrap of paper which she held at arm's length in her left; and she added, no one having ventured to remark in opposition to her eulogy: "The boy is a genius, sister Charity!"

On the scrap of paper thus exhibited to a select few by Mrs. Prudence Pettycoat was a slight water-color drawing which had been made by her nephew, a lad of some twelve years of age, and the son of a deceased sister. It was a portrait—a "screeching likeness" as it was pronounced—of old Deacon Winterblossom, an eccentric inhabitant of the village. And as the said deacon was by no means a popular character, the trifling exaggerations of feature in which the young artist had maliciously indulged, were productive of no little mirth. Had Deacon Winterblossom listened while his portrait was

being remarked upon by the good ladies who assembled in Mrs. Pettycoat's little parlor, he would most assuredly have heard no good of himself.

Vincent Brown's fate was decided by the criticisms on this portrait—flattering and one-sided as they were. The die was cast—he would be a painter and nothing else. Like Benjamin West, whose talent became first known by his drawing a little sister in its cradle, Vincent's fame dated from the period when he sketched Deacon Winterblossom's hooked nose. Fortunately for the embryo artist, a travelling sign painter visited the village, and from him he obtained some information respecting colors, and the modes of mixing them. At length he could work with facility on canvass, and as he really had a taste for drawing, a quick eye and a ready hand, he soon produced portraits which were objects of wonder to the neighbors, and almost of adoration to his aunts, Prudence and Charity, who indulged in the most extravagant speculations respecting the future glories of Vincent, who they felt convinced was destined to cast Copley and Allston into the shade, and to leave Sully and Inman at an unapproachable distance.

A few years passed away, and the maiden sisters came to the conclusion that it would never do to allow the genius of their nephew to remain obscured in Pumpkinville. Vincent, too, began to be eager for a wider sphere of action. He felt there was something in him, and resolved that it should come out. A great city, also, would present a proper field for his talent, and so, after many little sacrifices had been made by the good sisters in order to provide funds to give their nephew a start in his profession, Vincent Brown left his village home in the Green Mountain State, and speedily reached Boston, where he proposed to establish himself first as a painter of portraits, in order to procure ready money, and afterwards as a professor of high art, in the hope of gratifying his ambition.

But O, how he shrank within himself when he first saw some of the works of the great masters of art which were exhibited in the Athenæum and other institutions\* of the City of Notions. But Vincent was not the one to sit down discouraged. Resolutely he set to work, and before long felt that he had not mistaken his vocation. Many and formidable were the difficulties which stood in his way, but what need to speak here of his early struggles? Every one who has lifted a pen, or used a pencil, can easily imagine them. Enough to say that in an astonishingly short period he found himself in a position which justified him in quitting his obscure

lodging in the north part of the town, and hiring a painting room in a street near the Common. He was wise, too, in his generation, and with his Yankee cuteness saw that there was a great deal in a name, Mr. William Shakespere to the contrary notwithstanding. So on the door of the house in which he dwelt, there soon appeared an imposing looking silver plate, on which was inscribed: "MR. VANDYKE BROWN, *Portrait Painter, etc.*," which had a truly artistic and imposing appearance.

His first efforts had been humble enough, he had painted anybody and for anything—he had drawn the heads of some who had drawn teeth for others—in plain words he had put a dentist on canvass. For a bar-tender he had painted his inamorata on the lid of snuff box, and had undergone inexpressible torture while transferring to panel or mill board the features of squinting little cherubs, and dreadfully dirty-nosed angels. Thus his practice might have been deemed low, but so were his charges. In fact, he had taken more countenances than cash, and had caught likenesses where he could catch little else. Now, however, that his prospects had brightened, and he had a fine name on his doorplate, he became a member of a sketching club, and actually made designs for the publisher of a pictorial newspaper.

Of course he became acquainted with other men of talent in Boston. One of these was Horace Montford, a young man of fashion and fortune, who possessed a fine taste—and what is more, the means of gratifying it—was attracted by the talents and modesty of the young artist. Montford saw that Vandyke was cramped by the worst of crampers—want of money—and with great delicacy, having sounded him on the point, he proffered a loan of five hundred dollars, and the offer was gratefully accepted in the frank and free spirit in which it had been given.

And not only did he aid him with money—he gave Vandyke the benefit of his influence, which was great among the wealthier classes. Among others he introduced him to the family of one of his relatives, Colonel Egerton, and so strongly recommended him that he was chosen to instruct his daughter, Marianna, in the art of painting, for which purpose he had already made several visits to Beacon Street.

The family of Col. Egerton was a most pleasing specimen of Boston aristocracy. Himself of honorable descent, and distinguished as a soldier, he had married a lady who had brought him a considerable fortune. Mrs. Egerton was a woman of cultivated understanding, amiable disposition, and of great beauty. Marianna, on

whom her beauty had descended, was also heirless to her goodness. She was, about this time, nineteen years of age, and a frank, warm-hearted girl. By all members of the house Vandyke was treated with a kindness which rendered him happier than perhaps he had ever been.

One morning, as Vandyke Brown was busy in his painting room, the postman entered and handed him a letter. It bore the Pumpkinville postmark, and was a joint communication from Miss Prudence and Miss Charity Pettycoat, informing him that as he had now taken up his residence in a fashionable neighborhood, and had reached the summit of his profession, causing them to be so proud of him—as they always predicted they should be—that they had made up their minds to leave Pumpkinville on Thursday next, by the cars, and make a short stay with him in Boston. They added that they had both been longing to see Boston, and hear his fame the leading topic of the great circles. With an injunction to him to meet them at the Lowell Depot, and a loving wind-up, the letter ended.

Poor Brown loved and respected his old maiden aunts, and felt truly grateful to them for all they had done to forward his interests, but he was rather annoyed for all that at their intended visit. They were so odd in their manners—so queer-looking and old-fashioned—and, moreover, being twin-sisters, their manners, and even thoughts, seemed to be in common. With the best intentions in the world, they were always in difficulties by ever doing "all for the best," and nothing in their opinion was done perfectly unless it was thrown into a world of perplexity by what they termed "an error on the right side." Vandyke almost shuddered at the sensation which he fancied these oddities would produce when he introduced them to his Boston friends.

While he was pondering over his perplexities, Mr. Horace Montford made his appearance. Now it should be mentioned that that young gentleman was about to commit matrimony, and to this circumstance it was that his present visit was owing.

"Brown," said he, "you are no stranger to the state of my heart; in short, my marriage with Fanny—Miss Pilkington—is really at hand. I have, therefore, a favor to ask of you in your professional capacity, and which I know you will execute with judgment. See," exclaimed he, drawing from his pocket a morocco case, in which was deposited a miniature, "see, there is Fanny, painted before I had the pleasure of knowing you. Now look—could you not bring that raven lock a little more—the least in the world—over the—the face? You see what I



mean, Brown—just there—to the point of my pencil?"

Nothing could have been easier than to see what Mr. Montford did mean; but Vandyke had been so struck with the loveliness of the countenance that he was in fact compelled to beg his friend's instruction a second time; besides which, his sight was not a little dazzled by the setting, for the said miniature was enriched with a cordon of diamonds of purest water. With some diffidence he accepted the duty imposed, which, though really of no great difficulty, yet was a responsibility which rendered him positively nervous.

This commission, with two further visits in Beacon Street, occupied Vandyke until Saturday, the day on which he was to await the arrival of his two aunts at the Lowell Depot.

Wonderful was the amount of luggage which the Misses Pettycoat saw placed in the baggage van before they themselves entered the cars, every trunk and bandbox being labelled "glass," and "with speed." At length, having settled down into their seats—the bell rang—the locomotive panted—the whistle shrieked—and away glided the train.

At the third station before it reached Boston, a foreign-looking gentleman entered the car and took a seat immediately behind the sisters. Women are never too old to dislike flattery, and the strange gentleman seemed to know this well enough. He talked with fluency, and was remarkable for that perfect ease so peculiarly characteristic of men who have seen much of the world. Miss Prudence was greatly charmed, and so, of course, was Miss Charity. In fact, long before they reached Boston they had placed themselves entirely under the protection of their new friend, observing that cities were so full of fraud and imposition it would be well to be on the right side, and embrace the services of one so evidently a man of honor. Safely the party arrived at the Lowell Depot, when the two aunts, as though with one glance, espied their nephew.

"O, Vincent—I mean Vandyke—how truly delighted we both are to meet you again! Bless us, we've had a world of trouble; but 'tis all over, thanks to this gentleman."

"Major Fleecer," whispered the stranger.

"Major Fleecer," importuned Charity.

"Major Fleecer," followed up Prudence.

Vandyke made his acknowledgements to the major in behalf of his relatives, and on receiving an invitation to Winter Street for the next day, he quitted them with an ease and grace which could only have been acquired in Paris.

On the arrival of the party to the artist's

lodgings, the ladies once again confessed the fullness of their hearts, for next to George Washington and Daniel Webster, their admiration was Vandyke Brown. This torrent was suddenly diverted by a scream from Aunt Prudence, indicating that one of their nine boxes was missing!

Vandyke hurried back to the depot, but returned with no favorable tidings. The loss, however, was soon forgotten, and inquiries were anxiously made respecting the mansions which contained the splendid efforts of their nephew's pencil, of the large sums he received, and the great millionaires with whom he associated.

"My dear aunts," said he, "your affection for me leads you sadly into extremes. I am doing well, but not greatly. My very existence is not known to above fifty persons; and as to wealth, I believe a thousand dollars to be no other than the Phoenix." But when, soon afterwards he represented the friendship he really did enjoy, in respect of Horace Montford, and the patronage of Beacon Street, their congratulations were without bounds.

Vandyke's duties occupied him much abroad, especially those to his pupil, Marianna Egerton. Montford called about this time in Winter Street, and as he was accustomed, stepped into one of the apartments in which were seated the two aunts. Conversation was soon entered on—the subject, Vandyke—one always interesting to Montford; while to Prudence and Charity it was the only one which could ever become a subject of conversation at all.

"Ah," continued Prudence, "Vandyke is not a young man to boast of these things; but we know, Mr. Montford, what must not be told, that our nephew's reputation is prodigious!"

"Prodigious!" exclaimed Charity, in the same key.

"I certainly was not aware," observed their visitor, somewhat coldly, "his success was so great."

"Vandyke does not desire these things to be much talked about," responded Prudence, sententiously; "but there is not a day but some great man is with him; and the sums of money he receives are positively bewildering!"

"Positively bewildering!" appended Charity.

Montford again expressed his surprise at this intelligence. He made several attempts at diverting the conversation; but this being impossible, two to one were the odds against him; on no other subject could they converse than their nephew and his successes, with which Montford was pursued till he took refuge in the open street.

It was late in the day when Vandyke returned home, and a further hour elapsed before he entered the usual sitting-room. His face was pale, and his whole frame agitated.

"Our dear nephew!" exclaimed Charity.

"Our dear nephew!" uttered Prudence.

"You look ill, unhappy, what is it? Your friend, Mr. Montford has been here this morning, and I protest we rang a very peal upon your merits, enough to make your cheeks burn."

"You have destroyed me!" exclaimed he.

"Destroyed you?" ejaculated Aunt Charity.

"Destroyed you?" reiterated Aunt Prudence, an octave higher.

"See—read," continued Vandyke, throwing a letter on the table, and himself into an arm-chair, "read—read!"

"DEAR MR. BROWN,—My love of candor may possibly lead me to extremes. You have from time to time concealed from me the true state of your professional situation. That it is cheering I congratulate you, but out of the abundance of your recent pecuniary returns, you might have been induced to acknowledge your obligations to me on the 26th of last month, by an offer at least more honorable than that which I now discover to have been a subterfuge. I am still willing to remain your sincere friend.

HORACE MONTFORD."

We will not dwell on the scene which followed. Charity and Prudence, to do them justice, were as much distressed as Vandyke himself, but still protesting that as they had done all for the best, all was for the best.

In the course of that day the artist wrote a letter to Horace Montford, enclosing five hundred dollars, which he had much ado to scrape together, in which, as he could not forbear an expression of scorn at the imputation of subterfuge, he manifested but little desire for further vindication. This done, he turned his attention for the last time to the miniature of Fanny Pilkington, and it was some consolation to him to find that he had executed his task with a happy effect.

But Vandyke passed a restless night; and rising early he proceeded to the neighborhood of Roxbury, where he had some professional engagement. He had not been long gone when Major Fleecer paid a visit to Prudence and Charity. Anxious as they were to repair their late mischief, they were rejoiced at the prompt attention of one so familiar with the great and wealthy, and desirous of turning this timely acquaintance to Vandyke's advantage.

The first subject of conversation was the loss of one of the nine boxes, at which the major expressed a horror so theatrical that the ladies

positively glowed with gratitude, and at once entered into the full history of the inadvertence of yesterday.

"And though," said Charity, in continuation, "Vandyke receives astonishing sums from prodigious persons, yet you must be aware, Major Fleecer—"

"Major Fleecer!" interposed Prudence.

"That there are times when the best gentleman in the land might require a small matter from a friend. But Vandyke is as proud as Mr. Montford himself, we can tell him!"

"We can tell him!" urged Prudence.

"And the servant has directions this very morning for carrying this enclosure of five hundred dollars to his fickle companion."

"Montford?" repeated the elegant Major Fleecer. "What! Mr. Montford of—of—"

"Dorchester," said Prudence, with quickness.

"I have the honor," proceeded the major, "of the gentleman's confidence, and I am thinking, ladies—"

"Ah, if you would but think, dear Major Fleecer," said Charity.

"'Tis a pity peculiarities of temper on either side should interrupt so sincere a friendship. I will be the bearer of this letter myself. The misunderstanding I can reconcile, and trust me, dear ladies, I will do so."

On which the gratitude of the two ladies was again in a state of sublimation, and the major deposited the letter in his pocket with that peculiar sensation of delight only known to him who has resolved on a charitable action.

"And now," said Charity, "you are of course aware, sir, of Mr. Montford's approaching union with Miss Pilkington?"

"At one time I had reason to suspect it would have been all off," replied the major, with inefable self-possession; "but *de bonne foi*, Montford is to be married at last."

"As you know her, we fancy we can afford you a little surprise, which—but did you major, ever see her miniature?"

"Never," responded Major Fleecer, with great liveliness.

"Then we will indeed surprise you, Vandyke is away, and we think would not be angry. Will you step into his studio?"

"*De bon gre!*" exclaimed he, starting up.

"I have just five minutes at your command."

Charity, with Prudence close at her heels, now descended to the lower apartment, and the major followed.

"Yes, here it is, major, here it is! The key is in the lock of the secretary, how very fortunate! Here is the miniature of Miss Pilkington—"

ton. Did you ever see anything more beautiful, major?"

"No, not in all my travels!" exclaimed Major Fleece, as he received it tenderly in his hands. "What bewitching eyes—ah! charming—charming!" And he tripped to the window more minutely to examine the treasure in question.

But his attention appeared to be suddenly drawn aside by some half finished pictures at the other end of the room; to which having also drawn the observation of the ladies, he once again moved towards the secretary, and turning the key therein, exclaimed in a kind of mock heroic:

"Fore Heaven! we must consign the fair affiance to her solitary chamber—there, there! And believe me, my dear ladies, without scandal, flesh and blood would sometimes be safer under lock and key also, in this naughty town!"

Charity here hid her face, and Prudence did the same. The party now broke up—the aunts to prepare for their morning walk—and the major, as he reminded them, to deliver Vandyke's letter to Mr. Montford.

Linked arm in arm, and happy in the consciousness not only of desiring all for the best, but having effected the same, the two sisters presently found themselves on the Common. Crossing this beautiful place they reached Beacon Street, when they simultaneously exclaimed:

"Bless us, whereabouts is the residence of Col. Egerton. How fortunate! here is an opportunity for thanking Mrs. Egerton for her attention to Vandyke—well, he deserves it. Marianna, too, sweet girl! and to convince her, also, how constantly she is in his thoughts. It will be an error at least on the right side."

Repeating which, they mounted the steps, and each raising a hand to the knocker, took a joint share in a double rap.

In due course they were ushered up the staircase and into a small drawing room. Mrs. Egerton, who was occupied on some embroidery work, rose to receive her visitors, who were slightly awed, but a smile from the mistress of the mansion restored them to self-possession.

"Mrs. Egerton," commenced Charity, "we have taken the liberty, as near relatives of Vandyke, our nephew—our name is Pettycoat—Mrs. Colonel Egerton—"

"Pettycoat, Mrs. Colonel Egerton," added Prudence.

"To express how happy and proud we both are at the favors which you, and indeed your whole family have shown him. And as Vandyke never fails to mention this, wherever he may be, we are sure you must allow he feels it."

"He feels it," echoed Prudence.

Mrs. Egerton's attention was riveted, but Mrs. Egerton said not a word.

"You will, madame, be gratified to learn how greatly Vandyke is in request—and were it not so, we know very well, many and many would be the half hours he would contrive to look in on you and Col. Egerton, and Miss Marianna, nor think anything of it—we mean, not at all in a professional light."

Mrs. Egerton here rose, and with a dignity that might have become the brow of Juno, said:

"I may, perhaps, but imperfectly express myself on an occasion which I feel to be so extraordinary. My surprise utterly disables me from that reply best fitting this occurrence. I have at least to beg that you will not consider it necessary to prolong this interview."

"O, indeed, Mrs. Egerton, the trouble is nothing," answered Charity, not at all, comprehending the personage before her. "Ceremony with us must be quite out of the question. To speak the truth, we both hate it."

"We both hate it," said Prudence.

At this moment a sprightly girl, lovely as Hebe, entered the room. Her cheek slightly glowed with surprise on beholding visitors.

"Miss Marianna Egerton, we presume," pronounced Charity. "How happy we both are in this testimony to the truth of Vandyke's assertion—she is beautiful!"

"Miss Egerton," interrupted Mrs. Egerton, "you will find me disengaged almost instantly—in the library, if you please."

And away glided the little goddess.

"Well, Mrs. Egerton, upon our words, we both declare, that you, as a mother we mean, must naturally feel great interest in that child; and to see her happily married—for that is the word, after all—happily, we say—"

"Happily," interposed Prudence.

"Must be your great object on this side of the grave. And although we could never approve a young lady of rank, sacrificing that rank by marrying positively below her, yet if the choice be a gentleman born—for that is the main question—a gentleman born—"

"A gentleman born," assisted Prudence.

"He takes, as it were, his natural position."

"My engagements," interrupted Mrs. Egerton, in a hurried manner, as she rang the bell, "totally forbid any extension of this proceeding."

A man servant immediately presented himself.

"Nay, dear Mrs. Egerton, suffer us by no means to interfere with any of your domestic arrangements. Consider us not quite as strangers for Vandyke's sake."

"Jenkins!" exclaimed Mrs. Egerton, in a tone of voice scarcely her own as she looked towards the servant.

"Dear me, dear me!" ejaculated Prudence, at this moment, "I protest it rains, rains like anything; but we must be going. How monstrous unlucky, Mrs. Egerton. Stop! stop!"

Uttering which she rushed to the drawing-room window, which was partly unclosed, and stepping into the balcony began to scream violently for a coach, as a hack carriage was at the very moment passing.

"Coach!" shouted Prudence.

"Coach!" screamed Charity, who by this time had followed into the balcony.

"Coach! here! here!" at Mrs. Colonel Egerton's!

Mrs. Egerton had quitted the apartment. And now descending in precisely the same state of happiness they had entered, the two aunts stepped into the vehicle, and pursued their journey home. They soon reached Winter Street, and the exertions they had made during the day for their nephew's advantage, produced them much satisfaction, so that they retired to rest in pleasing anticipation of the morrow.

And the morrow came. Vandyke, more composed, yet far from happy, entered not his painting room till the day was somewhat advanced, and was now about to proceed with some work of his pencil, when Horace Montford was announced.

"Mr. Vandyke Brown," said he, almost fiercely, "I present myself here on an occasion, which I at once declare has given me more pain than any occurrence of my life. The affront which has been passed on a relation of my own, by an act which no ignorance can palliate, demands, sir, an atonement."

Vandyke drew up like a crested serpent, and Montford thus went on:

"My words have reference to the family of Col. Egerton. Is it necessary, sir, to name that visit—application—I know not the terms I should use—which took place yesterday in Beacon Street, on your behalf, and I must conclude, with your sanction?"

"You will still proceed, sir, if you please," said Vandyke, calmly. "As yet, your address is altogether unintelligible."

Montford surveyed him for a moment in fixed astonishment, and then resumed:

"The transaction to which I allude was the expression of a familiarity on your part with the family of Col. Egerton, to which the nearest relative could scarcely in propriety be admitted—that you had an influence of no slight nature

over the mind of his daughter—and had actually advertised yourself her favored admirer."

"Great God!" exclaimed Vandyke, "what is this? Mr. Montford, I implore you, tell me who—where is the enemy who would thus destroy me?"

Montford was for a moment undecided.

"The visit was from your relatives—the ladies now staying in your house."

"My aunts?" And he almost screamed in his distress.

"Yes, Vandyke, here we are!" exclaimed Prudence, as the door opened, and discovered the indivisible sisters. "Here we are! Ah! Mr. Montford, we knew Major Fleecer would make all things comfortable again."

"Woman! woman!" vociferated Vandyke, "in mercy, tempt me no further."

"Tempt you, Vandyke?"

"Tempt you, Vandyke?"

"What is the meaning of this?" continued the sobbing Charity, "after the pains we both took to convince Mrs. Egerton how partial you were to the whole family. Have we not done everything for the best?"

Here Vandyke groaned from his heart's core.

"And can you behave with so much harshness, Mr. Montford, after the trouble the major has had in returning you that ugly loan of five hundred dollars as he did?"

"Five hundred dollars as he did," energetically added Prudence.

"Major?" demanded Montford. "To whom do these ladies refer?"

"To whom? Why to Major Fleecer himself," cried the yet sobbing lady, "who undertook to deliver Vandyke's enclosure into your own hands. Surely, our request was an error on the right side."

"On the right side," wept Prudence.

Vandyke could now scarcely be called himself; but gnashing his teeth, he thrust his hands violently through his abundant locks, and stared at vacancy. The other began to feel a spark of pity; he also began to suspect poor Vandyke had been the double victim of chance and design.

"Mr. Montford," said he, mournfully, "it is no longer possible to contend against events which have so successfully conspired to my undoing. That I have lost your regard would almost render me indifferent to whatever can now befall me!"

The two aunts here set up a cry so audible, that, had Montford attempted to speak, not a syllable could have been heard. At length, however, he said:

"Mr. Brown, I may have been, yes, sincerely do I hope I have been wrong. Let me again have an opportunity of seeing you to-morrow. Come, I will take my miniature," added he, more privately, "and to-morrow you shall know my opinion."

Mechanically rising, Vandyke moved to the secretary, and unlocking it, passed his hand hastily over various articles within.

"The min—Miss—Mr. Montford—I know not—" And then as he scattered the said articles on either side, "Merciful Judge!" implored he, "why am I tormented thus? The miniature—the miniature of Miss Pilkington!"

"The miniature, Vandyke?" clamored Aunt Charity.

"The miniature, Vandyke?" cried Aunt Prudence.

"Free me from torture! Where is the thing, I ask?" At which he would have rushed furiously towards them, but was withheld by Montford.

Uniting in one piercing shriek, the two aunts dropped into the same chair.

"Is it then lost?" demanded Montford.

"Lost? Why all—ay, all is lost!" shouted he, frantically. "All life possessed or promised!"

"For goodness sake, frighten us not so," said the weeping Charity. "Miss Pilkington's picture is not lost. We can tell that, and the major can tell that, for he locked it safe in the secretary with his own hands, and made a speech upon it, too, did the major."

"The what?—the who?" screamed Vandyke. "That ruffian cutpurse, for such I swear he is! Hear them—see them, sir, these women! Tell them I am driven from my home, my country—"

Montford, really apprehensive something of a serious nature was about to happen, felt himself called on in pure humanity to interfere. He could no longer doubt the miniature had been stolen; but the loss of it, which at any other time would have called forth any powers which he himself possessed for playing the madman, was now forgotten in his anxiety for his friend.

"No, Vandyke," he said, "your name, your reputation shall be spotless before the world, as I call Heaven to witness I believe them." And he hurried the artist from the apartment.

It would be quite needless to observe that our friends had seen the last of Major Fleecer.

"I will not quit you till these wounds are closed."

Such were the last words of Montford to Vandyke; and he was faithful to his pledge. All was again well, with this exception only—the artist could never be persuaded to resume his

duties in the Egerton family. On the day before Montford's marriage, Vandyke hastily entered his apartment, forcing into his grasp the regretted miniature. It had accidentally caught his eye at the window of a pawnbroker's shop in Salem Street, whence he instantly recovered it, and so truly rejoiced were both friends, that they actually separated without one thought of the missing diamonds. The two aunts once again arrived at Pumpkinville without the loss of another box. Their quotidian occupation of doing "all for the best" was for many months as much their delight as ever. Only one appeal could prevail, and the hour was come, assailed by the same malady, they expired on the same day, and were buried in the same grave.

Vandyke Brown is still painting portraits in Boston.

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#### UNFORTUNATE SLURRING.

A chorister of a country church lately made a sad mistake in the choice of a tune, there being a long *slur* in it, which came directly upon an unfortunate word, which produced a startling effect, namely:

"With reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow-wow-wow before the Lord."

The clergyman's little wisset pup, happening to catch the note, sung out his treble pipe, started the squire's old Towser's full bass, and in an instant the whole posse of dogs set up such a chorus that Handel's hailstorm would have dwindled into mustard-seed in comparison.—*Maine Farmer.*

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#### SISTERLY DEVOTION.

There is a young lady living in Saratoga, who has visited the grave of a sister every morning for three years. A more touching sight we have never seen, in this inconstant and forgetful world, than this devout maiden kneeling to place flowers upon the green coverlid of a sister's "narrow bed," and to repeat her morning prayers, where none but God can hear them. There is a fanaticism of the affections which one cannot but reverence; and the scene we have alluded to makes the love of woman holy, even to those whose skepticism has become chronic.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

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#### SHARP PRACTICE.

A deputy sheriff in Rochester, recently, having a warrant for a certain hack driver, went down to the depot, where sat Jehu waiting for a passenger, and quietly saying that he was in a hurry to ride up to the jail, entered the hack and was whisked off. When Jehu reached the spot and let the deputy out, it was with some surprise that he learned from that functionary that he had better "come along." Jehu went along, and now muses over the effeminacy of deputy sheriffs and his own gullibility.—*Troy Whig.*

An echo is the shadow of a sound, a voice without a mouth, a word without a tongue.

## STELLA—A BALLAD.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Stands a tombstone in the meadow,  
Gleaming ghastly white,  
On a grass-mound lies its shadow  
Through the lonely night:  
Day and night the shadow lieth  
On me like a pall,  
And my weary spirit sigheth  
Sighs continual;  
For beneath the grass-mound sleepeth  
She who loved me best,  
And the stone its record keepeth,  
"Stella—gone to rest!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Days a-gone, in Merrie England  
Dwelt the Earl Le Reine,  
Richest noble in that king-land,  
Haughtiest, too, I ween!  
Acres broad composed his manor,  
Strong his castle towers;  
Never his victorious banner  
Bowed to hostile powers:  
Yet I envied not his splendor,  
Envied not his pride,  
Only wished to know the tender  
Stella as my bride.

Scoffed the earl the fervent passion  
Which I dared reveal:  
"Thinkest thou, ignoble, rash one,  
'Tis for Stella's weal  
Thus to wed a peasant nameless?  
Get thee hence!" I smiled;  
Though untitled, I was blameless,  
Heart aif undeffled;  
And that night his cherished daughter  
Far from Reine I bore,  
Sailing o'er Atlantic water  
To a western shore.

Lived we there in peace together  
For a season brief;  
Till the hostile wintry weather,  
Till the fall of leaf:  
O, how blest that sweet fruition,  
Far too sweet to last!  
O, how sad that dark transition!  
Joy was quick o'erpast:  
Was it that I loved thee, Stella,  
With a love too high,  
That, on earth no more a dweller,  
Thou hadst need to die?

Came the Winter, black and surly,  
With his howling storms;  
Faded then my star full early,  
Faded from my arms:  
Cherished one! death's cruel ravage  
Spares not early bloom:  
Thou wast stricken in this savage,  
Stern New England home.  
This is why the tombstone shineth  
By the lonely shore,  
Why my heart in grief repineth,  
Hopeless evermore.

There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature, and ensures success.

## THE SPAEWIFE OF GLEN-DEARG.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

TOPICS, like times, are apt to become common by frequent use, "and none save a donkey," says a late writer, "would pitch upon tunes whistled by cabmen, and try to pass them off as his own *fancies*." Thus is it with the romance of history, especially that of the Highlands; before Scott's day, a rich mine for original matter—since then, worn threadbare by modern romancers, who, taking a fancy to the primitive manners and customs of these remote regions, have vainly imagined the public would never weary of them—only to find where they would bring a killed Highlander forward as a novelty, that the market had been forestalled. Yet have I, as a descendant of those who once wore plaid, and plume, and sporran, still a lingering fancy to add occasionally a fresh stone to the cairn—going back to the days of the knights of Stirling, of clanship, and claymores.

At the time in which our story is laid, it was the custom when the might of the feudal aristocracy controlled the people's rights—insulting at will, and with impunity, the royal burghs of Scotland—for these to elect their chief magistrate, or provost, not, as in the present day, from out the order of its shop keepers, but to select some powerful noble, who was expected, on being chosen to the pre-eminence, to stand their friend at court in all matters that concerned the public weal. Many of these barons made their clans pay dearly for their protection, availing themselves of their retainers' dependence in an unjustifiable degree, obtaining large grants of lands, etc. Still, there were others of the great chiefs satisfied with the powerful aid afforded by their clans in their feudal quarrels; and of this class were the great Earls of March and Douglas, who accepted the services of their followers without scruple, repaying them by grants of tenements belonging to the burgh, which they had won either by arguments in the council, or deeds of daring in the field.

Among the lesser barons, as the MacKears, the MacKenzies and MacGregors—men whose great personal strength, and feats of prowess, rendered them feared and lawless—some there were who lived turbulent and dangerous lives, holding it a shame to want for aught that might be had for the taking. Their neighbors in the Lowland line, desirous to enjoy either lives or property in quiet, were in the habit of paying a sort of compromise, either in cattle or protection money—it being no unusual occurrence for these

lawless caterans to drive off to their Highland fastness a hundred and fifty head of cattle in a drove, over night, from such as accounted such compromise dishonorable. These droves were often disposed of, at the fair of Stirling Brig, to the Lowlanders, and it was on the day following the fair that our story begins.

A Highlander is never so happy as on such occasions, especially if the market is brisk. Moreover, the difficult trade of driving cattle over wild tracts of country suited the Gael as well as that of war, according, as it did, with their habits of patient endurance and migratory exertion. Economical in their habits, a few handfuls of oat-meal completed their victualling equipment; while their *skene-dhu*, or dirk, stuck in their belt, and cudgel to urge on the cattle, were their only outfit. To the Celt, there was a variety in the journey that exercised alike his love of action and natural curiosity. One of this class, one who prided himself as much in following a drove of cattle as he would have felt in following the banner of his feudal lord, had set out with a drove that had found their way mysteriously from Monteith castle to his native Highlands, and, sold the day previous at the fair, he was now about to drive to the Lowland line for the shambles.

Not a *Glenamie* among them all at the fair had cocked his blue bonnet as knowingly as Jamie Lachlan, certain as he was that young Jessie Donne would have given brooch and kirtle to have been sure that he would pass by Stirling Brig on the morrow, that she might journey on to Falkirk under his escort—such being the primitive manners of these simple minded people.

Jamie had not proceeded more than a mile on his way, when arrested by a shrill voice calling upon him to stop. Brave as he was, yet his heart ceased its pulsations as the thought flashed upon him that he was crossing the haunted Glen-dearg. Jamie would have rushed fearlessly upon an enemy in battle, as a wild bull upon fixed bayonets, at his chief's bidding; yet now he quailed before a visionary terror, as looking round upon the scene, he could not but admit it well chosen for the abode of the prophesying spirit known for many a mile around as the Spawwife of Glen-dearg. Again his name was called in a wild and thrilling tone.

"Stay a bit, Jamie Lachlan—bide a blink, will ye?"

"Who are ye, an' what do ye spear?"

"Just to wish ye luck on yer journey, an' a safe return hame," answered the voice. And the speaker, a tall, wild-looking female, rose

from behind the rocks that had concealed her from view.

Large and black eyes looked out from beneath her curch, or hood, as with a long, fearless stride she advanced, flinging back the bright tartan in which the scarlet of the cloudberry predominated. Jamie and his comrade, Michael Donne (the brother of Jessie), drew instinctively nearer, as if for mutual protection, each endeavoring to collect his scattered ideas as a few bold strides brought the spawwife before them.

"Stay, Jamie Lachlan, bide a wee, an' cross my palm for luck, the morn."

While mentally asking "what ould-wuld cantrip will she do to the cattle, I wonder?" he put a small silver coin in her hand. But not of the cattle was she thinking just then, as with a ghastly look she stood apart, her eyes glaring wildly, as she exclaimed:

"Ohonari! Ohonari! Not all Saint Mungo's charms can save ye frae bluid-shed, gin ye cross the carse o' Stirling, the day!"

"For shame, Moll! to try to deter me, an' I suld hae been at Stirling Brig already."

"I tell ye there's bluid on yer hand, an' bluid on yer skene-dhu; so pass not by Stirling Castle, nor gae to Falkirk the day, Jamie."

The young Highlander essayed to laugh; but his comrade reminding him that few, very few, of Moll's predictions fell to the ground, the canny Celt asked:

"Even gin ye see bluid on my dirk, do ye see my winding-sheet, to the fore?"

"Na, na, ye will na be hurt yersel', but ye will spill gentle bluid the day, Jamie. Ye will be saved in the sanctuary, but none the less rich an' red is the gentle bluid that I see in the clear sunlight on yer skene-dhu. Ye need na snort, Jamie Lachlan. I wish ye wad nae gang to Falkirk the day—though gang ye will, here's a godspeed to ye!"

"An' here's a bit siller for yer caution, Moll—though I'm thinkin' were some o' the *sprack* lads o' Dumfries-shire to catch ye out o' Glen-dearg, neither Eskdale callant, nor Liddesdale fighting Charlie, nor Lustruther bairn, nor Lockerly lad, could save ye frae a Scotch dyke, or a seat on the ducking-stool, tak' my certie, fort!"

"And what gars Moll o' the Glen for Scotch dyke or callant? Has she nae the *taish-a-tarach* (second sight) to steer her clear o' either?"

Still, she took the small silver coin with which he crossed her palm, without resenting the rather depreciating manner in which it was bestowed, disappearing as suddenly behind the rocks as she had before interrupted their progress.

"Troth, an' I wish some o' the Liddesdale



lads had the drownin' of the auld witch, *I do!* To threep down on me that gentle bluid lay on my skene dhu, the day! Deil a warlock that ever scudded o' nights on a broomstick through Dymayett, ever got a body into mair trouble than auld Moll o' Tamahourich, now she's set up for Spawife o' Glen-dearg."

Thus saying, Jamie drove on his cattle. He was in the greater haste, that the sun had now fairly risen, and he and Michael were eager to meet Jessie, whom they knew was by this time awaiting them at Stirling Brig.

Our young Highlanders had traversed the grassy wilds of Liddesdale, and were progressing on towards Stirling, when sounds of unusual bustle broke upon them. Horns were blown; and as they neared the town, they saw plaids fluttering, and the Highland clans of Armandale hastening onward, on both sides the river, as Scotland's rampant lion on his shield of gold was flung to the breeze, floating from the towers of Stirling Castle.

As our wayfarers approached the bridge, they were met by Jessie Donne. She had been sitting for some time on a stone, awaiting their approach. And here it will be necessary to trace back the events that caused the simple Highland maiden to be so far from her mountain home.

Jessie Donne was the foster sister of the young countess Elizabeth of Dunbar, so lately wedded, then separated, even from the altar, from her princely husband, the young Duke of Rothsay. Much attached to her noble mistress, Jessie preferred remaining in her service to returning to her Highland home and the rude society of its Gaelic caterans and drovers. She had obtained permission to visit an uncle in Falkirk, had made an appointment with her brother the previous day, at the fair, to go in his company, and had passed the night in the hospital of the Dominican convent, by token that she had brought an offering for the altar from the Countess of Dunbar. She wore the blue tartan of the March clan, but was better appointed than young females of her grade—her well-fitting jacket fastening with silver buttons, while a small chain or cross of the same bright metal hung suspended from her neck. Her blue fringed petticoats were short, showing the silver-tasselled garters and scarlet hose that encased her well-turned ankle, as well as the neat-fitting buskins of Spanish leather.

Wholly unlike the coarse-featured boys of Drover Donne's family, Jessie bore a decided likeness, both in person and manners, to her young and noble mistress—having the bright eyes, white teeth, brilliant complexion and sunny

smile of Elizabeth of Dunbar—her arch smile and dimpled chin bearing the character of the earl's in his sunny moments. Indeed, so like was she to the noble Lady Elizabeth, in her fair complexion, luxuriant brown curls, and delicate features, that Jessie Donne was much more commonly known as Jessie McCombich (child of my friend), it being well remembered that her mother, who had been a serving damsel of the late Countess of March, before her somewhat sudden marriage to old Michael Donne, had been the most beautiful lass that bloomed in the distant wilds of Ben-Lomond.

Just as Jessie had shook hands with her brother Michael and his friend, Jamie Lachlan, the youthful trio were startled with a shout of—"Place there! Make way for the Duke of Rothsay!"

"Nay, drive not the cattle helter skelter on my score. But what have we here?—pretty little Jessie McCombich!"

Gladly would the young girl have escaped; for had a lightning bolt from heaven fallen at her feet, she had not trembled more than when, on looking up, she saw in the prince's companion the grim Archibald of Douglas—the dreaded earl whom all knew by his swart complexion, bull's-hide coat, and unmistakable air of indomitable pride.

The prince was seated on a noble Arabian steed that he managed with easy grace. His apparel was rich, his limbs slight and graceful, his face handsome, though lines of care were graven on his young brow, and his cheek was pale, albeit now lit up with a pleased smile as he recognized the foster sister of Elizabeth of Dunbar.

Rothsay had noted the look of haggard fear that paled the young girl's brow as her glance encountered his stern-visaged father-in-law; and turning his pleased look from her, bent it contemptuously on the terrible earl, as, bidding her approach, he asked if she were just from Bute.

Fain would Jessie Donne have spoken of her young mistress, but in presence of the grim Douglas, it might not be.

"I came to Stirling, please your highness, to the fair, and stayed last night at the Dominican convent. More, it would not be fitting your grace to ask, nor the serving maid of the Countess of March to tell."

"By my dukedom! but you coy it finely for a damsel travelling the highway with a troop of drovers!"

The frightened girl here hoped to escape, but the duke's humor was not to be thwarted.

"I must have that blue shoulder-knot of yours, Jessie, to wear the colors of Dunbar and

March for the day. So hand it here, my pretty Brandannes."\*

Trembling and blushing, Jessie loosened it from the fastening brooch and timidly presented it to the wilful duke.

"Handsomely done! Now take Rothsay's purse in return!" And he fastened the azure knot in his breast.

A darkness as of midnight gathered on the dreaded Douglas's brow on seeing the colors of March thus taken in bravado by his contemptuous son-in-law, and placed in triumph in his breast; and an exclamation of wrath burst in a fierce growl—though inarticulate, still so portentous that all around trembled.

"O, I crave pardon, my lord! I see the riders of Dunbar, and will haste to meet the noble Earl of March," was the only and scornful notice taken by the prince, who setting spurs to his horse, the beautiful animal bounded in the air; then curvetting, while his accomplished rider gracefully handled the reins, suddenly set off with the speed of the lapwing for the castle.

The fiery Earl of March and haughty Douglas had returned, each from his own strong fortalice, to Stirling. Robert of Scotland, the second of the ill-fated Stuart race, had in their absence listened, though impatiently, to his brother, whom he had created Duke of Albany, albeit his own title, before ascending the Scottish throne, was simply that of Earl of Carrick. The duke had long endeavored to sow dissensions between the king and his son David, Duke of Rothsay, a young man of high spirit and talent, on whom the fond father had bestowed the first title of ducal rank ever known in Scotland. Much had the austere court and sedate country been disturbed, of late, by rumors of the young prince's fugitive amours—the more, that the handsome stripling had been some months a married man. Yet many there were, over whom his joyous temper and graciousness had obtained an influence, who made an excuse for his every dereliction in the marriage-bond itself; the hand of the pleasure-loving heir-apparent having been virtually put up to the highest bidder, through the machinations of his Uncle Albany. Contracted to Elizabeth of Dunbar, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of March, the young Rothsay had become fondly attached to his prospective bride; while an alliance with the powerful earl, who possessed the greater part of the eastern frontier, augured well for the firmer cementing of the Scottish throne.

But if the feeble old king thought to raise the

young Countess of Dunbar to share it with his son, he little knew the vindictive spirit of the resentful and terrible Archibald, Earl of Douglas. Nearly related to the throne, his present countess being the monarch's eldest daughter, the great earl was alike to be feared from the extent of his lands, and the high offices of state with which he was invested, as well as his personal qualities of wisdom and valor, his indomitable pride, and feudal love of power.

Keeping studiously aloof from court until after the espousals of the prince with the Countess of Dunbar, proudly postponing all voice in the negotiations, to show that they could not be concluded legally without it, he then stepped forward, offering his own daughter Marjory, a raw-boned, gawky woman, much older than the prince, with a dower far surpassing that tendered by the Earl of March. And this iniquitous proposal, influenced by cupidity and a fear of Douglas, Albany prevailed upon the king to accept. The beautiful young Countess of Dunbar was sent home, without even offering an apology, and her husband, while protesting against the rite, wedded to a woman he could not love.

Deeply resenting the affront put upon himself, as well as the wrong done his lovely daughter, the fiery Earl of March retired to his grim fortalice in the Isle of Bute, where, if he meditated revenge, his great influence along the English frontier could place it in his power. In the meantime, the young David of Rothsay, incensed at the sacrifice of his inclinations, took his own peculiar mode of venting his displeasure by treating his hard-featured, grim-visaged wife with open neglect, and his dangerous and formidable father-in-law with as undisguised contempt—showing no regard whatever to the remonstrances of his Uncle Albany or the feeble old king, and thinking his father influenced over-much by his young wife, Queen Annabella, a beautiful and high-spirited woman, a daughter of the lordly house of Drummond—her energetic counsels being generally conveyed to the old king through her supple medium, Albany. Robert's feeble mind, like the chameleon, reflected generally the coloring of his brother's firmer mind; but now he was wearied of the disagreeable theme, and on hearing the horns announce the arrival of some feudal lord, he arose, and limping to reach the window, remarked impatiently: "Enough of this subject; Rothsay has none of the defects you or the queen attribute to him." Then finding that the riders had entered the gate, he added:

"Your station commands a view of the court. Is that Douglas or Rothsay?"

\* "Brandannes." The appellation given to the inhabitants of the Isle of Bute.—*Dr. Leyden.*

"Neither—but the Earl of March."

"Has he a number of followers?" asked the feeble king. But while he yet spoke, the gallant Earl of March entered the apartment, habited in the ordinary riding-dress of the time, wearing only his dirk in his belt—the page who bore his sword being left in the ante-chamber with the grooms.

His violet blue eyes bright as a falcon's, his profusion of dark chestnut curls falling gracefully round his fair brow and handsome face, the tall, well-built noble advanced courteously into the royal presence. Bending low before the king, his pleasant countenance yet wore a look of care, and his brow firmly knit as his glance fell on the perfidious, shifting Albany, showing traces of a hasty temper by no means unusual in a powerful feudal lord of the day.

"You have been long absent from our councils, cousin of Dunbar, and much it glads me to see you back in Stirling."

"I had thought my place at court supplied by a more acceptable councillor."

"Na, na, George. Evil tidings there be of the unruly Highland clans breaking into open rebellion. Surely this is no time for George Randolph to desert the descendant of the Bruce?"

"And cannot Archibald of Douglas protect his king from his own Highland kernes?"

He had come with the purpose of bidding the king farewell. Ere returning to Bute, he renounced his allegiance, living apart in his own feudal territories. King Robert, meantime, little aware of what was passing in the earl's mind, was congratulating himself that he had come to court, as of old, to enter into the state's councils.

"Right glad am I that you have come to-day, since Rothsay will himself preside in court, when you will see that he lacks neither in capacity in council, nor friendly greeting to a valued friend."

The earl's haughty lips curved, and his proud brow wore a smile; he saw through the feeble stratagem to while his thoughts from the past. Neither knew that Rothsay was at that moment on the road to Falkirk, in pursuit of our Highland drovers and fair Jessie Donne—troubling his princely head very little about either grim Douglas or fiery George of Dunbar.

While Michael Donne had remained near his sister, Jamie Lachlan had leisurely driven the cattle on towards Falkirk. During this temporary separation of the young friends, Jamie's mind was filled with unpleasant and conflicting thoughts. "How came the Duke o' Rothsay to recognize Jessie sae soon?—he, the arrantest neer-do-weel in braid Scotland!"—forgetting that

the prince had often seen her when visiting Dunbar Castle.

While conjecture was busy with our young Highlander, a young noble of the court, Earl Beaton, rode up, calling out:

"I say, Jock o' the Glen!—where is the wench, Jessie McCombich?"

"Gin ye mean Jessie Donne, she's just a wee blink beyont, wi' her brither. But what gars ye ask?"

"Hold your cat-o'-mountain tongue, for a lazy lurdane that ye are!" was the rather unsatisfactory reply given by the young noble, who, reining up his horse, spoke a few words in an undertone to a slight, graceful rider, who with bonnet pulled over his face, and enveloped in the folds of the mantle (a practice much resorted to by the gallants of the day, when in search of forbidden adventure), seemed to wish to avoid recognition.

At this moment Michael and Jessie Donne appeared, crossing the common that skirted the highway.

"Ah, there comes my Brandannes linnet!" said the muffled gentleman, who, though unknown to Jamie, he easily guessed to be of high rank by the respect shown by his followers, and his own easy, indifferent manner of receiving it.

"Fair linnet," he said, as the brother and sister approached, "I would fain believe that you see through my incognito, and comprehend the motive?"

"I cannot comprehend it, my lord; but seeing our pace must be slow, would crave that you pass on, and let us pursue our way in peace."

"No other time so propitious as the present, pretty Jessie. I would ask what news you bring from Bute?"

"If your grace will but go to the Dominican convent, you can hear all you wish from a source more befitting the speech of your father's son."

"Pray let my father's son be the best judge thereof, fair croaker," returned her persevering tormentor, whose rank appeared to place him beyond ceremony in addressing all around.

"The bright lapwing was stricken down, for that its soaring hopes would mate with the young eagle; yet may the lapwing raise its graceful head again, mating with its own kind. Where it but droops awhile, in solitary grandeur, the poor linnet would droop and die," spoke the fair girl, though with a smile so arch, and a mien so proudly regal, that Rothsay felt reproved (for it was he).

Yet vexed at being thwarted, he merely said; "Gallantly retorted, my Brandannes linnet!"

Then adding a word in an under tone to the young Lord Beaton, he turned rein, and followed by a page and groom, set spurs to his horse, and with speed of the lance-fly, returned to Stirling.

Passing by the Earl of March with the swiftness of a greyhound—not daring to encounter the steady gaze of the haughty noble, the peace of whose family he had sufficiently betrayed by wedding one daughter, without planning the ruin of the other—March muttered, as he looked after him :

“And this is the welcome the unmannered boy gives to George of Dunbar!”

And the prince speculated after this wise :

“And where am I to bestow Jessie, if Beaton succeeds in smuggling her through Stirling? I cannot bring her here; the prior will receive no such contraband wares in the abbey. Then should March learn that I waylaid the wench! But above all else, that I should have been dolt enough to trust the emprise to Beaton, and he such a born reprobate!”

Our story is soon ended. Jamie Lachlan, not liking the motive that induced the young Lord Beaton to follow, drove on his cattle with a moody brow—the more that the youthful noble, throwing his reins to a page, and springing to the ground, walked for some distance at Jessie's side. We will give a portion of his conversation, that was unheard by the drover—the management of his cattle requiring all his care :

“Know ye not, Jessie, that the duke's marriage to Marjory Douglas is informal?”

“And what is that to me?”

“Simply that they being consins, a dispensation from Rome can be obtained; and that beauty inferior to yours, Jessie, raised Catharine Logie to the Bruce's throne, or history lies.”

“And think you, Lord Beaton, that the Prince of Scotland is so demented as to neither fear the Douglas, nor the as powerful Earl of March?”

“There is a prophecy that the crown shall descend to a mountain maid?”

“Yes, but of noble birth—”

“And such are you!” he interrupted. “The young flower of Ben-Lomond's cheek flushes and his heart pulsates with the same pure life-current that heaves the proud breast of Elizabeth of Dunbar.”

Evincing no surprise, yet the fair girl's beautiful brow contracted with disapprobation as she replied :

“Dreams, all! And now, Lord Beaton, since we are near the monastery, I pray that you refrain from bringing, by your unwished presence, either disgrace to me, or further scandal to your dissipated master.”

In a moment the young lord's courtly manner changed to a tone bold, haughty and determined.

“You return with me, Jessie! Rothsay so wills it, and I am not the laggard to refuse his bidding at a herdsman's word.”

Thus saying, and beckoning to his groom, he laid his hand resolutely on her shoulder, just as the dust in the road clearing away, showed a gallant band of horsemen approaching, the bear's head of Dunbar floating on their standard.

“'Tis March!” shouted Beaton. “Now for the monastery!”

But before he could reach the outer hospital, a hand of iron was thrust in his face, and Jamie Lachlan, who had seen him throw his mantle round Jessie's head, ere bearing her from the road, drawing the dirk from his belt, plunged it to the hilt in the young noble's breast, who, relaxing his clasp, fell with a glazing eye and quivering lips on the blood-sprinkled heather; while the athletic Highlander, not aware whose was the approaching standard, sped onward, bearing her he had rescued along to the sanctuary, where he vigorously rang the bell.

Often in after years would our Highland Jamie recall the spawwife's prophecy—when he had become the possessor of a grim tower, with a thousand acres of barren heath, on the eastern frontier, well knowing that his strongest castle and broad lands would have been freely given by George of March, if asked, by him who had perilled life to save the sweet Blandannes linn from Duke Rothsay's power. That unfortunate prince dying young, and his brother James filling the throne, our erewhile drover, thanks to his noble patron George Dunbar, became provost, when he often interposed his authority to save from the threatened peril of the ducking-stool his ancient prophesying friend, THE SPAEWIFE OF GLEN-DEARG.

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#### STREET EDUCATION.

A city missionary visited an unhappy young man in our jail, waiting his trial for a State prison crime. “Sir,” said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, “I had a good home education; it was my street education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys; in the street I learned to lounge; learned to swear, to smoke, to gamble and to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the street that evil lurks to work the ruin of the young!”—*Presbyterian Recorder.*

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#### BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

Alas! they had been friends in youth,  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above,  
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness on the brain.

COLERIDGE.

## THE MAGIC SLIPPERS.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

If any one had wanted to find Eva Arnold, they would have had to look behind a shady and fragrant hedge of wild roses and grape vines. There sat the witch, as her brother Allen called her, with a book in her hand, and wonderful to relate, a grave look upon her face. But it was evident that the book had very little to do with the expression of her face, for she seemed scarcely conscious that she held it.

"I do wonder if that tradition about our family is true. I will ask grandmother all about it when I see her."

Eva's musing was interrupted by the appearance of a head, through a gap in the hedge. The head rather resembled a brigand's with its luxuriant masses of coal black hair, but the face, dark though it was, was too pleasant-looking to belong to a brigand. Allen Arnold's body followed his head to the other side of the hedge, where he seated himself by the side of his sister.

"What are you doing now, you little mischief?"

"If you refer to me," said Eva, demurely, "I'm moralizing."

"Moralizing! I much doubt if you know the meaning of the word, my little sister."

"If I haven't been to college, I know something," retorted Eva. "But only think, Allen, Gerty Wayland will be here to-morrow to spend the rest of the vacation with me. How glad I shall be, and you will too, for I know you can't help falling in love with her."

"My dear little sister," said Allen, lazily, as he tore in pieces a wild rose, "what nonsensical ideas will get into your head. As if I could fall in love with a red-headed divinity. A perfectly absurd idea, mademoiselle."

"You mustn't call her red-headed, Allen, for she is not that. Her hair is a light, golden color, and all the girls admire it very much."

"Yes, I understand; all heroines in novels have golden ringlets. But you must get some one else to play the hero besides me."

"Good-by, you great bunch of self-conceit and vanity," said Eva, as she mischievously bounded over the low hedge, and ran towards the house, leaving Allen stretched upon the grass.

"I do wonder if that tradition is true," said little Eva, again, just as she was about to sink to sleep. "If it is true, and the shoes are yet in existence, I will borrow or steal them, and that as soon as possible."

A great cloud of dust, and a great rattle of wheels heralded the approach of the coach. And

in that coach was Eva's long-looked-for school-mate, Gertrude Wayland. At the gate of Farmer Arnold's substantial mansion stood Eva, waiting eagerly to catch the first glimpse of her friend. Her brother Allen, hidden in a secure nook, was also looking out with no little curiosity to see the red-haired divinity, so much vaunted by his sister. He would have been rather ashamed to have been detected by Eva, especially when all the ill-natured things he had said about her friend rose up before him.

A tall, slight, delicate figure, with a certain air of quietness and dignity about it, descended from the coach. Allen staid just long enough to witness the warm greeting between the divinity and his sister, and then he hurried away lest some one should observe and betray him.

"After all," said he to himself, as he walked towards the brook with his fishing apparatus under his arm, "I did not dislike the looks of her as much as I thought I should, but that is no reason that I should fall in love with her." And Allen, who had no small share of vanity, laughed aloud.

He did not return till evening, and then being weary with his day's work, he crept into the parlor in the summer twilight, and seated himself comfortably in a great rocking-chair, for Allen by no means despised the comfortable things of this world. He had come in quite softly, and as there was no movement in the room, he fancied that he was alone. He was in the midst of a reverie, when suddenly he heard a low voice in the further corner of the apartment; he fancied it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, and though the song was a familiar one, and the voice of the singer was very low, as if she were only singing for her own amusement, yet to Allen's really fine musical ear, it sounded better, infinitely better, than the most fashionable music he had ever heard. Just as the song was finished, the singer rose from her dark corner and passed out of the door, almost brushing Allen in her passage.

"Heigho," said Allen, to himself, "that's the divinity I suppose. But what a splendid voice! It almost compensates for the red hair. I'll ask her to sing these summer evenings. No, I won't either, for I dare say she's like most other singers, must be teased and teased until one is tired to death. I'll not trouble myself about her."

"Now, Allen, I've caught you at last," cried Eva, triumphantly, as she discovered her brother reading under the favorite hedge. "Now stand up and let me introduce you to my friend Gerty, the best of schoolmates."

Allen arose and greeted the divinity in the

graceful and self-possessed manner natural to him. For the first time he had a full view of her face by the morning light. It was not a beautiful face, not even a pleasing face at first sight, and Allen was a keen admirer of beauty; but it was a peculiar face, such a one as makes an impression upon one's mind not easily forgotten. Eva's face was flushed with her morning walk, but Gertrude's was remarkably pale; there was, too, a soberness and dignity about her, which was entirely a stranger to Eva's character. Allen, as he entered with much politeness though with little zeal into a conversation in which Eva took the principal share, secretly wondered how two such dissimilar characters could have formed such a close friendship. But he concluded that there was no accounting for women's whims.

"You must drive us over to grandmother's to-day, Allen," said Eva. "I positively must go there to-day."

"And why to-day, most unaccountable little sister?"

"For certain reasons of my own, which I shall not tell you. You would only laugh at me if I did."

"Well, then, if that is the case, I will drive you over, and as women never can keep a secret, in the course of time your's will come out, and then I shall have my laugh."

"Agreed," said Eva, "only drive us over."

It was a pleasant drive of five or six miles, yet Allen, who usually took the principal part in a conversation, was remarkably quiet, listening to the chat of the two girls without attempting to interrupt it.

Her hair was not red after all, it was really a pale, golden color, and floated around the white face, as he had seen it in some pictures. After all, she was unlike any one else he had ever known, and she had the sweetest voice he had ever heard. But the idea of falling in love with her was really too absurd to contemplate.

"Grandmother," said Eva, after a long silence, which she employed in contemplating the movements of a very pretty little foot, which tapped nervously upon the floor, "Grandmother, I wish you would tell us the legend of the magic slippers, which I heard once when I was a very little girl. It's a tradition about our family, isn't it?"

"Why, child, it's only a silly story about a pair of slippers. No one believes it now-a-days."

"But the story, grandmother, if you please."

"Well," said the old lady, as she adjusted her spectacles, "they say that an ancestor of ours was once climbing a steep and rugged hill and found near the top a poor man, covered with

wounds and nearly dead with cold and loss of blood. Our ancestor carried him home in his arms and tended him carefully until he was recovered. When the stranger grew strong and well, they discovered that he was a very handsome man, with eyes remarkable for their brilliancy. When he was going away he gave to the wife of our ancestor, a pair of slippers. There was nothing remarkable about the slippers themselves, but as the story runs, they were endowed with a rare gift by the stranger. Any woman in his benefactress's family, whose feet these slippers would fit, provided also that she were a true-hearted woman, whilst she wore the magic slippers, would have all the wishes made at that time, realized. But there are but few of our family whose feet the shoes would fit; from those who have worn them, however, there have come wonderful stories of their great virtue. But as for me, Eva, I have an idea that the story is all nonsense. The slippers would never begin to fit my feet, and I never had any faith in them, so that no wishes of mine ever were realized in that way."

"But have you really got the slippers, grandmother?" said Eva, eagerly.

"I did have them, when I was young, perhaps they are in the attic somewhere now. But bless my heart, child, you're not going to hunt after them?"

"Yes, grandmother, I really think they would fit me, and I should like to try them."

"But one must have faith in them, in order to have their wishes realized."

"And I believe I am just superstitious enough to believe in them," said Eva.

Such a looking, and such a devastation never was heard of before. Grandmother would have been struck dumb if she could have seen her attic during the progress of the hunt. Eva well deserved her name of "little mischief," for there was not a box of any kind, not a solitary piece of furniture, but the well packed contents of which were straightway investigated and then thrown back in the most admirable confusion. Gerty set herself to putting to rights what Eva left in disorder, but it was no easy job. Suddenly Eva uttered a cry of delight. From the recesses of an antique bureau she drew a mysterious parcel, and within the wrapper was the tiniest pair of curiously wrought slippers.

"I've found them," cried Eva, triumphantly; "now I wonder if they'll fit? But I must show them to grandmother first."

And away ran the madcap, covered with dust, and a nest of bewildered spiders, which two things were the bane and the horror of grand-

mother's life. The dust and spiders were brushed off, and then grandmother condescended to look at the slippers, which she identified as the magic pair.

"I declare," said grandmother, "if they don't fit you exactly; one would think they were made for you."

And sure enough they fitted exactly. Eva took them off very soon, and folded them up in their wrapper, remembering that grandmother had said, that she who wore them must be a true-hearted woman. She wanted time to think whether she were true-hearted or not.

It so happened that Eva had no more opportunities for trying on the slippers whilst the visit lasted. So she carried them home with her. Allen did not make his appearance to drive them home, but in his stead sent one of the farm laborers.

"O, Gerty!" cried Eva, as the farmhouse came in sight, "I am so glad we are at home; now I shall try my magic shoes."

But Eva's usually quiet home was in a great state of excitement. Something unusual seemed to have happened, which affected all the household, though in different ways. Farmer Arnold, who had come in from his day's labor, instead of resting quietly in his arm-chair, as was usual for him of an evening, walked restlessly to and fro with a troubled brow. Eva's mother went softly to and fro with an expression of face, which Eva could not analyze.

"What has happened?" asked Eva, anxiously, of Allen, when she found him alone upon that evening.

"Why, the trouble is, that we are in danger of losing our old homestead. Some one has set up a claim to it, the falsity of which cannot be proved, because that an all-important paper has been lost. We have searched the house through, but our search has been useless. One hope still remains, that the paper may be at grandmother's; it might have been carried there amongst other papers. To-morrow I will drive over, as I am very anxious about the affair. The loss of this farm, after so many years of hard labor bestowed upon it, will almost kill father."

"It cannot be possible, Allen, that we shall have to leave this home of ours, where we were both born, and played together as children."

"It is not only possible, but very likely, my little sister. But I'll not give up till I've searched grandmother's house through and through," said Allen, bravely.

The next day was an anxious one to Eva, and in sympathy with her, Gerty was anxious also. She talked of going home, but Eva would not

allow it. The little lady had no idea of having her schemes spoiled by such a movement.

The long afternoon wore away slowly, as the girls watched the return of Allen from his search. Afternoon changed into evening, and the evening wore into the night. The family concluded that Allen was not coming that night, and accordingly they separated with no hope of seeing him till morning. But Eva felt confident that Allen would return that very night, so she sat up waiting for him, walking to and fro restlessly, and listening for the sound of his wheels. She fancied Gerty was asleep upon a sofa where she had persuaded her to lie down a few moments before. No one in the house was stirring.

"Now I shall try my magic shoes," said Eva, aloud, to herself. I do hope and pray that I am true-hearted."

One slipper was a little rebellious and would not go on easily, but Eva managed at last to get her foot into it. Then as Gerty seemed sound asleep, and could not hear, she ventured to speak her wishes aloud.

"First and foremost," said Eva, "since it has been the greatest hope of my heart for a long time, I do wish that my brother Allen would fall in love with and marry Gertrude Wayland. Secondly, I wish that the paper which proves our right to this house of my childhood may be speedily found, and that my father may be as happy in the possession of that which his cheerful labor has endeared to him, as it is possible to be."

There was indeed the sound of wheels outside, and Eva ran down to meet Allen, without ever thinking of her slippers or wishes. She met him at the door, and at the first glance his anxious face told her that his search had been useless.

"No hope left, Eva," were his first words. "Sooner or later we are likely to lose our home. Grandmother has searched her house from cellar to attic, and there is no sign of the paper."

Wearied and depressed, Allen cast his eyes downward, and they rested upon Eva's embroidered slippers.

"What a fanciful pair of slippers, Eva," said Allen, suddenly roused from his weariness. "Did you embroider those, little sister?"

"No," said Eva, a little embarrassed, "they are not mine."

Wondering a little at Eva's evident confusion, Allen was about to relapse into his former anxious mood, when his sister took off one of the slippers, with the remark that it was much tighter than the other, she wondered why it didn't fit. Allen took up the slipper mechanically, and commenced examining it. There seemed to be something in the toe, which occupied considerable



space. Listlessly Allen pulled out that with which the toe was stuffed, and was only a little surprised when he discovered a neatly folded paper. He opened the paper much in the same way as he had taken it from the slipper, and then suddenly Eva was struck with unmingled wonder, to see her lately sad brother jumping around the room in a way that savored much of insanity.

"I've found the precious paper, Eva," said Allen, at length, overturning a table and all its contents, in his great joy.

Suddenly the affair became clear to Eva. Some mischievous person at grandmother's must have stuffed the paper into the slipper, without ever dreaming that he was doing mischief. One by one the family came trooping down stairs, aroused by the great noise of the overturned table. But none felt that they had paid too dear for their trouble, when they heard the good news.

"I wonder if Gertrude will sing to us, if I should ask her?" said Allen to Eva, as he encountered her in a passage where Eva could not escape him.

"Why ask her, and find out for yourself," said Eva, as she dexterously eluded his grasp and darted past him.

So Allen, with a lack of confidence which was rather surprising, considering that he was a very confident fellow in general, requested the red-headed divinity to sing.

The divinity of course complied, without the least degree of hesitation or affectation. And the tones of her voice were so very sweet, that Allen in his heart declared—but it is no matter what Allen declared in his heart or any other way. But it is morally certain that as Eva came into the parlor a little while after, there was no singing to be heard, but only one voice speaking very low. Eva declares that she made her escape as soon as possible, but the fact rests upon no proofs, so that it may be disbelieved.

Quite innocently, of course, Eva reminded Allen one day, that he must beware and not fall in love with the red-headed divinity. "Of course, it's perfectly absurd warning you, for I have long ago given up all idea of making you the hero of our novel."

Allen cast what he thought to be a very severe look upon the young tormentor, and was shocked to see the burst of laughter with which it was received.

"Gerty, I'm a firm believer in traditions, and especially that of the magic slippers," said Eva, one day.

"Because both your wishes were realized,"

said Gerty, "especially the first, which seemed very improbable."

"You're a traitor," cried Eva.

"Not at all," was Gerty's reply. "I couldn't help hearing your wishes that night, for I was not asleep as you supposed."

In the process of time Allen and Gerty were married, and little Eva, trusting and true-hearted, went on her way with a firm belief in the MAGIC SLIPPERS.

#### NATURAL BRIDGES.

When a great body of water, says the Scientific (N. Y.) American, has accumulated in a lake until it overflows its barriers, the dam, if narrow and soft, is rapidly washed away, and the subsequent traveller finds but a quiet river flowing through a "notch" in a chain of mountains. Effects somewhat analogous are produced by the flowing of quiet rivers through a soft alluvial country of uniform level, where, as is the case with much of the country in the Rocky Mountain region, the streams are sunk several hundred feet below the level of the general surface. But when, in either configuration of country, the upper surface is of a harder material than the base, it is possible for the water to force a passage beneath, and leave the rocks above. There have doubtless been great numbers of such temporarily formed, and small ones exist at this day without attracting particular attention. The one over Cedar Creek, in Virginia, which is described in all the geographies, as quite a place of resort, is of great height, and is made available as a means of carrying one of the common roads of the country across the stream; but it seems destined to lose its laurels, in consequence of the attention which, by a recent survey for a railroad, has been attracted to another, which is both higher and wider and also used in the same way. The Abingdon Virginian describes Natural Bridge No. 2, which lies in Scott County, in that State, as one compared with which the bridge over Cedar Creek is a mere trifle. The Scott bridge extends across a chasm more than twice eighty feet in width, and is four hundred and twenty feet deep. We think this is higher than any artificial bridge in the world, if we except the ancient aqueduct of Spoleto in Italy, which is the same height. At the bottom of this gulf flows a larger and more rapid stream than Cedar Creek. The arch of the Scott bridge, the Virginian remarks, is not so perfectly formed as that of Cedar Creek, but is not less a bridge, with a broad wagon road located upon it. A recent survey for the Cumberland Gap Railroad passed through the arch of this bridge, and thus brought it into notice. It is described as the wildest and most stupendous curiosity in the United States.

#### THE SEA.

Lasly dip our quiet oars,  
As we steal away from the silent shores  
That erst have rung with the notes of glee,  
And re-echoed our heartfelt revelry.  
Slumbers the wave, but wherever the blade  
Reluctant a lingering plunge has made,  
Its path is with flashes of pearl-foam bright,  
And the sleeping billow springs into light.

WILKINSON.

## AN INDIAN SONG.

BY A. M. WARLAND.

The timid deer doth so lightly spring,  
When man has tainted the breeze,  
That the calm wind at his leap doth sing,  
And he snorts with fear, till the woods ring  
At each old dead tree he sees.

'Tis sweet to hear the whippoorwill lone,  
As close by the door she sighs,  
When the shades of eve have longer grown,  
And the night-owl gives a distant moan,  
And the moon begins to rise.

But lighter is dark-eyed Eula's bound,  
When my distant shout she hears;  
And sweeter far is the melting sound  
Which the wild woods catch and echo round  
Again, again to my ears.

O, 'tis brave to feel the bounding tide,  
As it tingles through my veins;  
When my spear has pierced the she wolf's hide,  
And blood beats from a wound in her side,  
And leaves in the grass its stains.

But I feel a thrill that's deeper yet,  
My blood gives a wilder bound,  
When my arms are round my Eula thrown,  
And her beating heart to mine is set,  
And we speak without a sound.

## MILLY'S MISTAKE.

BY RACHEL MOORE.

SLOWLY along the quiet country road, just as the sun was sinking, came Milly Clare and Mr. Annesley from their evening ride. The tall white chimneys of Milly's house were just gleaming into sight above the distant trees, and Mr. Annesley, seeing them, had said :

"Let us lengthen out the few minutes that remain to us, Milly—the evening is so fine!"

It was true that it was a lovely evening—that all the western sky was golden and cloudless, and the light south wind, coming from the hills, was deliciously refreshing, after the sultry day that had passed; but it was not for that, after all, that he had asked to linger, and Milly had acquiesced so readily, so much as that they cared for each other, without ever having said it in so many words—and it was sweet to linger in each other's society.

The sound of a horse's feet, rapidly approaching them from the point they were seeking, caused both to look up in that direction. A gentleman, mounted upon a gray horse, came galloping down the road. Perceiving them, he slightly moderated his pace.

"It is Captain Dudley," said Milly.

"Yes," said Mr. Annesley, thoughtfully, "I

see it is. He has been up at the house, probably."

Captain Dudley was the son of a neighbor of Milly's father, a young, handsome, and somewhat foppish person, whom Milly did not at all admire, but who nevertheless admired her exceedingly, and who had been of late a somewhat frequent visitor at the house.

As the parties approached each other, Mr. Annesley, whom his neighbor's rivalry did not trouble, bowed quietly to the young man; a piece of courtesy which Captain Dudley received with a silent and ceremonious inclination of the head, followed by a much lower one, marked by an air of deferential and admiring gallantry to Miss Clare, while he gradually drew his horse up almost to a dead stop. Milly, on her part, merely saluted him good-naturedly, and kept on beside Mr. Annesley; and both shortly forgot him, in their conversation with each other.

The hour they had passed together seemed hardly half that time, as Miss Clare's companion lifted her from her horse, at the door, on reaching her home. He retained in his hand that he had taken, while they ascended the broad flight of stone steps together.

"Milly," he said in a low voice, "this has not been the least delightful of the many happy rides we have taken together. Will you promise me one as pleasant to-morrow?"

His voice had a tone, his eloquent, deep blue eyes, seeking hers, a glance of tenderness, that thrilled her heart with delicious emotion.

"If—you care for it, Mr. Annesley," she said, while her heart beat fast and tumultuously, and her voice, lower than his own, slightly trembled.

His sole answer was a close, warm, lingering pressure of the hand, and together they passed under the vine-wreathed stone porch, through the wide hall, where the twilight shadows were beginning to gather, and into the parlor. It was vacant. There was no one here to meet them, and Miss Clare, with the warm blood still tingling her brow, stood by a window, slowly drawing off her riding-gloves, and loosening the ribbons of her hat; while Mr. Annesley, after lingering beside her a moment, turned and walked up and down the lone apartment in silence.

This silence was broken by the entrance of a domestic with an errand to Miss Clare. As he was about to retire, Mr. Annesley asked him :

"John, is not Mr. Clare returned from the village yet?"

The servant answered in the negative, and when he had left the apartment, Mr. Annesley went back to his companion.

"I must be gone, Milly, now," he said, standing beside her at the window; "I must be gone

now. But to-morrow"—he held out his hand—"to-morrow I shall seek you again; and we shall have our evening ride together."

Milly laid her hand timidly in his, with down-cast eyes, and replied—"Yes, Mr. Annesley."

"Good evening, then."

"Good evening," she answered, with a smile.

She returned to the parlor, and sinking into a deep arm-chair, with the heavy folds of her habit still trailing about her, lapsed into thought—*happy* thought—for a half smile was on her lips, and her cheek still flushed softly, and her brown eyes wore a pleasant light.

But she roused herself presently, and breaking from her reverie, rose from her seat, with a look of remembrance crossing her face, and the smile gradually dying away, blended with a look half of curiosity, half of annoyance.

"That letter John gave me just now—I wonder what can be in it!" she said to herself.

And going to a small table beside the window at which she had lately stood, she took up a letter lying there. It was one, as she said, which the servant had just given her, in his brief visit to the apartment, on an errand from the house-keeper—informing her that it had been left only a few moments before by Captain Dudley. Not caring for its contents, she had cast it carelessly aside and forgotten it, while speaking with John.

It contained an offer of the heart and hand of the very elegant and excessively superfine Captain Dudley. Milly's lip slightly curled, with mingled ridicule and impatience. Twisting the note heedlessly in her fingers, she gathered up her hat and gloves that were left lying on the window-seat, and leaving the parlor, went up stairs to her own apartment.

"What can possess him to be so pertinacious!" she said to herself; "if he had the common sense worthy of so handsome a face, he must surely see that I do not care for him in the least. He must be presumptuous, if he hopes to succeed."

The full moon was rising above dark-wooded hills opposite the eastern windows of the room. Seating herself in one of those deep windows, after changing her dress, she resumed the half-perused note. There was every protestation of affection and tenderness in it; the entire epistle being marked, at the same time, with that presumption and self-conceit which characterized the writer. He evidently did not at all despair of success. At the close of the note was an intimation that he would do himself the honor to call on the morrow morning, hoping to receive a favorable answer to his suit.

With her eyes still fixed on the note, long after the last word was read, Milly became lost

in her old reverie. Gradually, her hand sunk upon her lap—the paper, unnoticed, uncared for, fell to the floor. The old dreamy look came into her eyes—the faint, happy smile to her lip. Captain Dudley was forgotten—the words of endearment traced by his conceited pen lost in the remembrance of the more eloquent, the *sweeter* looks and tones of one whom she felt, in her own secret heart, was dearer to her, ten thousand times, than any other could ever be. With the smile and blush deepening on lip and cheek, she rested her arms on the broad stone window-sill and hid her face in them, at length. The clash of the garden gate, opening and closing, was the only thing that roused her, at last. She heard her father's step below—heard him going from room to room, and finally calling: "Milly, my darling, where are you?"

Rising with a light, half happy, half-regretful sigh, she left her room and went down stairs to meet her father. The great clock in the hall struck nine, as she passed through and reached the library, where she found him.

"So late, father!" she said; surprised. "I did not think it. Where have you been—all this time?"

"Where have *you* been, Milly?" retorted her father, laughingly, "that you 'did not think it' so late as nine o'clock?"

"I? O, I have been in dream-land," she said, smiling.

"And I—well, wait a moment; sha'n't we have lights, Milly? Here comes John."

"No, never mind the lights—John, we don't want them yet—this moonlight is pleasanter."

She sat down upon a lounge, with her arm resting upon the study-table, near the arm-chair which her father had assumed.

"Well, where have you been, father?"

"Talking with a friend of yours, whom I met by chance. Well—it was somebody you are pretty well acquainted with. What do you think of his having proposed for you, Milly? Now you know who it is—don't you? I met him just now, when he opened the subject to me."

He leaned back in his chair, laughing quietly and softly rubbing his hands.

Now Milly knew. He had encountered Captain Dudley, or rather Captain Dudley had sought him. She had prepared herself to tell her father of the gentleman's proposal, but he knew of it already, it seemed. The captain appeared to be anxious to make sure work of it.

"So he has spoken to you, father?"

"To be sure. You seem to take it rather quietly, Milly. But so, in fact, did I. Indeed, I don't know that it should be a matter of sur-

prise—I own I have been expecting it this some time; and you, I suppose, Milly—but I'll spare your blushes, my dear, and only ask you what you have to say about it?"

"Well, I don't think of marrying at present, sir," answered Miss Clare.

"Don't think of marrying at present?" echoed her father, looking a very little perplexed. "Why, Milly, that's very much like saying you won't have him at all!"

Milly half smiled, and then grew serious.

"It amounts to about that," she said; "but you appear to wonder at my answer—why is it?"

"I confess that I do wonder, Milly. I thought you liked him?"

"I suppose I do, sir, at least, as an acquaintance he does very well; but," she added, "I was not aware that you regarded him with such particular affection as you now seem to."

"Not aware of it?—what in the world do you mean, Milly? There is not another whom I know, I would so gladly call my son-in-law."

Miss Clare sat wondering at this declaration. It completely puzzled her.

"I am sure, sir," she said, rather warmly, after a moment, "this is something new to me. I had no idea you liked him so well; but as for myself, I have told you that I regard him merely as an acquaintance, nothing more, I assure you. I am sorry if you or he has misunderstood my sentiments regarding him; I certainly think I never gave you reason to do so. If you have done so, it is not my fault."

Mr. Clare regarded her with mingled astonishment, severity and coldness.

"According to your manner of receiving his proposal," he said, "I should say that I have most completely misconstrued them, and it is your fault. Can it be possible that you have been coquetting with this young man—merely coquetting with him—all this time? And after raising his hopes, his expectations—"

"Sir—allow me—" interrupted Milly, with respect, yet with dignity, while she felt her cheek growing warm, "I am utterly unaware of having ever raised these hopes—these expectations—of which you speak. If he entertains them they are quite groundless."

Her father rose from his chair, slightly waving his hand, as if to end the discussion.

"I confess that I have not quite understood you of late, then," he said. And now his voice had in it less of severity than acute disappointment of sorrow—it was more subdued than before. "I have not understood you."

These tones brought the quick rushing tears to Milly's eyes.

"Indeed, indeed you have not," she said earnestly, tremulously; "but I did not think you cared for him so very much, father."

"No matter, no matter now, Milly," he said. "We will not say any more about this affair to-night. To-morrow morning he will come over, and then you can see him, and tell him what you think. At present it is nearly time to retire. We will have lights now."

Milly repressed her tears with difficulty. She trembled as she gave her father her good-night kiss that evening. He saw how her drooping eyelashes glistened with those tears, how her cheek was flushed and hot, and despite what had passed, he could not help embracing her with all his accustomed affectionate tenderness. His glance followed her anxiously, as she passed in silence from the room. Shaking his head sorrowfully, he turned away.

"There is something wrong—I do not comprehend it," he murmured.

Milly, on her part, wept herself to slumber that night. This difference with her father, and the strangeness of its cause, were more than she could bear. So, also, to herself she said:

"Everything is going wrong—I do not know what to make of it."

So different were the commencement and the close of this evening. But the following morning, when Milly woke, refreshed and brightened by her night's sound, uninterrupted sleep, and remembered the trouble of the previous evening, she looked at the matter more calmly, and with strengthened nerve. It did not seem so serious.

"I certainly have not encouraged Captain Dudley," she said to herself, firmly. "Both he and my father are strangely mistaken in their opinion to the contrary. What can they be thinking of?—how can they think so at all? Yes, they are mistaken, I am perfectly innocent of coquetry; and I must convince them of it."

When she met her father at breakfast, she found him affectionate and kindly as usual, but serious and disposed to silence. The last night's trouble evidently weighed heavily upon his mind. This caused her the deepest pain. She longed to open the subject then and there, again, to assure him a thousand times of the innocence of wrong intentions; but she restrained herself.

"By-and-by," she said to herself, "will be better. If Captain Dudley asserts that I have encouraged him, I will lay my past conduct before them both—compel them to examine it fairly—and then if they can, either of them, point out a single instance in which I have sought to encourage his attentions, I will acknowledge that I have been wrong in doing so."

The morning repast was conducted in quiet. Mr. Clare, almost from its beginning to its close, was engaged in his own reflections. When it was concluded, he repaired to the library alone. And Milly went up stairs to her own room.

Suddenly, the opening and closing of the iron gate at the entrance of the ground aroused her. She did not rise from her seat, to see who had entered or passed out. It might be her father, going to the village, it might be a servant, or it might be Captain Dudley arrived. She continued the employment which engaged her, finding now that she shrank from seeing who it possibly might be. After the closing of the gate all was quiet. There was no sound reached her through the shut door of her chamber, from below. She could not tell whether any one had entered or not. But ten minutes had scarcely passed, when word was brought her that her father requested her to come down into the parlor. Instantly obeying this summons, she left her apartment and descended to the hall below, where she met her father, who was at that moment leaving the parlor.

"Milly," he said, "Mr. Annesley has come. He awaits you." And passing on, he re-entered the library.

With pulses slightly quickened, Miss Clare opened the door and entered, beholding Mr. Annesley, as she did so, standing at a distant window, looking out upon the lawn. He turned towards her. Wondering, she saw that his countenance was pale, serious, disturbed. But he advanced, holding out his hands to her, and saying only, in a voice of sadness: "Milly!"

"Mr. Annesley!" she uttered earnestly, with a sudden fear, all undefined, overshadowing her sweet face, as she met him. "Mr. Annesley, you are grave, sorrowful! What—" She hesitated, questioning him only with her eyes.

"Grave, sorrowful!" he echoed, in accents of pain. "Is it then a marvel that I should be thus, learning as I do for the first time that I have no place in your heart? You could not have known how I love you, Milly, or you would know how deep, how bitter my disappointment is."

His love! The sweet words sent a thrill of delicious emotion quivering through her whole frame; the soft, bashful color rose and wavered fitfully in her cheek, beneath his sad, loving, passionate glance. But the timid, faltering, yet eloquent answer in her dark eyes was blended with a searching, troubled, inquiring look. "He had no place in her heart!" For a moment their eyes met, then a strange light gradually dawned upon her mind—yet, could it be? Half bewildered, she put her hand to her brow.

"I do not think I understand you," she said, falteringly.

There was a brief silence, while he regarded her with a strangely perplexed air.

"You do not understand me, Milly?" he said, at length. "Is it a dream, then, that your father was with me a moment since, telling me that after all, my hopes were groundless—that you regarded me indifferently—that you rejected the love I have so long, so tenderly cherished for you? Did he not say that you would not wed me, Milly?"

"You, Mr. Annesley?" She trembled and blushed, uttering the words with a faint tone of astonishment. "Will you come with me to my father a moment?" she said. And with a thousand tumultuous, contradictory thoughts and emotions in the breast of each, they sought the library together.

Mr. Clare, seated at a table, looked up, pale and surprised. Coloring more deeply than ever, Milly laid her hand upon his arm.

"Father," she said, in a low tone, "was it—was it Mr. Annesley of whom you were speaking last night?"

"Was it Annesley?—yes!" he answered, with a glance of surprise and inquiry.

"Then—" Milly slowly drew from her pocket the note she had received the evening before—"then I have made a mistake," she said, falteringly. "Captain Dudley left this note for me only a little while before you came; I thought you alluded to him, instead of—"

Her trouble and confusion increased. Unable to finish, she turned her head away. Mr. Clare, glancing quickly over the contents of the missive, had comprehended all, at once. With a smile, he rose from his chair.

"Milly, Annesley!" he exclaimed, in a well-pleased voice, "it seems there has been a mistake."

And so, indeed, there had. And Milly learned as a certainty now, what until a moment before she had not even suspected—that it was Mr. Annesley, who, on leaving her the previous evening had met her father in the village, and requesting a few moments' conversation with his old friend, had sought permission to offer himself to his daughter—not Captain Dudley as she had thought.

"So it was Captain Dudley, you refused, Milly—not Mr. Annesley?" he said softly. "What will you say to me?"

I dare say you can guess what she said, reader; we all know pretty well that the answer was detrimental to the interests of Captain Dudley, as he found when he called, that morning, on Miss Clare, and was, much to his astonishment, refused.

## WATCHING AND WAITING.

BY S. L. SPENCER.

It was an April morning  
 The morn you went from me,  
 The sweet briar buds were bursting,  
 Red bloomed the maple tree.  
 The maple tree is bright with flowers,  
 The briar again is green;  
 It is an April morning now,  
 But ah, the years between!

I've waited all these weary years,  
 In silence and in pain,  
 Through a lonely youth to a loveless age,  
 I waited still in vain.  
 The light of hope within my eye,  
 Tears long since washed away;  
 Roses give place to wrinkles now,  
 And dark brown locks to gray.

For some the river of life floweth calmly,  
 Gently and smoothly, o'er silvery sands;  
 My lot was with those who care for the morrow;  
 I have not waited with folded hands.  
 Patient I trusted, weary I labored!  
 Willing hands find work to do;  
 Bless the Lord of life for labor!  
 Else I had not struggled through.

But the clouded day draws near to its evening,  
 Slowly the shadows begin to sink;  
 I stand on the edge of the fearful valley,  
 Soon to arrive at the river's brink.  
 Would I could see thee before the night cometh,  
 Would I could hear thee say, "faithful one;"  
 But not even this cup to my parched lip is granted  
 Living, or dying, I journey alone.

Gladly I'll lay down my sorrowful burden,  
 Calmly I'll step in the dark cold tide;  
 You may not bid me "godspeed" at the parting,  
 But we shall meet on the other side.

## THE WAGONER OF WEXFORD.

## A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"GEE, Charley, gee! what is the matter with you, old fellow?" The speaker stopped, and looked with anxious countenance up and down the road. "The beast has either seen or heard something," he muttered. "Ha, there it comes!"

Adown the road a solitary rider approached at a round speed. But as he came nearer, it was evident that both steed and master had had their energies taxed to the utmost. The horseman reined up by the side of the wagon; and as he did so, the laboring sides and glazed eyes of his faithful animal gave unmistakable signs of extreme exhaustion.

"Which side do you serve, friend?" inquired the new comer.

"Rather a dubious question, mister, to ask in these here times. Howsomever, I guess there wont be any dispute between you and Dick Stiles."

"King or Congress?" interrupted the other, impatiently.

"Congress, mister, I tell ye. I can see you're the same, without asking. But that poor beast of yours seems pretty near done for, as well as yourself."

"Poor Fleetfoot!" exclaimed the officer, for such a certain air of military authority proclaimed him, "I have indeed tried him hard. I must part with him now, at all events, and exchange him for one of your team. It is useless for you to proceed further. The camp at Hinck's Ferry was attacked early this morn by a British detachment, and our men completely cut to pieces; scarcely one of them escaping. I am carrying the news to Hamden's battalion, which, I suppose, is not very far from here; and I hope to get down in time for a rescue of our men and baggage."

"Enough," said the wagoner, "let us down with the fence here, and I will drive the wagon through to yonder wood, when we will unhitch, and stow away our load in safety. It is too valuable to risk its use by the wrong hands. Drot the rascally red coats; they've jest spoiled my market; for I was carrying ammunition to the very post that you have been obliged to leave in such a hurry. Not that there was such a quantity of the warlike, either; most of my load being of a peaceable nature—corn and the like. Thought I would risk it alone, for a few miles, seeing that I could do no better. And for that matter I count myself equal, on a pinch, to half-a-dozen ordinary Britishers."

"Indeed," exclaimed the other, smiling, "at that rate, two or three thousand recruits of your stamp would be a very valuable acquisition to us at this precise time."

The wagon load was soon concealed within the thicket, and all sign of the entrance carefully removed. Fleetfoot was turned loose, and, mounted on the two powerful wagon horses, the officer and his new found friend set forth at a round pace for the battalion posted a few miles distant, and commanded by Major Hamden. On the way, little opportunity was offered for conversation; yet Captain Jackson was presently struck with a certain incompatibility between the bearing and apparent rank of his companion. Nor could the young officer avoid noticing that every now and then, in brief snatches of talk, the rustic slang which Stiles had at first affected, gave way to language which was hardly possible

in one devoid of liberal manners and education. So plainly did the incongruity appear to Jackson, that a feeling of suspicion arose, he scarce knew why. Already he cast a wary eye on his companion, when the crack of a rifle resounded near at hand, and the officer's right arm fell powerless by his side.

"Scoundrel," he cried, reeling in his saddle, "you have delivered me into the hands of enemies!"

"It is false," shouted the other, with flashing eyes. "But I forgive you, captain," he continued with a calmer voice; "I dare say it is but my own evil luck that has brought this fortune upon us. You see that it is of no use to attempt resistance."

Some eight or ten horsemen, approaching them from either hand, proved most incontestably the truth of the remark. One of the assailing party, a burly, full fed man, brandished his sword with an air of authority, and exclaimed in a blustering voice:

"Lay down your arms, you rebels; lay down your arms, or not one of you shall be left alive!"

"May it please your honor," returned Stiles, with an air of mock deference, "we hasten to obey your commands, confident of the mercy which your magnanimity will show to us."

"Silence, sir! silence, I say. Mr. Lieutenant Crollick, you will see that the prisoners are put under safe guard. That settled, let us rejoin our companions."

The arms of the prisoners having been secured, and a soldier stationed at each bridle rein, the party now left the road, and entering the covert of a pine forest which bordered on the highway, presently came upon a squad of between twenty and thirty men, clad with some faint pretensions to a certain uniformity of garb. But neither in this respect, nor in disciplinary rule, did there appear to be much exactness observed. The return of the tory chief with his little detachment, was greeted with uproarious applause. The vinegar-faced lieutenant sharply rebuked them:

"What is all this clatter for, you ill-trained louts? One would think your only wish was to bring down upon us that scamp of a Marion, or some of his harum-scarum crew. When will you learn to hold your peace as soldiers should?"

Meanwhile, several of the tories gathered round the prisoners. One of the former surveyed the wagoner with peculiar curiosity.

"It's of no use, Mr. Jack Williams," exclaimed the soldier, after a prolonged stare, which the prisoner bore with great composure, "it's of no use, Mr. Jack Williams, for I should

know that nose of yours among a thousand. Do you recollect the fine story that you told me, in our camp on the Pedee river last spring? You'll hardly pull the wool over my eyes again."

"You are mistaken," replied the prisoner, with perfect coolness. "My name is Richard Stiles, or Dick Stiles, as I am often called. My mate, here, the captain, can witness to the truth of what I say."

"The name is of no consequence. I know my man, and that is enough for me. You'll swing for it, my good fellow, depend on't; and so you'll leave an opening for some one else to take up the noble trade of spy—"

"What is this you say?" interposed Crollick, thrusting himself between the two speakers. "Who is this fellow?"

"This fellow, lieutenant, is a spy, who calls himself Jack Williams, or any other name which suits his fancy for the time being. Sometimes he has brown hair, and sometimes black. One day he wears a long beard, and the next he hasn't a bristle on his chin. He's a cunning 'possum, lieutenant, but I know him. He's a spy, and there's the end on't."

"Shoot the rascal! Hang him up! Court martial!" were the various exclamations which burst from the lips of the bystanders.

The burly captain of the tories, who had just hobbled up in time to get an inkling of the state of the case, now lifted his voice above the rest:

"No violence, my lads. The man must have a trial. We must do things according to law."

"Spare yourself the trouble!" exclaimed Stiles, with sudden bitterness. "I am your man, and I see that it is vain to deny the fact. As for my life, it is of little value to me, though I could have wished to end it in a somewhat different manner. But I have one request to make. As I shall have saved you the time which would have been occupied in prosecuting the accusation against me, I trust that you will not deny me fifteen or twenty minutes before you make up your final disposition of me. I wish to say a few words to my friend concerning my own private affairs."

"That's fair enough, it seems to me," answered the tory commander. "What say you, my boys?"

"I, for one, say agreed," replied one of the men. "And give him half an hour, if he wants it. He's a regular game cock, and deserves to be humored as far as it's right."

Despite a growl of remonstrance from Crollick, the two prisoners were suffered to withdraw themselves a few feet from their captors, for the



purpose of more private conference. No sooner were they thus apart, than Jackson accosted his companion with an air of astonishment:

"What has possessed you, my friend, thus to hurry on your fate? Could you not await the slower process which your foes were about to institute?"

"It was even so," replied the other. "I have not the wish to live. The griefs, the disappointments, the dishonors which I have suffered, leave me little hope of enjoyment in the future. I am about to tell you the story of my life in as few words as possible. I trust that you will confide in the truthfulness of a dying man, for such I consider myself, and that in the future, when opportunity may offer, you will be able to relieve my memory from that stain under which it now must labor. My true name is Robert Vernon. My family is good, and not unknown to common reputation. At the opening of the war, I entered the patriot army, and soon rose to the rank of captain. Fortune more than smiled on me, for I was on the point of engagement to the loveliest girl in the whole country. I was full of zeal and hope. My means were fully equal to the wants of my station, and I refused to see aught but brightness in the future. You shall hear how a single hour brought me to ruin! Do you recollect the affair at Staunton's Bridge, about two years since? I commanded a company in that action, under the orders of Major Stowell. Before the fight could be said to have fairly begun, my men were seized with a sudden panic, and gave way in disorder. Frantic at their disgraceful conduct, I used every exertion to rally them. I threw myself before the fugitives, bitterly reproaching them, and even wounding the foremost with my sword. But such was their infatuation that I was not only unable to stay their course, but was myself borne away in the current of their flight. Eight days afterward I was brought before a court martial, accused of unmilitary conduct, found guilty, and dismissed from the service. I demanded to be shot. If I had been guilty of what they laid to my charge, I deserved it. They laughed at my despair, and bade me go about my business. I was branded as a coward—if not directly so, at least imputedly. How could such injustice have taken place, you ask? The secret of it was this: Major Stowell was a member of the court. He was my rival in love. He was in the graces of his superiors. Undoubtedly a man of courage, he sustained, however much or little he may have deserved it, an honorable reputation. The tide of testimony turned against me; through what influences I will not now un-

dertake to say. Enough that I was disgraced. Disgraced in the eyes of my brother soldiers. Disgraced, worst of all, in the eyes of the one I loved. I never saw her afterward. I knew that old Colonel Ogilvie would have spurned me from his door, as he would not the meanest dog—"

"Ogilvie, did you say?" interrupted the other. "Colonel Ogilvie? That was the man whom I heard mentioned by the tory soldiers this morning. They were intending to attack his mansion to-day. I overheard them to that effect, as I lay in concealment."

Stiles turned deadly pale, and sprang to his feet.

"Good heavens! Let us fly—"

"Stand, stranger," interrupted an ungainly looking fellow, thrusting his rifle point blank in the face of the prisoner. "I calculate it will be safest for you to stay where you are."

"I don't know about that," said a voice near at hand. And, as the words were spoken, a brown bearded man in a ranger's frock, stepped quickly from the corner of the trees, and placed himself beside a stack of muskets. "Stay," he added, as the astonished soldiers were about to rush upon him, "look around you."

A circle of partisans clad like himself, stood around, completely hemming in the tories, who remained aghast, staring at each other in silence.

"Sergeant Lewis," continued the whig leader, "take a file of twelve to guard the prisoners. From what I have just overheard," turning to Stiles and his companion, "I fancy that there is other work prepared for the rest of our number."

"You are right," responded Stiles, eagerly. "We entreat you to hasten to the Ogilvie estate, which is presently to be attacked by the enemy."

His companion shook his head.

"You are too few in force. The assailants will number at least five hundred."

The partisan heard them with a troubled countenance; but when assured by Stiles that Colonel Hamden was a short distance to the northward, his countenance lighted up.

"Let one of you," he said, "take a horse and ride to the colonel with the information, while we hasten to the field. We can certainly create a diversion, till the reinforcements will have time to arrive."

"Right," exclaimed Stiles, gladly; "every moment is of consequence." Then in an undertone, he continued, addressing his quondam prisoner, "Captain, I know that you will hardly be willing to come last to the rescue. But the truth of the message may be doubted if my face

should be recognized by those with whom I have served. Besides, you have a wounded arm; so if you would venture—"

"Ay," interrupted the other, with a smile, "I see how it is. I dare say, under the circumstances, I can be better spared than another. I will do the errand."

It was little more than half an hour afterwards that the advanced party heard a scattered firing in the direction toward which they were marching.

"I think the old colonel himself must be on the ground," exclaimed Stiles; "and if so, there is no man living who will make better use of his position than will he."

Presently they came in sight of the mansion, an ancient brick domicile, built in the earlier years of the colony, when the region was exposed to Indian inroads. Its thick, narrow-windowed walls were therefore calculated for security as well as for comfort, and would afford a very tolerable defence against a mere predatory attack, unsustained by cannon. But, in the present case, though no artillery of the kind was as yet displayed, the disproportioned number of the assailants made it certain that the occupants could not hold out long without reinforcement. The mansion, with its accompanying buildings, stood nearly at the northern end of the grassy plain of some fifteen acres, on three sides of which the forest extended itself. Acting on the advice of Stiles, the rangers placed themselves in ambush on the borders of the open space, and as the enemy came forward, fired singly and by squads from various positions which they quickly changed for fresh points of attack. So well was the diversion managed, that the doughty foe was for a time confounded and thrown into confusion. However, a portion of their number was soon detached to scour the woods, and the rangers were obliged to yield place, at least in part. Gathering themselves gradually toward the northern end of the field, they were on the point of making a rush for the house, when they became aware of the advance of the expected reinforcement. The siege was now virtually abandoned; and a sharp skirmish ensued between the British force and the detachment which had just arrived.

The majority of numbers was still on the side of the former. But the rangers, hanging around the foe and acting as sharpshooters, poured in their unerring fire, while the rank and file of the Americans charged in front. The enemy were soon in complete confusion. Their courage was broken, and a sanguinary rout ended in their almost entire destruction. After the affray was

over, the victors received a hearty welcome from gallant old Colonel Ogilvie, who, with his younger son and several servants had dared to attempt the maintenance of the house.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Major Stowell," exclaimed the old soldier, extending both hands in greeting to the commander of the detachment. "Hamden sent you in the nick of time; for otherwise, notwithstanding the help of these brave rangers, we could not have stood much chance of success."

"I should think not," replied the major, gravely. "And you will pardon my boldness, knowing as you do the sincerity of my respect, when I add that this defence of yours was, at the least, a rather rash undertaking, considering the force of the enemy, and the fact that you had no information of the party which was hastening to your assistance."

"Tut, tut!" replied the colonel, smiling. "One would think you a very Fabius in military prudence, were it not unfortunately the case that certain feats of your own, in past time, have told us a different story. But the fact is, that I had a hint of the intended attack, and despatched a messenger to you, thinking to bring you here in season. However, as the blundering fellow was going to take the shortest cut, without doubt he is at this moment floundering in some quagmire or other, after having travelled three times the necessary distance. But what good fortune, then, brought you so quickly to the rescue? Ah, Martha, my girl, show yourself this way, and give your thanks in person to the major and the rest of our brave friends."

"What better inspiring to action than the smiles of the fair?" said the major, bowing gallantly to the colonel's daughter; a tall, dark-eyed beauty, who just now drew near, accompanied by her brother, a stripling of some sixteen years.

"Major Stowell and his brave companions need never want for such rewards, however poorly they may be otherwise recompensed. But, father, here comes John with the horses; and now that the soldiers are resting on their arms, let us persuade the major to act as our leader while making our rounds among them."

"Well said, girl," replied the colonel. "Come, then, major. Forward, march! You never yet objected to that command."

"Much less would I now, when thus sustained," replied the major, again bowing. "Let us, then, first direct our steps yonder, where stands the captain of the rangers, surrounded by some of his fellows. He is a worthy man, and has done you and me good service to-day."

Luke Francis, the commander of the rangers, was engaged in conversation with Captain Jackson and Stiles, or rather Vernon, since we should now give to him his proper name. Neither of the three noticed the approach of the major and his companions, till the latter were upon them. The leader of the partisans received the plaudits of his new friends with great modesty, declaring himself but a joint and equal laborer with those around him. As he spoke, he laid his hands on the shoulders of Vernon and Jackson.

"Had it not been for these," he said, "I should scarce have been here to merit or receive your congratulations."

Vernon could no longer escape recognition. The major changed color, while the colonel seemed equally grieved and embarrassed. Martha drew back, as if desirous to avoid a meeting which could not be otherwise than painful. The old colonel was the first to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are happy to render our thanks for the service you have done us to-day. And, in reference to one of your number, I may say that the bravery of to-day will go far to obliterate the unpleasant remembrance of the past. I have no doubt that my friend the major will join me in the declaration."

"Sir," replied Vernon, instantly, "for yourself and yours, I have and hope ever to retain the highest respect; but for enemies, like Major Stowell, I have very little; from such I choose to receive no favors. Justice is my due, and that he will not offer me."

"Mr. Vernon," rejoined the colonel, with a stern countenance, and a voice severe and inflexible, "we will bear with your petulance for the time being. However, since you will recall the past, let me remind you that you have had a fair and open trial, and we should surely presume that you then and there received the justice which you seem to demand. It is useless now to retaliate with idle complaint, and I must repeat my regret at your thus recalling what we would much rather forget than remember."

Vernon was silent. His face was white; a volume of passionate emotion struggled in vain for utterance. The major turned away with a bitter smile; while Martha, as she moved on with her companions, cast on him a single glance of pity, which, to the irritated soul of the disgraced lover, appeared so nearly allied to contempt that it only added fuel to his passion.

"Come, my friend," exclaimed Captain Jackson, taking Vernon by the arm, "recollect that the longest lane must have a turning. Keep up your courage; I doubt not that the right will prevail in the end. Wait with patience."

"How long? How long?" rejoined Vernon, with a look of agony. "It is easy, my dear sir, to advise, but not always so easy to endure."

"I stand reproved," answered the other. "But I declare it again; you must and shall be righted, if it be within the power of my endeavor to assist you, and set the proper train in motion. I cannot believe the thing impossible."

Vernon shook his head, but, by an earnest grasp of the hand, expressed his gratitude for the sympathy of his companion. At this instant, a negro boy approached the pair and accosted them: "Got note for Massa Vernon."

"Here, boy," answered Vernon, reaching out his hand and receiving the billet.

Opening it, his eye ran over the following words:

"TO CAPTAIN VERNON,—You declare that you have been wronged by your fellow officers, or, to say the least, by one of them. If so, it is certain that I have an interest in knowing the truth; for on the knowledge depends a decision of the deepest consequence to me. If you see fit to comply with the request, I would desire that you come in half an hour from now, to the east door of the house, when you will find the boy Philip ready to act as your conductor."

MARTHA OGILVIE."

Vernon pencilled underneath these words:

"I will come. R. V."

Then refolding and resealing the paper, he gave it to the boy, telling him to deliver it to his mistress.

Exactly at the moment Vernon presented himself at the spot appointed, and from thence was conducted by his guide to the apartment where Martha awaited him. Here, also, he found Major Stowell, whose look of surprise on the entrance of his former rival plainly declared that the meeting was an unexpected one. Martha advanced toward Vernon, and taking him by the hand, led him toward the major. The latter retreated a step or two backward, and glanced alternately at his two companions with an inquiring frown.

"My friend, Major Stowell," said Martha, hurriedly, "I wish to appeal to you directly. The happiness of my life is balanced on your reply. Answer me honestly and truly. Is Robert Vernon deserving of the disgrace which he endures—disgrace, which you yourself have sanctioned?"

So penetrating was her glance, so impassioned her countenance, that the eyes of the major involuntarily fell. He raised them again; anger and mortification flushed his face.

"An unseasonable time, methinks," he slowly replied, "to reverse the decision already made."

Martha regarded him with a look, firm and even stern in its expression, as she rejoined :

"Major Stowell, this is not the answer which I desire. On this man, coward and disgraced as you have declared him, were once placed my deepest affections. Naught but deserved dishonor should remove them from their place. This eve I am called upon to decide the suit which you and my father have urged. I reply—not till you answer me truly and clearly, or, in failure of this, till I am otherwise fully satisfied, will my decision be made."

She finished. Vernon stood motionless, and cold as marble. Major Stowell, on the contrary, was assailed by emotions whose evidence no effort of his own could fully repress. His lips trembled, and drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead. Then, as if unable further to restrain himself, he hurried from the room. Martha had exchanged scarce a dozen words with Vernon, when the sound of a pistol shot struck their ears. Alarmed by a common apprehension, they hastened in the direction from whence the noise had issued.

At the door of the major's apartment, they met an old negro servant, wringing his hands, and uttering inarticulate ejaculations. Brushing past him, they found the major stretched on the floor and breathing heavily. His eyes were closed; the breast of his uniform was spotted with blood. Vernon raised the head of the fallen man from the floor, and as he did so a shudder ran through the frame of the major. The latter, opening his eyes, turned them on Martha, as she stood clinging to the support of her father, who had just entered the apartment.

"What murderous deed is this?" exclaimed the old soldier, in an accent of horror, directing, meanwhile, a look of suspicion on Vernon. "Speak, my dear major, and let us know the cause, while there yet is time."

"No hand but mine is here," said the dying man, with a hoarse and difficult utterance. "Attent to my words, all of you. I have accused Robert Vernon maliciously. I believe him to be a brave and honorable man. I was the main cause of his disgrace. My motive, Martha may be able to guess. For this, and for all my misdeeds, may Heaven forgive me!"

A surgeon had now arrived; and, having examined the wound, and felt the pulse of his patient, turned to the old colonel with an ominous gravity.

"He can live but a few hours," he said.

The major was lifted on the bed, and every attention which the colonel and his family could bestow, was afforded him. Nor were Martha and

Vernon behind the rest in their constant solicitude. The major was deeply grateful for their generous efforts. That very eve, in obedience to his earnest and reiterated entreaties, the pair were united in his presence; and they remained watching by his bedside till he expired, in the early morn. He was buried in the family enclosure, and on the stone which was raised above him, were engraved these words :

"His virtues are remembered; his faults are forgotten."

Vernon was reinstated in his former military ranks, and at the close of the war, retired with the highest honor. Such was the estimation which he had gained, that he was repeatedly offered the chief magistracy of the State. But he steadily refused, preferring, instead of political distinction, the happiness of a purely domestic life.

#### QUESTIONS FOR LAW STUDENTS.

When is it necessary to commence a fresh suit? When the other has become too ventilating or seedy.

What is a release? To exchange the society of your ugly aunt for that of your beautiful cousin.

What is a clerical error? Preaching a three hours' sermon.

What are breaches of trust? Trowsers procured on tick.

What are incumbrances? Your poor relations.

What is a mortgagee in possession? An uncle.

Mention some of the principal law-books which you have studied. Hoyle's law of Whist, Cribbage, etc.

What are original writs? Pothooks and hangers.

What steps should you take to dissolve an injunction? I should put it into hot water and let it remain there until wanted.—*Picayune*.

#### A RICH ANECDOTE.

In Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of the Bronte Girls*, there is a rich anecdote of a Yorkshire farmer. It appears that he had insured his life, and the payment of the premium was a great grief to this money-loving Yorkshireman. Just before the second payment of the annual premium came around, however, a mortal sickness seized the unfortunate farmer, who, when the doctor and parson conjointly announced his approaching fate, lifted himself up in bed, and with a chuckle, which rose in grinning triumph over the death rattle, cried: "Ecod! you don't say so—going to die? Zounds! then I shall do the insurance chaps, after all, out of their money. Ecod, I was always a lucky dog!"

Quaint old Fuller says: "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

## ANCIENT MINSTRELSY.

BY TAYLOR J. HUNT.

Tell us a tale of old—  
Sing me an ancient song,  
Of chivalrous knights and yeomen bold,  
A story that bards have sung and told  
The greenwood shades among.

Tell us an ancient tale  
Of noble and daring deed;  
Of stalwort knights clad in mail,  
Of champions bold that never quailed  
When their lady-love had need.

Tell us an ancient tale,  
Of tournaments grand and gay—  
Of bouts that causeth the cheek to pale,  
When valiant hearts that knew not fall,  
Battled in proud array.

Tell us a tale of old—  
A legend weird and strange,  
Of ghastly phantoms, grim and cold,  
That rise from their beds in the churchyard mould,  
At the midnight hour to range.

Sing me an ancient song;  
One fraught with wild romance;  
A lay that in castle halls hath rung,  
And by wandering troubadours oft been sung  
In the sunny vales of France.

Tell us a tale of old—  
Of each and every clime;  
What booteth it by whom been told?  
It matters not so it be old—  
A tale of ancient times.

## BOX AND COX.\*

BY ARISTIDES JINK.

THE room occupied by Mr. Cox in Mrs. Bouncer's lodging-house, was a very respectable though plainly furnished apartment, containing, at eight o'clock one winter's morning, a bed, several chairs, a table, two closet doors, and Mr. Cox. The latter article was, at the time, in his shirt sleeves, with a small mirror in his hand, savagely contemplating the top of his head, which, for the length and luxuriance of its asburn locks, strongly resembled a rat's back.

Physically, Mr. Cox was no great shakes; but in his capacity and ability for just indignation and resentment, he was a shake of the first class. The bowels of compassion appertaining to Mr. Cox were, on the morning in question, powerfully agitated, and he poured forth vials—nay, jugs of wrath upon the head of his unfortunate barber with a looseness that was almost sublime.

\* Founded on the popular farce thus entitled.

"I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again," he fiercely ejaculated, as he squinted at himself in the mirror and passed his hand back and forth over the shoe brush which he was pleased to denominate his scalp. "I look as if I had been cropped for the militia! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the ends nearest my head! Never mind—I sha'n't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. Who can that be knocking? Come in! Open locks, whoever knocks."

"Good morning, Mr. Cox," said Mrs. Bouncer, opening the door, and entering the room on the strength of the invitation. "I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox!"

"I can't say I did, Mrs. B.," rejoined Cox, snappishly. "I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle."

"Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Cox," said Mrs. Bouncer, pleasantly. "Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut!"

"Cut? echoed Cox. "It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently convinced of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. By-the-by, Mrs. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast; nor is it the case with the coals only, Mrs. Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches."

"Lar, Mr. Cox! you surely don't suspect me?" exclaimed Mrs. Bouncer, with much apparent surprise.

"I don't say I do, Mrs. B.; only I wish you distinctly to understand that I don't believe it is the cat."

"Is there anything else you've got to grumble about, sir?" she asked, indignantly.

"Grumble!" repeated Cox, severely. "Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a dictionary? No? Then I'll lend you one—and if you turn to the letter G, you'll find: 'Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause.' Now that's not my case, Mrs. B.; and now that we're upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?"

"Why—I—suppose—the chimney—"

"The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco," retorted Mr. Cox, suspiciously. "I'm speaking of tobacco-smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer, you're not guilty of cheroots or Cubas, nor partial to a pipe? Then how is it that the thing is to be accounted for?"

"Why—" hesitated Mrs. Bouncer, in quite a flutter; "I suppose—yes—that must be it—"

"At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean."

"Why, the gentleman who has got the attic is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth, and there he sits, with his feet on the mantel-piece—"

"The mantel-piece!" interrupted Mr. Cox, with the air of a remarkably knowing lawyer bullying a witness. "That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mrs. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fireplace."

"Then you mean to say," cross-questioned Cox, "that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going up the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction—eh? I suppose the individual you are speaking of is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up; from the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest."

"Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is," returned Mrs. Bouncer, evidently much relieved, as she saw her lodger go towards the door. "You'll be back at the usual time, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster. And I say, Bouncer," he added, putting his head back into the room, "you may order a half-penny's worth of milk—and be good enough to let it stand. I wish the cream to accumulate." And Mr. Cox vanished.

"He's gone at last!" ejaculated Mrs. Bouncer, hastening to put the room in order. "I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Cox went but. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till morning—and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day, and doesn't come home till night.

So that I'm getting double rent, for my room, and neither of my lodgers is any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. I really must beg Mr. Box not to smoke so much. I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say, when Mr. Cox spoke about it! Now, then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox, becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes differ so!" And Mrs. Bouncer proceeded to flounce over the bed-tick, and punch up the pillows in the most scientific manner imaginable; and she had hardly completed the performance, when the door opened, giving entrance to her other lodger, Mr. Box.

"Good morning, Mr. Box!" she simpered, whisking a tattered duster over the various articles of furniture. "Why, I declare you're quite pale in the face this morning—are you ill?"

"What color would you have a man be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?" snappishly inquired Box.

"But then you've all day to yourself!" said Mrs. Bouncer, bustling about the room.

"So it seems!" returned Box, sternly confronting his hostess. "Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments and going to bed."

"O, Mr. Box!" exclaimed Mrs. Bouncer, hurrying towards the door.

"Stop!" ejaculated Box, arresting her departure. "Can you inform me who the individual is whom I invariably encounter going down stairs when I am coming up, and coming up stairs when I am going down?"

"O—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir," returned Mrs. Bouncer, in some confusion.

"There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats," continued Mr. Box. "I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims—hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest."

"Yes, sir. And, by-the-by, Mr. Box, he begged me to request you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much?"

"Did he?" rejoined Box, sarcastically. "Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish."

"O, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?" exclaimed Mrs. Bouncer, pathetically.

"It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once."

"Well, Mr. Box," said Mrs. Bouncer, resignedly, as she turned to depart, "do you want anything more of me?"

"On the contrary, I've had quite enough of you," he returned, closing the door after her. "It's quite extraordinary," he continued, "the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable female! She knows I'm up all night, and yet she seems to set her face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now let me see: Shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere. I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—O, here it is!" he continued, drawing a paper parcel and a penny roll from his pocket. "The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees, too bad of Bouncer! I had a whole box full three days ago, and now there's only one. I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals and my candles and my sugar; but I did think—O yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred! Then there's that candle! Now I should like to ask any unprejudiced person or persons their opinion touching that candle. In the first place, a candle is an article I don't require, because I'm only at home in the daytime—and I bought this candle on the first of May, calculating that it would last me three months, and here's one week not half over, and the candle's three parts gone!

"Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron," said Mr. Box, indignantly, as, after lighting his fire, he held that implement to his nose. "The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odor of red herrings. How sleepy I am, to be sure!" he continued, with a yawn, as he placed the gridiron upon the fire and laid his rasher of bacon upon it. "I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. Perhaps it will turn itself. I must lie down—so here goes!" And throwing himself upon the bed, he drew the curtains round him and was almost instantly asleep.

For several minutes the bacon continued to

frizzle gently on the fire, and Mr. Box slumbered sweetly in his bed, when presently open came the door and in bounced Mr. Cox.

"Well, wonders will never cease!" he exclaimed, fishing a small package of meat from his pocket and laying it upon the table. "Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me: 'Cox, I sha'n't want you to-day—you can have a holiday.' Visions of pleasure quite bewildered me as I returned homeward, and a day of happiness I am resolved to have. However, I must have my breakfast first—that will give me time to reflect. I've bought a mutton chop—so I sha'n't want any dinner. Good gracious! I've forgot the bread! Hallo! what's this?" he suddenly exclaimed, as he caught sight of the bread Box had left upon the table. "A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Hullo! why the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare! And what's that on it?—bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, on my life, there's a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that!" And poking a fork into the bacon, he transferred it to a plate, and placed the mutton chop upon the gridiron. "Now, then, for my breakfast things," he added, going into one of the closets and slamming the door violently after him.

"Come in, if it's you, Mrs. Bouncer—you needn't be afraid!" said Mr. Box, putting his head out from between the bed-curtains, awakened by the noise. "I wonder how long I've been asleep! Goodness gracious—my bacon!" he exclaimed, leaping off the bed and running to the fireplace. "Hullo, what's this? A chop? Whose chop? Mrs. Bouncer's, I'll be bound! She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with my coals, too—and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? Here it is, on the table! Well, on my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No!" And digging the fork into the chop, he opened a window and threw it into the street. "So much for Bouncer's breakfast! And now for my own!" he added, replacing his bacon upon the gridiron, and going into a closet upon the opposite side of the room from that which Cox had entered, the door of which he closed with a bang.

"Come in—come in!" said Cox, alarmed by



the noise, and coming out of his closet with the breakfast things, which he placed upon the table. "O goodness—my chop!" he exclaimed, recollecting his breakfast and running to the fireplace. "Hullo! what's this? The bacon again! O pooh! Zounds—confound it—dash it—I can't stand this!" And poking a fork into the bacon, he sent it flying through the window, when turning to find his chop, he encountered Box coming out of his cupboard with his tea-things.

"Who are you, sir?" he demanded, when they had for several minutes contemplated each other in silence.

"If you come to that—who are *you*?" said Box, placing his tea-things on the table.

"It's the printer!" muttered Cox, after another and more minute survey. "Go to your attic, sir!"

"My attic!" retorted Box. "Your attic, sir!"

"Printer," said Cox, in a low, determined tone, "I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment!"

"Your apartment?" returned Box. "You mean my apartment, your contemptible hatter!"

"Your apartment? Ha, ha—come I like that!" exclaimed Cox, taking a piece of paper from his pocket. "Look here, sir! Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir!"

"Ditto, sir!" shouted Box, producing a similar piece of paper and holding it close to Cox's face.

"Mrs. Bouncer!" vociferated both gentlemen, rushing to the door, where they found that lady, who had evidently been listening.

"O dear, gentlemen, don't be angry!" sobbed Mrs. Bouncer, in reply to their mutual and savage demands for an explanation. "But you see this gentleman"—pointing to Box—"only being at home in the daytime, and that gentleman"—pointing to Cox—"only being at home at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—"

"When will your little back second floor room be ready?" inquired both, eagerly.

"I'll try if I can get it ready in an hour," returned Mrs. Bouncer, making for the door: "Now do keep your tempers, gentlemen."

"What a disgusting position!" ejaculated Cox, walking rapidly to and fro across the floor.

"Will you allow me to observe," remarked Box, who had seated himself in a chair and followed the movements of his companion—"will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it."

"I shall do nothing of the sort, sir," replied Cox, shortly, and also seating himself.

"Although we are doomed to occupy the same

room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity of our cutting each other's throats, sir," observed Box, after an interval of silence, in a more gentle tone than he had hitherto employed.

"Not at all," returned Cox, quite pleasantly. "It's an operation that I should decidedly object to."

"And, after all, I've no violent animosity to you, sir."

"Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir," rejoined Cox, hitching his chair rather near his companion.

"Have you been to the opera, sir?" inquired Box, by way of keeping up the conversation, as he hitched his chair a little nearer.

"No, sir. My wife—that is, my *intended* wife—wouldn't let me."

"Then you have an intended wife?" said Box, shaking hands with his companion. "Sir, I congratulate you."

"Thank ye," rejoined Cox, with a deep sigh. "You needn't disturb yourself, sir," he added, seeing Box about to get up. "She won't come here; she happens to be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing machines—"

"Ha! where?" exclaimed Box, with much earnestness, as he grasped his companion's arm.

"At a favorite watering-place. How curious you are!"

"Not at all. Well?" returned Box, eagerly.

"Consequently in the bathing season," continued Cox, "which luckily is rather a long one, we see but little of each other; but as that is now over, I am daily indulging in the expectation of being blessed with the sight of my beloved. Are you married, sir?" he added, very seriously.

"Me? Why—not exactly."

"Ah—a happy bachelor?"

"Why—not—precisely."

"O—a widower?"

"No—not absolutely."

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Cox, in some perplexity; "but at present I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three!"

"O, very easily; I'm dead."

"Eh?" ejaculated Cox, with great interest.

"My dear sir—my *very* dear sir—if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it."

"O, then I presume I'm not to set you down as being frantically attached to your intended?"

"Why, not—exactly," hesitated Cox; "and yet at present I'm only aware of one obstacle to

doting on her, and that is, I can't endure her."

"Then do as I did. Listen: Three years ago, it was my misfortune to captivate the affections of a still blooming, though somewhat middle-aged widow, at Ramsgate—"

"Singular enough!" exclaimed Cox, interrupting him. "Just my case three months ago at Margate!"

"Well, sir," continued Box, "to escape her importunities, I came to the determination of enlisting into the Life Guards; but they wouldn't have me. They actually had the effrontery to say I was too short; so I was obliged to content myself with a marching regiment. I enlisted; I'd no sooner done so, than I was sorry for it. My infatuated widow offered to purchase my discharge, on condition that I'd lead her to the altar. I hesitated; at last I consented. Well, sir, the day fixed for the happy ceremony at length drew near—in fact, too near to be pleasant; so I suddenly discovered that I wasn't worthy to possess her, and I told her so, when, instead of being flattered by the compliment, she flew upon me like a tiger of the female gender. I rejoined, when suddenly something whizzed past me, within an inch of my ear, and shivered into a thousand pieces against the mantel-piece; it was the slop-basin. I retaliated with a teacup. We parted; and the next morning I was served with a notice of action for breach of promise. Well, sir, ruin stared me in the face; the action proceeded against me with gigantic strides. I took a desperate resolution. I left home early one morning, with one suit of clothes on my back, and another tied up in a bundle under my arm. I arrived on the cliffs, opened my bundle, deposited the suit of clothes on the very verge of the precipice, took one look down into the yawning gulf beneath me, and walked off in the opposite direction. In one of the pockets of the coat, or the waistcoat, or the pantaloons—I forget which—there was a piece of paper, with these affecting farewell words: 'This is thy work, O Penelope Ann!'"

"Penelope Ann!" ejaculated Cox, starting up in great excitement. "Originally widow of William Wiggins, proprietor of bathing machines at Margate?"

"Exactly—and at Ramsgate," responded Box.

"It must be she! And you, sir—you are Box—the lamented, long-lost Box—and I was about to marry the interesting creature you so cruelly deceived!"

"Ha! then you are Cox?" exclaimed Box, grasping his hand. "I heard of it. I congratulate you—I give you joy. And now I think I'll go and take a stroll."

"No you don't," said Cox, stopping him as he was going towards the door. "I'll not lose sight of you till I've restored you to the arms of your intended."

"My intended? You mean *your* intended. How can she be *my* intended, now that I'm drowned?"

"You're no such thing, sir," retorted Cox. "And besides, you are much more worthy of her than I am, sir. Permit me, then, to follow the generous impulse of my nature; I give her up to you."

"Benevolent being," returned Box, with emotion, "I wouldn't rob you of her for the world. But why are you so resigned to the loss of Penelope Ann?"

"Because my affection is of more recent origin than your own. And then you'd be so happy with her!"

"Happy? Me? With the consciousness that I've deprived *you* of such a treasure? No, no, Cox!"

"Don't think of me, Box; I shall be sufficiently rewarded by the knowledge of my Box's happiness."

"Don't be absurd, sir," said Box, sharply.

"Then don't be ridiculous, sir," retorted Cox.

"I have it," exclaimed Box. "Suppose we toss up for the lady—eh, Mr. Cox? Or, what do you say to dice?"

"With all my heart. Dice, by all means," replied Cox, eagerly. And producing a pair from his vest pocket, while his companion did the same from the mantel-piece, they proceeded to throw upon the table.

The first throw of each, much to their mutual surprise, produced sixes, and was consequently a tie. But their surprise was considerably increased when, after throwing a dozen times, nothing but sixes showed themselves.

"Allow me to look at those dice of yours; it's my opinion they're loaded," said Box, reaching over the table for the remarkable bones.

"So are yours loaded," returned Cox, snatching his dice away.

"Cheat!" ejaculated Box, starting from his chair.

"Swindler!" retorted Cox, squaring off at his companion, with the evident design of pitching into somebody forthwith, in which intention he was frustrated by the entrance of Mrs. Bouncer with a letter.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Cox, to whom the letter was addressed, when he had broken the seal. "What's this?"

"Margate, May fourth. Sir, I hasten to convey to you the intelligence of a melancholy accident, that has bereft you of your intended wife."

"He means *your* intended," said Cox.

"No, *yours*!" returned Box. "However, it's perfectly immaterial. Go on."

"Poor Mrs. Wiggins," continued Cox, reading, "'went out for a short excursion in a sailing-boat. A sudden and violent squall soon after took place, which, it is supposed, upset her, as she was found, two days afterwards, keel upwards—'"

"Poor woman!" ejaculated Box.

"It was the boat that was found, sir—not the lady," returned Cox. Then continuing the perusal of the letter: "'As her man of business, I immediately proceeded to examine her papers, among which I soon discovered her will, the following extract from which will, I have no doubt, be satisfactory to you: 'I hereby bequeath my entire property to my intended husband.'" Excellent, but unhappy creature!" he exclaimed, much affected. "And to think that I cast lots for such a woman!"

"Generous, ill-fated being!" sobbed Box. "When I remember that I staked such a treasure on the hazard of £ die!"

"I'm sure, Mr. Box, I can't sufficiently thank you for your sympathy!"

"And I'm sure, Mr. Cox, you couldn't feel more, if she had been your own intended!"

"If she'd been *my own* intended!" echoed Cox. "She was my own intended!"

"Your intended!" sneered Box. "Come, I like that! Didn't I propose to her first?"

"And didn't you come to an untimely end?"

"Another letter, Mr. Cox," said Mrs. Bouncer, putting her head in at the door.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Cox, snatching the letter and reading: "'Happy to inform you—false alarm. Sudden squall—boat upset—Mrs. Wiggins, your intended—picked up by a steamboat—carried to Boulogne—returned here this morning—will start by early train to-morrow and be with you by ten o'clock, exact—'"

"Cox, I congratulate you," said Box, hastily pulling out his watch and noting the hour.

"Box, I give you joy," said Cox, glancing at his watch and running for his hat.

"I'm sorry," continued Box, hurrying towards the door, "that most important business at the Colonial Office will prevent my witnessing the truly happy meeting between you and your intended. Good morning."

"It's obviously for me to retire," returned Cox, detaining him. "Not for worlds would I disturb the rapturous meeting between you and your intended. Good morning." And they were both struggling for the door, when their attention was attracted to the sound of a carriage.

"Ha! what's that?" exclaimed Box, running to the window. "A cab's drawn up at the door—a lady's got out. There's no mistaking that majestic person—it's Penelope Ann!"

"Your intended," said Cox, hastily.

"Yours!" retorted Box, with emphasis. "Hark! she's coming up stairs!" And both gentlemen running to the door, braced their shoulders against it with determined energy.

"Mr. Cox! Mr. Cox!" shouted a voice from the outside.

"I've just stepped out," shouted Cox.

"So have I," chimed in Box.

"Mr. Cox!" continued the voice. "Open the door. It's only me—Mrs. Bouncer!"

"Only you!" said Cox, suspiciously. "Then where's the lady!"

"Gone!"

"Upon your honor as a gentleman!"

"Yes. And she's left a note for Mr. Cox."

"Then put it under the door," said Cox, not quite satisfied as to the truth of her story.

The letter having been poked under as desired, Mr. Cox seized and opened it.

"Gracious goodness!" he exclaimed, reading: "'Dear Mr. Cox, pardon my candor; but being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate, I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union with Mr. Knox.'" "

"Three cheers for Knox! Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Box, swinging his hat.

"Huzza! Three cheers for—"

"The little second floor back room is quite ready," said Mrs. Bouncer, putting her head in at the door, which they no longer barred.

"I don't want it," said Cox, holding out his hand to his companion. "What shall part us?"

"No more do I," said Box, extending his hand. "What shall tear us asunder?"

"Box!" ejaculated Cox, affectionately.

"Cox!" returned the other, with equal feeling. Then looking earnestly into the face of his companion, he continued: "You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long-lost brother!"

"The very observation I was going to make to you," rejoined Cox.

"You were? Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?"

"No!" said Cox, eagerly and expectantly.

"No? Then it *is* he!" And rushing into each other's arms, they embraced as brothers should—in which position I think it best to leave them, lest anything should occur to bring the little second floor back room again into demand.

## THE SCAR OF THE WHITE CROSS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was on a bright morning, when the clear, bracing air of Russia sent the blood in full, healthful flow through the veins, and flushed the cheeks to a color which the denizens of a more southern climate might have envied. A long row of boys, the eldest not more than twelve years of age, stood on a level plat of ground that lay before a large building, on the front of which was inscribed on a marble tablet, inserted into the wall, "FOUNDLING HOSPITAL." The boys were standing, or rather trying to stand very upright; but here and there, one was leaning somewhat from the perpendicular; a bent knee or shoulder destroying the perfection of the required position.

A tall, military-looking man, dressed in the most imposing costume of his profession, assisted by two stiff, unbending figures, also in uniform, was reviewing the little army, and drilling them in various evolutions, at the word of harsh and severe command. There was an expression of fear upon the countenances of most of the boys, but here and there a brave, courageous look was observable, especially upon that of one little fellow, obviously not more than nine or ten years old, who, after the miniature parade was over, was addressed as Ivan Olgerd, by his boy associates.

This boy was distinguished for his aptness at learning and performing the different evolutions in which the officer had been most severely punctilious; and it was quite rare that he failed in going through with any of them after a single lesson. Altogether he had a native air of grace and dignity, that arrested the eye of a stranger at once, and distinguished him from his companions. On this morning, however, a mischievous boy who was standing near him, and who had long envied his superior performances, and the exemption he had enjoyed from the severe punishment which the rest frequently underwent, determined that Ivan should also come under the displeasure of the drill officer. Armed with a long needle, such as is used in sewing the heavy Russian duck, he took several opportunities of inserting the point into Ivan's arm, causing him almost to bound from the ranks, and to twist convulsively at each puncture.

The officer observed the contortions, and the movement of the body, without perceiving the cause; and fancying that Ivan was sporting with the grave ceremony they were going through, he administered a very severe blow across the face

of the child, with the flat of his sword. Ivan's cheeks flushed a deep scarlet, while the blood ran in streams from his nose, which was bruised and swollen. The two inferior officers were ordered to lead him from the ground, and it was some time before the lowering looks and stern words of the elder officer could restore order in the miniature army. The boys, with the exception of the one who had led to Ivan's disgrace, were very fond of the fearless and manly little fellow, because he never affected any superiority over them, or laughed at their awkwardness at drill hours.

The man whose duty it was to inspect the daily health of the boys, found, on going to Ivan's bed, where the officers had laid him down in a sort of fainting fit, that he was seriously injured, and called the person who acted as doctor to the establishment. He decided that there was danger of inflammation, and exclaimed bitterly against the conduct of the officer who had so recklessly and cruelly injured the little child. The officer himself, however, coolly mounted his horse and rode off after the drill was over, as if nothing had happened, while Ivan was disturbed and even delirious from the moment he recovered from fainting. \* \* \* \*

The hospital of which we speak, was in the small town of Gotchina, about fifty versts from St. Petersburg. In the same town the Grand Duke Paul had a fine residence, to which he was fond of retiring. He had also taken a great interest in the orphans, and as the boys grew large enough, he determined to subject them to a rigid military discipline, as the best thing that could be devised for their future welfare and the benefit of the country.

The grand duke had applied to General Melissino to superintend the military organization of the orphans; and Melissino recommended Alexis Arakhtchieff, one of the artillery cadets at St. Petersburg, who he considered would be a superior drill officer, and who would be glad to accept the appointment.

Catherine II. was on the throne of Russia, when Alexis Arakhtchieff was sent to St. Petersburg as a cadet. His father was Andrew Arakhtchieff, who had been a major in her majesty's army, and who at the time of the birth of Alexis, resided in a small village in the government of Novogorod. Major Arakhtchieff, remembering his own military ardor, was bent upon educating his only son in that profession, and although the attempt was attended with many sacrifices on the part of the father, in a pecuniary light at least, the plan succeeded and Alexis went to St. Petersburg.

It was soon discovered that he possessed no mean talent, and that a thorough education would develop him as something far above mediocrity. A certain severity in his manner was oddly contrasted with a servile, fawning appearance towards his superiors, which showed a considerable talent for diplomacy, and a determination to build up his own fortunes, even at the expense of parting with his self-respect; while to others from whom he could gain nothing, he consoled his pride by keeping up an appearance of superiority, not unmingled with insolence.\*

Towards General Meliasino, he had assumed so quiet and respectful a manner, that when applied to by the grand duke, the general's thoughts fixed at once upon the young cadet, as one who would unite the most thorough military training with the kindest and most considerate feelings towards the orphans.

While the cadet was yet in the first blush of his new vocation, the empress died, and Paul, who had become his firm friend and patron, so fully approved his course at the hospital, that no one dared to make a complaint against the severity, which, on the part of so young a disciplinarian, was as cruel as it was unlooked for, by those who had the care of the orphan children.

The reign of Paul was suddenly terminated by death; but the diplomatic powers of the youthful aspirant were still unchecked, and he contrived to ingratiate himself with Alexander, who on his accession to the throne became deeply interested in the project which his predecessor had so happily begun. Of course, the officer who was so highly esteemed by the former emperor, could hardly fail of winning the approval of Alexander; and he congratulated himself that the services of so efficient an officer had been secured in training the youths who might one day become the flower of the Russian army.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Ivan Olgerd lay on his couch in the dormitory of the hospital. The delirium had passed away, but in its place arose a feeling of intense and vengeful rage towards the cadet, which seemed to fill his whole soul. His wounds, still smarting and painful, increased his ire, and the state of his mind and body alike precluded him from rising from his bed. In a single hour, the boy had grown into a man, in the depth of his emotions, the injury had struck so deeply into his soul. On that couch his infant heart formed a high resolve, and through long years he watched and waited for the opportunity to carry it into effect.

\* Secret History of Russia.

How well the wily cadet played his cards with the emperor, may be inferred by the fact that Alexander created him colonel; military governor of St. Petersburg; major general of the grand army; and bestowed on him the order of the Grand Cross of Saint Anne.

The emperor still continued to visit occasionally the residence that had been so beloved by Paul; and sometimes occupied for a few days the grand chateau, from which he could distinctly see the hospital; the nursery which Paul had established, from which to draw recruits for the Russian army.

Like the grand duke, Alexander soon felt a growing interest in the scheme which might one day (who knew?) be the salvation of Russia. Noble hearts, with what was doubtless noble blood in them, beat in the forms of these miniature soldiers. Who shall say that among them were not some hearts as high and brave as that which was thrown by Douglas into the battlefield against the Moors of Spain?\*

At all events, Alexander saw and marked the bearing of Ivan Olgerd; and his noble face and figure impressed the emperor, and made him ask the name of a boy so young, and yet with so gallant a demeanor. It was the one bitter drop amid the sweets that the emperor had prepared for Alexis Arakhtieff. Little Ivan was the Mordecai from whom he shrunk even as Haman did; because, while the boy yielded implicitly to the discipline enforced, he still preserved an expression of countenance which showed that he had not forgotten the blow, nor forgiven the author of it.

With a dignity that might have distinguished one many years older, and which seemed all at once to have heightened his stature, Ivan Olgerd at twelve years of age, still regarded his teacher with the same cold, impenetrable look, as he had done three years before, when the sword of the cadet had come into too intimate contact with his cheek; and of which contact there still remained a slight mark.

When the boy was excited, and the pure, healthful blood was heightened by exercise or emotion, the scar alone was left untouched by an added color, and remained pale and white. Embrowned as the cheek, the brow, or the throat might be, the scar remained cold, white and ghastly in its appearance; contrasting strangely with the darker hue of the rest of the face.

Whether the scar had originally held that form or had grown gradually into it, by the slight elevation of the surrounding parts, it had

\* The heart of Bruce.

actually assumed the semblance of a cross, a little deepened or depressed from the rest of the cheek, and this had obtained for the boy the soubriquet of Ivan of the White Cross.

Years rolled on, and the Russian empire was frequently—nay, almost always embroiled in war with some nation or other. The boy army had grown to manhood, and some of them had found a rest from warfare “with back to the field, and feet to the foe.” A few had won honors that elder soldiers might have envied. A few had risen to high rank in the army, and were thought fit to enter into the counsels of heroes who had “passed to the peril’s front, where the banner-spear gleams, and the battle’s red wine is streaming;” and fewer still had disgraced themselves and their country, by weakly yielding to the temptations of the bowl. Fewer still, I say, for “the cold in clime are cold in blood;” and perhaps Russian soldiers, whatever else may be charged against them, are as free from stain from the wine-cup, as any other nation under heaven.

And one—the soldier with the white cross, had pressed forward until he had attained an eminence equal to that of him who had stamped him with that undesirable order. He now wore the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Anne, as well as his rival; had a high post of honor assigned him in the army, leading a division—as distinguished as that led by Araktchieff himself, and holding as important a station at the council table. Yet ever as the two crossed each other’s paths, whether in the presence of the emperor at noonday, or in the twilight of a Russian afternoon, dim, cold and dreary, whether in the battle-field, where both were opposed in deadly combat to the same enemy, or meeting on some festive evening at the emperor’s gay winter palace; still the cross looked pale as the surrounding skin flushed to angry redness; and still Araktchieff chafed at the cold and brief acknowledgements of his presence, or often, indeed, at the utter absence of all recognition by Ivan Olgerd. Added to this, all attempts to depreciate Ivan in the opinion of the emperor, only resulted in the mortification of the slanderer, as Alexander had already heard the story of the white cross. \* \* \* \*

Daria Kronstadt, the wife of a sailor, a woman of low repute, had clung to the fortunes of Araktchieff with a pertinacity that her decaying beauty began to render somewhat troublesome to the fastidious general. Since his elevation he had rather thrust Daria aside, and always shunned her in the streets of St. Petersburg, where the young and lovely Russian ladies thought it an honor to receive a bow, in passing, from the

distinguished soldier. Still he visited her occasionally, because her grandfather had once rendered the father of Alexis, Andrew Araktchieff, some service, for which the old man had charged his son to pay back in friendship, to any of the family whom he might ever happen to meet.

He did meet Daria Kronstadt when it was too late. She had married a man far beneath her in station and talents as he was inferior to her in cunning and treachery. She hated him because he could not bring her up to a certain station which she coveted. She never had any affection for him, complained that she was deceived in his circumstances and duped by his representations; and, disgusted and disheartened, Peter Kronstadt became a common sailor, and left his wife to her own reflections.

She met Araktchieff in an office where she was disposing of some business which her husband had left unsettled, and, in order to do it properly, she was obliged to give her maiden name. It struck familiarly on the ear of the general; and having nothing to engage his attention, for it was a rare breathing time of peace in Russia, he followed her out, traced her to her home, and entering like an old acquaintance, the retired house almost at the outskirts of St. Petersburg, where she lived, he ascertained that she did indeed belong to the same family, to which his father expressed so strong a sense of obligation.

Pleased to be the object of attention to so distinguished a soldier, and one so high with the emperor, Daria’s vanity and insolence knew no bounds. She boasted everywhere, that she was connected by blood to the family of Araktchieff, and in fact became so overbearing and insolent, that all decent and well behaved females withdrew from her society, and ceased to recognize her when they met her.

Through the munificence of Araktchieff the elder, who heard, through his son, that the granddaughter of his friend Lonnoff had been found, Daria Kronstadt was enabled to live in a superior style to that she had ever known before; and which excited the envy and jealousy of her former companions, and induced them to utter words against her reputation, which were really undeserved; but which clung to her like the famous poisoned garment of old Nessus. Growing more presumptuous and insolent on the strength of being related to General Araktchieff, or Alexis as she familiarly called him, it became almost impossible for her servants to bear with her new airs. One of her attendants, a pretty young creature, an orphan, named Elizabeth Fedor, offended her by smiling at her calling so stern and savage-looking a man by his baptismal

name. Enraged at the beautiful girl for presuming to notice it, she gave her repeated blows; and the affair ended by the young girl going away and reporting the cruel and savage temper of Daria.

Elizabeth's only brother was a young architect, a calm, cool and collected person usually, but driven to desperation by his sister's unmerited punishment. Determined to redress her wrongs, he visited Daria's house, set her conduct before her in its severest light; and then deliberately proceeded to administer castigation to the lady, by means of a small knotted rope, which he applied vigorously, until her wrathful cries brought Araktchieff, who happened to be coming in, to her aid.

Elizabeth knew Ivan Olgerd, and fearing for her brother's safety after she found that he had gone to Daria's house, she went to him and implored him to go and find her brother. Ivan who was interested in the girl's orphan state, remembering his own but too vividly, complied with her request, and sought young Fedor at the place she designated.

He arrived almost at the same moment with Araktchieff, and in a voice of authority, Ivan bade the young man go immediately to his sister, which, having satisfied his revenge, he was quite willing to do.

Scowling vengefully at Ivan, Araktchieff demanded what right he had to send away one who ought instantly to be arrested. With a perfectly composed and dignified air, General Olgerd bowed to the enraged man and left the house. Transported out of his self-command, by the coolness of Ivan, he followed him down the street, demanding satisfaction. Ivan walked on over the slippery ground, unmoved, until Araktchieff planted himself immediately before him, obstructing his passage. He did this repeatedly, until they came to a steep place, where the street suddenly sloped for several yards, and the sharp declivity was completely covered with shining ice. At the top of this, Araktchieff stood directly in front of him, with insolent and threatening words. Ivan could bear it no longer, and with a strength born of desperation, he seized him and flung him violently aside. Araktchieff staggered with the shock, rolled down the slippery hill, nor stopped until he lay at the bottom, with his scarf unbound, his sword ungirt and his face bruised and bloody.

"Lie there!" shouted Ivan, "and remember the WHITE CROSS."

There was a private meeting of a few of Alexander's favorite courtiers, and the doors of the reception room were locked and bolted.

One or two witnesses appeared, who gave a detailed account of the curious rencontre between General Araktchieff and General Olgerd. The whole evidence was in favor of the latter; while the former was burning with rage and impatience. At the close of the evidence, and before the emperor had declared for either, a venerable man arose, and detailed the circumstances which took place at the Foundling Hospital years ago.

It was the revered chaplain of that hospital, and it was he who had tended the young Ivan on what he supposed would be his death bed. It was enough. Each one in the room turned and looked earnestly at the scar of the cross, and each one entreated the emperor to set the present offence against the former.

Nor was he indisposed to overlook any offence from one whom he so much valued as Ivan Olgerd; while at the same time he did not wish to punish Araktchieff. A compromise between two officers so necessary to him, was desirable to Alexander; and he interposed his authority that they should henceforth keep the peace.

There was little need of any authority as far as it regarded Ivan. His mind was soon fully occupied with a different matter. Chance threw him into the society of a Polish lady of high rank, while he was travelling for his health, which recent events had somewhat impaired. At the chateau where he stopped to see a friend, he was detained by a storm, and was introduced to a very beautiful woman whom they called Madame Felix. She was still youthful looking, although she was nearly sixty years of age. A pensive expression pervaded her countenance, and sometimes an absence of mind was perceptible, in the midst of the most interesting conversation.

His friend explained this. Her husband was no longer living, and her only child; when an infant of tender years, was stolen from her, and carried, she knew not whither. From reasons of state policy, her marriage was necessarily kept a secret for some time, and the child was, as she supposed, safe with its nurse. After the lapse of two years, the incentive for secrecy was removed, and she went impatiently to reclaim her child. It had been taken away six weeks before! and for nearly thirty years she had bewailed it with many tears.

The story interested Ivan; and subsequently she related it to him herself, and described certain marks by which she thought she could identify her child. One was a strawberry on the back of the head, and she described it minutely. Ivan started, and the rich color mounted to his cheek, making the white cross intensely visible. An exclamation sprang to his lips, but he checked



it, lest he might produce an effect upon the lady, which he could not afterwards remove. She mentioned several other things, and at last, falling on his knees before her, he parted the thick dark locks upon the back of his head, leaned towards her, and displayed a large red strawberry.

Over a meeting like that, no pen should dare to linger. He had found the mother whom he had sometimes feared was unworthy—or else why was he deserted? She had found the child she had mourned; and knew that she could lean upon him for the rest of her pilgrimage. He was repaid for all that he had suffered—she had found all she had ever hoped.

In Poland then, Ivan decided to spend his future life; and he gave up his commission, lest Russia should again molest the country of his mother. He did more; he took young Fedor with him, from the probabilities of being persecuted by the enmity of Araktchieff, and Elizabeth went with him to be the companion of Madame Felix. In a few years, when Fedor was married to a Polish lady of good connections and great personal accomplishments and beauty, Elizabeth was earnestly entreated to make her brother's house her home, and she accepted the offer.

Ivan, who had been absent a few days, came home and found his mother weeping bitterly for Elizabeth's anticipated departure.

"She shall never leave you, mother," he answered; "I will go this moment and make a contract with her to stay with us always."

"A contract, my son?" asked his mother, with curiosity.

"A marriage contract, my dear mother! Nothing else will bind women!"

And when he returned to her again, Elizabeth was hanging upon his arm, her soft cheek bathed in happy tears, while his own was flushed with delight; and white and pale showed again the scar of the cross.

"I owe this cross and my wife to Russia," said the happy Ivan; "my mother and my home I owe to Poland."

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#### A GEM.

It has been eloquently said, that if Christianity was compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, the throngs of busy men—we should find her last retreat with woman, at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering round the mother's knees—the last sacrifice the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.—*Trumpet*.

#### BE GENTLE.

BY J. BOLINGBROKE REYNOLDS.

O, be gentle—it requires  
No great effort thus to speak;  
Oft 'twill quench the passion-fires  
Burning on thy brother's cheek.

True the heart may oft be pressed  
'Neath the tempter's harsh control,  
But 'twill only serve to test  
All thy manliness of soul.

Let the goodness of thy heart  
Guide the action of thy brain,  
And you save the bitter smart  
Brought by causing others pain.

Shall the passion of thy soul  
Rob thee of thy gifted power?  
Shall that demon-friend control  
Man in every trying hour?

Gold, before 'tis free from dross,  
Must the hottest fires endure;  
Man, who naturally is gross,  
Must be tried to make him pure.

Life is not without alloy,  
Often does severest pain  
Mingle with our purest joy;  
But we suffer not in vain.

Every trial here shall tell  
In the Eden-world above,  
Every triumph help to swell  
That delightful throng of love.

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#### THE WIND-HARP.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

It was late in the summer of 1691, when the outrages under the name of punishing witches were perpetrated in Salem. Every poor old crone, in her dotage repeating childish sayings to herself, oblivious of everything save perhaps the memory of her youthful days, was accused of muttering incantations, weaving satanic snares for the guileless, and was forthwith arrested, thrown into prison, and in a few days her form was seen swinging in the wind on Gallows Hill. Housewives trembled at every unusual sound; if a poor tabby cat did but bump up her back, spit and mew, or perchance flew into a fit with some sudden pain or fright, every person near trembled, and with pale lips and distended eyes either ran precipitately from the room, or, if that were impossible, took refuge in the farthest corner, momentarily expecting to see her fly up the chimney, or a witch and broomstick descend. The universal panic was perfectly terrific. Weak children, ailing from their birth, those subject to fits, every unruly horse, or other animal, was said

to be bewitched, and woe unto that poor mortal who was last seen to touch or look at the afflicted one. Nearly everybody seemed to have taken leave of their senses, though there were a few who stood aloof, disbelieving in the popular delusion, but they were too few in number to have any influence with the mass of deluded, panic-stricken people. They could only watch every chance to warn those upon whom suspicion had fallen, and perhaps even aid them to escape.

Among these few were two people. Mr. James Hereford, and his daughter Alice, a beautiful girl of eighteen. They were what might be termed new-comers, for they arrived from England early in the spring. Short though their term of residence had been, it was long enough for the beauty of Alice Hereford to become known, and gain for her the reputation of being the prettiest girl in Salem. With her dark brown hair, hazel-eyes, peerless complexion and graceful figure, she well deserved the title. She and her father lived together in a small cottage, a little way out of the village. James Hereford was a man of superior endowments, and with a knowledge of things far beyond the age. To help her in her housekeeping, Alice had two people—old Ellen, who had been her nurse since childhood, and a little girl some twelve years of age, a prompt, bright, mischievous little creature, Dorcas Smithson. Ellen was a thorough Irishwoman, and fond of rehearsing the legends and fairy tales in which her countrymen so delight, and at the time my story opens, had, in spite of the remonstrances, prayers and tears of Alice, been carried away to prison, and expiated her crimes as a witch upon the gallows.

Alice Hereford had been seen and loved by the son of one of the richest and most influential men in the town. Robert Dalton was handsome, but vain, bad-tempered and profligate, and he persecuted Alice with his unwelcome attentions to such a degree that she no longer went into the village, but kept herself wholly secluded. But even at home she was not free from his hated presence; even here he contrived to intrude on some pretext or other, a message from his father to Mr. Hereford, a commission for some needlework for Alice from his mother or sister. Alice always contrived to be with her father when he came, and he was obliged to go away baffled.

One day when he came he found Alice alone, or rather nearly so, for her father was out, and little Dorcas only was in the room. Robert took a seat beside the girl, unmindful of her haughty glances, and chilling tones, and then in the presence of the child commenced urging his suit with angry vehemence.

"How now, Miss Alice! You need not look so scornful, or carry such a high head, for 'tis not every girl like you who will have the offer of marriage from one like me. And by Heaven," he exclaimed, clenching his hands, and gazing upon the trembling girl with fiery eyes, "if you refuse me still you will rue it! Yes, rue it! For I have it in my power to crush you. Charges of witchcraft have only to be made, some idle tale related, and you are arrested, thrown into prison, which you leave only for the breezy heights of Gallows Hill. By all I hold sacred, I will denounce you as a witch, if you refuse my offer! Take heed; I here solemnly offer you my heart and hand in honorable matrimony, will you accept?"

"No!" exclaimed Alice, in a low tone, and her voice was perfectly steady, though her face was pale, and her eyes full of fear.

At that moment a strain of unearthly music filled the room—mournful, sad—a wail as if for the lost girl. Robert Dalton started, for he was not wholly free from the superstitions of the times.

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Only my harp," answered Alice, with an almost imperceptible smile upon her face at the unmanly start and fear.

"Where is the thing? You are not near enough to touch it. I see no harp. How could you touch it when it is nowhere in the room?"

"She don't have to play on it with her fingers," screamed little Dorcas, springing from the stool where she had been sitting unnoticed. "No, she only looks at it and it makes music. She's a reg'lar witch, she is!"

Horror filled Alice, for here was a good foundation for charges of witchcraft. With pale lips she gasped forth:

"Be still, child. Mr. Dalton, the harp is nothing but that rough box, with a few strings stretched across it, placed there in the window, and the wind passing across the strings produces the sounds you heard. There is no wind now, and it is still, listen for a few minutes, and you will hear the breeze come sighing through the trees, and in a second you will hear the harp."

Even as she spoke, the top of the tall spruce in front of the door bent and rustled, and again a sweet, musical note was faintly heard through the room. It was nothing more than an *Æolian* harp, then wholly unknown in this part of the globe, and scarcely heard of in the other, save perhaps in Germany.

Trembling with fear, for now a half belief in witches filled his wicked heart, Robert Dalton sank into a chair. Dorcas flew round and round

the room, stamping her feet, waving her hands, and laughing with glee, for she hated Robert Dalton, and was glad to see him so frightened. While she danced about, the wind rose into a perfect gale, which caused the harp to sigh, moan, and at last to shriek.

"Sit down, you little devil!" exclaimed Robert, glad of an excuse to hide his fear under an appearance of rage.

"I can't! I can't! She wont let me!" screamed the child, pointing to Alice. "She's a witch, a real witch, and if you stay long enough you will see her ride off on her broomstick as I do most every night!"

Waiting to hear nothing more, Robert Dalton seized his hat, and rushed from the house. Little Dorcas laughed, as he went off, and running to Alice, said:

"Now he wont come again, nasty, bad man; for he is too much afraid, and I am glad."

She was astonished to hear Alice sob. Little she knew, poor child, that she had sealed her dear Alice's doom. In her innocence she thought she had done Alice a good service by sending away so frightened the man she hated.

The next day saw Alice in prison. Her father was almost distracted, and he fain would have shared her prison with her, but Alice besought him to take care of himself, to seek some place of safety, for he could aid her better, perhaps rescue her. That hope she held out to him, knowing it would make her father take care of himself, though for herself she had no hope. Her accusal and consequent execution she knew would be looked upon as a good thing by Robert's proud, unscrupulous family, and she knew also that even if Robert, repenting his rash, cruel act, were to endeavor to obtain her acquittal, it would only be looked upon as a fresh evidence of her spells. These thoughts but passed through her mind, for she knew she would not purchase life at the price of being Robert Dalton's wife. But her head drooped, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought of Henry Marshall, the son of a well-to-do farmer, who had paid her much respectful attention, but she banished the sadness bravely. He had never named his love, though she felt in her heart that he loved her. No, he had never owned his love, and it was for the best, else his life might be endangered. The next day was appointed for her trial. Three that day had yielded up their lives, and several more, two even of her present companions were to share the like fate the very next day. Frail though Alice was, her nerves were like steel, and with a calm face she reviewed her own destiny. Pale, haggard faces, and eager, wild eyes met her

gaze. Crouched in one corner of the room, Alice saw a poor old woman, whom she had remarked at church, always attended by a fine, stalwart young man. The poor creature seemed very ill. Forgetting her own grief, Alice endeavored to cheer her up. The old woman raised her eyes, already glazed by death:

"Indeed, sweet Miss Alice, I do not grieve, for I have nothing left to care for; my own dear son, innocent as a babe, was hung yesterday; and innocent, dear girl as you are, you will meet the same fate. I shall die before they come to take me, and for that I thank the Lord!" And a wan smile flitted over her face, her head sank back and she was dead.

Reverently Alice closed the eyes and folded the old thin hands across the breast, filled with anguish no longer. And she too thanked the Lord that the poor old creature had been saved an ignominious death. Firm resolve, deep despair, and cold indifference sat on many faces, and Alice, powerless to relieve the misery around her, drew a stool near the window and sat down. The night being warm, the sash was raised, all danger of escape being precluded by an iron grating. Thoughtfully she watched the sun as it sank behind the hill. The shadow of the hill rested on the court-house, and on many houses in which lived the judges and some of the magistrates, while the last golden beams of the setting sun rested upon the prison, filling it with a glorious light. Was it not emblematic of the true future awaiting both the judging and judged?

The last glow faded, the twilight deepened and deepened, and the stars shone out one by one. There was no moon, and darkness came on. While Alice sat there, she saw a figure which her heart told her was Henry Marshall's, approach, and a moment more a pebble, rolled in paper, fell between the window-bars at her feet. She picked it up and concealed it in her bosom; and upon looking out of the window, the figure was gone. Just then, the jailor entered with their frugal supper and an old lantern, which he hung from a beam overhead, and again departed. Standing near the light, Alice looked at the package, which was directed to her, and unrolling the paper, she read as follows:

"Alice, your father is safe, beyond all pursuit. The sharpest man will never discover where he has fled to. Keep up a brave heart. Look at nobody—be surprised at nothing. Help is at hand. Be brave and prompt.

"HENRY MARSHALL."

Such were the contents of the little note, which she swallowed for fear that even if torn to bits it might tell a tale. Her cheeks flushed, and her heart throbbed with joy and hope.

The day appointed for her trial arrived. The court was then held in the church, and the pews were filled to overflowing when Alice Hereford was led in, pale but wonderfully firm and calm. An involuntary murmur of admiration and pity ran through the church, at the sight of that lovely, brave girl. The proceedings were opened by a prayer—absurd, fanatical and vehement. Alice stood calmly, almost proudly, before the judge and magistrates. Many witnesses were brought forward—some whom she had never seen, others only once or twice; most of them were either drunken, or else ignorant and wicked. All testified against her in some absurd way—had seen her on broomsticks, had been pinched, beaten or burned to make sign a red book, and many marks were shown as her works. Robert Dalton, with downcast eyes and trembling limbs, appeared against her—telling about the harp, inventing many ridiculous stories—never once giving the explanation concerning the harp which Alice had given him. Alice fixed her clear, dark eyes upon him; and as he ended his long tissue, he raised his eyes and met her gaze. He took refuge in a spasm. Stretching out his hands, the wretch screamed:

"Let me fly! let me fly, before her fiendish spells have power over me again!" And he rushed wildly from the court.

Next Dorcas Smithson was brought forward, who repeated a long catalogue of crimes as if she had learned them, and exhibited her arms and neck, covered with bruises, as a proof that Alice was given to pinching children in their sleep, and ended by saying that Alice used to stew witch herbs in a little cup, and secretly gave the potion to Robert Dalton to make him marry her.

At this point Alice raised her head and asked permission to speak, which was sullenly granted.

"Dorcas!"—and the singularly sweet voice thrilled through the room—"you are lying! You were in the court when Robert Dalton came, and you heard what he said, did you not?"

The soft dark eyes were fixed upon the child's face, not in anger, but sorrowfully and searchingly, and the answer came in the affirmative, clear and firm—"Yes, I did."

"Did you not hear him make me an offer of marriage and swear, if I refused him, he would denounce me as a witch, and say that was easy, needing only two or three idle tales?"

"Yes, yes—I heard him say so. He did say that 'cause he was awful angry 'cause you wouldn't have him, and that is the reason you are here. I am sorry I told such lies, but Deacon Dalton said he'd all but kill me, if I didn't tell

what made you ride on broomsticks and pinch children and—"

"This is a waste of time—of precious time," sternly interrupted the judge.

"You hear what Dorcas says," Alice continued, bravely, "and it is the truth."

"That testimony goes for naught. She is a mere child, and easily imposed upon."

"O monstrous injustice!" passionately exclaimed Alice. "The testimony for me is not admitted because she is a mere child, easily imposed upon; yet the same rule does not hold good in both cases—against me, her words, which she has been abused and frightened into repeating, have power. Go on. I care little for myself, but standing here before this large assemblage, and in the presence of my God, I say beware! The lives of all these poor people, condemned and executed by order of you, judges and magistrates, will be demanded of you in the Day of Judgment! Woe be unto you, if their souls were guiltless."

There was that in the voice and flashing dark eyes, that awed all that court into silence and caused the judges to turn pale. Shaking off the unwelcome feeling, the jury withdrew; a brief space, and they returned—and in the midst of the silence which followed their entrance, the foreman rose and pronounced the verdict *guilty*.

At that word, expected though it was, Alice Hereford fell. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in the odious prison. All hope had left her, and yet she struggled bravely to look upward cheerfully.

When her supper was brought, her jailor, laying her bread before her, whispered:

"Part is unfit to eat—throw it at the door before you."

When he had retired, Alice looked up, and for the first time noticed a door opposite to the main entrance. Examining the bread, she found concealed in it a key. Here was a means of deliverance. The night was dark and stormy, and before long Alice, who had seated herself by the door, saw the lantern light fade out and leave the room in total darkness. Quick as thought, she unlocked the door and passed through it, locking it on the other side. Where she was, she knew not, for she could scarcely see her hand before her. One minute she stood perfectly motionless—then started, as she felt a hand grasp her own; but the next minute, she was reassured by the voice of Henry Marshall.

"Alice, dear Alice, I am here, and you are safe. The night is favorable. I have here a rope ladder; still be brave, and all will be well. I bribed the jailor."

He led her to the window, for they were in a little room, and assisted her to gain the ladder. Quickly and lightly she descended, and as quickly was followed by Henry; and in a few minutes, they were flying swiftly through the rain to the outskirts of the village. There were horses waiting, and in a few days they were in Boston, where Alice found her father. Shortly afterwards, with an overflowing heart, Alice gave her hand to Henry Marshall.

The next day, the day appointed for the execution of Alice, she was gone. No trace of her disappearance could be found. All the iron bars to the window were found secure; the door by which she had escaped was locked, as usual. Not one of her companions had heard any noise. One woman averred that about the middle of the night, she heard a door close. Nothing more was known. Most of the people were filled with rage, though many there were who blessed the Lord for her escape. The opulace were ready to tear the prison down, in their rage. Suddenly a move was made towards the cottage where she had lived. The place seemed deserted, but upon opening the doors, their ears were assailed with musical screams. Timid and fearful, most of the people fled; but the judges and several others entered the house. Sobs and wails and strains of sweet, mournful music, mixed now and then with shrieks, saluted the rash invaders. With teeth chattering, eyes dilated with terror, and pale lips, the few who had dared to enter, fled.

No one dared, from that day, to enter the house. Many declared that in passing it, they saw a white form flit by the window, and heard the same unearthly music. The cottage was looked upon as haunted. One by one the strings snapped asunder, the house fell to pieces, and the silence was no longer broken by sounds from THE WIND-HARP—the first and last heard or seen for many years in this country.

#### BISHOP NEWTON AND HAWKESWORTH.

So sensible was Bishop Newton to critical attacks, that Whiston tells us he lost his favor, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, by contradicting Newton in his old age; for no man was of "a more fearful temper." Whiston declares that he would not have thought proper to publish his work against Newton's Chronology in his lifetime, "because I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him; as Dr. Bentley, Bishop Stillingfleet's chaplain, told me that he believed Mr. Locke's thorough confutation of the bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity hastened his end." Dr. Hawkesworth died of criticism. Singing birds cannot live in a storm.—*Albany Transcript.*

#### THE SEASONS.

BY EDWIN R. RANSOM.

I love the spring; its leafy shrubs,  
Its richly tinted flowers,  
Unfolded by the sunny ray,  
And warm refreshing showers;  
The feathery tribes, a cheerful throng,  
That warble forth their joyous song,  
Betoken happy glee;  
The lambs that skip o'er dale and hill,  
Whose emblem innocence may fill,  
Are lovely things to me.

I love the summer's early morn,  
The lark carolling light,  
And nature's garb, bespangled o'er  
With diamonds sparkling bright;  
And summer's eve; who but admires  
The mellow shades as day retires,  
Inviting sweet repose?  
And from the vale, all clear and shrill  
The tuneful note of the whipporwill  
O'er drowsy nature flows.

I love the autumn's solemn tone,  
As through the forest leaves  
It whispers tales of fading strength,  
Yet smiles with conscious ease;  
And yielding up its ample store,  
Requites the labors of the sower;  
So youth of tender years,  
If o'er implanted with the seeds  
Of usefulness and righteous deeds,  
May smile when age appears.

I love old Father Winter,  
As he blusters o'er the earth,  
The moaning of his voice imparts  
Enchantment to the hearth;  
The spreading lawn of verdant hue,  
And every little streamlet too,  
Is wrapt in silent sleep;  
Yet Nature, when his breath is spent,  
Acknowledges the charm he lent,  
In beauty all replete.

#### TWICE LOST.

BY ELIZABETH T. BURGESS.

"COME, to the window, Ralph, this person has passed here ever so many times, and has not gone by once without giving such an earnest gaze into this room and around at each one of us, that my curiosity is really aroused. She has a little child with her, but what can a lady, and she looks like one, be out this hour of the evening for? Her eyes, as she turns this way towards the light, have so wild an expression that they frighten me; here she is again, do come."

"Well, you deserve to be frightened, Nell, for sitting there all alone by the window, instead of singing that song I asked for, or doing some-

thing to make yourself agreeable to your delightful brother who has been at home but a week, and so soon takes his departure for foreign lands, there to cultivate his mind, moustache and manners, and obtain by a voyage across the Atlantic a right to alter his present, everyday sounding name of Ralph M. Fiske to R. Mortimer Fiske. You need not speak, I see you are going to say 'do stop your perpetual nonsense,' so to show you how sensible I can be, I will come and look at some poor woman who chances to have a fancy to walk through this street once or twice, and look at you as she goes." And with these words the speaker leaves his easy chair, and suddenly snatching up a little three year olden, the privileged youngest, who was half asleep on the sofa, and landing her without any leave-asking on his shoulder, goes towards the window. "Well, now I am here, where are the 'eyes of fire?' There is no one to be seen either coming or going. I half suspect you of envying me of my comfortable position and 'inventing a story to draw me from it, so for a punishment, down go curtains, good by to star-gazing, and you have taken your last look for this evening at some foolish baby and more foolish mother out for an evening airing. Puss (for so they called the youngest) and I are in the polka mood, so 'come sit thee down' at the piano." And offering his arm with mock politeness, led her to the piano, placed a fashionable polka before her, and soon the two young heads that had been bending over their study books, were following the example of Ralph and little Puss, and were in the midst of a merry dance.

There did seem to be an attraction about that house for the strange yet lady-like looking person who has traversed that street so many times. It was a pleasant street, and a comfortable, hospitable looking house in one of our western cities, but she had in that same evening passed through noble avenues and by more costly edifices with indifference.

There is a charm to the passer-by, whether he hurries along, pressed by business cares, or with the leisurely step that betokens abundance of time, in open shutters and undrawn curtains. He loves; as he goes by some home-like, unaspiring dwelling, to see its inmates and their quiet, evening pleasures, or to glance at the inside gaiety and life of some more costly mansion, corresponding in its glittering show to the outward magnificence; the charm does not arise from gratified curiosity alone. Nor was it from curiosity that this poor wanderer slackened her pace whenever she passed a house open to her view, and scrutinized so carefully each occupant of the

rooms; it was evident from her manner that she had some serious object in view. She would occasionally speak aloud, and in unconnected sentences, as "I broke my promise; he thought I'd come home to stay; they told me to bring back my children; but I'll not give them my darling; I am called to go; the world I resign;" and others of similar import fell from her lips as if unconsciously. The object, whatever it was, seemed to be gained when she reached the dwelling where Ellen Fiske was sitting at the window, and she returned again and again to linger, saying, with a satisfied air, "'Tis like home."

And it truly looked a pleasant home; the simple elegance of the furniture and adornments of the room spoke an abundance of pecuniary means, and the many works of art arranged with pleasing appropriateness, showed a taste to appreciate them. Father, mother, old and young, are all there, and father, reading the evening paper, but with one hand resting affectionately on the curly head of a little boy near by; mother—time had touched her once beautiful face, but left her heart still young—helping poor little Molly, who never did like arithmetic, through the intricacies of a hard sum; and Ralph, in the easy chair, not dozing, but keeping all bright with his merry talk; Puss, otherwise but too seldom called Alice, asleep on the sofa, yet putting off bed time as long as possible; Ellen, with her thoughtful face of home-like loveliness, sitting in the window corner with a half open book in her hand, quiet but not dull, all made a picture of which plenty and peace were the background.

The stranger's half-made resolve was strengthened, but seeing she was observed, she walked away. Again she returned with cautious, hesitating step, and finding the curtains drawn, and that she was unnoticed, ascended the wide stone steps, placed her little child, who was now asleep, on the broad door steps and hurried away, sobbing bitterly. There were tears on her cheek, but no reason in her eye; the wild light of insanity burned there, but her affection for her little one still lingered in that mind so full of wayward fancies, and she turned to give one more glance, saying, half aloud, "They'll be good to her there;" then hastening on was soon lost to sight.

Will they be kind to her there? Will there be a welcome for one more in that already large family? Is she to have a happy home and loving friends, or pass her years in some public charitable institution? Let us see.

It was Ralph's curiosity that was aroused, as he was leaving the house somewhat later in the evening, whistling carelessly, by this something

lying on the steps before him, and he in his turn calls to Ellen to "come and see this new-fashioned door mat!" His words were light, but his tone was serious, and they soon were all gathered about the little curiosity. This uninvited visitor was a little girl of a year or more, and there was a pleading look hard to withstand in her large eyes, and a sadness in the little one's tone as she called incessantly for "Nannie! Nannie!" which went to the heart of each one. Her clothes were of the finest texture, and pinned to the little white cashmere cloak was a richly embroidered handkerchief containing a large sum of money and a few lines without connection in a lady's delicate handwriting which read thus:

"I am almost there. Call her Amy Morris. They wait for me, but they must go without *her*. We must give up all in the cause of righteousness." And seemed intended as a note.

She was evidently no uncared-for child, but had been brought from some home of plenty. What shall they do? 'Tis Ellen's voice that first pleads in the little stranger's cause, for she is assured that this and the child she saw carried to and fro so often while she was at the window, are one and the same. Search is immediately made for the woman, so clearly the subject of insanity, but no traces could be discovered, and they resolve to keep the little girl for a time at least, in hopes the mystery may be cleared away. As weeks pass away, and all efforts to restore the deserted one to her former home and friends prove unavailing, each day brings with it new love, and their former wish to retain her with them for a time grows into a desire to keep her forever, and they almost dread lest the inquiries which they still make may be successful, and they lose little Amy. Alice, indeed, seemed rather concerned that her rights should be invaded by a "baby they didn't ask for," and often asks if she mayn't be youngest just the same; but even she loves a game of boo-peep with her imagined rival. Ralph has gone to Europe, but not without an affectionate good-by for "little door mat," as he persisted in calling her, and many directions to Ellen to have her grow fast for a wife for R. M. Fiske, Esq. But Robert, the curly head, is her most faithful friend; though but seven himself, he feels fully sufficient to ward off all the ills of life; he brings his drum, his top, his gun and new books, and places them all at her free disposal, much to the chagrin of Miss Alice, who has often begged in vain for a look at the pretty pictures. He has won by his extreme devotion the sobriquet of the young lover. Mary, who fills the gap be-

tween Ellen and Robert, is the only indifferent one; her ten year old dignity is offended, and she often improves the opportunity for a sly push or pinch as a testimonial of her state of mind. But what is her voice among the many? Yes, they will be kind to her here. That mother, bewildered as her thoughts may have been, judged wisely in placing that little one here where she would be guided in the road to immortal life, rather than make her a sharer of her own sad fortune.

Hope tinges the uncertainties of the future with cheerful hues, and plants roses in our rugged pathway, and though the colors fade as we draw near, and thorns take the place of flowers, hope is still at our side to brighten what remains of the picture, and ward off despair. We would not, even if we could, look into the realities of our onward journey.

Sixteen years have passed away since we saw Amy, the bud of fairest promise. We see her to-day, the blossom of unlooked-for beauty. 'Tis just sixteen years ago this evening, since, homeless and friendless as she was, a place was unselfishly made for her in that family circle, and she is now one of its brightest links. After a vain search for home and friends, they gave her their name, also retaining her own. Years passed away with no suspicion in her mind that those she called father and mother, brother and sister, were such only from affection, not in reality. The happy delirium was roughly torn away by Mary, who never felt for her a true, generous affection, in the excitement of anger. Poor Amy did not wait to hear the whole, but hurried away, and for days told no one of her sorrow. She was of a very proud disposition, and to be dependent on those on whom she had no claim, she could not endure, and saying nothing of the discovery she had made, and answering the many earnest inquiries as to the cause of her silence, and apparent illness, by careless words that quieted all fears, she silently made preparations to leave the home in which she now felt she had no right. Had she learned her whole history from her mother's lips, told as it would have been in so gentle and loving a manner, there would have been nothing to rouse the feelings that now filled her heart; her love and gratitude would have silenced all other feelings, but coming as it did from Mary, with a taunt, much and sincerely as she loved them all, her pride made her strong enough to resolve to give it all up, all the affection of years to throw away in an instant.

Mary alone knew the cause of that anxious face and abstracted manner so unlike the Amy of every day, but though the confession was often



on her lip, she had not the courage to brave her father's anger, her mother's grief and the deserved reproach of the whole family, and though the sad story came to her lips, it died there also.

Amy anxiously watches for some opening for herself in the world, and a day or two after the disclosure notices an advertisement for an amanuensis wanted in a city not many miles distant, and resolves, rash as was the resolve, to make application in person. She is young, she knows it; inexperienced, she feels it; but though barely sixteen, so mature in mind and manner as to appear much older. Had Ellen been at home her ever watchful sympathy would have suspected more than those evasive answers expressed, but Ellen was the ornament of another home, and Ralph was in business in a distant city, and made, as he himself said, a most excellent family man. Little Alice, where was she? So near Amy's age, why was she not her confidant in this hour of trouble? Dear little Alice, too, is in another home, but a heavenly, not earthly, whither she was called ere sorrow had marred a single pleasure, and while childhood's joys were still smiling upon her. Robert was as firm a friend as ever, but being at home only in the evening, has but little opportunity to notice any alteration in her manner.

And Amy resolves to depart early the next morning. She has a finished and easy handwriting, she can but try, and should she succeed, as hope tells her she will, she will no longer be a trespasser as she now imagines herself to be, on the kindness of her adopted parents. The few articles which she must take with her she places together. As she takes to put among them, from its place on the book shelf, her first Bible, given to her when she had learned to read, tears fall upon its leaves when she reads in the blank leaf, "To my loved Amy, from her affectionate mother," and beneath, written by the same loved hand, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She knows it is no earthly aid there spoken of, but, as she thinks of the dear giver of this, her first Bible, she gives to the verse an interpretation of her own, and hesitates for a moment whether she shall not go to her best earthly friend, tell all her trouble, and find the rest which she had never sought there in vain; but no, when she had carried her troubles to her before, it was a mother's sympathy she asked, and felt she received, and she knew now she had no claim upon it, however fondly it had been given.

She writes a few grateful, affectionate lines,

bidding farewell to one and all, selects among her few treasures some token for each, and one of the most valued for Mary, to show her forgiveness of the thoughtless words, places them all upon the little table where they will easily be found, and having made every arrangement for early departure, seeks for the last time, as she supposes, the couch where her head has been pillowed since infancy; but ere the light of another morning, sickness has laid its hand on her, and it is only in wild delirium that she carries her project into execution. This, her first great sorrow, together with great exposure to cold on the previous day, had proved too much for her to conquer. It was not till in the ravings of delirium Mary heard her calling on her to say - it was not true, that she was her own dear sister still, that she could in sorrow and remorse tell her share in this now dangerous illness. Her former jealousies were all forgotten; that token of love, left on Amy's table as a parting gift, awoke feelings of repentant sorrow which a lifetime never could efface. She was a most unwearied watcher till consciousness was restored, and almost the first words Amy heard were from Mary, in earnest entreaty for forgiveness. From that time, and ever after, the light of affection burned with a clear radiance which no petty cares were allowed to dim. 'Tis a year and more since that sad sickness, and the wide ocean now separates Mary from her childhood's home, but neither years nor space can remove from memory that sad remembrance; though Amy, to-night the only one left to cheer the kind hearts that sixteen years ago gave her so kindly a welcome, can look back with no feeling of bitterness, for she has heard the little that is known of her history from her mother's own lips, told in so kindly a manner as to assure her she has indeed been a blessing to them, sent though in a mysterious way, to be a cheering light to their declining years.

Amy is sitting at the same window from which Ellen had caught her first glimpse of her, and it is evident some one is eagerly expected from her earnest watching of those passing in the dark street, and the listening attitude of the mother. The sitting-room looks much the same, but wants the cheerful air numbers once gave. The evening paper is again before the father, but instead of having little Robert at his side to-night, it is he that is so impatiently looked for. He has been a wild youth, but has now "sown his wild oats," and is a well-to-do lawyer about twenty miles distant, and now and then comes home for a flying visit.

Amy draws back with a disappointed air when

she sees he is not alone, but is accompanied by a friend, of whom he has often spoken, but her disappointment vanishes long before the visit closes, for Frederick Hamilton was an addition to any company. He had left his home, in one of the Eastern States, and had come out West to seek his fortune. It was long since he had seen home and friends, but this seemed to be another home, and it was not without many promises of a speedy meeting on all sides, that when parting day came, they said good-by.

'Tis the lovely month of September, and the various routes taken by travellers are thronged with pleasure seekers, some going one way and some another, but one party of the many claims our interest now. We have seen them all before, an elderly gentleman and lady, a bright, attractive looking young lady, and two young gentlemen, who seem to vie with each other in their attentions to their young companion. They journey pleasantly along, now stopping for a season at some place of interest, and then hastening on again. Mr. Fiske had business which called him eastward, and had taken with him Amy and her mother, to show, as he said, his youngest a little of the world, and Robert and his friend, Mr. Hamilton, had joined them on the way, the latter of whom improved so agreeable an opportunity to visit home and friends. He was loud in the praise of a small village far removed from city or town of any consequence, whose beauties, he said, while confessing the great deviation from their proposed route, would amply repay them for a visit. Robert, too, seemed to be in the secret, whatever it was, and gave his most decided approval. The ride in the stage-coach which they must take, over hill and through valley, had an attraction for Amy, and the proposed change is made. The ride proves rather a wearisome, dusty one, nor does the village, although embowered as it was in trees, and abounding in pleasing scenery, it did possess much of quiet beauty, promise to reward any great exertions for a visit; but when they unexpectedly stop before a venerable looking mansion, to which lofty elms shading the front, and a peculiarly ancient style of architecture gave an attractive appearance, and Frederic Hamilton welcomed them to his father's home, the mystery is solved. And the sight of the aged father as he too comes forward to give them a cordial greeting, amply repays for a little inconvenience. He lives here in solitude, no wife or child to cheer his loneliness. His birthplace and home had been in the midst of a busy city, but within

a few years he had retired from its noise and cares to this quiet spot. It was a most charming resting-place for the travellers, wearied as they were with the continued motion of the past few weeks, and the short stay of half a day, which had been allotted to the unknown village, lengthened into three, and still every inducement is urged and urged again for their longer stay, but to-day they must leave.

Amy with her young friends had gone for their last drive through the pleasant wood-shaded, grass-bordered roads, and the other members of the household were seated in a rustic arbor in a grove near the house, the favorite resort of the aged owner. There was no conversation between them, the quiet of the scene seemed to have a stilling influence upon the three, when the pause was suddenly broken by Mr. Hamilton, who asked with evident hesitation, if they had named their daughter Amy Morris from mere fancy, or from any friend in particular? Mrs. Fiske had noticed the day before when some one spoke to Amy playfully, calling her Amy Morris Fiske, the quick look of surprise he gave her, and answers that they were requested to give her that name—then regrets that she expressed her answer in those words, as she sees she can give no explanation without telling Amy's whole history, which she never did.

With increased hesitation, Mr. Hamilton then said :

"You will pardon my curiosity in asking who requested it of you, when I tell you it was a favorite name of my wife. It was the name of a dear friend of hers, and she wished once to give it to one of my own children, but as it was not pleasing to me at the time, another was given in its place, and what called my attention to it the more, your daughter has a slight resemblance to my wife, which, though it might be unnoticed by a careless observer, is very evident to me."

Frederic Hamilton had never spoken of his mother, and, having understood that there were some painful circumstances connected with her, no one of the family had mentioned her; but now, linking one thing with another in the chain of evidence, a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her, and with dread, yet with a feeling of obligation, as she saw the troubled look on that venerable face, she told Amy's short history to her new-found friend.

The listener's agitation increased as she proceeded, and she stopped for a moment, but he said "Tell all—I can hear," and she again spoke: spoke of her appearance when she first came to them. And as she mentions that earn-

est cry for "Nannie! Nannie!" he leaves his seat, comes towards her, but falls back again, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, cries:

"It is my child, my *own* lost child!"

With longing, mingled with dread, did they look for Amy's return from the drive; nor could her father, when he saw her, restrain his emotion as he had agreed, till she was in some degree prepared; but folding her in his arms, repeated again and again:

"I've found you at last, my daughter, my lost daughter!"

Dearly as Amy had loved her kind adopted parents, she had ever the longing to see her own father, if he were still living, as was very possible, and that strong desire which it seemed so improbable would ever be satisfied, is at last met; but there is grief as well as gladness in that group. Her long lost father had gained a daughter, but her other parents, as strong in their love for the child of their adoption, had lost one. Frederic had gained a sister, but Robert had parted with one. Would it be home to them again without Amy to think of? Must she go, now that she is appreciated more than ever?

Just before the hour of departure, and when all had somewhat regained their composure, Amy, standing by her father's side, one hand in his, the other stroking his silvery locks, gently whispered:

"And my mother?"

But the next moment she repented saying it, for he bowed his head in his hands and wept. An aged man's tears come from the heart, and all remained silent from tearful sympathy; but at last, rousing himself, he said:

"'Tis right you should know of her. For many a year I have not spoken her name, I thought I had ceased to love her, for she robbed me of my happiness and my darling babe; but this day, and the sight of you, Amy, has proved how vain was that idea. I love her still, though she has made life a burden to me. I *do* love her still. She was very young when we were married. I was many years her senior, and was even then weary of the heartless pleasures of the gay world, whereas she had never tasted them, and longed for them. She was sufficient for my happiness, I thought I ought to be for hers, and did not satisfy her desires for a little freedom of life. Years passed away. One little child after another came to make home happy, but though her affection for them seemed unbounded, her distaste for the quiet pursuits of home increased. It is too late now, too late, but I see now I should have gone with her, should have indulged her taste. Her continued restraint began to shew.

its effects in a disordered imagination; insanity was in her family, and then, but alas! too late, I saw my error, took her from accustomed scenes, and went abroad; but then she became acquainted with the Mormon doctrines, and after that time dwelt upon them continually. Then—" here he seemed unable to go on, but soon, in a low voice he proceeded, "one day, not very long after you, loved Amy, was born, when I had been away on business, I returned to find my home deserted. Some months after I was startled by her sudden return. I gladly welcomed her, freely forgave all. She seemed to acquiesce, confessed her absence had been spent with the Mormons, but that she had come home repentant, never to leave me. A fortnight from that day and she had again left me, and not alone, but you too were missing. You were a little one, a year old then. My children have one after another found homes of their own, and I have come here to pass my lonely old age. The world has lost its charms; I would not live in it, but sitting here in this quiet grove, far from turmoil and care, I have time to think, time to repent, time to prepare for that better world which must soon be my home." And again was that aged head bowed, and his own were not the only tears which followed that sad recital.

Amy, bending and kissing his forehead, whispered:

"You are not alone now, for I shall never leave you."

And in a few moments they must go, but without Amy—she stays in this, her new home. Poor Robert, so firm a friend from the first, had disguised his love by the name of brother, but it was no brother's love that found expression when in the hurry of departure they could be alone for a moment, nor did the few words that fell on our ear as loud calls for both brought them from their retreat, come from sisterly affection.

'Tis not strange that Amy oftentimes feels lonely, in her quiet home, far from all her former scenes of interest, or that she often longs for those far away; but the fond glance of her aged father, as he calls her his blessing and sole comfort, rewards her for every sacrifice. His failing strength shows that his remaining years must be few, and we know, that should he be taken away at any time, there is a brave heart and strong arm as ready to love and protect now, as when, so many years ago, he brought his childhood's most precious treasures and laid them at her feet.

TWICE LOST, she has been twice a blessing!

Praise of all things is the greatest excitement of commendable actions, and supports us in our enterprises.

LILIAN GROVER:

— OR, —

## THE HISTORY OF A FLIRT.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"O, MOTHER, mother, I am afraid our Lily bids fair to be a sad coquette."

"My dear, what nonsense! Lily is beautiful, and she cannot help knowing it."

"But her mother was beautiful and never knew it."

"Thank you for the compliment, dear; she knew it a great deal better than you are aware of."

"Well; I am sorry to hear it," laughed the gentleman, "for it only gives my fears a better foundation. I have watched Lily all the evening, and I repeat that the only conclusion I can come at is that she is most thoroughly a coquette, so far as winning and casting away hearts make one."

"Why, George! what makes you talk so? Lily is only a baby yet; she knows nothing about such arts."

"Well, look at her now and judge for yourself."

The object of these remarks, at the moment alluded to, looked like anything but a baby, as her mother had termed her, for her slight figure was drawn up to the utmost height, her head was thrown back, and her small, slippered foot was put down on the carpet with a very decided air. At the moment her mother looked towards her she heard the words, "Do not dare—do not come one step nearer, sir," addressed by her daughter to a tall and very handsome lad, who, blushing with anger and wounded pride, bowed low before the little beauty, and drew back among the group of children who surrounded them.

"Why, why! what can make her treat that boy so? Who is his father?"

"It is young Mountstevens Brooke; I heard yesterday that he was visiting at Sir James's, and told the girls to bring him with them to-night. I forgot to mention it to you before."

"I am sorry Lily should offend him so rudely, as he is a stranger."

"I tell you she is a finished flirt," was the answer.

Lilian Grover, the little maiden we have so unceremoniously introduced here, was an only child, and even more spoilt and indulged than only children generally are. Her parents, wealthy English people of very good standing in their county, and connected with more than one titled family, had met with a great misfortune in the first years of their marriage, in the death of a beautiful boy, idolized by both, and mourned for with the deepest sorrow.

For several years after the death of their son, their hopes of a family were blighted by the early death of three little, delicate blossoms who seemed too frail and tender to dwell here on the earth, and scarce opened their eyes on this world ere they closed them to awake in a better.

At last came a daughter, fair and beautiful as ever a mother's imagination pictured, and beloved in proportion as her brothers and sisters had been regretted. "If she is only spared to me," the joyful mother would oftentimes exclaim; "if I may only keep her, I will never murmur again at what seems a cruel trial." And Mrs. Grover thought she tried her best to make her darling what every wise mother wishes to see her child—good, obedient and docile. But Lilian had a strong will and a peculiar disposition of her own, and parents are generally the last to see their children's faults.

It would have been very difficult to have formed any opinion of Lilian at ten years old by the descriptions given of her in the neighborhood of Glover Hall. Lawyer Benson's daughters thought her the "most disagreeable child they had ever seen, such a haughty, disdainful little creature;" while poor old Milly Hopkins, who lived in the most miserable little cot in the village, and was as lonely and poverty-stricken as ever poor childless widow need to be, always told the minister and the few who came to see to her wants, that "Miss Lily seemed to bring sunshine and flowers wherever she went," and she "could compare her to nothing but an angel." But then Lily always was a strange child. She would cling round the affectionate old housekeeper (who in younger days had carried her mother in her arms), and delighted the good old woman with her caresses, while to the stylish young footman who imitated his master's visitors in dress and manner, she took such a dislike that her father was under necessity of discharging him.

On the evening of which we have first spoken, Lilian had completed her tenth year, and a very large party of little folks had assembled at Grover Hall to enjoy themselves on the occasion. Mr. Grover, with his usual hospitality, had invited a number unknown to his wife and daughter, and thus it was that the mother did not even know the unlucky object of the little beauty's displeasure. As soon as it was possible, Mrs. Grover called her daughter aside, for her pride was not a little piqued by her husband's good humored bantering about Lily's flirting propensities.

"My dear Lily," she said, as, flushed with dancing, the beautiful child came bounding to her side, "my dear little girl, what occasioned the strange scene I witnessed just now? What

could make my Lilian so far forget herself?" The fair face clouded in an instant, but she answered readily enough:

"The girls *would* play a game I did not like, but I did not mind it until they planned it so that he should kiss me, and do you know, mama, he really meant to?" The proud color now covered face, neck, and brow, and the quivering lips showed the excitement of the speaker.

"My dear, he only intended to do what the game you were playing gave him liberty to do; it would not have been considered gentlemanly. I am confident he never meant to insult my little, high-spirited girl."

"But when he saw I did not like to play, he ought not to have done so."

"Well, we will allow that; and now see what my Lilian's passionate and insulting words have done. That unfortunate boy who has incurred your anger, has neither father, mother, brother nor sister, and having a very sensitive spirit of his own, he feels deeply wounded at the manner in which his little hostess has treated him this evening. I saw him standing just now in the conservatory, alone, and not looking very happy."

The angry flush passed from the cheek of the little girl, and her eyes filled with tears, as she said:

"I am sorry I spoke so to him, mama; I am very sorry."

"I am very sorry, too, Lilian, for I would have you curb that proud temper, at least within the bounds of politeness."

Mrs. Grover said no more, and being soon after called away, she did not see the white figure which in a few minutes hastened from the hall where the children were playing, and after crossing the intervening rooms, carefully open the door of the conservatory, and with a timid step and downcast look enter and close the door after her. There was another entrance to the conservatory, but Lily's pride would not allow her to let her visitors know her errand, and from the south door they could all have seen her.

Monte Brooke was standing in among the rows of flowers, pulling off the withered leaves and seemingly forgetful of the sports going on so close to him. He seemed scarcely to hear the loud laughter that occasionally rung through the rooms, and he started when Lily touched his arm and in a low voice, very different from the tones he had last heard her utter, begged him "not to be vexed with her for speaking so; she did not mean to hurt his feelings—she was very sorry," and here her resolution gave way.

He took her little hand in his, and assured her he would "forget all about it," for Monte Brooke was a true gentleman, though only four-

teen, and seeing how agitated his little companion felt, he hastened to put her at her ease.

"Then you will come back to the hall, and not stay here alone while the rest are all dancing?" Lily asked, as she started to go out the way she came in.

"Yes, if you will dance with me."

Half an hour after, Mr. Grover and his wife were interrupted in the pleasant comments they were making on the assembled bright faces and gay young forms, by another disturbance among the children. Harry Roper, a wild, handsome, but rude and passionate boy, had threatened to strike young Brooke because his cousin Lilian was dancing with him, the little flirt having refused Harry only a little while before.

Mrs. Grover called her nephew to her and tried to explain matters. "Lilian only did it because she had so ill-treated the stranger."

"Well, why did she not tell me so, instead of saying she had a right to do as she pleased? I wish young Brooke would fight; I would teach him to come here making trouble between us."

Mrs. Grover cast an appealing look at her husband, who was silently enjoying her troubles, and then having partially succeeded in quieting the irate young gentleman, she once more sought her daughter and tried to impress on her the necessity of keeping her company on good terms with each other. "You should not vex cousin Harry; you know what a bad temper he has."

"I know he is bad-tempered, mama, and how dare he show his temper to me, telling me I shall, or I shall not? I shall dance with just whom I please, and no one shall speak so to me."

"O, dear me! I am glad I have only one child. I am afraid I should never be able to manage a large family."

"Are you quite sure you know how to manage Lilian, mother?" asked Mr. Grover, to whom this remark was addressed.

"I don't know; I have done the best I could with her—but Lilian is such a strange child."

"She has too much temper, and we indulge her too much," was Mr. Grover's reply.

"I am afraid her uncontrolled spirit will cause her great sorrow some day."

"O, she is tender-hearted and sensitive enough when conscious of having done wrong," and then Mrs. Grover told her husband the sequel of the first quarrel. "I know she apologized," she continued, "for I saw her come from the conservatory, looking much happier than when she went in."

By the time the carriages came for the young guests, Mrs. Grover was pretty well wearied, and her feelings were still more jarred by a further display of unkindness among them.

The Roper carriage was full without leaving a place for Harry, and the daughters of Sir James Harnet pressed him to take a seat with them. The Harnets were well-behaved, lady-like girls, and even rough Harry acknowledged their politeness by offering to accept their invitation.

"There is nobody else going with you, is there?" he asked.

"Only Monte Brooke; he came with us, and of course he will go back," replied the sisters.

"Then I will walk." And he did walk. But Monte rode home with the girls; and though he seemed interested in their conversation, his thoughts were busy on the events of the evening, and the bright little fairy who had come with pleading eyes to apologize for her ill-treatment.

"That Harry Roper is so rude I almost wonder aunt Grover invites him to her house," said Miss Milly Harnet, a little, blue-eyed damsel, who was quite smitten with the good looks of their gentlemanly young visitor, and strove to make herself agreeable with all her might. "I don't like rude people myself; I like people who behave prettily, and never get in a passion or be disagreeable, as he is."

"O, Milly; you know Harry has never had a mother, and nobody but the servants to take care of him. I think he is a fine, brave fellow, now. He follows the hounds with the best riders in the club, and papa says he is a splendid shot already—not one of the game-keepers can beat him." And Miss Augusta Harnet sighed for the day to come when she should be old enough to sport hat and habit and follow the hounds, too—all her inclinations tending that way.

The affected little Milly leaned back languidly in the carriage.

Busy with his thoughts, young Brooke paid little attention to what his companions were saying, but he heard enough to make him smile at their different opinions.

While her company were on their way home, Lilian was entertaining her mother with her description of the guests, and how they behaved.

"And so you have enjoyed yourself, darling?" the mother said, as she smoothed down the disordered curls, and assisted to remove the light, gauzy dress and simple ornaments which had adorned her child.

"O, yes, mama; enjoyed myself well. But I don't think I should like many parties; I should soon get tired of them."

"I am glad to hear that. I don't want my little girl to be too fond of gaiety. But, Lily, where is your other glove, dear? You only gave me one."

"I don't know; perhaps I left it in the hall,

mama." And then came a recollection of where she had last seen that glove, and, child as she was, she started and colored, but her mother took no notice of her, and merely said, "I suppose so; you must rest now, for you will be very weary to-morrow."

"How dare that proud boy take my glove? I will never speak to him again," was Lily's last thought ere she slept.

"Sir James has asked me to ride over to the hall to-morrow morning, and I shall see her again," thought Monte Brooke, as he put the little white glove he had stolen under his pillow, and laid down to dream of a bright fairy showering roses over him all night.

The next day, he was on his way to his mother's relatives, in Virginia, and as children they met no more.

Mountstevens Brooke was an orphan, and his English friends could no longer refuse the repeated requests of his mother's wealthy American relatives, that the boy might spend a few years with them, and so Monte crossed the ocean, and at last looked on that long-wished-for land—that wonderful western world which he had dreamed of and pictured long before, and found not at all like his imaginings.

The Mountstevens were rich and aristocratic, and they welcomed with proud delight the handsome, haughty looking youth who bid fair to do honor to their family. One only cause of regret was there—the remembrance that in his father's country a still richer inheritance awaited Monte, which demanded his presence as soon as his years entitled him to claim it.

To have kept him in America, to have seen him grow up respected and honored in his mother's country, would have been joy to his family; but it might not be, and all they could do was to make his stay with them as pleasant as possible, so that in after years he might look back to that visit with none but agreeable remembrances.

They told him of his mother's young days; how fondly they all loved the beautiful young girl, and how good and kind and gentle she was. And they told him how the handsome young Englishman came and won her from their hearts, and when they knew he was worthy even of their precious one, they let her go, feeling that the gift was appreciated. And when a year had been spent in seeing the wonders and beauties of her native land, and she started on the long and uncertain voyage to her husband's country, how anxiously they awaited the tidings of her safety; but instead came the cruel story of her death—how the brave ship had gone down almost within sight of that long-looked-for home, bearing with

her numbers of her ill-fated crew, and leaving but few to tell the history of the orphan whose life had thus rudely commenced. And Monte listened to the sad tale, and shed tears of grief.

But Monte Brooke was not one to slight his advantages, and the kindness of his relatives enabled him to gratify every desire of his heart, whether it was for books, or amusements, or travel, or such sports as our western men love best. And thus passed the years of his visit, and and boyhood had gone like a pleasant dream, and in the tall, well-proportioned man he now was, few would have recognized the slender youth of former days.

We first introduced Lilian Grover to our friends on her tenth birthday; we next bring her before them on the anniversary of her eighteenth, and, as on the first occasion, her parents celebrated it with an unusually large gathering of her friends. Eight years have done much for her; the pretty child has become an almost perfectly beautiful woman so far as features go, but it could hardly be expected that training such as hers should lead to perfection, and Lily, lovely and beloved as she is, has some very serious faults. Her father's prediction was fulfilled to the letter; from her infancy she was a flirt, and at eighteen could number more admirers than any three young ladies in the county. And yet she never sought admiration, or seemed elated when new lovers bowed to her shrine, or never treated any one more than another with kindness, or even civility, unless it was her cousin Harry Roper. And he was the last man people would have supposed the capricious beauty should select, but yet it was commonly reported he was the happy man. Harry had in no manner belied the promise of his boyish days—he was rough, ill-bred, and insolent to a degree, but he loved his cousin Lily better than anything on earth, and next to her his favorite horse and fox-hounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover always denied that there was any engagement between the young people. Harry would get into a passion if any one mentioned it to him, and Lilian herself would look disdainful; but when friends came and saw her beautiful boudoir littered with the contents of a gun-case, a wet fishing-net and line thrown on the silken lounge, and Harry's muddy dogs reposing on the delicate carpet, while the young gentleman himself seemed perfectly at home in his uncle's house, no wonder they thought there must be more than common friendship between the two.

But Lilian did not love her cousin. Use had reconciled her to many of his ways, and she liked his truthfulness and honesty, but to her shame, she liked his humble submission to her

will best of all. With him her word was law, and she knew it. Once, and only once, since they were children, had he dared to speak of love to her, and then the scene which ensued had effectually prevented his ever so far forgetting himself again. He loved her none the less, but he never dared risk her anger by telling her so.

On her eighteenth birthday, Lilian came into possession of a large property left her by her grandfather, and as all her friends knew this, it was agreed that each should make her a present, as a congratulatory offering on such an event. In the evening, when all the guests were assembled, and Lilian under a full blaze of wax lights stood looking radiant with happiness, one by one they came forward with an offering and a congratulation. The father clasped a costly set of pearls on her fair neck and arms. Her mother presented her with her miniature in a beautiful locket. One young friend gave her a scarf she had embroidered, and her brother presented a beautiful cage containing a pair of rare singing birds. Her old friend Milly Harnet gave a handsomely bound book of sentimental poetry, while Augusta's present was a most elegantly adorned silver-mounted side-saddle and riding-whip—just such a gift as the fair huntress would have most valued.

Both Augusta and Milly had carried out their wishes, so far as their peculiar tastes were concerned, but neither of them had been able, so far, to secure that most desirable object of life to them—a rich husband. Augusta had always entertained a liking for Harry Roper, but Harry's devotion to Lilian left her little room to hope, and on the night of the party she fancied she had secured another and still more desirable beau. If a sportsman was the object she preferred, certain was it that Harry had never dreamed of such exciting adventures as Augusta's new cavalier had passed through, and if wealth was her object the young fox-hunter's estate—dogs, horses and all—was but a trifle in comparison to the guineas and acres of the stranger, as set forth by Augusta's prudent father at the breakfast table that morning. Good old Sir James Harnet knew that his establishment must go to the heir by entail, and it became him to look out for rich husbands for his daughters.

When Harry Roper thought all had presented their gifts to the beautiful Lilian, he stepped forward and offered her a magnificent set of jewels enriched with rubies, all glittering and sparkling in the brilliant light of the room. While murmurs of admiration at the richness of the gift were yet sounding through the room, a tall stranger came forward, and, bowing with deep respect before the lovely girl, laid a snowy wreath



at her feet. Forgetful of the jewels which a moment before had almost dazzled her with their brilliancy, Lilian uttered an exclamation of delight, and, after a quick glance of admiration, placed it on her head. It was all that was needed to complete her attire, and all were loud in praise of the choice the stranger had displayed.

"You never told me you had such a beautiful present for Lilian," said Miss Milly Harnet to Monte Brooke—for he was the stranger, and, as when a boy, he came with his old friends—"I think you might have told me, at least."

"It was such a trifle, Miss Milly, that I was ashamed to tell any one; but you know I had no time to prepare a gift more worthy of Miss Grover's acceptance."

"But where did you get it? You did not make it yourself?"

"O, no," replied the young man; "I received it from an Indian woman to whose husband I had an opportunity of doing a kindness, and if you will take the trouble to examine it at some future time, you will see that it is most curiously wrought out of tiny white shells and feathers."

More than one heart secretly cherished ill feelings towards the handsome young stranger on whom Lilian bestowed such sweet smiles all that long evening; but Lilian felt far from satisfied. There was something very different in his devotion from that of her other admirers; she felt that he was watching her—that her words were listened to, not only because it was she that spoke, but because her companion wished to read her, if possible, and she determined to mystify him, and gratify her taste for coquetry. She all at once grew distant with young Brooke, and transported Harry Roper with her usual graciousness. Poor Lilian! she might as well have striven to melt an iceberg with the glances of her bright eyes, as cause that proud heart to sue at the feet of a flirt. For such he set her down in his own mind—bewitching, lovely, but heartless. "Heartless!" he almost said it aloud as he turned to meet her father, who was exceedingly pleased with the appearance of his new guest.

"This is the second time, Mr. Grover, that I have been an uninvited guest at your house. I fear you will think me sadly lacking in etiquette."

"Never; not the least danger of that," was the hearty response. "And to prevent any such scruples for the future, I give you a standing invitation to come whenever you feel inclined. I knew your father when we were boys, and a fine, noble fellow he was. I shall be only too happy to repay to his son many long-standing debts of kindness received at his hands."

An acquaintance commenced in such a spirit

could not but be agreeable in its progress. Monte soon divided his time about equally between his own home, Sir James Harnet's, and Grover Hall. At Sir James's he was always a favored guest, and the old baronet told his longest stories, and Augusta acted Diana, and Milly quoted poetry to the greatest perfection when he was there.

It was delightful to escape from these combined attractions to the quiet mansion over which Mrs. Grover presided with equal kindness and grace; and Monte, in spite of all his resolutions, never approached the hall without a quickening of the pulse, and a perceptible flutter in the region of the heart, which it would have been joy to Lilian to have known.

"O, that she were less heartless, less selfish—that she was worthy to be loved," he would think to himself, while watching her inflict tortures of jealousy on her unfortunate cousin; "how earnestly would I strive to win her!" But, true to his resolution not to allow her to read his feelings, Lilian was piqued at his seeming indifference, and displayed only the unamiable side of her character.

There was no getting angry with one who never quarrelled, and in some of the many times they differed, she was obliged to own that he was right and she was wrong; but one event changed the whole course of her ideas, and showed her the true state of her heart. A large party had arranged to meet at the Harnets, to join the club of which Harry Roper was head and chief—as he owned the pack they hunted with. Augusta Harnet was in her glory, mounted on a great, powerful horse. Lilian very rarely followed the hounds, although it was a custom among the ladies in the neighborhood, and she was a good horse-woman. Her principal reason for doing so on this occasion was because Mr. Brooke had said he didn't think it right for ladies to run such risks, and did not approve of it as an amusement for them.

She was particular in her disregard of his presence, and talked and laughed with the assembled ladies and gentlemen with a gaiety she was far from feeling, while he followed her every movement with his eyes thinking he had never beheld anything so graceful and beautiful as she looked in her riding costume.

They started in high spirits, and with every prospect of a successful hunt, as the weather was favorable, the dogs in first rate humor, and all hands well-mounted. But after a long and delightful ride, the whole party were thrown out by the unexpected course of the wretched little animal they were following, who, utterly disre-

garding the feelings of the aristocratic ladies and gentlemen for whose sport he was doomed to suffer, led the dogs through a miry field known as the "black moor," where it was almost impossible for horsemen to pass, and, from the peculiar locality, equally impossible to get round.

With a reckless desperation, Harry Roper called on his companions to follow, and dashed wildly over the black pools and shaking, mossy mounds of the moor, followed by a number of his companions; but the elders of the party and the ladies held a council, somewhat alarmed at the prospect before them.

"Come on, I say—come on; don't let those fellows have the laugh at us," exclaimed Augusta Harnet, in loud tones, pointing, as she spoke, to the members of the club, whose scarlet coats now dotted the dark morass. The words of the bold girl had an electric effect on the wavering minds of her companions, and several dashed forward, resolved not to be outdone. Lilian was following their example, when a powerful hand was laid on her rein, and young Brooke, with astonishment depicted on his countenance, said:

"You surely would not be so rash, Miss Grover, as to risk your life for so useless a purpose! I rode over that moor yesterday, and it must be something better than a wretched fox that would tempt me to do it again."

For a moment Lilian felt a thrill of delight at the evident interest he felt in her safety—but then came Augusta's shout of triumph, as the powerful animal she rode bore her bravely through the dangerous way, and in a moment all better feelings were gone, and she strove to free her horse from the detaining hand.

"Miss Grover! Lilian! you must not do it," exclaimed the young man, now alarmed out of all self-possession. "You must not risk your life—you *shall* not!"

"Shall not!" O, the anger, the scorn depicted on that beautiful face, as she repeated his words, and with a sudden wrench the bridle was torn from his grasp, and she was dashing wildly after the others.

Without a moment's hesitation he spurred his own noble hunter on the same course, for there was a presentiment of danger urging him on.

Lilian's horse was too unused to such encounters to carry her safely. As the way grew more and more difficult, and its slender legs sank into the soft moss, the spirited little creature plunged and reared violently, and its terrified mistress was unable to control or guide it. Finding at last she could no longer keep her seat, she drew her foot from the stirrup to spring off, when with a sudden bound the affrighted animal plunged

forward, throwing her violently from the saddle, and dashing itself madly down into a dark pool.

When Monte Brooke raised Lilian's insensible form in his arms, he believed she was dead, and her marble-like features, rendered more ghastly by the stains and splashes with which she was covered, gave him good cause for such a supposition. But her head had come in contact with one of the wet, mossy, sunken rocks with which the place abounded, and her insensibility was caused by the blow.

Several weeks passed before she recovered from the effects of her accident, and even after her physicians had pronounced her well, her parents could not understand the change that had come over her. They little thought of the feelings at work in her heart, for none knew that the accident was partly of her own seeking, and young Brooke was too gentlemanly to say a word of blame against her, even though he was blamed himself for allowing her to run into such danger.

Harry Roper was furious against him, and only that Monte had gone home as soon as he learned Lilian was out of danger, Harry declared he would call him to an account.

Augusta Harnet assured all her friends that it was nothing but a plan of Lilian's, who, finding young Brooke insensible to her charms, took this method of subduing him; while Milly, on hearing of the accident, gave way to the extravagance of hysteria, assuring all her friends she could not have survived the death of her dear, dear Lilian."

In the silence and reflection of a sick room, Lilian had time and opportunity to review her conduct for the past year, and the result was anything but satisfactory. She felt that neither of her parents was pleased with her, as they knew she did not love her cousin, and thought her treatment of him cruel in the extreme. She felt that Harry might justly blame her, and that she would probably yet have trouble with him. Worse than all, she felt that in his heart young Brooke must despise her. Her reflections, on the whole, therefore, were far from agreeable.

But in spite of all her remorse and repentance, she grew daily better, and at length was able to leave her room for a few hours each day.

Her mother, who had scarce left her bedside, now felt obliged to fulfil an engagement which the unfortunate accident had postponed, and with her husband started to visit a dying relation, leaving Lilian to the care of her maid and the faithful old housekeeper.

On the second day of their absence, as Lilian felt very lonely and unhappy, seated at her window wondering why she had not seen Harry for the last few days, then wishing she knew wheth-

er young Brooke had returned to Sir James's, and at last became so nervous that she was on the point of ringing for her maid Katy to come and sit with her, the sight of Harry's servant man dashing at full speed across the park filled her with apprehensions of some impending ill. Instead of pausing to open the gates in his way, he leaped them one after the other, and at last came full speed up to the hall, his horse white with foam and trembling in every limb from the violent exertions he had been forced to make.

Lilian laid her head down on the window seat, and strove to quiet her throbbing heart, but she was pale as death, when Katy, full of importance, came hurrying in.

"O, Miss Lilian—such dreadful news!" Then seeing how her young mistress looked, she exclaimed. "Why, you look as if you were dying yourself, miss; can't I get you something?"

"Never mind my looks, but tell me what you were going to say," Lilian answered, hoarsely.

"O, yes, ma'am; Robert has just come here, looking for the master, for he says Mr. Harry has quarrelled with that young gentleman who let you go through the moor on the day of the hunt, and do you know, Miss Lilian, they are going to fight in the morning?"

Katy stopped, for she was frightened at her young mistress's looks. Lilian made a sign for her to go on.

"O, there is nothing more, ma'am, only Robert says they will certainly kill each other, and he thought perhaps if the master was home he might do something to prevent it."

Lilian was silent for a few moments; a variety of conflicting expressions passed over her face, and then settled into one of firm resolution, as she turned to the girl, who was watching her with great interest, and asked if there was any one at home to ride with a message for her.

"Only little Johnny, miss; but there will be more by and-by."

"The very one. Go instantly and send him to me." Lilian could have shrieked out this command had she yielded to her feelings; but with all her self command, Katy saw enough to draw her own conclusions from, and afterwards told the housekeeper that she never could have believed Miss Lilian cared so much for Mr. Harry.

Half an hour after, "little Johnny" was speeding across the moors, the nearest way to the inn where Mr. Brooke was stopping, and in less time than even Lilian would have expected he came back with an answer to her wildly imploring appeal—and such an answer!

"No insults, nothing on earth should induce the writer to endanger the life of one in whom

Miss Grover felt interested. She might rest assured that her cousin's life was perfectly safe."

There was no help after this; she had done all in her power to avert the danger—for applying to Harry she knew would be worse than useless. And so, overwhelmed with self reproach, mortification and anxiety, she passed the night, alternately the prey of the most distressing emotions. That matters must now take their own course she well knew, and they did take their course just as she expected.

At early sunrise, as had been agreed upon, Harry and his antagonist met in a lonely and retired spot, where more than one affair of the kind had been settled before. They each had two friends with them, and were also accompanied by their servants.

The quarrel had originated out of the accident to Lilian, Harry's impetuous temper having led him first to insult and then challenge the other. Monte's feelings were not of the most pleasant description that morning, for he could not but think that Lilian's anxiety about the duel arose from her regard for Harry, and more than once the thought was whispered, "His life will be in your power; take it, and so rid yourself of a rival."

But better resolves bore all these temptations away, and calm and collected he stood at his place, received Harry's fire and a ball through his left arm, and fired his own pistol in the air. As this was an unexpected turn in events, their seconds would not hear of any further proceedings, declaring that the challenged party had given the fullest and most honorable satisfaction; but Harry was not satisfied, and angrily demanded the reasons for his behaviour.

"Believe me, no personal regard for yourself prompted me," was Brooke's haughty answer. "And if you doubt that your fate was in my hands, I will give you proof;" and binding his handkerchief tightly about his wounded arm, he gave some whispered directions to his servant, who immediately paced off twice the distance the combatants had stood apart, then, facing about, he extended his hand in which he held a common tobacco pipe, while Brooke, without a moment's hesitation, took his other pistol from the hands of his wondering second, and fired at the slender stem, cutting it like a knife.

A thrill of horror—or something very like it—passed through the assembled group, and Harry, in spite of his bravery, grew deadly white. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak, "what a shot you are!"

"Had you been such a shot," was Brooke's reply, "I should now have been a corpse."

Of course, after this there was no more

thought of continuing the combat, and while Monte's friends were carrying him, now faint and weak from loss of blood, back to his inn, Harry rode over to Grover Hall to inform Lilian of the affair, and to also renew those addresses she had once so completely crushed. But, alas for his hopes and aspirations, the reception he met with was sufficient to quell the love in a dozen hearts warmer than his. Lilian upbraided him for his conduct to young Brooke, for mixing her name up in the scandal of a duel, and for his presumption in daring to seek her hand; and when worn out with her excitement she leaned back in her chair, looking so much like a corpse that poor Harry was only too glad speedily to beat a retreat.

Feeling that all hope for himself was over with Lilian, he now bitterly repented of his conduct to Monte Brooke, and, as the first step towards atonement, rode to the house where he was under the care of a skillful surgeon, and having with his usual impetuosity explained and apologized, the two who a few hours previous were bitterest enemies, became, if not friends, at least on pleasant terms with each other.

As Harry insisted on knowing Monte's reasons for sparing him, the latter at length showed the despatch he had received from Miss Grover; and then arose a puzzling question in the mind of each, for whose safety Lilian had felt such anxiety as her letter evidently displayed.

Harry at once settled the matter in his own mind, by proclaiming his new friend as the lucky man on whom his capricious cousin looked with favor. But Brooke's account of the treatment he had received from the fair lady did away with this theory, and in despair Harry exclaimed that "all women were alike, flirts and tyrants; for his part, he never knew but one sensible one, and she was Augusta Harnet."

His companion smiled at his choice, but their friendship was of too recent a date to allow him to risk a remark.

It must be acknowledged that the young man felt considerable curiosity to know the state of Lilian's affections, now that she had dismissed the only one of her lovers for whom she had ever seemed really to care, and it was therefore with much gratification that he accepted Mr. Grover's invitation to allow himself to be put under the care of the "lady of the hall," who promised to bestow on him every care, if he would only accompany her husband home.

That young Brooke was shocked to see the change a few weeks' illness had made in Lilian was not surprising, nor was it to be wondered at that two young people demanding each other's

sympathy, should very soon learn the feelings of each other's hearts.

When Monte sought Mr. Grover's permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, that gentleman very gravely refused, declaring that he had too great a regard for his young friend's happiness to allow him to waste his affections on a flirt.

"I have known her longer than you have, and I tell you she has had a natural inclination for flirting, ever since her infancy."

"But, my dear sir, I am willing to risk the danger; all I want is your permission. Lilian will never flirt again."

"Well; if you will stake your word on that, I don't know but that I may consent. If you can cure her of her vanity and her disposition to play with others' affections, it is more than her mother and I could ever do, so I don't know but you have the best right to her,"—and so the matter was settled.

Her lover spoke the truth when he said that Lilian was cured of her love of admiration. The events of those few weeks made an indelible impression upon her, and proved the best lesson she had ever learned.

She never could think without a shudder, of how nearly she had sacrificed the life of her generous lover to her folly; and Monte Brooke never had cause to regret the events which showed him the true heart of his beautiful bride, undisguised by vain coquetry.

Equally satisfied with themselves and, with each other, although in a very different way, were that extraordinary couple, Harry Roper and his "sensible Augusta." As their peculiar tastes have never been interfered with by the cares of a family, they have enjoyed the blessings of liberty to the fullest extent, and their lives have been exceedingly harmonious, considering what indescribable tempers each of them possessed. The visitor to "Roper Court" is not invited into the nursery to admire the children and congratulate the happy parents, but, with a pride peculiarly her own, the dashing Augusta carries her guests to inspect her dogs and horses—the inmates of the kennel and the stable.

More than once has Monte had occasion to congratulate himself, since his marriage, that he was saved from the Amazon.

Poor Milly Harnet, with all her affectation and sentiment, never succeeded in getting a husband, and she now lives with her more fortunate sister, spending her life in the vain effort of inducing her boisterous brother-in-law to become something more like the ideal of politeness and chivalric devotion she has drawn from an alarming penchant for the romantic.

## HOPE.

BY C. G. WRIGHT.

Hope is an angel, pure and bright!  
Clothed in a robe of holy light,  
That lifts the soul, and charms the sight,  
And turns to day the darkest night.

It is the one bright star I see,  
That makes my heart beat light and free;  
Without its solace what would be  
This great and mighty world to me?

But Hope's sweet face, with beauties rare,  
Oft pictures scenes so bright and fair,  
They rest suspended in the air  
A moment, and then perish there.

When in her smiles I think I see  
A bright and blest futurity,  
I wonder if 'twill ever be  
More than a fruitless dream to me?

In such bright dreams I love to dwell,  
With thoughts that tan my spirit quell,  
And hopes that all my doubts dispel,  
Till conscious memory breaks the spell.

In the uncertain future lies  
A hidden book of mysteries;  
A book ne'er seen by mortal eyes,  
Where all those happy dreams arise.

But time each hidden page reveals,  
Discloses all, and nought conceals;  
Then many a heart that anguish feels,  
Which only Hope's sweet presence heals.

Let Hope my guardian angel be,  
My beacon o'er this stormy sea,  
Till fate fulfils my destiny,  
And sets the willing spirit free.

## THE GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

BY IDA GRAY.

It was spring, and Mr. and Mrs. Hill sat in the fading sunlight of a lovely afternoon, waiting and watching for the arrival of their oldest daughter who had been absent for several years at a boarding-school, far away in the southern section of these great United States.

Her parents had sent her at the age of fourteen, to the celebrated school of Mrs. G's. to perfect herself in the useful and ornamental branches, and to "finish her education."

During her absence, her father, Mr. Hill, had failed, and many changes had occurred in her beautiful home. Mary had been ignorant of these, for her parents had made great efforts to send her the necessary funds to defray her expenses, as they looked to her to instruct the

younger children on her return, and they thought it would be time enough for her to understand their situation and circumstances, whenever she should join their family circle again.

Mr. Hill's creditors, in settling his affairs, owing to his long honorable and praise-worthy life, presented him with the house he had so happily occupied, for they saw that his failure had sprung from the misfortunes of others, and not from any carelessness of his own. They were ready also to assist him in a new mercantile career, but this he declined, preferring to take some humble post where he was sure of a regular salary, rather than run the risk again of experiencing disappointment and loss.

His spacious house in Beacon Street was large enough for two, therefore he had it divided, and another entrance made, so that the rent he obtained in this way was quite a valuable addition to his income. But his misfortunes had injured his disposition, and he could not bear the thought of being a clerk, so from day to day he idled about, deferring to seek any regular employment.

They had one servant in the family, old Ollie who had clung to them in their adversity, serving them as faithfully as in their prosperity. Mrs. Hill, confined to her chamber, thought little of how they were supported from day to day, so that but for Ollie, things would have gone ill enough. Many a small article of furniture she abstracted, unnoticed, and sold to supply their daily wants; furniture elegant and rich enough for their days of wealth, but quite useless now. Old Ollie, with the keys of the house, and all the in-door and out door arrangements under her control, trembled somewhat at the thought of Miss Mary's return home, lest she should interfere with her supreme sovereignty.

"These boarding-school gals," she thought, "fidgety young things, one can't expect much from them!" We shall see if she was disappointed.

At half past five o'clock, a carriage drove rapidly to the door. "What, no one expecting me?" said a short, little figure, with a bright, sunny face. "Mother! father! Ollie! where are you? and why didn't father come to meet me at the depot?"

With this she flew up the stairs like a bird, and by this time old Ollie was there to meet her.

"La, miss, and is that you?" she said, standing up in all her dignity.

But in a minute Mary's arms were right round her neck, and giving her a good hug and squeeze, she almost lifted her off her feet.

"Why, Ollie, how well you look, and how young you've grown!"

"Shouldn't have 'maged I could," was the reply; but Ollie's heart softened towards her, and already she was more than half willing Miss Mary should have her way in everything.

Rushing past her, Mary bounded into the parlor, where she found her father sitting gravely in the big parlor all alone.

"O, my dear father, is this you?" she asked; "how I have longed to see you once more, and now what beautiful times we shall have together again."

He shook his head sadly, but Mary appearing not to notice, said, "Why, where's mother? I expected to find her here."

"She's in her room, my dear," replied her father; "she is such an invalid she never leaves it, cannot bear any noise, nor light, nor air, nor anything, and so I'm always alone."

"But you won't be any more, now that I have come, dear papa, for I shall take care of you, and see to you. O, dear! often at boarding-school when the other girls had so many letters from home, many a time I have cried bitterly because I had so few, and there seemed so few to love me; but you will love me now, ever, ever so much, dear papa, won't you? and we will be so happy; but I must run up and see mother. And Ollie, make a good bright fire in the parlor, do, and bring in the candles for tea, and give us tea here," she said, coaxingly, "for to-night I'm sure you ought to celebrate my return home."

Ollie went off to do the best she could, and Mary flew up to her mother's room, and eagerly rushed up to the bed to see her sick mother.

"Why, mother," she said, "why did you not let me know you had been ill all this time, and so have me come home and take care of you? A nice little nurse I would have been; but I think now you will soon brighten, now you have your own daughter for a physician. But how close it is here; do have some air." And so she opened the shutters and the window, and let in the beautiful light and air together.

As she did so, Mrs. Hill languidly raised herself in bed, to look slyly at her daughter, to see what change the years had wrought, and as the golden light of the setting sun fell on her blue eyes and light, curling hair, on her rosy face, all radiant with the flush of health, she felt proud of the sight, and yet sighed to think what a lonely and desolate lot was before her.

"O, mercy, Mary! that light almost kills my weak eyes, and the air is so bracing it half kills me," she drawled out; "so I wish you would darken the room again just as it was before."

Mary complied. "But, mother, air and light are absolutely indispensable to every one, and we will begin to-morrow by gradually giving you a little of both, then by degrees you can bear more," she said, "for you know now you are going to get well very fast."

Just then Ollie appeared with a small silver tray, on which there were some nice toast, a warm cup of tea, and a little piece of steak, announcing at the same time, that tea was ready for her below stairs. Kissing her mother, and promising to see her early on the morrow, she went down, and found that Ollie had spread a tempting table indeed. On her own plate she found a piece of hot steak, just enough for one person, but seeing her father had none, after cutting one or two mouthfuls off, for herself, she passed the rest to her father, saying she had no appetite for it for supper, and he ate it with such relish, Mary concluded that he could not have eaten any meat for many a day.

She chatted so busily all the time, her father said it was the most social meal he had had for years, and really he quite brightened up under its influence. Through the evening she entertained him constantly, and finding he was very fond of cribbage, she played several games with him, so that he actually laughed heartily many times.

The charm was working; the gleam of sunshine which had entered that dull house was already warming those three old, weary hearts, and hope prophesied the dawn of a brighter future.

When Mary retired for the night, it was long before she fell asleep, she was so engrossed, thinking of matters in her home. She saw how it all was, and the great struggle Ollie made to supply her mother with the little delicacies she required, and keep her father respectably genteel. Her head was full of plans for the future, of a thousand ways in which she would replenish the family coffers, and so, with deep thanksgivings in her heart for her safe return home, she finally sank into a profound and refreshing slumber.

The next morning she held a long consultation with Ollie, and found everything just as she had expected. Seeing two unoccupied rooms on the lower floor, round on the side of the house where her father never entered, she decided these might be let to some milliner or seamstress, and at once put up a paper in the window to that effect. She knew by muffling the door-bell on that side, the noise would never reach her mother's room. As the house was so finely located, the rooms were taken at once, and Ollie and she rejoiced together over the new addition to their straitened income.

Then she went into a big parlor, and let in the full, clear light of day, which was such a stranger in that great house. She saw the drab colored furniture was worn and faded, so she went and bought some pretty patch, and set herself to work, intending as fast as she could to cover all the chairs and sofas and crickets with the bright, clean covering, and then with some new white muslin curtains, and her piano open, the room would look cheerful and habitable once more.

At first Mrs. Hill thought the noise of the piano down stairs would entirely shatter her feeble nerves, but by degrees the music soothed her, and she was glad to hear it, and she felt it varied the monotony of her tedious life. Then Mary took her embroidery and sat in her mother's room and by making it necessary for her to have the light, her mother soon became accustomed to it, and even to the air, as Mary liked to feel it come sailing in around the room.

She was so agreeable, Mrs. Hill found herself longing for the hours when her daughter was by her side, and by degrees Mary prevailed upon her mother to sit up, increasing the time every day, and then she interested her in her work and her books, till Mrs. Hill's sick room became quite another place. Sometimes they had tea up there, and Mr. Hill came up, and it was like the old times, only far happier.

Mary gave music lessons, and taught drawing, though her parents never suspected it, and this, added to the rent of the house, made their income ampler than it had been for a good while. Even old Ollie fattened up by the change, and blessed Miss Mary's return a thousand times a day.

Finally Mary was so fortunate as to prevail upon her father to work, and to overcome his pride in filling an humble post. He thought because he could not have a large salary, it was not well to take any, but Mary convinced him that a small one was better than none, and might lead to a better, so once more he began to work again, and his good spirits and health returned.

One night, as Mary and her father were taking their tea in the parlor, to their surprise the door opened, and in walked Mrs. Hill. She began to speak of the cheerful, comfortable aspect of the room, the bright fire, the new patch, the beautiful flower on the mantel; and Mary flying around put her mother into the most comfortable easy chair, and gave her a nice screen to shade her eyes.

That was a joyous evening in the big parlor, for her mother confessed to the utter selfishness of her past life, the reproach she had felt from

her daughter's example, and her determination to lead a new life from that time; a resolve she most faithfully kept. But Mary, seeing her mother's health was still delicate, proposed their moving into the country, and while her parents were strongly attached to their city home, she overcame their prejudices, and convinced them they could let their present abode for a handsome sum, and live more cheaply, and to better advantage in the country. So she looked about, and soon found a sweet little cottage in Brookline, all covered with vines, with a small garden in front, full of beautiful flowers. This she at once engaged, and immediately moved her parents into the new home.

And now Harry, the only son, was daily expected, who had been long away over the waters, wholly ignorant of the change in his father's circumstances. He had not seen his sister since she was very young, and as she was rather wild then, and something of a romp, she was no great favorite with him. Mary formed a plan to tease him, and made her parents and Ollie promise not to betray her.

He arrived at last, a fine, handsome fellow, and as he was talking with his parents, in walked a prim maiden who was introduced as his cousin Susan from China. No one hardly would have recognized Mary; for she had put aside her curls, powdered her hair, and combed it all straight, put a small black silk cap on the back of her head, and a white dress cap outside of it. Then she made herself very prim and stiff. Harry never for a moment suspected it was his own sister Mary.

For a while Harry never knew how it was everything could go so well under no one's care but Ollie's; he never did anything himself—not even to black his boots—so he put them outside the door every night, and always found them bright and shining in the morning. He chatted often with cousin Susan, admiring her good sense, and at times actually found himself thinking she was wonderfully agreeable and fascinating. She joked him about his distrust of Mary, but he always said he never cared to see the little romp, or was in no hurry to do so, for when she came home, the whole house would be in an uproar, and she had better be kept at boarding-school as long as possible.

But by watching, he found it was cousin Susan who was the presiding genius of the house, his mother's confidant, and his father's best friend, and one morning, O, how terribly mortified he was, when he found it was she who blacked all his boots with her little, soft, white hands. He did them himself, after that, and



really found he was falling in love with his fascinating, lovely, cousin Susan.

"O, dear, what should he do? for he was without a cent in the world, and wasn't ready to support a wife; besides he had never done anything all his life."

Susan finding she had gained her point, and won his affections, thought it high time to reveal herself; so one morning she dressed herself as Mary Hill, brought forward her sunny golden curls, removed the powder, put on a simple white muslin, and seated herself with a work-basket, in the parlor, with her back to the door by which Harry must enter the room.

"Good morning," Cousin Susan, he said, as he entered rather late; but surprised that he received no answer, he went nearer, when in a moment fond arms were round his neck, and he heard the words, "why, Harry, don't you know your own sister Molly yet?"

It was cousin Susan's voice, but he hardly recognized the being he had known, in the sunny, beaming little figure that now stood before him. And Mary told him her whole history, from the first hour of her return from boarding-school, and when Harry found how self-sacrificing and noble she had been, he resolved he would go away the very next day and not return till he was worthy to be the brother of such a glorious sister, and could bring his offering to support his parents.

And he kept his word; as he prospered, he kept sending remittances home, and finally when he had secured an ample fortune, he returned to share it with his own dear ones. Ollie was released from all labor, made rich; yet she continued to remain with them, as her life was all bound up in theirs.

Wealth was liberally lavished upon Mary, and many poor and needy ones blessed her wherever she went. Far and wide, all rose up and called her blessed, and everywhere she was known as the GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

#### UNNECESSARILY SHARP.

Under this heading the Albion Spirit of Seventy Six has the following with regard to a "poic" in that vicinity. "Not long since we were favored with a 'poetical' communication. It did not exactly meet our appreciation, and we returned it (at the especial request of the author) with a few remarks giving the advice that the ear ought to be cultivated to enable the writer to judge more accurately of rhythm. He now writes us that he has been cultivating his ear, and asks us to publish his poem as he originally sent it. We now withdraw our advice and caution him against further cultivation, as his ears are now several degrees beyond the ordinary size, and an inch or two might affect his voice."

#### A REAL ROMANTIC PIRATE.

An American, named Eli Boggs, was tried at Hong Kong recently for piracy and murder. His name would do for a villain of the Blackbeard class, but in form and feature he was the hero of a sentimental novel; as he stood in the dock bravely battling for his life, it seemed impossible that that handsome boy could be the pirate whose name had been for three years connected with the boldest and bloodiest acts of piracy. It was a face of feminine beauty. Not a down upon the upper lip, large lustrous eyes, a mouth the smile of which might woo coy maiden, affluent black hair not carelessly parted, hands so small and so delicately white that they would create a sensation in Belgravia—such was the Hong Kong pirate, Eli Boggs. He spoke for two hours in his defence, and he spoke well—without a tremor, without an appeal for mercy, but trying to prove that his prosecution was the result of a conspiracy wherein a Chinese bumboat proprietor and a sub-official of the colony (both of whom he charged as being in league with all the pirates on the coast) were the chief conspirators. The defence was of course false. It had been proved that he had boarded a junk and destroyed by cannon, pistol and sword, fifteen men; and that having forced all the rest aboard he had fired at one of the victims, who had clutched a rope and held on astern. No witness, however, could prove that he saw a man die from a blow or a shot struck or fired by the pirate. The jury, moved by his youth and courage, and straining hard their consciences, acquitted him of the murder, but found him guilty of piracy. He was sentenced to be transported for life.—*Letter from Hong Kong.*

#### THEM CATS.

A philosophical old gentleman was one day passing a new school-house, erected somewhere towards the setting sun borders of our glorious Union, when his attention was aroused by a crowd of persons gathered around the door. He inquired of a boy whom he met, what was going on.

"Well, nothin' cep't the skule committee and they are agoin' in."

"O! committee meets to-day, eh? What for?"

"Well," continued the boy, "you see Bill, that's our biggest boy, got mad the other day at the teacher, and so he went all over and gathered dead cats. Northin' but cats, and cats. O, it was orful them cats!"

"Pshaw! what have the cats to do with the school committee?"

"Now, well, you see Bill kept a bringin' cats and cats; always a pilin' them up yonder, (pointing to a large pile as large in extent as a pyramid, and considerably aromatic), "and he piled them, and piled them. Northin' but cats, cats!"

"Never mind, my son, what Bill did. What has the committee met for?"

"Then Bill got sick, a handlin' them, and everybody got sick a nosin' them, but Bill got madder, and didn't give up, but kept a pilin' up the cats, and—"

"Tell me what the committee are holding a meeting for?"

"Why, the skule committee are going to meet to hold a meeting to say whether they'll move the skule-house or them cats!"

The old gent evaporated quickly.—*Picayune.*

## Curious Matters.

### Charity of the Rat.

A Sussex clergyman testifies as follows: "Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats migrating from one place to another. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in his mouth, while another had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted his blind companion. A kindred circumstance was witnessed in 1767 by Mr. Purdew, a surgeon's mate on board the Lancaster. Lying awake one evening in his berth, he saw a rat enter, look cautiously round, and retire. He soon returned, leading a second rat by the ear, and which appeared to be blind. A third rat joined them shortly afterwards, and assisted the original conductor in picking up fragments of biscuit and placing them before their infirm parent, as the blind old patriarch was supposed to be."

### Remarkable Phenomenon.

At the village of Horrabridge, near Tavistock, Eng., was lately witnessed a scene of unusual occurrence. The day was calm and sultry, and favorable for haymaking; and in a field adjoining a village, where a party was thus employed, the hay was seen to assume a curling motion, and to proceed for some distance along the field in a straight line, when it arose from the field in a calm state of the atmosphere, and continued to ascend in an hypotenuse direction. In this state it was observed not only by the persons in the field from which it arose, but also by many in different parts of the village. It continued onward in its course, until it entered a cloud of a light aspect and high in the heavens, and escaped the view of the admiring spectators.

### An old Relic.

The cupola of the Bellevue Hospital, New York, has on it a weathercock which bears the date 1700, and ornamented of old, the top of the Federal Hall, which stood on the site of the present Wall Street Custom House. A portion of the iron railing before the hospital, formerly surrounded the steps of Federal Hall, and once bore the pressure of the crowd which heard Washington deliver his Inaugural Address.

### An odd Place for a Nest.

Near the South Eastern railway-station, at Appledore, England, a couple of yellow-hammers built their nest in a small hole right under the iron rails of the up line. The birds were recently sitting on four eggs, and, although the trains were constantly running over them, they did not seem to be in the least degree disturbed.

### Gigantic Sunfish.

A sunfish nine feet six inches long and four broad, and weighing 1000 pounds, has been captured in Hempstead Bay, Long Island. The fishermen of the vicinity never met with such an animal before.

### A voracious Creature.

A shark was harpooned off Galveston Bar, recently, and nearly the fourth part of an ox was found in the stomach of the monster, and also a quantity of hair, which was evidently that of a human being.

### Extraordinary Death.

Mrs. Ellen Harrison, of McConneville, Ohio, was instantly killed in that place, recently, by lightning. She was sitting near the middle of the room, engaged in reading the Bible. The electric fluid struck the roof immediately over her head, passed down through the centre of the room in the second story, and through a large chest filled with clothes, through the second floor of the building, and discharged itself through her person into the floor beneath. The shoe upon her right foot was considerably torn, and near the centre of her foot was a small round hole through the foot and the upper and sole of her shoe. Her clothes were set on fire, but she was not moved a particle from the position in which she was sitting.

### A Mathematical Quiddity.

The late celebrated mathematician, Gauss, proposed as a means of settling the question whether the moon is inhabited, that a huge monument should be erected on the Steppes of Siberia, as a signal to the inhabitants of the moon, in the hope that they might be induced to erect a similar signal to apprise us of their existence. Hansel shows that such an experiment could be attended with no success, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the moon, if there are any, being on the further side, could never see a monument on the earth.

### Quaint Custom.

At Marseilles, in France, on Ash Wednesday, there is a ceremony called "Interring the carnival." A whimsical figure is dressed up to represent the carnival, and is carried in procession to Arisus, a small seaside village, when it is pulled to pieces. This ceremony is attended, in some way or other, by every inhabitant of Marseilles, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl.

### A horned Toad.

Quite a novelty was lately caught in a cornfield on the Morris canal, about a mile from Newark, N. J. It was about double the size of an ordinary toad, and very differently formed, the head being quite small, and armed with prominent horns. Shorter ones were also prominent over the back.

### A new Flower.

The National Intelligencer says of the new description of white lily, of African origin, that "it has the delightful peculiarity of a high degree of fragrant, particularly in the morning, the odor being somewhat like vanilla. The botanists here are puzzled, though very much pleased with it."

### Singular Invention.

A patent expanding auger is among the latest inventions. It is a curious device, and will make holes of twenty-two different sizes, varying five-eighths of an inch to two inches in diameter. It is simple and easily adjusted, and is not liable to get out of order, or clog.

### Curious Entry.

In the parish register of Suckley is the following whimsical verse, which must be read down and up alternately:

There and I'm one and he  
Is one the but only one  
But only only love one the  
One and she that you are

## The Florist.

The way-side flowers have withered,  
But on my window-sill  
The fragrant blushing roses  
Preserve their memory still.—MARIA REED.

### Parlor Plants.

Incessant care is necessary to keep parlor plants in good condition. They must be watered daily, dead leaves removed with scissors, the soil loosened and fertilizers added moderately. The most scrupulous cleanliness need hardly be insisted on, for without this parlor plants instead of being attractive ornaments are positive nuisances. Let them have plenty of air as long as the fine weather lasts.

### Camellias.

Perhaps the *Camellia Japonica* is the most beautiful of our evergreen shrubs, and the variety among them is endless. The season of bloom, too, if there be any number of plants, is a long one; they will send out stray flowers even in November, and continue in partial bloom till April; but when at the height of their flowering, they are truly beautiful.

### Bass Mats.

Bass mats are very serviceable in protecting tender or half-hardy plants out doors against the rigors of winter. Or you may cover them with a frame of boards simply, it having been found that half-hardy plants will endure a great depression of temperature, if they are not exposed to sudden rupture of the sap-vessels in thawing.

### Bulbous-rooted Flowers.

To hasten the blowing of bulbous-rooted flowers, take of nitrate of potash, 12 ounces; common salt, 4 ounces; pearlash, 3 ounces; sugar, 5 ounces; rain-water, 1 quart. Dissolve, and put a spoonful of this liquid into the flower-glass, then fill it with soft water. Change the water every nine days.

### The Chinese Primrose.

This a very beautiful greenhouse plant of which there are varieties with pink, with white, and with semi-double flowers. All these are particularly valuable, as forming neat little plants, and flowering through the winter. They are raised from seeds or cuttings.

### Passion Flower.

Of the many kinds of passion flower, the *Passiflora Loudoni* is the most beautiful, the flowers being of the most brilliant crimson. They are easily propagated by cuttings, stuck in sand, in heat, under a bell-glass.

### Perennettys.

A pretty, little evergreen bush, a native of Terra del Fuego, with white heath-like flowers. It is quite hardy, and requires only to be grown in a bed of peat soil.

### Hotbeds.

Oiled paper or oiled cotton may be substituted for glass in making hotbeds for raising seeds, or striking cuttings, as it generates more heat.

### Irish Ivy.

Sometimes called Giant Ivy. Though called Irish, it is, in fact, a native of the Canary Islands.

### Glastenbury Thorn.

A variety of common hawthorn, that blossoms about Christmas. The following pretty legend is connected with it: Joseph of Arimathea having struck his staff into the ground to indicate where Glastenbury Abbey was to be built, prayed, that if he had fixed on the right place, the Holy Virgin would give him some sign of her approval, when instantly the staff (which was a branch of hawthorn) struck root, and shot forth leaves, flowers and fruit. The original tree of this variety grows near Glastenbury; but plants grafted from it are common in all nurseries.

### Xerophyllum Melanthace.

Singular plants with long, narrow leaves, and spikes of pretty white flowers. The species are natives of North America, and are quite hardy. They require to be raised in peat and loam. The *X. gramineum* is a particularly desirable species, from its loose and elegant spikes of small star-like white flowers.

### Zephyranthes.

Cape bulbs, with very elegant flowers. Nearly all the species are quite hardy, and only require planting like the *Crocus*, in a warm border, in a somewhat sandy soil, without wanting any further care, except occasionally taking them up every third or fourth year to remove the offsets.

### Pimpernel.

A trailing, herbaceous plant, native of the middle and south of Europe. The common wild pimpernel is red, but the exotic species vary several shades of purple, lilac and blue. It is said to close on the approach of hot weather.

### Gonolobus.

Climbing plants, with dark red flowers, which require to be kept in the green house. They should be grown in a mixture of peat and loam. The flowers are more curious than beautiful.

### Solomon's Seal.

(*Polygonatum vulgare*, and *Polygonatum multiflorum*). The English name of this well known and hardy perennial alludes to the roots, which when cut through, have the appearance of Hebrew characters.

### The Guava.

There is only one kind of Guava, Catley's which will ripen fruit in a greenhouse. In the West Indies it is used for making the well known and delicious Guava jelly.

### The Tree Dahlia.

The most remarkable of the Dahlia species is the tree Dahlia (*Dahlia Excelsa*) which is said to grow in Mexico to the height of thirty feet, with a trunk of proportionate size.

### Inga.

Beautiful plants, nearly allied to the genus *Mimosa*, with silky, tassel-like flowers. They are propagated by cuttings started under a bell glass.

### Woodsia.

A very beautiful kind of British fern with delicate leaves. One species is a native of Brazil.

### The Indian Jasmine.

This plant must be grown in a hothouse, it only gives forth its fragrance at night.

## The Housewife.

### Ham.

This useful and popular dish, which is equally a favorite in the palace and the cottage, may be dressed in upwards of fifty different ways, with as many different dishes. They should be well soaked in water, and boiled gently for three or four hours. If to serve hot, take the skin off, except from the knuckle, which cut to fancy; trim the fat to a nice appearance, glaze and serve, or throw over some sifted crumpets of bread mixed with a little chopped parsley. Serve where recommended.

### Excellent Hair Wash.

Take an ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be ready for use; damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies, and strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

### To avoid catching Cold.

Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be followed with a good deal of rubbing with a wet towel. It has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin, and maintaining a proper action in it, and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold and sudden changes of temperature.

### Horseradish Vinegar.

Pour a quart of best vinegar on three ounces of scraped horseradish, an ounce of minced eschalot, and one drachm of cayenne; let it stand a week, and you will have an excellent relish for cold beef, salad, etc., costing scarcely anything. Horseradish is in highest perfection about November.

### Sweeping Carpets.

Persons who are accustomed to use tea-leaves for sweeping their carpets, and find that they leave stains, will do well to employ fresh cut grass instead. It is better than tea leaves for preventing dust, and gives the carpets a very bright, fresh look.

### Whooping Cough.

A teaspoonful of castor oil to a tablespoonful of molasses: a teaspoonful of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will effect relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

### Currant Wine.

Water, 30 gallons; honey, 2 gallons; red currants (bruised), 10 pounds; sugar, 15 pounds; red tartar, 2 ounces. Mix, and allow it to ferment, then rack it into a clean cask. If it does not appear disposed to ferment, add a little yeast.

### Corns.

Never cut your corns: it is dangerous. To remove them when they become hard, soak them in warm water, and then with a small pumice stone rasp down the corn. Try it, and you will never use a knife afterwards.

### A common receipt for salting Beef.

One ounce of saltpetre, and a pound of common salt, will be sufficient for sixteen pounds of beef. Both should be well dried, and finely powdered; the saltpetre rubbed first equally over the meat, and the salt next applied in every part. It should be rubbed thoroughly with the pickle and turned daily, from a week to ten days. An ounce or two of sugar mixed with the saltpetre will render the beef more tender and palatable.

### To bake a Ham.

A moderate-sized ham, if not too old, is much better and richer baked than boiled. It should be soaked first in cold and then in lukewarm water for five or six hours, trimmed neatly, and quite enclosed in a coarse meal-paste, then placed on a baking-tin in a well heated oven, and baked from five to six hours, according to size. The paste and skin must be removed while the ham is hot: it will then be found full of gravy and of excellent flavor.

### To clear Vegetables from Insects.

Lay them for half an hour or more into a pan of strong brine, with the stalk ends uppermost; this will destroy the small snails and other insects which cluster in the leaves, and they will fall out and sink to the bottom. A pound and a half of salt to the gallon of water will answer this purpose, and if strained daily it will last for some time.

### Mint Vinegar.

Put into a wide-mouthed bottle, fresh, nice, clean mint leaves enough to fill it loosely; then fill up the bottle with good vinegar; and after it has been stopped close for two or three weeks, it is to be poured off clear into another bottle, and kept well corked for use. Serve with lamb when mint cannot be obtained.

### A Luncheon Cake.

One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, three eggs, one-third of a nutmeg, half a pint of milk, a drachm of carbonate of soda. Stir all well together, beat them five minutes, and bake in a tin.

### To make Transparent Pudding.

Six eggs, half a pound of sugar, and half a pound of butter; melt the butter and sugar together; beat the eggs well, and stir them in while warm; grate in some nutmeg; bake on pastry.

### Country Pudding.

Twelve eggs well beaten, a pint and a half of milk; stir in flour, so as to make batter; serve with sauce made of butter, sugar, wine, and a little nutmeg.

### Common Cup-Cake.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of sour milk, soda to sweeten; add grated nutmeg.

### To prevent swelling from a Bruise.

Immediately apply a cloth, five or six fold, dipped in cold water, and new dipped when it grows warm.

### To clean China.

Use a little fuller's earth and soda, or pearlash with your water.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* we close the sixth volume and the year. We have gone on steadily improving\* the work, and its circulation has rapidly and regularly increased, until, with the new year, our edition reaches *one hundred thousand*—the point we have been aiming at for the last twelve months. Such a work, furnished at such a price, cannot fail to find patrons everywhere; and now we are about to improve it still further, and shall try to *double* this edition in the coming year! Can it be done? Let our friends speak to their neighbors, recommend the work, and each one send us a name with his own for the new year, and the grand object is accomplished. The illustrated department is to be greatly improved, and we shall surprise the public by the amount of value we shall furnish them for *one dollar* a year.

It is all-important that subscriptions should be renewed *at once*, so that our books and mail list may all be carefully arranged. Send in your subscriptions, for the new year, immediately.

**WANTED.**—The hook and line with which a fisherman caught a cold—some of the “other fish” a man had to fry—the club with which an idea struck a poet—and a yard stick to measure narrow escapes.

**PLAIN TRUTHS.**—Impressions depend upon the point of view. This life is a farce to the rich, a comedy to the wise, but a tragedy to the destitute and homeless.

**A HINT.**—The penny is ill-saved which shames its master. A good many pence ought to bring blushes to their owners' cheeks.

**ENVY.**—Envy, like a cold prison, benumbs and stupefies; and, conscious of its impotence, folds its arms in despair.

**A QUERY FOR SAILORS.**—What part of a ship is musical? The *fife-rail*, of course.

## A QUEER GAME.

The fellows who invite passers-by to take a shot at their target, for the moderate price of one cent, are a peculiar feature of New York wharf life. The target, a big flaming affair, is placed twenty or twenty-five feet from where the marksman stands. A spring gun is used, and the ball thrown is an iron point, to which a tuft of plush is attached. In the centre of the target is placed a bull's eye of leather, about as large as a dime; and if the ball strikes this, the marksman gets five cents for the one which he paid for the shot. The gain is, therefore, four to one; but if the gun barrel is a little crooked, as it is the gamesters' interest to have it, or if the wind is felt, it is almost impossible to do more than hit the target. The result is, that the three fellows who thus give chances to shoot, at “one cent a pop,” it is said realize from six to ten dollars a day.

**VILIFYING THE CLERGY.**—Because one clergyman in a thousand commits an immoral act, some people think themselves justified in denouncing the whole body of spiritual teachers. Well does the Chicago Tribune remark: “When these vilifiers refuse to take any bank-bill because there are counterfeits afloat, we shall believe in their sincerity. The bogus only proves the existence of the true.”

**COUSINING.**—The first step towards love is to play with a cousin. There is a freedom from “starch” in the intercourse of young people of this relationship, that ripens as naturally into affection as buds into fruit or tadpoles into bullfrogs.

**A SCRAP OF WISDOM.**—Never envy a millionaire the possession of his “brown stone front,” but remember that gilded roofs do not shut out sleepless nights.

**RATHER MOIST.**—They lately had a ten days' rain in Texas. Too much of a good thing, we fear, for the cotton crop.

**A HOME TRUTH.**—Relatives are not necessarily our best friends, but they cannot do us an injury without being enemies to themselves.

## BARON STEUBEN.

Every tyro in military matters is familiar with the name of Steuben. To him was entrusted the system of drill and discipline of the Revolutionary army by General Washington, and for many years afterward "Steuben's Manual" was the tactics adopted for the regulars and militia of the United States.

Steuben was a most thorough and accomplished soldier, and his heart was as noble as his soul was brave. He sold his favorite horse to contribute towards the entertainment of the British officers made prisoners by the surrender of Cornwallis, and his gold watch was sacrificed to relieve the sick and wounded of our troops. That he was a true republican and a sincere friend of liberty, the noble sacrifice of honor and emoluments in Prussia, which he made in coming to join the fortunes of the Americans, is a convincing proof. Congress, and several of the States, remunerated the gallant baron with money and lands, and he lived in peace and comfort in the country of his adoption, dispensing charity and hospitality with an open hand, until summoned to join the immortal band whose names will ever be our country's proudest boast. He died upon his estate in Remsen, New York State, in 1795, in the midst of his fellow-countrymen, who at his invitation had come over from Prussia and settled on his lands.

The Germans of Richmond, Va., have recently held a festival to raise means for erecting a monument to the memory of Steuben, and we hope to see their truly laudable proposition ably seconded by patriots in every section of the country. Such men as Steuben, Kosciusko and Lafayette are worthy to be remembered to the latest time by imposing and enduring monuments.

**SINGULAR CASUALTY.**—An old man named Leonard Warbeck, living in Prince George's County, Virginia, was recently seized by a favorite horse that he was feeding in his stall, severely bitten, thrown down, and trampled to death before effectual assistance could be rendered him.

**ROTHSCHILD LOAN.**—The Sacred College at Rome has just concluded with Baron de Rothschild a new loan of 3,800,000 Roman crowns (about £800,000), intended to be employed in calling in the copper money.

**SALES OF PUBLIC LANDS.**—The receipts from public lands during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1857, in the several States and Territories, were \$3,829,486.

## ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The "fast-anchored Isle" is at this moment in rather a critical situation, nearly all of its available army *en route* for India, and a heavy portion of its navy in the Chinese seas—both divisions with quite enough to do to keep them busy. Comparatively speaking, there is hardly a corporal's guard left at home, and now suppose France should just unmask the sycophantic face it wears, pitch into John Bull, right and left, and pay off all old scores—what a commotion there would be! We rather expect to see the day when France will thrash the English most unmercifully. Louis Napoleon has already a splendid navy, which is being constantly increased; and everybody knows he can raise and equip the best, if not the largest, army in the world. The old world is a great chess-board, and there is no knowing what aspect it may present in a twelvemonth hence. In the meantime, Brother Jonathan minds his own business, and is growing fat and rich—good-natured, also, but too big and strong to permit any national insult. Desirous of peace with all the world, he still regards it essential to be prepared to repel aggressions from any quarter.

## TERRITORY OF DACOTAH.

The last Congress, it will be remembered, formed a new Territory under the name of Dacotah. The Independent, published at Sergeant's Bluff, says the territory includes a great part of the valley of the Sioux, the valleys of the James and Vermilion rivers, and large tracts of beautiful bottom lands lying on the Missouri. In regard to the climate, it becomes milder to the westward, so much so that the winters in the northwestern parts of Dacotah are said to be not much more severe than in Northern Pennsylvania. The prevailing want of this entire region is timber. Its chief attractions are fertile soil, pure air and water, and unusually healthy climate; and it is believed also to possess an abundance of mineral coal.

**A GREAT BUSINESS.**—Rev. J. S. Dube, pastor of the German Reformed Church at Allentown, Pa., has married since May, 1823, *fifteen hundred and sixty-three couples!*

**CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.**—No pupil is so greatly to be pitied as the pupil of the eye, for that is continually under the lash.

**A QUERY.**—What is that which can often be found where it is not? Fault.

## NATIONAL HEALTH.

A weighty responsibility rests upon the parents of this country to whom are committed the future destiny of the people of the United States. They are training up the future men and women of the republic, on whom depend in turn the welfare of millions yet unborn. At once a task calling forth judgment, self-denial, firmness, virtue, persistency and other high qualities. Our hills, plains and valleys are covered with schools and churches, from the humble structures which rear their spires and roofs in the country, to the splendid architectural piles of cities, devoted to religion and education. But it may well be asked, whether the physical education of the young keeps pace with their religious, moral and intellectual developments? whether our system of education, and education means the bringing forth and up of the entire of manhood and womanhood, is a well balanced and thorough system, as it ought to be—in a word, whether the national health is properly cared for as well as the national mind? Are we not sacrificing the fruit to the flower, the solid products of maturity to the flattering show of precocity?

In Miss Beecher's "Letters to the People on Health and Happiness," a work of great importance, it is asserted that the health of the American people is passing rapidly away, that while other nations at home and at school train their children to be strong and healthy, we are training ours to be puny and sickly. "In proof of this," says the New York Tribune, "facts are exhibited, showing that of the American women born in this century and country, probably not two in ten have the vigor and health of their maternal ancestors, while probably more than one half of them are either invalids or very delicate. The object of this article is to direct public attention to the prospects of the coming generation, as indicated by the health of the children of our city schools. From the recent investigations there is reason to believe that more than one-half of the children of our public schools who were born in this country, and who are twelve years old and upwards, are either diseased or deformed. Will the public look at this? Bad air from stoves, rooms without ventilation, close sleeping-rooms, crowded school rooms, improper food, poisonous medicines, want of proper exercise, and over-excitement of the brain by study, have all combined to produce a debility of the whole body, especially of the muscles. The result is often shown in a pale and sallow complexion, though this sometimes attends tolerable health. But the following are more sure indices of the debility and disease thus induced:

The first is a sinking of all the intestines from want of the support of the muscles of the abdomen, which have become weak and flabby. It is the tight packing of the intestines by these and other muscles that sustain the spine and keep all the interior organs in place. These muscles becoming weak, the whole organism sinks downward, sometimes displacing the most important and delicate organs. One symptom of this condition is a flat chest—another is a flatness or caving-in near the pit of the stomach, with a consequent projecting at the lower part of the abdomen, instead of the curve outward from the breastbone to the lowest point of the body, which is seen in a perfectly formed young child. Still another symptom is such a weakness of the back and stomach as makes the child sit crooked. This is because the natural aid of tight packing and the strength of the supporting muscles are gone. Another index of disease and decay in schools is curvature of the spine. When the spine is curved forward it is shown by a projecting neck, or by a crooked back, that no effort can straighten. If the curve is sidewise (lateral), it is shown by one shoulder or one hip being higher than the other, or by one shoulder-blade being more prominent than the other. These deformities indicate the decay and debility which sooner or later bring on diseases of various kinds. Teachers in our city schools say these marks of weakness and deformity are constantly increasing, and that the longer the pupils go to school the more these indications increase; that is to say, they are found more in the upper departments than in the primary. Parents and guardians of our city schools, will you look into this matter?"

Stirling draws the following picture, which, with all its exaggeration, contains many traits of truth: "Some say the Americans have no physiognomy; a great mistake, I think. To me their physiognomy seems most strongly marked, bearing deep impress of that intensity which is the essence of their being. The features even of the young are furrowed with lines of anxious thought and determined will. You read upon the nation's brow the extent of its enterprise and the intensity of its desires. Every American looks as if his eyes were glaring into the far West and the far Future. Nay, his mental physiognomy is determined by the same earnestness of purpose. The American never plays, not even the American child. He cares nothing for those games and sports which are the delight of the Englishman. He is indifferent to the play either of mind or muscle. Labor is his element, and his only relaxation from hard work is fierce



excitement. Neither does he laugh. The Americans, I imagine, are the most serious people in the world. There is no play even in their fancy. French wit is the sparkle of the diamond that dazzles a saloon; the American imagination flashes its sheet-lightning over half a world. The same terrible earnestness is, I am persuaded, at the bottom of that ill health which is so serious a curse to American life. No doubt other things contribute—climate, stimulants, sedentary occupations, and so forth; but the deepest-rooted cause of American disease is that over-working of the brain, and over-excitement of the nervous system, which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity. Hence nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity, and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American works himself to death."

Public attention has been repeatedly called of late to the consequences of the almost universal intellectual over-work to which the minds of the young are subject in this country. Feeble minds and feeble bodies are the inevitable results of the forcing system, and what cause of exultation is in the increased average of life which our statistical tables exhibit, if we are to be afflicted with imbecility and disease?

**HIGH PRICES OF LIVING.**—A shrewd calculator who has investigated the subject, finds that the productions of 1856 were one-third less, in proportion to population, than they were in 1840. The fact is, that two-thirds of the Eastern men who go West, plunge madly into land-speculation, and forget to put in the crops necessary for even their own support. When this land bubble bursts we are to expect more rational conduct on the part of the settlers.

**A DUTCH DESCRIPTION.**—A Dutch woman called at one of our printing offices lately, and desired to advertise her pony which had "lost hisself mit a tail frisky ver mooch and strike men's faces ver hard mit his hind fists." The finder will be liberally rewarded.

**THE PRESS.**—Even crowned heads have to resort to the press to set them right before the world. Queen Christina of Spain is forced to publish a defence of her conduct.

**CHICAGO.**—Rents in this flourishing city have fallen, in some cases, one half, since the late money pressure.

**JUST SO.**—Good listeners are like good house-keepers; they make use of everything.

### ENGLISH BEGGARS.

Property has always been rigidly protected in England, and idleness and mendicity, as illegal taxes upon property, the especial objects of severe legislation. From Froude's History of England we learn that at one period, for an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was a crime deserving death, and the sentence was intended on fit occasions to be executed. The poor man's advantages were not purchased without drawbacks. He might not change his master at his will, or wander from place to place. He might not keep his children at home unless he could answer for their time. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, and compelled to work, whether he would or not. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit, or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time—being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt and to that of others—he suffered death as a felon. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First drawn by Henry, it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and of Mary, subsisting, therefore, with the deliberate approval of both the great parties between whom the country was divided. Reconsidered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed; and it was therefore the expressed conviction of the English nation that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live a profitless and worthless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the commonwealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline if the gangrene was not incurable; to be cut away with the knife if the milder treatment of the cart-whip failed to profit.

**THE USE OF A PIG'S TAIL.**—It has hitherto been maintained that the curl in a pig's tail is more for ornament than use. The position is no longer tenable. A large animal with bristles was seen walking down Broadway some time ago, with a piece of red tape attached to the said curl, from which was suspended a card, on which was written, "Patrick Doolan's Pig Betsey!"

**GYMNASTICS AT SCHOOL.**—Every American school house, like every European one, ought to have a hall or yard set apart for the purpose of muscular exercise.

**RATHER QUEER.**—There is a great demand for a kind of plaster paper that will enable gentlemen to stick to their business.

## DELHI THE ENCHANTED.

For a dazzling picture of Delhi, the great rendezvous of the East Indian mutineers, we are indebted to late correspondence from that quarter of the globe. Let our readers add it to what we have already written on this famous place, and they will have an accurate idea of a city renowned in ancient story, and sadly noted in the annals of the present century. Luxury, even now, can go no further in the East than it is to be found at Delhi. Even now all the best dancing-women, the bird-tamers, the snake-charmers, the Persian musicians, the jugglers, congregate from every part, not only of India, but of Asia, at Delhi. Hundreds of romances might be written of the lives of men and women who, from this degraded class, become court favorites, and by ready wit, personal beauty, and dark intrigue, ruled where they were wont to serve; and, even now, under absolute English rule, dissipation ever holds wildest rule at Delhi. Young men, both in the civil and military services, were too soon influenced by the contagious and enervating influences of Delhi and its Oriental pleasures. Many a noble fortune, a fine intellect, and the material for high moral character, have yielded before the Circe-like temptations of this great Moslem capital; and the song and the dance have followed too quickly the decisions of courts and the cries of those demanding justice at English hands. The private bungalows, or European residences, at Delhi are many, very spacious and well arranged, with delicious gardens (for anything will grow at Delhi), and the "Que has," as the English on the Calcutta side are called, perfectly understand making themselves comfortable. This "Que he" simply means "who waits?" an inquiry used by the English when requiring attendance. The number of servants always standing in the verandahs of the rooms renders bells unnecessary; and, as the Bengalese are so luxurious that they will not stoop to raise a fallen handkerchief, the constant reiteration of this phrase has earned for them the well-known sobriquet. Everything at Delhi seems on a grander scale of magnificence than elsewhere. The servants of a single European family seem legion. There are "bearers" to carry palankeens and sweep rooms; hookah-bardars to arrange all the paraphernalia of smoking; khitmatgars or butlers, with water-carriers, washermen, camp-cleaners, syces or grooms, messengers, gardeners, well-drawers *ad infinitum*. These people are all immensely important in their way at Delhi, though they receive less wages than on the other side of India, and do very much less work. Picnics, too, are very

fashionable at Delhi, in consequence of the magnificent tombs and gardens in its neighborhood, which afford such welcome shelter from the sun. A Bengal tent is a wonderful affair, with its hanging lamps, glass windows, recesses for sofas, covered passages, and outer roofs, and these afford agreeable resorts in the evening, when the buildings retain too much heat. Of course, Delhi, as the city of the Mogul, swarms with religious devotees of every denomination, whether Hindoos or Mohammedans, Fakirs, Jogees, Goshna-sheens, vagabonds of every kind. The great Mohammedan Priest, however, or Grand Mullah Mohammed Ishak, is a man of much scientific renown. This man had a long argument with the celebrated Dr. Wolff in presence of several thousands of Mohammedans, and afterwards wrote him a long letter detailing the grounds of his belief in the Koran. The intolerant fanaticism of Delhi, as far as Mohammedans are concerned, exceeds that of any other part of India, and, therefore, the feeling which animated the mutinous soldiery is scarcely to be wondered at, lashed on, as they doubtless were, by their synds and fanatical leaders.

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**A SENSIBLE MOVEMENT.**—The State of California has passed a law, designing to make the scientific development of the human body the order of the school hours upon the Pacific. All her common schools are to have apparatus and teachers of gymnastics.

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**QUEER NOTICE.**—At the Eagle Hotel, Heidelberg, the following notice is posted up: "A. Wolf, near the Klingenthor, recommends his good donkeys to the gentlemen and ladies with red saddles."

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**BET ROOT SUGAR.**—The manufacture of this article is rapidly becoming an important interest, and doubtless, in a few years, will be a leading one in the United States.

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**NEW YORK AND CHARLESTON.**—A line of propellers will shortly commence running between New York and Charleston. They are called the Atlantic and Memphis.

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**MOTHER WIT.**—"I say, Pat, what are you about?—sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

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**SHORT CRUISES.**—The secretary of the navy has determined to shorten the cruises of our national vessels from three to two years.

## CONSUMPTION.

Sir James Clark, of England, has assailed, with considerable force, the doctrine that a change of climate is beneficial to persons suffering with consumption; and a French physician, Mr. Carriere, has written forcibly against it. Dr. Burgess, an eminent Scotch physician, also contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of consumption; and that, if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin and not the lungs. That a warm climate is not in itself beneficial, he shows from the fact that the disease exists in all latitudes. In India and Africa, tropical climates, it is as frequent as in Europe and North America. At Malta, right in the heart of the genial Mediterranean, the army reports of England show that one third of the deaths among the soldiers are by consumption. At Nice, a favorite resort of English invalids, especially those affected with lung complaints, more native born persons die of consumption than in any English town of equal population. In Geneva this disease is almost equally prevalent. In Florence, pneumonics is said to be marked by a suffocating character, and by a rapid progress towards its last stage. Naples, whose climate is the theme of so much praise by travellers, shows in her hospitals a mortality by consumption equal to one in two and one-third, whereas Paris, whose climate is so often pronounced villanous, the proportion is only one in three and one-quarter. In Madeira, no local disease is more common than consumption.

**A NOVELTY.**—A firm in New York which employs some three hundred girls in making skirts, has recently introduced a novelty and engaged Mrs. Fowler and others to deliver lectures to them on physiology every alternate week for two hours in the afternoon. The idea of making girls acquainted with the laws which govern their own health is a very excellent one.

**EDUCATION AND COLD WATER.**—Learning and laving are agreeably blended in Paris. A religious college go in bathing, and one of the number sits on a platform and reads aloud an interesting book.

**INSANE HOSPITAL.**—The Insane Hospital at Northampton, Mass., progresses rapidly, and will be open for patients by January.

**WORTH REMEMBERING.**—He that licks honey from thorns pays too dear for it.

## LABOR AND THOUGHT.

Ruskin's ideas are these: "It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungente, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement."

## "INSIDE OF THREE MINUTES."

The Knickerbocker tells the following good story: An old substantial citizen of Dunkirk, A. F——, had what he thought a "fast" nag. One evening, surrounded by several companions in his pioneer life, in the bar-room of the village hotel, "where news much older than their ale went round," F—— remarked that "Eclipse" had made the best time yesterday ever done in Chautauque county; had trotted from Fredonia (three miles) in nine minutes and forty seconds. A—— asked how he had timed him, as he, F——, did not carry a watch. "Why," said F——, "when I left Fredonia it was just about dusk, and when I got here it was no darker, if as dark!" Good "time" that!

**DICKENS.**—Dickens is now in his forty-fifth year, and time is beginning to tell upon his exuberant locks, but his eye has all its old keenness and sparkle. He has lately been retorting fiercely on the Edinburgh Review for a criticism on "Little Dorrit."

**BENEFIT WORTH HAVING.**—John Brougham lately cleared by a benefit in New York, the very pretty sum of two thousand five hundred dollars.

**NEW PLAYS.**—Mr. E. G. P. Wilkins has written a new play for Miss Maggie Mitchell, and Oliver S. Leland one for Mrs. Barrow.

**STATISTICS OF LUXURY.**—In one week, lately, \$4,000,000 worth of dry goods arrived in N. Y.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The Russian Medical Gazette says the late war entailed upon Russia the loss of 382 medical men.

A London paper says that Mr. and Mrs. Florence will visit England about April or May next.

Monks and nuns are now forbidden to take the vows in Spain until they are twenty-five years of age.

In consequence of the fashionable rage for crinoline, whalebone has risen in price from £300 to £500 per ton.

The whole of Syria is described as being rife with robberies, extortions of money, and threats against the Christians.

It is stated that Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, will reside, after his marriage with the princess royal, in Breslau.

Some ostriches are said to be training in London, and that they can beat the swiftest race-horse. They are ridden by a little boy.

Freemasonry is making rapid progress in Prussia, which now contains 158 lodges. In the remainder of Germany there are 113 lodges.

Matrimonial advertisements have been put under government *surveillance* in Austria, so many persons having resorted to that means of destroying the peace of suspicious women.

A bell weighing half a ton fell on a Sunday afternoon at the parish church, Sheffield, Eng., while the bells were being rung for service. It is estimated that to replace it will cost £120.

M. Gastin Cilati, chancellor of the Neapolitan consulate, was murdered in the public square of Alexandria, Italy, by a band of Italian assassins, for making too close an inquiry into their doings.

In Sweden, Norway, and Finland, recently, 240,500 copies of the New Testament have been circulated, being a copy for every family, and 40,000 for the solitary and homeless.

A maritime conference of various European powers is about to be held at Paris to consider the subject of collisions at sea, which of late have been so numerous, and to adopt measures for their future prevention.

It is calculated, says the *Patrie*, that the number of persons who are entitled to the St. Helena medal will not be less than 100,000, and that the expense to the State will be about 200,000 francs, chargeable to the budget of the Legion of Honor.

The French official bulletin, *Des Lois*, publishes a decree announcing the concession to Mons. M. W. Glover, acting in the name of the International Transatlantic Telegraph Co., for the establishment of a submarine line between Bordeaux and the United States. The concession is forty years.

A magnificent bronze medal is about to be struck in France, in commemoration of the glorious wars of 1792—1815. It will bear on one side the effigy of the great Napoleon, on the reverse the inscription: "Campaigns of 1792—1814; to his companions in glory his last thought, May 5, 1821." It will be conferred on all the ancient soldiers and marines of the Republic and Empire.

The Paris dog law produced last year \$85,000.

It is rumored that the Great Eastern will not be finished, for want of funds.

Ladies are now admitted as members of the societies of antiquaries of Vienna.

Wm. Howitt has written a new Australian story, called the "Squatter's Home."

The misery of the poor people of Rome is said to be greater than at any former period.

Dr. Kerne has been chosen by the Federal Diet of Berne, minister plenipotentiary to France.

The effective force of the French army is to be 392,400 men and 83,500 horses.

The new Covent Garden Theatre is to be finished in one year. Hot bricks and mortar are to be used.

The Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay is to be elevated to the Peerage by the title of Baron Macaulay.

Vice-Admiral Berzeret, born in 1771, and who was the oldest French admiral living, recently died in Paris.

It is stated that the East India Company have applied to the British Government for the assistance of 6000 more troops.

Some remarkably shaped spots on the sun were observed during the last month by the English astronomers.

The number of passengers through the Thames Tunnel in one week lately, was 13,675, and the consequent amount of toll was £56 19s. 7d.

Meyerbeer has returned to Paris, and of course the ever-to-be produced "*Africaine*" is spoken of—the Mrs. Harris of the Parisian musical world.

M. Edmond de Lesseps, who for several years directed the business of the consulate of Beyrout, has just been named consul-general for France at that port.

The mortal remains of the "*Maid of Saragossa*" are about to be removed from Ceuta to the capital of Aragon, and are to be interred with pomp and ceremony.

The Emperor of the French has given instructions for the manufacture of a massive silver cup, to be run for at the annual Yacht Squadron Regatta at the Isle of Wight.

The Jewish population of France has, since 1808, doubled, and now amounts to 100,000 souls. The Jewish population of Paris which in 1808 amounted to 2755, counts now 8000 souls.

A young German philologist is said to have discovered a MS. of the first ten books of Livy in the library of the church of La Badla, in Florence, which dates most probably from the ninth century.

The British Government intend to present to the King of Siam a pretty hydraulic press, of great power, intended for the compression of cotton; and a complete set of coining machines, with dies complete.

Berlin is one of the most rapidly increasing cities in the world. The population was in 1816 only 181,052; in 1857 it is 487,000; and the houses have increased in the same period from 40,588 to 87,027.

## Record of the Times.

Over nine thousand locomotives are now running on the railroads in the United States.

About \$30,000 "conscience money" was restored to the English exchequer last year.

The corner stone of a Jesuit college, to cost \$100,000, was lately laid in Chicago.

On the N. Y. Central Railroad, they burn one thousand cords of wood a day.

The expenses of carrying on the city government of Providence last year were \$466 66.

There is a general opinion that a new residence must be built for our Presidents at Washington.

Addison, before he commenced the Spectator, had amassed three folios of materials.

It is estimated that over twenty thousand sewing-machines were sold in the United States during the last year.

The Secretary of War has received a fine photographic likeness of Baron Humboldt, a present from the distinguished traveller himself.

The receipts from public lands during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1857, in the several States and Territories, were \$3,829,486.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that strychnine is not used in spirituous liquors, as has been alleged.

There are at present in New York city nearly a thousand professed Mormons. They have their church organizations, conference gatherings, and are under the sway of Brigham Young.

Dr. J. H. Warren, of Boston, writes in the Medical Journal in favor of the use of cocoa-nut oil as a substitute for cod-liver oil—certainly an agreeable exchange for the patient.

In 1836, the population of Bridgeport, Conn., was estimated at 3700, and the valuation of property at \$1,297,000; now the population is estimated at 12,000, and the valuation of property is \$7,542,000.

The consumption of cigars in Austria has of late years increased in a remarkable manner. In 1841 the number amounted to 28,000,000; in 1826 it was 800,000,000, and was still on the increase.

Statistics show that our exports of cotton to Great Britain are relatively decreasing, while those to France and the North of Europe have slightly increased. Our home consumption is likewise increasing.

Mr. Faraday has made known a new application of magneto-electricity—the electricity generated by electro-magnetic machines. It consists in the production of electric light which is truly splendid, and which can be immediately employed for lighthouses.

It is stated that there are 600,000,000 of human beings who use tobacco, and that the world produces annually 1,480,000,000 pounds of this fascinating and poisonous weed. Opium eaters number about 100,000,000; Indian hemp eaters, 150,000; butternut eaters, 100,000,000. The value of these articles consumed, to say nothing of the coffee and tea, is computed at three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

The recent census shows the population of Spain to amount to 16,340,500 souls.

New York State contains 95,182 widows and only 36,397 widowers.

The Bank of England issues no notes under five pounds sterling.

A man died in Cuba lately aged 165 years, at his first sickness. Poor young fellow!

Elder Kimball the Mormon thinks that he and his wives can whip 2500 United States troops.

A poor lunatic in Philadelphia thinks Queen Victoria was engaged to marry him, but jilted him.

The emperor of the French has founded near Paris an hospital for the convalescent—those who are "getting well."

Mrs. Mary Watts died at her home in Mount Pleasant, Md., on the 27th ult., at the advanced age of one hundred and nine years.

A fellow-student of Heine has published a volume of his recollections of the poet, said to be very interesting.

The word "Mattapan," the Indian name for Dorchester, is said to have been a corruption of the Indian compound word "Massa-penash,"—*much water, or many waters.*

Attila Burlingame, a farmer of Courtland, N. Y., says that wheat can be prevented from spoiling in bins, if one dry brick is put in with it for every five bushels.

The coal fields of Western Virginia are 200 miles long by 100 wide, giving a working area of 20,000 square miles. At the falls of the Kanawha the coal seams in the mountain aggregate 120 feet in thickness.

Mrs. B. Dudley, the lady who founded the Dudley Observatory at Albany, has given a lot of land to the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city, and a new church will be erected and named in honor of the donor.

As early as 1780 the pearl fishery was practised in this country. The pearl fishers in those days watched where the muskrats took the muscles from the brooks and ate them, leaving the pearls and thus were helped in their labor.

John Hancock was opposed to wearing mourning at funerals, on account of its great expense. At the funeral of his only son, who was killed by a fall on the ice while skating, at Milton, he wore a roquet enveloping his crimson velvet coat.

There is no such thing known among the Burmese as a drunkard. A Burman knows that to be guilty of intoxication is to be punished with death, for the government inflicts this punishment for drunkenness as rigidly as it does for murder.

It is the belief of millions in India, we are told by the Bombay Courier, that the Kooh-i-noor diamond will always be fatal to the possessor, and that from the day it found a resting-place in the diadem of Victoria, the fate of the British crown was sealed.

The bungalow, so often referred to in the accounts from India, is a building peculiar to that country. It contains four or six small rooms on one floor, with back and front verandahs. The roof is often thatched, and is not unlike a large barn in England. It is built of brick.

## Merry-Making.

The man who fell into a deep reverie was badly hurt.

Total eclipse of the sun—as the boy said when he fell into the well.

A bottle of rum is stronger than a giant, because it will take him down.

Our friend Spollycock wants to know where the road to wealth is situated.

What kind of plaster should a doctor recommend in a case of love-sickness? Court-plaster.

Among the latest curiosities imported are the cushion of a toad stool and a knot from the board of Parliament.

The lady that moved the pear (pair) tree out of her garden, has been paired this week to our friend P. Ayer.

"I know by a little what a great deal means," as the gander said when he saw the tip of a fox's tail sticking out of a hollow tree.

What tables are most used throughout the world? Vege-tables, ea-tables, cons-tables and time-tables.

We have often heard of a man "being in advance of his age," but whoever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered—"I did it out of pure revenge."

A drunken man lately tried to get a policeman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was, that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

"My tenants are a world of bother to me," said a testy landlady to her nephew. "Quite likely; *ten aunts* might be considered enough to bother any one," was the reply.

A man in Florida, who swallowed an orange seed last fall, has a breath so fragrant of orange blossoms this spring, that—so *he* says—the ladies are constantly teasing him for kisses.

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No, Mr. *Pence*," he replied. "Ah," said he, "you have done better than I thought."

Never take your wife with you, when you take a trip of pleasure; it's a shame to let her enjoy such a luxury as pleasure. What does she want with it? That is what a great many men think.

"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa," replied Pompey, "I know'd it at the time."

Two men were in prison—one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch. "Mike," said the cow-stealer, one day, "what o'clock is it?" "I haven't my watch handy," replied the other, "but I think it's about milking time."

On the jamb of the door of an eating-house on the North Wall, Dublin, the curious may read the following announcement printed, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent that port: "Sailors' *vitals* cooked here!"

The rope with which Esau lifted up his voice, is in a good state of preservation.

The man who always drives a good bargain, has lately procured a new whip.

"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that's Missus's orders."

The horse's coat is the gift of nature, but a tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

Why do reptiles *multiply* so rapidly? Because there are so many *adders* amongst them.

Why is the letter *g* like the sun? Because it is the centre of *light*.

What is best to prevent old maids from *despairing*? Echo—Pairing.

There is a merchant in the city who complains he is "more shinned against than shinning."

Snooks's wife loves to make bread, because it cleans her hands so beautifully.

I wonder what makes my eyes so weak? said a fop to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

A gentleman who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his memorandum book: "Must be married when I get to town."

"That tune," said somebody in company once, "always carries me away with it." "Will nobody whistle it?" said Jerrold, instantly.

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

Why is a hen who destroys her health by laying too many eggs, like a young lady who is anxious to make herself attractive? Because she lays herself out to please.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, and we have known a man to come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had the management of it.

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his bedmate's boots instead of his own, he called it an instance of "laboring, and confoundedly hard, too, under a mistake."

A gentleman was speaking the other day of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One old aunt in particular, visited him twice a year, and stayed six months each time.

What rock did the angels roll against the door of Paradise after the expulsion of the original inhabitants? An Adam aint in (adamantine) rock.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair not long since, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "Don't be so *unspeakably* happy!"

A rhymers in one of the New York papers, in dwelling upon the features of his lady-love, talks enthusiastically about her "*raven looks*." Either that poet is foully wronged by the type-setters, or he has a queer taste for sweethearts.

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

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